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OSCILLATION.

MANY men of reflection have felt at a loss to decide for themselves, whether this be a world of progress or only of oscillation. We believe we shall be nearest the truth, if we contemplate it as mainly a world of oscillation, with at the same time a tendency to progress, always active, but not always effective—which, however, is sure to tell in the long-run.

The oscillations are certainly tremendous. What a swing of the pendulum, for example, have we lately witnessed in France! Over most of Europe the back-gate of the public mind during the last four or five years has been astounding. The men that hoped best for their race might well, in such circumstances, feel a shade of despair settling over their minds. These things are, however, *only* oscillations. We have seen merely a sudden explosion of the reforming principle, attended unavoidably by alarms which have made the great body of non-politicians glad to swing over to the opposite principle. The few energetic thinkers who desire to have responsible government instead of despotism—cursed with opportunity—attempted to set up systems for which themselves and the rest of their communities were unprepared. Many errors and some crimes were consequently committed: and the impracticability of their plans in the existing circumstances became apparent. To rush back and crouch under the feet of despotism, as one of our statesmen says in a recent oration, was the natural consequence. But no rational person can believe that things are to rest there. The experiences of despotism are as well calculated to produce reaction as is revolutionary violence. Either the despotism will see that it must bate its pretensions voluntarily, and prepare for the extension of liberal institutions, or the peoples will work towards that object whether despotism chooses or not. Thus, after two violent oscillations of the *weight* of the pendulum, the time will come for a small shift forward of the *axis*. It will probably take some years to work out this problem, as it did on a similar occasion in England in the seventeenth century. It will be remembered that we had first, between 1639 and 1649, one restless swing of public feeling towards a check of the monarchical principle. The experience of the ten years of Cromwell was sufficient to produce an almost universal disgust with the results: a fact which the eloquence of twenty Thomas Carlyles will not extenuate. Then came the swing back to the Stuart irresponsibility. But twenty-eight years of that kind of rule brought the public mind to the intermediate temperate something which should have been all along aimed at, as what the public intelligence and *morale*

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of the time was fit for; and of this something the parliament-made monarchy of William III. and his successors was the expression. It may take a generation, or even more, to work out a great political process of this kind; but the destiny of society and the destiny of the individual are in such respects two different things. The People is Eternal, said the French revolutionists truly, and the vicissitudes of such a life are not like our ups and downs of a day.

It seems to be the fate of every great principle which arises, to be thrown into a state of asphyxia and temporary death by the very ardour of the first embraces bestowed upon it. With the best meaning in the world, its ultra-zealous advocates speak, write, and act in such a way, that sober people, who might in ordinary circumstances, see no great harm in it, begin to fear it as something wild and dangerous, and consequently become its opponents. These zealots and enthusiasts would think it criminal to be less clamorous, less resolute, less scrupulous in action, than they are; and it must always be a great surprise to them to find (only they never acknowledge it), that they have been the means of half-killing what they like best. History is full of such phenomena. Thus it was the Regicides who lost for England all the benefits of the struggle with the king, and caused a crown without terms to be placed on his son's head twelve years after. The Puritans were the unintentional means of producing the licentiousness of the reign of Charles II., and the religious coldness of the subsequent century. The French have Louis Napoleon in 1852, because they had Ledru Rollin in 1848. That activity of religious parties or denominations, by which the repose of statesmen and the calm of domestic life are now so much disturbed in our own England, may be traced partly to the threatening attitude which the political reforming spirit of 1831 assumed with respect to our ecclesiastical establishments, and partly to a danger which all having earnest religious tendencies feel as impending from the researches of science and the sceptical spirit of philosophy. It will depend on which of these contending principles exhibits the greater extravagances in pretension and performance for a few years to come, to decide which is to have at least a temporary supremacy. The moderate politician has no difficulty in seeing, that there would be no unreasoning Tories, were there no extreme men on the other side proclaiming: 'Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.' It is of course difficult, if not impossible, for a high-spirited man who sees a public error or a public injustice clearly, to restrain himself within moderate bounds. Shall we, he says, if we see a robbery on the highway, only half knock down the robber, and half rescue the robbed?

and so forth. All very plausible analogy; but yet it does not hold. To advocate even the redress of the most glaring grievances beyond a certain point, which circumstances determine as prudent, is absolutely certain to raise obstructions to its being done at all. The men cannot help committing this imprudence, for it is not in their nature to stop and look at consequences; but neither will the relentless course of events be stayed by the fact of their honourable intentions. One could almost say, that the final cause of an extreme liberal party was to produce a certain retardation which the Author of the universe had deemed necessary to be imposed on the progress of human affairs.

The secret of all this is, that the great bulk of most communities is not capable of viewing political and social matters in the light of just and correct theory, and indeed thinks very little of such things at all. Those who speculate in such questions on any side are a handful, compared with the multitude who obstinately keep their attention fixed on their own affairs—who, so that they only can plough and reap, and see their lambs suck and their ewes feed, care not who or what it is which constitutes that mysterious metropolitan abstraction called Government. While this dead-weight, as it may be called, is of no party, it constitutes a kind of arbitral tribunal to which party-men address themselves, and before which their acts are judged. When they go too precipitately in any direction, it swings to the other side; not because it sees truth or justice there, but because it must preserve the deranged balance. Party-men vainly seek to open its eyes all at once to the clear, naked, palpable lineaments of something about which no philosophical intellect could for a moment maintain a doubt; it will not take in any ideas beyond a certain very moderate amount in a certain space of time, and any violent attempt to force its eyelids entirely open, would only make it shut and seal them up in blindness for years to come. To do it justice, it can kick out at its enemy, as well as ignore liberalism; the one extreme being exactly as offensive to it as the other. It is, moreover, not without some susceptibilities, by which it can be, on certain occasions, excited to a degree of fervour. It has its traditional prepossessions and habits, which must not be rashly disturbed, and now and then it has its alarms and panics. But always when any of these neutral fevers have had way to a certain extent, it becomes its own check, and speedily rights itself again, often revenging its own follies upon those who misled it; so that a Melitus accusing Socrates, a favourite witch-finder, a Titus Oates, or a Robespierre, has but a poor chance with it in the long-run, however triumphant for the moment. Its great instinct, then, is seen to be for Equilibrium in all possible circumstances—a thing we may laugh at, as tending to keep up a vast number of ideas, modes, and institutions, long after all the clever people have seen their absurdity, but which we may be nevertheless assured is a first requisite of the social machine.

Although the Dead-weight is continually seen making a resistance to progress, it is also to be asserted of it, that it has, inherent in itself, a principle of progress which is never long at rest, though never rapid in its movements. Inseparably, in times of average tranquillity and prosperity, the mind of a community acquires light about a great many things which in earlier times were obscure, and becomes capable of forming improved conclusions about what is good for the body politic. To know what is true and beneficial is to have it, allowing only for a more or less protracted struggle with the limited interests on the other side, and for the possible rebounds which excess of zeal or ill-used victories may produce. Depending on so many attendant contingencies, it is impossible to foretell the ratio of the advance which any principle may make; but there cannot be a doubt that, in fair circumstances,

every just principle affecting humanity is destined for some advance. We might be deceived on this point by viewing only some isolated principle at a particular point in its current history. But there can be no deception in the general fact taught by universal history, that error gradually gives way to truth, barbarism to refinement, and injustice to justice.

JUL-AFTON.

Stockholm, Dec. 1851.

JUL-AFTON has come. Do you know the meaning of that word, my little sisters? * Well, Jul-afton means Christmas-eve; Jul in Swedish is precisely Yule in English, pronunciation and all: but Christmas-eve, not Christmas-day, is the grand family festival of Sweden. From the charming family in its noble palace, to the poorest dwellers in their wooden huts, Jul-afton is in some way celebrated throughout the land. And here, in this most beautifully situated capital, what a concentration of bustle and preparation has been for some weeks going on! Wherever one has gone, the word Jul-afton has been heard from almost every lip: every fir-tree and one has seen, has been employed in making Jul-klappar; which droll word, pronounced Yule-klappar, you will understand to mean Christmas-presents. At this season, every face one looks at seems to have a Jul-klapp expressed in its regards; at this season, every one works more, and works more heartily. The elderly Erokens, or noble old maids, get up raffles, and dispose of various articles, to enable them to give Jul-klappar. The tickets I buy for these raffles are never called for: my last was for a foot-rug, worked by Froken P. As the English are fond of carpets, I must buy a ticket. Long afterwards, I found the ticket in a drawer, having heard nothing of the raffle. 'Did Froken P.'s sister get the rug?' I asked jestingly. 'No,' said the pretty daughter of my hostess very gravely; 'Froken's mother got it.'

It was nearly six o'clock on Christmas-eve. I was alone in my apartments, looking from the windows at one of the most remarkable and agreeable of the striking scenes which Stockholm at this winter season presents, and hearing, without sharing in, the commotion that was going on in the large house of which myself and my apartments formed an atom. To realise the sense of isolation, one should be, for once at least, a solitary stranger on such a day and in such a scene. Yet that feeling did not make me melancholy, as it would have done in England; and I had resigned myself, with scarcely a sigh, to a stranger's lot, when a very tall figure, wrapped in a great fur-mantle, appeared in the half-opened folding-doors, nearly filling up the space from top to bottom. 'The church-service is already over,' said this good Swede; 'but if you will come to see the Yule-market now, I will come for you at half-past six to-morrow morning, to go to see the churches.'

A thickly fur-lined cloak, an enormous pair of long boots, were put on directly, and we went out together. The white ground, the clear air, the still crimson horizon, and the house-lights sparkling here, there, everywhere, had a cheering influence. There is not yet any gas in the city of Stockholm; they will have it soon, as well as a railway; but that takes time; the go-ahead system has not travelled to Sweden yet. The streets are miserably lighted, by oil-lamps hung out in the ancient style, sometimes across the streets; but the numerous windows of the broad and high white houses are all in light, for each floor is inhabited, and they are shaded only by tall plants, or, at most, by a muslin drapery; so that Stockholm from my windows at night, gives one the idea of a general illumination, rather than that of an ill-lighted city.

We went on over Carl trotens Torg, or the Place of

* 'Lille' is the universal pet-term of Sweden.

Charles XIII.—a wide open space, bounded by rows of headless trees, which gives a view that really affords me companionship in solitude, as I stand gazing at it from my windows, or pop up and down twenty times in the evening or night to peep out at it. Its surface of frozen snow, which does not yield to the tread, is only broken by the huge, ugly statue of King Carl XIII., the brother of the murdered Gustavus III., and the adopted father of Bernadotte. His statue, as well as his memory, is disliked here: the first is guarded by a sentinel; the latter, I know not by what.

The light of some lanterns flitted curiously over the snow: they were carried by servants, escorting some ladies; for it is one of the many rules of Swedish propriety, that no lady can walk out at night without a lantern. If the moon shines brighter than the sun at noonday, which in winter it often does; if the Northern Lights shoot up their gloriously-coloured radiance along the far-off and elevated horizon, the lantern must precede your steps, casting its blinding, bewildering glare upon your eyes—for the lantern is the Swedish lady's proof of propriety. I ~~used~~ ^{took} my tall Swede a good substitute for the lantern; and on Jul-aften enjoyed that curiously-interesting scene—a winter view of Stockholm at night. We went on the great square, called that of Gustavus Adolphus, or Gustaf Adolfs Torg, joining the bridge of Norrbro, the great promenade of Stockholm, and the finest part of the town. The splendid palace is at its termination; the waters of Lake Malar, that most exquisite, and now—except where this current is—frozen-up lake, whirl beneath it to cast themselves into the Baltic Sea, mingling fresh waters with salt: at one side of the bridge these waters are dark as night, except where two solitary red lamps are reflected in deep glowing flames on their broken surface; at the other, innumerable lights, dancing in the flowing stream, look as if the bright sky of the north had dived down there, and bathed its myriads of great stars beneath the flood; and there, moored at the side of that water, in front of the noble palace, the tall, bare masts of ships, laid up for the winter, look like leafless trees in the snowy scene and clear starlight. Everything is so clear, so distinct, all looks so large, so open, so white; the space one sees around is so great; the heights of Söder are studded with houses, climbing up them in a singular manner from the water's edge, till you mount by a tremendous staircase, a ~~rough~~ ^{rough} that seems at all ~~ends~~ ^{ends} to the ascent of St Paul's, or wind round the carriage-way up that now unfashionable quarter of the capital. And the long rows of sparkling windows are all glittering in light; house above house, light above light; up from the dark grouping of ships, and tall, sailless masts, and the first row of lights beyond them, up, and up, till a brighter blaze streams out at the summit from Mosebacke, or the Hill of Moses, by which term is designated one of the many places of amusement for the Stockholmers. And so we pass along the side of the palace, where the apartments of the crown-prince seem in a blaze; the exotic plants in the windows are the only screen; and the sparkling chandeliers are for an instant intercepted from our sight by a passing figure. There is the handsome youth himself, full of fun and frolic, as usual, and his young wife, and the baby, and all the rest of them. The people of Sweden dearly love a glimpse of royalty, and they can have it very freely.

We leave the water now; and the water is the charm of Stockholm. We enter close, horribly-paved, and usually dark and dirty streets. Now they are frozen, and they are bright; all shops busy—all streets thronged; all people seem hastening eagerly homeward, yet still the throng is the same. We get to the Yule Market: it consists of booths, erected for the occasion, and filled mostly with plain and useful articles for simple households; and with a vast stock of religious

and royal prints. I bought the whole of the handsome, amiable, and pleasing royal family of Sweden, for about threepence English; and with them there was exhibited, naturally, the scene of that wonderful birth that was to be commemorated on the morrow. The union of royalty with religion is something curious in Sweden. Loyalty and religion in the Tyrol go hand in hand, but not in the same way; here it is royalty that is so connected. You may see a great picture of the mad warrior Charles XII. capering on a field of battle, or of Bernadotte grasping the hilt of his sword, hung up at the altars of the country churches; and in all churches a royal and a religious picture seem one and the same thing. In this market were many Yule-trees—but only the skeletons, as it were—a young fir-tree set in a tub of earth, and left ready for dressing at home. There were many Yule-candelsticks—little wooden chandeliers, covered with cut paper, prettily ornamented, and holding about a dozen small tapers; these are for the children's tables, and are the children's delight. We went round and round, looking, examining, asking prices—but not buying. Nowhere was there incivility, urgency, or appearance of suspicion. The space occupied by this temporary market is small, and was densely crowded.

'What a good place this would be for London pick-pockets!' I remarked: 'is that trade followed here?'

'It has been known to happen,' my guide replied; 'but not on such an occasion as this. No; do not fear that any one would steal on Jul-aften.'

Indeed I had, even before this remark, thought more of the people than of the wares I saw in the Yule-market. The Swedes are the quietest people in public, or even out of doors, I ever yet saw; but here their quietness surpassed all I could have believed possible at such a season and in such a scene. Not only was there no boisterous or rude behaviour, no drunken or disorderly persons to be seen, no policemen wending their way through the crowd, or appearing demurely unobservant of what was passing; but, while we felt the pressure of human bodies in the act of forcing our way, or theirs, we scarcely heard a voice. I am sure we did not hear a laugh; my own seemed to electrify a few good people. In fact, if these persons, who were nearly all of the lower orders, had assembled to buy mourning for a funeral, instead of presents for a festival, they could not have been more quiet and decorous; yet they were all hastening home to give vent to their hilarity: hilarity which, at home, is perhaps much greater than ours. This outward appearance is to me the great mystery of the nation; it may be the snow on the volcano, and it may be very delightful on public occasions, when contrasted with our rude or indecorous behaviour, but how it is produced is the mystery. The Swedes, it is too well known, are the most *unsobber* people in the world; next to Sweden comes religious Scotland, in the amount of ardent spirits consumed by the civilised race; yet the number of drunken men seen in more sober England, would be fifty at least to one that would, I believe, be seen in Sweden. This evening, I only saw one who had any appearance of being so. Nor is this the only mystery. They are not, statistics and other things say, a moral people, giving morality its common and limited acceptation; yet where on this earth is outward propriety more observed? The streets of London would present more immorality in the space of one hour to a stranger, than those of Stockholm—and I have walked them at all hours—would do in at least half a year.

On this occasion, however, it really seemed to me as if this great Christian festival produced the effect it should do in shedding forth a spirit of love, good-will, and generous feeling; no excitement, boisterous mirth, or selfish rudeness, such as we too often see in England on such occasions, were anywhere apparent.

Now, then, I must hasten back, for my old countess-

housekeeper, who wishes me to say Madame la Comtesse when I order my dinner, will not begin her celebration of Jul-afton till I come.

The scene on our way back was still brighter; the large rooms of large houses were lighted up, supper-tables ready, great Yule-candles placed upon them, people were going in and out, young folks were momentarily seen glancing through the brilliant rooms, and among the prettily-arranged house-plants; and without, though all was white and very cold, no sights of actual misery met my view. In one window was a beautiful Jul-träd—perhaps such a one as our own excellent mother-queen delights her children with—but the tiny wax-lights were arranged on the dark fir-branches in the shape of an immense star; and it stood in the window glittering and twinkling, while we stood on the snowy plain, and looked up at it, perhaps with nearly as much pleasure as the happy urchins for whom it was prepared, and who, with eager, joyous faces, were preparing for their dance around it. We entered the great gate of our court; I climbed the back stone-stairs in the dark, and found my way into our Grävin's kitchen. The quiet cook was busy at the furnace preparing the Jul-afton, or Christmas-supper. My little maid, who, I believe, would understand me if I spoke a language known only before the confusion of tongues, was there also. I had brought their Jul-klappar, in the form of a number of riksdaler put up in letters. I did not know the Swedish mode of giving Christmas presents, so, as I had been anxiously expecting the English post all day, I ran in, exclaiming: "The post has come!" and dropped down on the table two letters directed to Benta and Kärlin; and then I ran on to the great unhome-like, lighted-up, and uncarpeted *salong*, as, according to the barbarising system of Swedish speech, the French *salon* is spelt and pronounced. Here an assembly, chiefly of ladies, expected my return, to begin the lottery. This lottery is not at all to my taste, and I was still-necked enough not to join in it. The articles brought by each person are delivered over to the hostess, who numbers them, and each person draws a number accordingly; but the way in which the business was managed, was not very amusing, and after it was over, all the housekeeping articles were thrown over to the share of the hostess.

While we were eating dried fruits at another table, there came a loud knocking at the door; a strange figure, grotesquely clothed in white, came in, a white-paper mask on its face, towering up to the top of the head in a *bonnet* cap fashion, with two gray eyes looking palely out of the holes cut for them, a large basket on each arm, and a bundle on the back. These were filled with Jul-klappar, and away it tumbled over the floor, jerking out white-paper parcels and enormous packages, to be caught at by all those whose names and addresses they bore. These presents are all sent anonymously; no one is supposed to know the name of the giver, but every one knows it very well. One of the young ladies was about to steal over the boundary-line of single blessedness into the land of matrimony; a small cask was rolled into the room, with a corkscrew from a young grocer, pretending to solicit the custom of her hostess. The cask contained numerous little conical papers of spices, &c., but underneath these, were some valuable presents. A musical lady received a post-board guitar, which she directly cut open with her scissors, and proved that some notes of value could be drawn even from such an instrument. I got a pair of figures made in confectionery, from an old maid of honour to the queen of Gustavus III.; representing, as the lively old lady of eighty-eight said, a pair of droll characters I had described in a book that amused her.

While all this was going on, I thought (was it sentimental, foolish to do so?) of other Christmases in other times, in other scenes—of the gift of affection, given directly, with affection's kiss, to the object of

affection, with those dear words which dwell in the heart, to make it bleed when Christmas comes round, and round, and brings them in the same voices no more—A happy, happy Christmas! This anonymous distribution of gifts is amusing; but here, in general, it is very business-like; it gives one the notion of value received, and to be accredited by one friend to another. The quantity of money spent in them is amazing, and they are expected to be reciprocal.

Now comes the Yule-supper, or Jul-afton; for afton, in Swedish, signifies both the evening, and the meal you eat at that time. Every country, I believe, makes eating and drinking, more or less, a component part of its ceremonies and festivals; and each, I think, has some particular dish, or some national drink, on such occasions. Here, for instance, I asked a gentleman some time ago, how they observed Christmas-eve in his country? "Oh, we eat gröt," he made answer. I lately put the same question to a lady who spoke English perfectly, but had never been in England. "What do you do on Christmas-eve?" I said.

"We eat gruel," she replied.

"Eat gruel!" I ejaculated.

"Yes; gruel is our dish for Jul-afton. I think you eat gruel in England also?"

"Not at Christmas-suppers."

"When then?"

"When the doctors or law-makers order it—when we are ill, or when we are in prisons and workhouses."

The lady looked shocked at this despicable use of the famous Christmas-dish of Sweden. "There is another favourite dish that we always use on Jul-afton," she continued; "that is, Lut Fisk."

This lut fisk is stock-fish laid in solution of potash until it is half-dissolved—in fact, until decomposition takes place. The smell of it is terrific; it is boiled, and eaten with oily sauce, and the doctors prescribe it as being very wholesome. Remedies are sometimes worse than diseases.

I was quite anxious to see the famous gröt. The lut fisk, however, came first: I wished to taste it, but the smell was invincible, and I only bowed to it at a distance. And then came the much-talked of gröt—boiled, hot rice—with a crock of cold meat, and the usual accompaniment of a Swedish table—a fine basin of pounded sugar to use with it.

Our Jul-afton was over. We rose from table, made low courtesies to our hostess and her son, who courtesied and bowed in return. In Sweden, the Danish words, "Thanks for the food," are omitted; but when you next meet, you must express your thanks for a previous entertainment. After meals, children commonly kiss their parents' hands, and thank them. I soon withdrew to my solitary rooms—to quiet and star-gazing. The heat of these air-tight rooms, and the bright white light of the clear, though, at present, nearly moonless nights, had often drawn me from my sofa-couch to the windows, to gaze out on a striking and singular scene, until the extraordinary chill which follows such exploits in this climate, sent me back again to feel the warming effects of thick walls, double windows, and stove-heated rooms. My good Swede had said, he would come for me at half-past six o'clock on Christmas-morning; the wish to be ready kept me more wakeful on this night, on which, 1852 years ago, a clearer light shone around other watchers, and glory to God and good-will to men was chanted along the vaults of another sky. It was on nothing like the plains of Bethlehem that I looked out from my windows. The long snow-covered Place beneath them—it is not a square—ended in a semi-circle of lights; the snow-covered heights of Södermalm glittered with lights to the water's edge; the dark statue of Carl XIII. rose solitary from the white surface of my favourite Place, which is called after it; the lonely sentinel, crippled with cold, was moving beside it; in

one spot, a red light burned over the snow—it was only a lantern held stationary; as the bearer went on, a flickering, streamy light flitted over the scene. That Christmas-night in Sweden was unlike any I had ever passed. Its eve had not been spent in any very religious manner, yet never did thoughts of that event surpassing all human conception—the event which angels wondered at and men despised, the advent of the Redeemer—more deeply fill my mind and penetrate my soul.

The fourth time of my waking, the white clear light had darkened; I started up to light the candle—it was already six o'clock. I was ready, however, and had even had time to send many thoughts—swifter, certainly, than even electric telegraph could carry them—to a distant and beloved land, to leave a petition also for some dear ones there, before the throne of Him who could send a blessing where I could only send a thought, a wish!

I soon heard the slipshod sound of galoshes coming up the long stone stairs. The men here fear to go on the cold, not the wet, ground without these constant defences. A voice spoke in the outer room, and said: 'I told my brother yesterday, that in England one must always say, "My compliments of the season to you," but I forgot to say so to you myself—I hope you will pardon it, madame.'

'It is time enough,' I replied through the door to my punctilious Swede, who considers himself to have acquired a perfect knowledge of our national customs, manners, and habits, and is most desirous to conform to them—it is time enough; it is to-day that is said, Christmas-day, not Christmas-eve, is our great festival.'

'Is it so-o?' Then I will say it now, madame, if you will allow me. My compliments of the season to you, madame; and my tall Swede, drawing himself up, made a low bow towards the door of my room.

Then we descended the icy cold staircase and passed over the frozen streets, where the firmest snow crackled under our feet. They were covered with moving figures, servants carrying lanterns before ladies, and wolf and dog-skin covered coachmen waiting shivering at doors. Most persons, however, were on foot, scarcely a sledge was seen moving, nor the jingle of their musical bells to be heard. In three hours' time, full daylight might be expected, for it was now nearly half-past six o'clock. A flood of light guided us to the church, which was the point of our destination. There was no gas there, but the effect was all the more curious; that great church was literally studded with candles—common tallow-candles—which flared and glared in the keen morning air. The pillars were wreathed with them, the galleries set along with them in a double line; the brilliant altar, the gilt and decorated pulpit, all was in a blaze of candles; in fact, the church was dressed with lighted candles much as our churches are dressed with holly and ivy. The profusion of candles was extraordinary, but the profusion of human creatures was more so. Far into the street, beyond the front-door, that mass of people were seen standing quietly, but looking anxious. The porch, where nothing but the organ could be heard, was filled; many had their palm-books open. By the term palm-book, the whole Swedish service is to be understood. The chief part of that service consists in singing these psalms, which are not the Psalms of David, but those of Wallin, Tegner, and other celebrated modern poets of Sweden.

Finding it impossible even to stand in this large church, which on ordinary occasions is empty and dark enough, we left it, and went to Stor Kyrkan, or the Great Church of Stockholm. There the brilliancy appeared to be greater, and the crowd scarcely less. An enormous gold candlestick, with seven branches, was all lighted up; it was a gift from a former queen, in gratitude for her husband's escape from the Danes. More than twenty others surrounded the altar, which was in a blaze of light. The glittering and ornamented pulpit

was literally wreathed with candles; and in the midst of its brilliancy appeared a plain, dark figure, making into a prayer some of those metrical psalms which are used for all purposes—to eke out a sermon, or to make up a prayer, or to be sung in a lengthened, monotonous strain by a drowsy congregation. But I must not forget that it is Christmas-morning, and that I am standing in intense cold in Stor Kyrkan. Truly, the church needs to be great, for great is the concourse that flocks to its portals. They are mostly of the lower, and next of the middle classes; but one of the highest is here also; for in a state-pew, which a large gilt crown indicates as that used on state occasions by the truly amiable and beloved king, Oscar I., sits now that most interesting-looking and intellectual young prince, Gustaf, the second son in a really charming family, whose purely artistic head and lovely countenance create an instantaneous interest in the mind, for there is something there that causes one involuntarily to predict for such a form and face a shorter period of earthly existence. The young royal student and artist is an early riser, and here he is attending the Jul-otta. In general, however, the higher classes of this country are not the most exemplary church-goers.*

It was a curious sight to see so many people crowding out at this early hour on a mid-winter's morn, more especially as the natives certainly feel the cold of their own climate more than foreigners do—at least they take much greater precautions against it. But what most surprised me, was to see the vast numbers of children, not infants, but children from six to ten years of age, who were so zealously brought to this service. Many were carried over the cold streets, and through the closely-packed crowd. An honest countryman might be seen here holding up in his arms what in Ireland would be expressively called a clever lump of a boy, that he might see and hear to more advantage. Mothers anxiously guided in little girls, with heads tied up in kerchiefs; young lads carefully conducted under their auspices still younger brothers; and motherly little sisters of twelve years old, with airs of maternal authority, worked their onward way with junior sisters. The object of all these seemed to be, to get in as far as they quietly could; and with wonderful, but noiseless, scarcely perceptible perseverance, the end was accomplished. I do not think many of our English parents would like children to come out to church-service so early in mid-winter. I remarked to my companion as we came out.

This kind Swede endeavoured to give me all the information in his power, because he said he wished to make his country better known to the English; and he thought of course that I would achieve that object. I kept, for once, my own counsel, and so got the information. 'Many of these people,' he said, 'come from the country, the lower classes among us are anxious to get their children to this Jul-otta, because it is a tradition among them, that they will in that case easily learn to read; and in a country where all must read, it is naturally an object to get that art easily acquired, especially as the parish schools are both few and far apart, so that parents are often the sole instructors of children.'

'Well, if all superstition had no worse tendency, I think even in England they might not get up a quarrel about that. I am not sure of it though; but, indeed, this concourse of people to a Christmas morning service would be almost incredible in England, and is the more singular to me, because the people here do not go to church nearly so much as we do.'

'Yet this is nothing to what you would see in the country,' said my companion. 'What would you think

* Just as this last was about to be sent to the work in which it appears, the bearer of a fond father and mother was wrung with grief for the first break in their happy family. The sudden death of Prince Gustafus of Sweden has just been announced. The above was his last Jul-otta.

of people sledging twenty English miles to church, and back the same distance? Yes, it is common to go to Otte-sang that distance and back again on Christmas-morning.

'What does Otte-sang mean?'

'Yes, madame, that I will tell you. Otte, in our language, means the first part of the morning—from three till six o'clock; and Jul-otte means the same part of the Christmas-morning, not of the service for it. We have Otte-sang, or morning-song—I think you call it so in England?'

'Yes, or morning-prayer—it is the same thing.'

'Yes. We have that every morning in our churches, and it is called Otte-sang; but when we speak of the same service on Christmas-morning, it is usual to call it Jul-otte. In the country, the people often set out for the distant churches at midnight: in returning, there is generally a race to get home first; for it is said, whoever gets first home from Jul-otte, shall get his harvest first in next season; or, if he is in want of such a blessing, will be the first to get a wife. Sometimes it is a little unsafe to return in such company—yes, I assure you. I went with a friend of mine once—a mad fellow he was. We started at two o'clock in the morning in his sledge. I knew he wanted to get married; and I will tell you, madame, I did not like it coming back. But he bought a horn, and blew it all the road home, so that the other sledges left his way clear; and he arrived first, and was married that year. Yes, that is true.'

'It is a pity,' I said, 'that among you they make the Jul-aften so exclusively a family affair. They have quite a dislike to let a stranger mix with their home society on that evening, although they are less exclusive and more hospitable on Christmas-day.'

'Yes; you see, madame, our people are a domestic and home-loving people. I think families here are much more attached than they are with you. This Jul-aften is our great family festival; Jul-dag, or Christmas-day, is observed more religiously. It is not so pleasant to you to see Jul-aften here in Stockholm. In the capital, all is artificial life. In my province, you would have seen it better. There it is a joyful time, not for poor people only, but for beasts and birds.'

'Beasts and birds!'

'Yes, that it certainly is. I will tell you that also. At harvest-time the Yule-sheaf—Can I say so in English?'

'Perfectly well.'

'The Yule-sheaf is put by unthrashed at every farmhouse; and on Christmas-eve it is hung out on a high pole near the farmer's door, for the famishing birds to make their Jul-aften. If the Yule-sheaf were not seen there, the people would believe the farmer would have a bad season; they would think him a hard man, and not like to help him.'

'And pray, how do they manage for the beasts?'

'They give them double food on Jul-aften.'

'What a pity that Jul-aften comes but once a year!' I exclaimed, thinking of the lean, hard, half-fed beef and mutton that so often was presented before me. 'But pray go on.'

'They give the beasts double food on Christmas-eve,' continued my friend, 'not quite giving me credit for such a generalising reflection; and then the labourers say: "Eat well, my good beasts, and thrive well, for this is Jul-aften." If this were omitted, they would expect some misfortune to befall the creatures. Also must the servants be cared for; the mistress has to arrange tables for them; sometimes one for each servant, or if there are many servants, one table for two or three. Such a table is called Jul-bord; it is covered with a white napkin, and on it she lays Jul-bullar, or Christmas-bread, or cakes. These are made in a peculiar manner and in strange figures; in farms, they generally make them in the shape of horned-cattle—then they are

called Jul-oxe; but when in other shapes, they are called Jul-kusar; and on these tables the servants' presents, or Jul-klappar, are also laid. Sometimes what is left uneaten of these Christmas-cakes is preserved at farm-houses till the first day of spring, when the ploughing commences. That is another great day in the country; the servants and labourers then get the rest of their Jul-oxe, and often these hard Christmas-cakes in beer: so you see that saves some expense, and forms another of the treats they get on the first ploughing-day.'

'How beautiful those lights up there on Söder still appear,' I remarked; 'see, it is more than half-past eight o'clock. It is strange to feel myself walking thus admiringly through Stockholm so early on a Christmas-morn. How wide the snowy scenery appears, the air is so clear, and the deep orange-clouds round the horizon are beginning to feel the action of the sun; yet the sky looks as if it were just daybreak. The ice all around, and the fresh-rolling water hurrying in one solitary current through it; the white crisp ground, the still glittering windows, and no visible objects of distress and misery around! This walk has been a real enjoyment to me.'

'I am very happy, madame, to hear you say so, or to think you can be pleased with my poor country.'

'They must have kept these lights in all night, for usually the lights of Stockholm are all out very early.'

'Yes, they light up the windows for Christmas-morning: not so much here in the town, but in the country. Oh, if you were to see the houses in Wernland—that is my native province—whole houses are illuminated now, not the smallest is allowed to be dark. People must be miserably poor not to be able to put a light in their windows. If houses are seen to be dark by the people going to church—oh, that is bad—that is quite a disgrace!'

'It is a pleasing emblem,' I answered, 'of the Light of the World—the Light brought into the world this day, that we might have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but walk as children of the Light and of the day.'

'It truly is,' the Swede rejoined; 'yet perhaps many persons, like myself, do not consider the type in the custom they preserve. It is an old custom here, and the people like it because it is an old custom.'

At the great door that admits me to my Stockholm quarters, I found a neat little girl with a basket of some small plant in her hand. She asked me to buy. 'It is our first spring-flower,' said my friend—the Blå-sippa.'

'The first flower of spring on Christmas-day in Sweden?' I said, smiling sceptically, for I had seen the trees without an opening leaf on the 10th of May. There were some large, thick, angular leaves encircling the faintest blue buds.

'Its Latin name is *Anemone hepatica*,' he continued. 'These budding flowers are already formed in autumn; they remain so, buried under the snow in our forests all the winter. When spring comes, and the snow melts off, you behold the tiny blå-sippa almost ready dressed to meet the sun; it has only to open out its ready prepared buds, and then it smiles up at the sun, and strews the still cold forest-ground with its blossoms, growing round the roots of the dark firs or leafless trees.'

The child had brought that little flower all the way from its snowy bed in the Park of Royal Haga, rooting it from beneath the snow, and carrying it five or six English miles, to sell it for a half-penny! I thought the blå-sippa would be a pretty subject for a poem; she, poor child, attached to it only the idea of two skilling; and when I gave her rather more, or about a penny English, with some Christmas confectionary, I received in return a courtesy that might have graced one of our drawing-rooms, and a look of thankfulness that would have graced all places.

I put the flower in water in my room; but heat

seems less congenial to it than cold; and perhaps a jump of snow from the forest at the Palace of Haga would have been the only means of preserving its life.

I returned to a solitary breakfast-table, and spent the rest of this Christmas-day—the first I ever spent in a foreign land—quite alone. The post, unaffected by Christmas rejoicings, had brought afflictive intelligence to the home of our worthy minister, where I should otherwise have spent the day amid true English hospitality and kindness. But it is well sometimes to spend a Christmas-day alone as a stranger in a strange land. It teaches us at other times to think of those who may be so situated, when we in our house and home celebrate the blessed advent that brought goodwill to men.

The following day, St. Stephen's—which some foreigners say is called in England Boxing-day, because the great boxing-matches are held on it—is one of the greatest holidays in Sweden: all shops are shut, and all streets are filled with moving figures; the public offices are closed, and relations, friends, and acquaintances, are meeting. The streets below my window looks as if a funeral procession were moving over it, for black is the state-dress of the plainer classes in Sweden; and in addition to this fashion, the ladies always wear black hoods when they go out to company; and the maid-servants, and working-classes among women, instead of the paltry, imitative bonnets worn by a similar class in England, wear a nice and generally rich black silk kerchief neatly tied over the head; so that the crowd of black heads moving along has a very singular effect, and, together with the particularly quiet manner and appearance of the Swedes in public, gives one an idea of anything rather than of holiday parties. But I must stop this rambling epistle, for this very evening I am going to see a Swedish wedding performed in quite the old-fashioned national style.

LECTURES ON GOLD.

'What is here?'
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold!
(*Pano of Athens.*)

THE other day, we visited a large ship on the eve of sailing for Melbourne, and shall not soon forget the curious and almost painfully interesting scene presented by the crowds of emigrants thronging her decks and the adjoining quay. We thought to ourselves, four-fifths of these people are going to seek their fortunes at the gold-diggings, and yet how few of them know what gold really is! how few could distinguish it from yellow mica, or from iron pyrites! how few know even the simplest chemical tests of the precious metal! A consideration of this prevailing ignorance induced recently the council of the Society of Arts to arrange for the delivery of a series of six lectures on gold at the Museum of Practical Geology. The lectures were delivered each by a distinguished scientific man; and we have them before us in the shape of a goodly volume.* This is a remarkable book—in itself a very striking sign of the times, as shewing how promptly any amount of required information on a given subject may be supplied; and it is noteworthy, likewise, for the comprehensive mass of scientific and practical knowledge brought to bear on every portion of the subject to which it is dedicated.

The first lecture, by Mr Beete Jukes, is on the geology of Australia, with especial reference to the gold regions. We shall not accompany him in his learned disquisitions, founded on his own personal knowledge of the country; but we may quote his account of the discovery of the gold, as we believe it records facts not very generally known. 'Sir R. Murchison,

says Mr Jukes, 'in his address to the Geographical Society in 1844, alluded to the possibly auriferous character of the great eastern chain of Australia. . . .

Some of Sir R. Murchison's observations having found their way to the Australian papers, a Mr Smith, at that time engaged in some ironworks at Berrima, was induced by them, in the year 1849, to search for gold, and he found it. He sent the gold to the colonial government, and offered to disclose its locality on payment of £500. The governor, however, not putting full faith in the statement, and being, moreover, unwilling to encourage a gold fever without sufficient reason, declined to grant the sum, but offered, if Mr Smith would mention the locality, and the discovery was found to be valuable, to reward him accordingly. Very unwisely, as it turned out, Mr Smith did not accept this offer; and it remained for Mr Hargraves, who came with the prestige of his Californian experience, to remake the discovery, and to get the reward from government on their own conditions.'

The second lecture, by Professor Forbes, on our knowledge of Australian rocks, as derived from their organic remains, is doubtless very able, but we certainly do not think it of much practical service to the gold-seeker. It is, however, worthy of remark, that the lecturer calls special attention to the probability of diamonds being found in Australia, but warns people not to mistake glittering quartz-crystal for precious stones. He saw a piece of the former brought from California by a man who actually refused £260 for it there, and brought it to England, to learn that it was worthless.'

The third lecture, by Dr Lyon Playfair, is one of the most practically valuable to all who intend to try their fortune at the diggings. He first speaks of the most striking physical qualities of gold—such as its density, its malleability, its colour, &c. In its coherent state, the colour is a reddish yellow, but nothing so prominently distinguishes it from all other metals as its specific gravity. 'If we suppose one cubic inch of water to weigh 1, then a cubic inch of silver would weigh 10.4, a cubic inch of quicksilver would weigh 13.6, and a cubic inch of gold 19.3. Gold has, therefore, a very high specific gravity, being nearly 19½ times heavier than the same bulk of water.' The professor then shewed how to determine the specific gravity of gold, by a simple expedient, which would give a result sufficiently accurate for general purposes. 'I tie a horsehair round a sovereign, and hanging it to the bottom of the pan of a balance, weigh it *in air*. A tumbler of water is now brought below it, and the sovereign is immersed in the water; and as it now weighs considerably less, the weights in the opposite pan are removed till the balance is restored. The following are the records of the experiment:—Weight of the sovereign in air, 123.25 grams; in water, 116.35; loss in weight, 6.90. Now, to obtain the specific gravity, I have only to divide the first number (123.25), by the loss in weight (6.90), and the result, 17.86, is the specific gravity of the sovereign as ascertained by this rough experiment.'

He then proceeds to give very ample directions for applying chemical tests—such as even the most uneducated man can find no difficulty in using. 'Gold is not attacked or dissolved by aquafortis (nitric acid) or by spirits of salt (muriatic acid), when they are separate, but it readily dissolves when a mixture of these acids is heated with it. . . . The mixture of nitric and muriatic acids is called *aqua regia*, from its power to dissolve gold. It is possible that you may not be able to procure nitric acid, and in that case, if you throw bleaching-powder into water containing the gold, then add spirits of salt, and heat the mixture gently, the gold will be dissolved by the chlorine evolved.' Numerous other tests are given; and the doctor remarks, that gold has a powerful affinity for mercury or quicksilver, and readily unites with it. If the gold be in the state

* *Lectures on Gold.* Bogue: Fleet Street, London.

of fine powder, or of scales, an excess of quicksilver readily licks it up, forming an *amalgam*.

Silver and platinum are frequently found associated with gold. 'Platinum is of a light steel-gray colour, but is one of the noble metals, and ranks in price between gold and silver. . . . The specific gravity is 21.5, and is, therefore, greater than that of gold. It is very infusible, and does not melt by itself in the strongest heat of a forge. Platinum, like gold, requires a mixture of nitric and muriatic acid to dissolve it; neither of these acids attacking it when separate. . . . It is very desirable that those who go to the gold regions should look well for this precious metal, as it is likely to escape the notice of the common observer from its less glittering appearance.'

The lecturer showed specimens of certain substances frequently mistaken for gold, and gave some curious anecdotes on the subject. He showed a piece of yellow mica, which formed a portion of an entire cargo brought from the Arkansas in mistake for gold, and not worth one shilling altogether. Another instance was that of a ship from Iceland, which also brought a large quantity of the same material, found by the crew on the surface of the island, and carefully bagged for gold. In this case, two dealers in precious metals went on board the vessel to examine the supposed treasure, and one of them took a small portion on shore to get it assayed. In the meanwhile, the other dealer, greedily resolving to secure all the prize to himself, again boarded the ship in the middle of the night, and bought the whole lot at a high price, although it proved not to contain one grain of gold. A third example of the frequency of error as to what is really gold, was amusingly shown in the shape of an elegant mahogany box, with strong lock and government seal, which was sent a short time before the lecture to the Institution, and was supposed to be filled with gold from a newly-discovered gold region in 'one of our neighbouring islands'. Instead of gold, the specimens were merely non pyrites. We are told that no substance is so frequently mistaken for gold as this, and several simple means are given for distinguishing between them. 'If you took its specific gravity, all doubts would vanish; or even an examination of its hardness would dispel the illusion, for a scale of gold would readily be taken up on the point of a needle, while iron pyrites is so hard to be thus seized. . . . Copper pyrites, however, is equally mistaken for gold, and is much more valuable as a mineral than iron pyrites.'

The fourth lecture is on the dressing, or mechanical preparation of gold ores; and it, like the succeeding lecture on the metallurgical treatment of the same, is full of clearly-detailed modes of operation, profusely illustrated with diagrams. Concerning the rude cradle employed in California and Australia for gold-washing, it is stated that the loss of fine gold is very great; and as a proof of this, some of the sand in California has been profitably operated upon a second and even a third time. A table is given of the composition of gold ores in every part of the world, and the general fact is stated, that 'gold almost always occurs in the metallic or native state, generally in small particles, but occasionally in pieces of considerable weight. It is *never pure*, being almost invariably alloyed with silver, and containing frequently small proportions of copper and iron.' The following is worth quotation:—'The public cannot be too urgently cautioned against the error of supposing that where gold is found, there is necessarily an opening for the investment of capital. Of all metallurgical processes, the extraction of gold is generally the most costly. It is true, that occasionally large pieces have been discovered, but they are rare exceptions. To extract sixteen shillings' worth of gold from the pyrites of the vein called the 'backbone,' near Alston, in Cumberland, on the authority of my friend Mr. Pattinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, it would be

requisite to expend a sovereign. No sooner, however, are the marvellous discoveries of California and Australia made known—and marvellous, indeed, they are—than we are informed of the existence of a similar El Dorado in this country; but the evidence which has hitherto been advanced in support of this statement, is, in my judgment, insufficient.'

Mr. Hunt, keeper of the Mining Records, delivered the concluding lecture on the History and Statistics of Gold; and although it may not be so interesting and valuable to intending adventurers as the others, it will prove the most attractive to the general reader. It bristles with carefully-compiled facts and figures, and gives certain statistics which probably are for the first time made public. The general deductions of the lecturer appear to us to be sound, and he speaks as one thoroughly conversant with the subject. Before showing Mr. Hunt's views of the probable effect of the great influx of gold into this country, we will briefly gather some curious isolated facts from his pages. The wealth of the Romans was undoubtedly very great. Augustus received, by the bequests of friends, above £32,000,000 sterling, and Tiberius left at his death nearly £22,000,000. Up to the time of Augustus, the wealth of the world flowed into Rome; but about that time, the production of gold from the Roman mines in Illyria and Spain suddenly ceased, and for a long time subsequently, no accession of metallic wealth was acquired. Jacob has constructed a table showing how rapidly the accumulated wealth of the Roman Empire diminished. We will quote only the first and last years of his table. In the year A.D. 14, the gold and silver of the Roman Empire was £358,000,000; and in A.D. 806, only £33,674,256.

Gold was found in Cornwall from the earliest times; and in Scotland, £300,000 worth was obtained from the Lead Hills in the reign of James V. In 1796, about £10,000 worth was produced in Wicklow, in Ireland; but the expense of working exceeded its value. One mass of this Irish gold weighed twenty-two ounces. The produce of gold in the sixty-three years subsequent to the discovery of America, amounted to £17,058,000. From 1600 to 1700, the entire supply of gold for Europe came from America, whose mines are estimated to have produced within the hundred years £337,500,000 of the precious metals. From 1700 to 1809, a period of 110 years, the annual product is estimated at £3,316,706 from America; and the gold-dust of Africa, and the gold and silver of Europe, about £900,000 per annum. The above amount is according to a return from the mints; but the total annual increase of the wealth of Europe during the last century, is stated to be £8,000,000. The produce of the American mines in 1840 was £5,600,000; and the United States produced considerable quantities. The mines of Russia at the present period yield nearly £3,000,000 per annum. Supposing the importation of gold to England to continue at the same rate throughout the present year (1852) as it has been during the first six months, we shall receive from California, £2,000,000; from Australia, £5,200,000; from United States, £4,000,000. Besides this, considerable amounts are imported from Russia, Africa, South America, and Turkey. It has been calculated by some, that this year we shall receive £23,000,000 of gold and silver. Mr. Hunt thinks this a great exaggeration, and that not more than £14,000,000 will be received from all sources put together. 'The amount of silver received into England in 1851, was about £5,000,000 value, and of gold about £1,100,000 or £12,000,000 in the whole. The United States are said to have coined 62,000,000 dollars in gold, and France about 200,000,000 francs in the same year.'

Now, let us hear what Mr. Hunt has to say upon the presumed commercial effect of the discoveries of gold in California and Australia. Much speculation, as our

readers are aware, has arisen on the subject; and the *Times*, and other public organs, have not hesitated to predict, that the current value of gold will, in a very few years, fall one-third or one-half. Mr Hunt denies this, and considers the fears of fundholders and annuitants as altogether chimerical, and that modern El Dorados, like those of old, will soon find their limits. The value of a troy pound of gold in the year 1844 was £15; in 1826, it was £27; in 1806, £40, 10s.; in 1718, £46, 14s. 6d.; and a century later (1817), just the same; and it continues so to this day—namely, £3, 17s. 9d. per ounce standard. The exportation of gold coin from England is rapidly increasing; and the English sovereign is likely to become a universal medium of exchange, as the old Spanish dollar once was. Its exportation keeps pace with the importation of the raw material. From November 1850 to June 1851, the Bank of England issued 3,500,000 sovereigns, being at the rate of 19,000,000 a year; and so great is the demand for our gold coins, that Sir John Herschel informs me, since November last, there have been coined at the Mint 3,500,000 sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and the rate of production can scarcely keep pace with the increasing demand. This must have a material influence in maintaining that stability which is desirable in our standard of value. It may be interesting to know—from a very correct account kept at the Bank when the light coin was called in, in 1842—that £12,000,000 were received light, and that £36,000,000 still circulated of full weight; £40,000,000 may therefore be regarded as the quantity of gold coin in circulation, allowing from 3 to 4 per cent. for the natural wear of the coin. The total coinage of thirty-two years, ending 1847, was £39,920,383 of gold; £13,580,000 silver; £248,210 copper. Of silver, it appears that the British Isles produce annually 674,458 ounces—value £168,614; the Spanish lead imported yields 166,700 ounces—worth £41,675; and the silver ores and argentiferous copper ores imported, give £150,000 of this metal.

Of the annual consumption of the precious metals in the arts, Mr McCulloch gives this estimation:—The United Kingdom, £2,500,000; France, £1,000,000; Switzerland, £450,000; the rest of Europe, £1,600,000; North America, £500,000: making the total annual consumption to be £6,050,000. Mr Hunt has learned that in Birmingham alone, 1000 ounces of fine gold are used every week, and that the weekly consumption of gold-leaf in London is 400 ounces, in Edinburgh, 35 ounces; in Birmingham, 70 ounces; in Manchester, 40 ounces; and, including a few other towns, the total weekly consumption of gold-leaf is nearly 600 ounces, of which an eminent gold-refiner states, that not one-tenth part can be recovered. For gilding metals by the electrolyte and the water-gilding processes, not less than 10,000 ounces of gold are required annually. One establishment in the Potteries employs £3500 worth of gold per annum, and nearly £2000 worth is used by another. The consumption of gold in the potteries of Staffordshire, for gilding porcelain and making crimson and rose colour, varies from 7000 to 10,000 ounces per annum. The consumption of gold and silver in Paris has been fairly estimated at 14,552,000 francs a year. The wear upon gold coin in circulation is about 4 per cent. per annum; and from this knowledge, and the foregoing details, we may deduce the fact, that nearly £2,000,000 a year is necessary to maintain the metallic currency at its present value; therefore, a supply of between £8,000,000 and £9,000,000 is necessary for the arts, manufactures, and the purposes of coinage; and when we add to this our constantly increasing exportation of coin, it appears that the influx of Australian and Californian gold will produce but little change in its value in Europe. If this opinion of Mr Hunt's be correct—and we see no reason

to think otherwise—there is small fear of the realization of the lugubrious predictions which many persons have indulged in, of the depreciation of our standard of value.

In conclusion, we strongly advise all adventurers bound for the diggings, to procure these *Lectures on Gold*. They will find the book worth more than its weight in the precious metal.

THE BEAUTY OF BARBICAN.

There is a story current in the neighbourhood of St Giles's, Cripplegate Without, in connection with a headstone, now only about a foot above the surface of the crowded church-yard of that parish—the church itself, by the by, was Milton's burial-place—on which may still be faintly discerned, that the name of the tenant below was Charles something, beginning with a P. This tale seems to me of sufficient interest and significance to warrant its being introduced to a wider circle.

Michael Benson, a tin-plate smith, drove, it appears, a thriving trade in Red Cross Street, Barbican, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and ultimately amassed considerable wealth. He was reputed a somewhat odd, eccentric, hard-grained man, whose bark, however, was much worse than his bite, which mood of mind was ascribed by elder gossips to his having been 'crossed in love' by one Lucy Andrews, the daughter of a plumber and glazier, and popularly known in the days when the second George was king, as the Beauty of Barbican. This fascinating damsel unhappily preferred the showier attractions of a non-commissioned cavalry officer to the less glittering though far more solid pretensions of the industrious and thriving smith; and the Marc and Vulcan story of classical antiquity had its Cripple-gate version by the union, in the church of that name, of the fair and faithless Lucy with the dashing sergeant of dragoons. Honest Michael was at first greatly staggered by this unsteady, and, it seems, quite unexpected blow; but he soon recovered his equilibrium, addressed himself with heartier zeal than ever to his forge and anvil, and, as previously stated, so successfully, that compassionate candidates for the office of healing the wounds inflicted by the fickle Lucy were by no means wanting; but Michael Benson would have none of them. Perhaps the treachery of the Beauty of Barbican had inspired him with a general distrust of the deceptive sex; or, which is likelier, her image still lived in his memory with a freshness beside which their feebler charms shewed dim and pale. This last was the conclusion arrived at by those more intimate friends of the smith, who knew how, at convivial and unguarded moments, his heart would leap to his lips; and this opinion received, in the autumn of 1745, a striking confirmation. Following close upon the news of Johnny Cope's brilliant battle with the Highlanders at Prestonpans, there came news of Lucy's husband, Colour-sergeant Haselgrove, having been killed there, and that the Barbican Beauty, now a forlorn widow, with a young family, was temporarily sojourning in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. Michael Benson for some time appeared to treat this intelligence with contempt or indifference—in reality, with mistrust and disbelief. It was not very long before he changed his tone. Confirmation of the tidings must have reached him from a reliable source, for in February 1746, he suddenly disappeared from Red Cross Street, and did not show again for nearly three weeks. His trip to the north—whether it was soon ascertained the steps of the stalwart and faithful again had been directed—had, every body admitted, greatly improved him both in looks and temper. His morose manner fell off like a garment; and, reverting to the other extreme, he grew languishingly eloquent upon conjugal felicity, and the inexpressibly forlorn condition of wretched bachelors. His house, too, was newly fitted

and furnished up, as a suitable residence for a man of family and substance; and, finally, he admitted, in whispered confidences to his cronies, that the ensuing month of merry May would see him united in holy wedlock to the bereaved widow of the slain dragon: Vanity of vanities—all is vanity! Fate had decreed that that barbarous beauty should be Michael Benson's death or ruin. Whilst assisting to fix a new and flaming sign over his shop, the ladder upon which he stood slipped, and he was precipitated with stunning violence to the pavement. It was at first believed that he was mortally hurt, and this, it was subsequently manifest, must have been his own impression upon recovering consciousness; but ultimately, skilful surgery and a good constitution brought him through; and by the time bright-eyed, bliss-bringing May was at hand, he had almost recovered his old health and vigour—only to encounter a severer stroke than he had yet suffered. A letter reached the impatient Benedict-expectant one morning, with the intelligence that Sergeant Haselgrove had never been dead at all!—that he had been severely wounded only, and taken prisoner, in General Cope's illustrious campaign, and detained, without the power of communicating with his sorrowing wife and friends, till released by the catastrophe of Culloden! Poor Michael was flung back upon a sick-bed again; but this hurt, like that caused by the fall from the ladder, was found to be curable; and false-promising May had not departed, when his restraining energies were once more concentrated upon the solid realities of life and business. And herein, at least, fortune did not jilt or play the fool with him: year after year found him wealthier, stouter, jollier; and he had not yet lived half a century, when he was elected to the civic common council for the ward of Cripplegate. This elevation proved an unfortunate one, by stimulating a for some time growing taste for the pleasures of the table; and cupidism, gout, and incipient apoplexy soon displayed their fatal ensigns. Business becoming distasteful, he determined on resigning it in favour of his orphan nephew, Charles Passmore, who had been for some time the managing-man of his establishment, and retiring for the remainder of his days to the sweet rurality of Islington, in which then sylvan parish he possessed considerable property—as soon as a house he had commenced building near the spot where the Angel Tavern now stands, should be completed.

Man proposes; God disposes. Michael Benson was sitting alone one evening after the close of the day's business, revolving this and other pet projects in his mind, when a letter was brought him, with a message that the bearer, a young woman in deep mourning, waited for an answer. He snatched the letter, muttering as he did so a peevish expression of annoyance at being disturbed; but no sooner had his glance fallen upon the superscription, than a flash of wild surprise broke over and crimsoned his countenance. Eagerly he tore it open, and read with swimming eyes a touching appeal to feelings of sympathy, from his ever-beloved Lucy, in behalf of her only remaining child, who would only deliver it after the writer's death. Mrs Haselgrove's husband had preceded her to the tomb, to which she herself was then fast hastening—a dark and awful passage, but cheered and illumined by the certainty she felt, that for her sake Lucy would find a home with the good Michael, whose honest worth and deep affection the writer had learned rightly to value when too late. The perusal of this letter profoundly agitated Michael Benson, and it was some time before he could master himself sufficiently to ring the bell, and direct the bearer of the note to be shown in. He had extinguished the candles, probably to mask from the young girl thus solemnly committed to his charge, the emotion which almost convulsed him; and it was by the softening light of the moon and stars, which streamed in through the uncurtained window, that he silently perused her

features, and recognised in them the image of the Lucy of his love. The timid, trembling girl seemed to quail before his eager, scrutinising gaze; but when he presently found words to assure her, that the request of her dying parent should be sacredly, religiously fulfilled, she threw herself in an ecstasy of sorrow and thankfulness into his outstretched arms; whilst he, utterly overwhelmed, wept and sobbed with an equally passionate vehemence.

This unexpected and charming addition to his household, quickened for a time the sluggish pulses of the civic councillor with a more healthy life; but habits of indulgence are seldom permanently eradicated in elderly persons. They gradually regained their wonted ascendancy; and Lucy Haselgrove had only been about three months with him, when a lightning stroke of apoplexy revealed how nearly they had already brought him to the tomb. Surgical aid having been promptly obtained, he was for this time quit for the fright, and an ever-present dread of a second visitation. 'It was very lucky,' remarked the surgeon, addressing Charles Passmore, 'that I was within call; for even a brief delay in such cases is a pretty sure passport to another world.' The nephew made a cold, matter-of-course reply, which it struck the medical gentleman at the time contrasted oddly with the quick bright flush that at the same moment suffused his pale features. No further comment was, however, made, and the conversation terminated.

Charles Passmore is described as a bold, stubborn, unprincipled, yet withal specious young man, precocious alike in ambition and avarice, which master-passions, it will be seen, he hesitated at no means, however base, to gratify. Michael Benson, it seems, at first cherished a hope that a mutual liking might spring up between his nephew and adopted daughter; but this, he early found, was out of the question. Charles Passmore had views in a far higher quarter, which he doubted not the possession of his uncle's property would enable him to realise; and gentle, retiring, sensitive Lucy Haselgrove could feel no sympathy for the rude, irascible person who, from the first day of her abode in Red Cross Street, had manifestly regarded her with extreme, and of late, quite savage dislike. This feeling was, no question, excited by the apprehension, soon converted into certainty, that a considerable share of the wealth to which he considered himself exclusively entitled, would be bequeathed to her. Two legacies, amounting to L.1000, divided between Guy's and Bartholomew's Hospitals, in a will otherwise exclusively in his favour, executed by Mr Benson some five or six years previously, had greatly offended him; and how much was this ire inflamed when, in addition to that deduction from his coveted inheritance, he heard his uncle express his determination to secure Lucy a handsome maintenance, and this, too, without delay!

This resolution was stated in his presence to Mr Aspern, an attorney of Coleman Street, whom Michael Benson had hastily sent for, warned, probably, by internal premonitions, that the night in which no man can work was at hand. The instructions given were brief and emphatic: L.5000 to Lucy Haselgrove; L.1000 to the hospitals, as aforesaid; and the residue, estimated with the business at about L.12,000, to his nephew; and the will to be ready for execution on the following day. Mr Aspern promised compliance, and took his leave, followed a few minutes afterwards by Charles Passmore.

It was rather late that evening when the nephew returned home. Mr Benson had finished his supper, and was sitting alone, imbibing, in defiance of all warning, a few more of the 'night-caps' which were so materially assisting him to his long last sleep. The young man's steps were unsteady, and his angry eyes sparkled with ill-repressed rage. Unaccustomed drink had washed away the mask which he had hitherto worn in his uncle's presence, and his true character was for the first time revealed to his astonished and indignant

relative. A fierce altercation relative to the proposed will immediately commenced, and went on with increasing violence, till the insolence of the nephew had risen to such a pitch as to embolden him to hazard a base, exasperating imputation upon the characters of both Lucy and her mother.

'Lying, ungrateful scoundrel!' thundered Michael Benson, as he sprang with passionate energy to his feet, and meddled the slanderer with clenched fists; 'but, for your own mother's sake, I'— He stopped abruptly, and clasped his forehead with both hands, whilst a mighty change fell like a thick pall over his inflamed countenance. A moment, and the words: 'The surgeon—quick!' gurgled from his throat; his head fell on his chest, and blindly staggering a few paces in the direction of the door, he fell with a deep groan on the floor.

Charles Passmore looked eagerly in the face of the helpless man. Assistance, he clearly saw, to be effectual, must be very speedy; and he stepped mechanically towards the bell. His fingers clinched the rope, but were instantly withdrawn; and he once more paced softly towards his prostrate relative, and gazed with earnest, fearful scrutiny on the convulsed features of the dying man. As he did so, the eyes slowly unclosed, and addressed him with so reproachful and ghastly an expression, that he turned hastily away, and again moved towards the bell. Three or four precious minutes passed, and then the bell was rung with furious violence.

'Fetch a surgeon!—quick! quick!' exclaimed Charles Passmore to the servant who answered the bell. 'My uncle has fallen down in a fit.'

Mr Rymer was quickly on the spot, and instantly opened a vein. Too late! The sluggish blood yielded a few drops only, and it was plain that life was over. 'A few minutes earlier might have made all the difference,' remarked the surgeon; 'but your uncle, Mr Passmore, is past help now.'

An hour afterwards, Charles Passmore was seated in his bedroom, alone with conscience. His face was white as stone, and his whole frame trembled with terror. There was brandy on the table beside him, of which he freely partook; but it required repeated draughts to still the gnawing of the awakened worm within. Slowly, however, the white face acquired colour; the troubled, shrinking eyes grew bold and steady; the palsied limbs ceased to shake and quiver; and articulate utterance was not impossible. 'Visitation of God!' he muttered. 'To be sure—what else! Rymer is a conceited ass to suppose he could have afforded effectual aid, even had he been present at the moment of attack. Fortunately timed, too, ~~when~~ it was to be. And now, I think of it, there is an important matter, the saving or throwing away of a thousand pounds, which must neither be forgotten nor delayed. Well remembered.'

Thus speaking, Charles Passmore seized the candle, lighted for a moment on the landing to make sure the house was quiet, and then crept stealthily down stairs. He returned in about ten minutes with a folded parchment in his hand, which, after locking the door, he eagerly addressed himself to read. 'Yes, this is it: My last Will and Testament; the date June 1765. All my property, real and personal, to my dear nephew Charles Passmore, with the exception of a thousand pounds to the two hospitals. Eh? what's this? And two thousand pounds to Lucy Haselgrove, or her children, in equal proportions! Upon my word, this is pretty well. Three thousand pounds sliced off instead of one, as I understood; but, as I am the undoubted heir-at-law, I shall take the liberty of doing, what I heard the testator tell Mr Aspern he should do—burn this atrocious will.' A momentary doubt of the perfect prudence of the act flashed across his excited brain, and he hesitated to commit the important instrument to the flames. But his uncle had no relative so near

as himself by many degrees; there could not be the slightest danger therefore; and the gain—three thousand pounds—was certain and enormous! The will was then consumed by small slips at a time, in order that no unusual light might attract the attention of passers-by.

Early on the morning of the funeral, Mr Aspern, the attorney, called at Red Cross Street. 'Golding,' he said, 'of Basinghall Street, your uncle's lawyer in former days, has been to my office making inquiries about the will made in 1765. I told him it could not be found, and that there could be no reasonable doubt that it had been destroyed by the testator, in fulfilment of his declared intention to do so. He appeared hardly satisfied, and I said he had better call here after the funeral. He is acting, I presume, for some relative or other of your deceased uncle's.'

'A very distant relative, then, he or she must be,' replied Passmore. 'Mr Golding is quite welcome, however, to institute as rigorous a search as he pleases. My uncle himself told me that he had destroyed the will.'

'So I informed Golding; but he insists upon an investigation, and will be here about three o'clock. I will take care to be present. Good-day, Mr Passmore.'

Beside Lucy Haselgrove—who, in compliance with a note marked 'private and confidential,' from Mr Golding, had delayed leaving White Cross Street, her home, ~~also~~ no longer, till he should see her after the funeral—calm, composed, but exceedingly pale, Mr Charles Passmore, and Mr Attorney Aspern, there were several mourners, friends of the deceased, present in the first floor front-room, when the solicitor of Basinghall Street was announced. Golding was a thin, wiry little man, with the eyes of a lynx, which, when he had made his general bow, glanced from the fortunate and decorous nephew to the unfortunate and weeping Lucy Haselgrove, with piercing, arrow-like scrutiny.

'The will made in 1765,' began Mr Golding, 'has been, I understand you to say, destroyed by the deceased's own act?'

'Yes,' replied Charles Passmore; 'my lamented uncle told me so himself more than forty-eight hours before his death.'

'And that which was to have replaced it has not been drawn up, much less executed?'

'Exactly,' said Mr Aspern.

'Still I can have no doubt—I am acting, I may as well tell you, in the interest of this young lady, Miss Lucy Haselgrove, though not directly instructed by her—I can have no doubt, I say, that the heir-at-law will carry out his uncle's clearly-expressed intentions, though not legally compelled to do so?'

The heir-at-law coloured, and looked annoyed, but promptly answered: 'I shall most assuredly do no such thing. Your client, Miss Lucy Haselgrove, is no relative of mine, and can have no claim, equitable or otherwise, to any portion of my lawful inheritance.'

'And that is your fixed determination?' said Mr Golding, with a sort of stern exultation in his tone and manner.

'Certainly it is. The prime duty of every man is to look after his own interest; that of his relatives demands his next care.'

'Very pretty said indeed! and it happens, too, that I have just now a prime duty to perform. Mr Michael Benson's last will has been destroyed—of that fact I have not the slightest doubt—and, you say, by the testator's own act, about which there may be two opinions. Be that, however, as it may, I have the honour to inform you that, by a will not destroyed, and now in my possession, dated April 7, 1746—at which time, it may be remembered, Mr Benson's life was for a time considered in danger, in consequence of a fall from a ladder!—

'I remember it well,' interrupted one of the mourners present; 'the move by token— But I beg pardon.'

'By that will, now the last will of my then client,

Michael Benson," continued Mr Golding, with his keen eyes fixed upon the ashy countenance of the heir-at-law, "all the property, real and personal, of which the testator might die seized and possessed, was bequeathed to Lucy Haselgrove, formerly of Barbican, and then of Carlisle, and after her to her children in equal proportions. Lucy Haselgrove, therefore, here present, being, as I am instructed, the only surviving child of Lucy Haselgrove, formerly Lucy Andrews of Barbican, is the sole legatee under this will, and owner of the entire realty, as well as personals, left by the said Michael Benson. I'—

A cry of desperation from Charles Passmore, accompanied by a frantic effort to seize the fatal document—by his own act rendered fatal—interrupted Mr Golding. Foiled in this maniacal attempt, the infuriated young man reiterated his inarticulate shriek of rage, and turned revengefully towards the bewildered and now terrified Lucy Haselgrove, lost his balance before he could reach her, reeled, and fell without sense or motion on the floor.

Thus essentially concludes a story still current in the parish of Cripple-gate Without, London. It is only necessary to add, that much of the foregoing detail was gleaned from the ravings of Charles Passmore during his confinement in Bethlehem Hospital as a confirmed lunatic, which lasted till his death and burial in Cripple-gate church-yard, as recorded by the nearly sunken gravestone before spoken of: that Lucy Haselgrove was put into peaceable possession of the property of Michael Benson; and that one of the handsomest and most popular lady-managers that flourished at the close of the eighteenth century, was the fortunate daughter of the Beauty of Barbican.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY!

A SCOTTISH newspaper states, as merely a 'strange discovery,' that a British spear-head, of hammered iron, eleven inches long, and sharp in the edges, has been taken from a stratum of coal, in which it was found closely imbedded. Although journalists are not to be expected to be rigorous men of science, it is scarcely creditable to any of them to have set such a statement in circulation: for, if rigorous inquiry had been made into the facts of the case, some fallacy must for certain have been found in them. It is no great boldness to assert, that the paragraph infers an impossibility. Certainly no remains of man's works exist, naturally imbedded in any coal-seam. Live toads in such a situation there may be, for reptiles existed when coal was formed, and we have no reason to say that we know the limits of hibernating or frozen-up vitality in certain extraordinary circumstances. But man did not exist for many ages after the coal-seams were entombed in the earth, and therefore any relic of him found there must have found its way thither in comparatively recent times.

Usually, such statements take their rise in some misapprehension. A few years ago, some people in Forfarshire thought they had found a decided down-setting puzzle for the geologists, in a nail, a true large iron nail, which had been discovered in a mass of the Old Red Sandstone, a formation even older than coal. The wonder was talked of for a few years, but it was at length ascertained, that the so-called nail was a portion of the hyoid or lower jaw-bone of the *astrolepis*, one of the fishes of that early epoch. It was only *like* a nail.

Our lamented friend, Dr Mantell, wrote a curious paper on *Remains of Man and Works of Art imbedded in Rocks and Strata*, from which we take an extract appropriate to the present occasion:—"Every one," says he, "knows that near Torquay, in Devonshire, there is a chasm or fissure in the limestone strata, named

"Kent's Hole," which has long been celebrated for the quantities of fossil bones belonging to extinct species of bears, hyenas, lions, tigers, &c., that have from time to time been dug up from its recesses. These remains occur in a bed of reddish sandy loam, which covers the bottom of the chasm, or cavern, to a thickness of twenty feet. The teeth and bones are for the most part in an excellent state of preservation. The principal chasm is 600 feet in length; and there are several lateral fissures of less extent. A bed of hard, solid stalagmite, from one to four feet thick, is spread over the ossiferous loam, and covered with a thin layer of earth, with here and there patches of charcoal mixed with human bones, and coarse earthen-vessels.

On breaking through the sparry floor, the red loam, containing teeth and bones, is brought to view; and imbedded in it, and at a depth of several feet, and intermingled with remains of extinct bears and carnivora, there have been discovered several flint knives, arrow and spear heads, and fragments of pottery. The stone implements are of the kind usually found in early British tumuli, and doubtless belong to the same period; yet here they were unquestionably collocated with fossil bones of immense antiquity, and beneath the impermeable and undisturbed floor of the cavern, which was entire till broken through by the exploration that led to the exhumation of these relics. This discovery gave rise to many curious speculations, because it was supposed to present unequivocal proof that man, and the extinct carnivora, were the contemporary inhabitants of the dry land at the period when the ossiferous loam was deposited; but the facts described do not appear to me to warrant this inference. Kent's Hole, Banwell Cave, and indeed all the ossiferous caverns I have examined, are mere fissures in limestone rocks that have been filled with drift while submerged in shallow water, and into which the limbs and carcasses of the quadrupeds were floated by currents; for the bones, though broken, are very rarely waterworn, and consequently must have been protected by the muscles and soft parts. Upon the emergence of the land, of which the raised beds of shingle afford proof, the fissures were elevated above the waters, and gradually drained; the formation of stalactites and stalagmites, from the percolation of water through the superincumbent beds of limestone, then commenced, and continued to a late period.

If, when Kent's Hole first became accessible, and while the floor was in a soft or plastic state, and before the formation of the stalactitic covering, some of the wandering British aborigines prowled into the cave, or occasionally sought shelter there the occurrence of stone instruments, pottery, bones, &c., in the ossiferous loam, may be readily explained; for any hard or heavy substances, even if not buried, would quickly sink beneath the surface to a depth of a few feet, and afterwards become hermetically sealed up, as it were, by the crust of stalagmite that now forms the solid pavement.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

It appears from a parliamentary paper, that the quantity of spirits charged with duty for consumption in 1851 was just about the same as in 1828, with regard to the entire United Kingdom—namely, something between 23 and 24 millions of gallons. In the same time, however, Ireland had lessened its consumption from nearly 10 to a little over 7½ millions, while England had advanced from 7½ to 9½ millions, and Scotland from 5½ to above 6½ millions. In these two latter countries, the quantity of spirits used annually has pretty nearly kept pace with the population. They show neither more nor less of the vice in the twenty-four years; it is in Ireland that any moral improvement on this score has taken place, for there, in the twenty-four years, the consumption has diminished greatly without any abatement of the population. The reduction of the quantity of

spirits consumed in the sister isle mainly took place in 1839 and 1840, in consequence of the preachings of Father Mathew; and the low quantity attained in the latter year stands to this day unincreased.

MACARONI FLOUR.

The Italians prepare their flour for macaroni, soups, pastes, cakes, &c., with great care and wonderful success. From a coarser grain, poorer and more dirty than we grow in England, they produce a finer flour than the best which our patent machines and most highly-cultivated fields give to us. This is partly owing to their climate, which allows of methods of preparation impracticable in England, and partly to a degree of delicate manipulation and minute attention which our high-pressure rapidly sets out of the question.

All through Italy, you may see by the anthracite of farmsteads on the open thrashing-floors in the public streets of the cities, by the sides of bridges—as in Genoa, which is one large network of bridges in the upper town—in the open fields, and along the highways—anywhere and everywhere—small paved squares, surrounded by a wall of about two inches high, inclining on one side, and bordered by a groove or gutter on the side of the incline. In these places, you see a quantity of wet corn thrown from a bucket full of grain and water standing by the workman's side. Here the corn, after having been well washed in the bucket in many waters, is suffered to lie for a short time, until the water has drained off into the groove or gutter prepared for it. It is stirred gently; and as it dries, the wind carries off all the light particles which the water has not removed. The fine air and powerful sun do all the work of our close stoves and stilling kilns, with the superiority which fresh air must always have over the atmosphere of a roofed apartment. When thoroughly dry, the corn is then carried away by women, who sit, one on each side of a table, and separate, grain by grain, with their hands, the bad from the good, the light from the full-fed, until at last only the best of this washed and cleaned and separated corn remains for the mill. Yet what does remain produces a flour superior to anything we see in England on the very richest tables, and superior also to anything we see in France, noted for her white wheat-flour. It is the finest flour in the world, from a poor and ill-fed grain; and is only another proof of what great success care and industry and attention may obtain, even with second-class materials.

INNER AFRICA OPENED.

Africa has been in all ages the land of mystery and of marvels. 'There is always something new from Africa,' was said nearly two thousand years ago, and might be repeated with equal truth at this day. In modern times, the novelty usually comes in the shape of some remarkable geographical discovery; and what is most peculiar and characteristic in these African discoveries is the fact, that there is almost always something uncertain about them, which immediately gives rise to many speculations and controversies. A bold traveller, in the last century, affirmed that he had penetrated to the long-hidden fountains of the Nile. It was at first denied that he had ever visited the spot which he pretended to describe; and when the truth of his narrative could no longer be questioned, it was asserted, apparently with better reason, that the river which he had ascended to its source was not the main stream of the Nile, but only a large affluent. At a later day, two fortunate youths, succeeding at last where many more experienced explorers had failed, descended the Goorra to the sea, and were supposed to

have solved the great problem of the Niger's course, which had perplexed and divided geographers for ages. The result, however, is, according to the latest war on the subject, that 'we are now giving the name of Mauritanian river, the Niger, to a river of Negroland flowing to the Bight of Benin!' Four years ago, a sensation was created in the scientific world by the announcement, that two learned and zealous missionaries had travelled inland 800 miles from the eastern coast of Africa, and had there discovered, within four degrees of the line, two lofty mountains, whose summits rose above the limit of perpetual snow. Arguments and assertions are now adduced to prove, that the height of the mountains has been exaggerated, and that the substance which was mistaken for snow was probably 'pure white quartz!' Two years ago, a party of travellers, proceeding northward from the Cape Colony, penetrated far beyond the southern tropic, and reached a great river, which, from various indications, they believed to be the Zambeze, the river of Quillman; and they were naturally gratified with the thought of having made a discovery which would open a channel of communication between the wide regions of Central Africa and the sea. But reasons have since been given for considering it probable, that the newly-discovered river is not connected either with the Zambeze or with the ocean, but is probably lost in the sands at some distance below the point where the travellers crossed it.

It seems, indeed, to be fated, that nothing connected with Africa, from the coast blockade to the latest exploring tour, shall escape the ordeal of question and controversy. A work which has just been published* furnishes many examples of the uncertainty that envelops almost all supposed discoveries in the interior of that continent. Mr Cooley has for many years given his attention to the subject of his present work. Twenty years ago, by a *Memoir on the Civilization of the Tribes near Delagoa Bay*, he awakened sufficient public interest to lead to the dispatch of an expedition to explore the country north of the Cape Colony. The present work, which is of a more comprehensive character, and is illustrated by a map of Africa south of the equator, showing all the late important discoveries, may perhaps excite a similar amount of interest, and lead to further and more successful efforts in the same direction. The work refers to four topics, unconnected with one another, except by the general fact, that they all serve to throw light on doubtful points of African geography. The first comprises the explorations which have been made in modern times by the Portuguese and their native messengers—two of whom have crossed the entire breadth of the continent, from the Portuguese possessions on one side to those on the other; the second is an account of the great Lake Nyassi, and the routes leading to it; the third concerns the supposed discovery of the snow-capped mountains near the eastern coast; and the fourth has reference to the travels of the explorers, who, starting from the Cape Colony, arrived at the great river which was considered to be the Zambeze.

Two native messengers, or 'mercantile travellers,' started in 1802 from the factory of Cassange, in Angola, reached the factory of Tete, on the other side of the continent, in 1811, and returned to Angola in 1815—their journey thus occupied nearly thirteen years. Of course, during the greater part of this time they were not actually travelling. In one place, a chief detained them for two years, and did not release them until they

* *Inner Africa Laid Open*, in an Attempt to trace the chief lines of Communication across that Continent south of the Equator; with the Routes to the Maroque and the Cazembe, Moocmozi and the Nyassi; the Journeys of the Rev. Dr Krapf and the Rev. J. Rebmann on the Eastern Coast, and the Discoveries of Messrs Oudell and Livingstone in the heart of the Continent. By William Desborough Cooley. London: Longman. 1842.

reasoned by their employees; in another, they kept stationary four years by wars. These facts alone serve to indicate the condition and character of the tribes who inhabit the interior of Southern Africa. They are in a somewhat more barbarous state than the inhabitants of Middle Africa, north of the equator. The latter have had, from time immemorial, some commercial intercourse with Egypt and the countries on the Barbary coast. They have, moreover, derived the knowledge of some arts, as well as a slight tincture of literary cultivation, from Mohammedan teachers. But south of the equator, the tribes of the interior have been almost as completely debarred from intercourse with the external world, as were the inhabitants of Mexico and Peru before the expeditions of Cortes and Pizarro. The Africans, however, have nowhere risen by their own unaided powers to a degree of civilisation equal to that which had been attained by those two American nations. At the same time, they are considerably elevated above the purely savage state. They cultivate the ground, make palm-wine, and of beer, manufacture a species of cloth from bark-copper-mines, and gather salt for commerce.

In one place, the messengers passed through a pretty extensive tract or province called Lobale or Loyal, the people of which, we are told, 'do not cultivate the ground, because it never was the custom to do so, but buy cassava, millet, and other food, and grass-cloth for apparel, with salt and copper, the only products of the land.' The author remarks, that 'a custom such as this evidently implies an ancient and uninterrupted trade; for stoppage in such a case would be extinction.' In another place, the messengers—who were sent partly in the capacity of ambassadors—reached the capital of a monarch styled the Muroque, whose dominions extended thirty-four days' journey in each direction. Their visit made a favourable impression upon this potentate, for which, it appears, they were particularly indebted to a scarlet coat, with gilt buttons, that happened fortunately to be included among the presents. Mr Gordon Cumming, as the readers of his book will remember, also found the efficacy of a red cloak in propitiating the favour of an African chief. The Muroque afterwards despatched, in return, an embassy with presents for the king of Portugal. The ambassadors are described as fine-looking men, with long beards, their arms and legs loaded with copper rings, and their heads adorned with parrots' feathers. Their list of presents consisted of slaves, skins of asses and zebras, mats, rush-baskets, two bars of copper, and one sample of salt. From this account, it would seem that the inhabitants of the interior are, in point of civilisation, a little in advance of the Caffres, Bushmanas, and other tribes who dwell near the confines of the Cape Colony; although, from the similarity of language, it appears that all the negro tribes of South Africa are of the same race as far north as the equator.

The account which is given of the great lake in Southern Africa, gathered from the statements of several intelligent Arab and native traders who have visited it, contains many points of interest. This lake must not be confounded with another much smaller body of water, lately discovered by a party of travellers from the Cape, and situated more than 1000 miles south-west of the former. The 'great lake' lies between 300 and 400 miles from the eastern coast. It is often visited by traders from Keelwa (Quilloa) and Zanzibar. The natives who reside near it, moreover, descend at certain times in large caravans to the sea-coast, for the purposes of trade. These caravans sometimes comprise as many as 10,000 persons. Many of the men are accompanied by their wives and families. Their goods are packed on asses; and the time occupied by the journey, down and back again, including a short stay on the coast, is usually eleven months. As to the lake itself, it is of a remarkable form, being very long in

proportion to its breadth. On Mr Cooley's map, it is laid down about 400 miles in length, and only 60 broad. It appears, moreover, that the whole length is not known, even to the natives residing on its southern coasts, as the northern portion of it is not visited by them. The name which they give to it, Nyassi, or 'the sea,' indicates their notion of its great extent. Mr Cooley thinks that this 'long and narrow lake seems to mark a great fracture in the earth, parallel to the Valley of the Luina—a river on the opposite side of the continent—the eastern side having risen while the western collapsed.'

About 500 miles north-east of the lake, is the region which has lately been explored by the two missionaries resident at the port of Mombaz, Dr Krapf and Mr Rebmann. In the years 1838 and 1839, these gentlemen made several excursions into the interior, reaching, as they believed, places 200 and 300 miles from the coast. In the course of these excursions, they saw repeatedly, to the west of them, the summits of two very high mountains, covered with a white substance, which they believed to be snow. As the substance was visible at midsummer, it was evident that the snow, if such it was, must be perpetual; and as the mountains (called by the natives Kilimandjaro and Kenia) were within less than five degrees of the equator, they could not be less than 17,000 or 18,000 feet in height. They must, of course, have been very grand objects, and have been visible at a great distance, and such is the account which the missionaries give of them. It was found, moreover, that the natives have a name for snow; they call it *kibo*, and 'they also know well that *kibo* is nothing but water, and that all their many rivers proceed from the *kibo*.' Such is the statement of the missionaries, who likewise express the opinion, that the sources of the Nile will be found on the northern declivities of these snow-covered mountains. Mr Cooley, however, not only dissents from this opinion, but considers the whole statement with regard to the existence of snow on the mountains to have originated in error. He gives some reasons for presuming that the missionaries have considerably over-estimated the distances traversed by them, through not taking into account the many deviations of the road, and the various difficulties to be overcome in order to accomplish even ten or twelve miles a day in African travelling. He considers that the mountains are probably not more than from 100 to 150 miles from the coast, instead of being more than twice that distance. He states that several intelligent Arabs and natives, well acquainted with that coast, and with one of the mountains in question, deny positively the existence of snow upon it, but affirm that it is 'covered with cornelian and other precious stones.' With regard to the opinion that the Nile has its sources in these mountains, Mr Cooley observes, that it is 'paradoxical and absurd' to suppose 'that snows are piled on mountains not above 150 miles from the Indian Ocean, in order to fertilise Egypt, 2000 miles off, while the country around these snows pines with comparative drought.' It may be remarked, however, that this is exactly what we find to be the case in South America, where the Andes, rising within 150 miles of the Pacific, give birth to the Amazon, which fertilises the low lands of Brazil, 2000 miles distant; while the coast of Peru, immediately below the mountains, suffers greatly from the want of water. The question respecting the existence of snow on the African mountains must be left to be decided by future observation. It seems difficult, however, to suppose that the intelligent missionaries, whose veracity is not impeached, should have both been so strangely mistaken about such a point. Mr Cooley, moreover, with a fairness which is highly commendable, cites from an old Spanish geographer, Enciso, whose work was published in 1518, a sentence that seems strongly to confirm the view which he calls

in question. Enciso, speaking of the port of Mombaz, says: 'And west of this port stands the Mount Olympus of Ethiopia, which is exceedingly high, and beyond it are the Mountains of the Moon, whence are the sources of the Nile.' Mr Cooley himself considers that this passage has reference to Kilimandjaro, which, he observes, 'even without snow, is a very lofty mountain.' The very expression of 'Mount Olympus' would, however, seem to imply that the African mountain was, like the Grecian, distinguished not only by its elevation, but also by its snow-crowned summit.

A brief notice of the discoveries in the south, will complete this sketch of recent explorations in the interior of Africa. In the year 1849, the Rev. Mr Livingstone, a missionary resident at a station beyond the northern frontier of the Cape Colony, and Mr Oswell, an English traveller, started on an expedition towards the north-west, in the hope of discovering a lake which was reported by the natives to exist in that direction. They were successful in their search. They not only reached the lake—known as Lake Manipoor, or Ngami—which they found to be a fine sheet of water, about 200 miles in circumference, but they discovered also a large river, the Zonga, flowing from it to the eastward, and traced the course of this stream for about 300 miles. It was at first naturally supposed that the river emptied its waters into the Indian Ocean; but on being followed some distance further down, the stream has been found to dwindle gradually away, and at length to disappear altogether in the sands. Last year, Messrs Livingstone and Oswell set out on another tour of discovery. On this occasion, they were still more fortunate. Crossing the Zonga river, they advanced nearly 300 miles beyond it, and reached at last a very populous and fertile country, intersected by numerous rivers. The ruler of the country was a powerful chief, who had migrated with his people, several years before, from the neighbourhood of the Cape Colony, and who now gave the travellers a most friendly reception. He died, unfortunately, shortly after their arrival; but his daughter, who succeeded him in the government, shewed the same favourable disposition; and through the assistance and protection afforded by her, the travellers were enabled to continue their explorations for some distance further. The most northern point which they attained was in latitude 17 degrees 28 minutes south, which is about half-way from the Cape to the equator. Here they came upon a broad and deep river, called the Sesheke, flowing from the north, but turning afterwards towards the south-east. At the point where they saw it, the stream was about 400 or 500 yards wide, and they heard from the natives that it had been ascended by them a distance of at least 400 miles. They learned, moreover, that at about 'a month's distance' below the place where they stood, the Sesheke was joined by another river, and that the united stream then assumed the name of the Zambesi. This they believed to be the great river Zambese, or Cuama, which flows into the sea at Quilimane. Mr Cooley is inclined to question the correctness of this opinion, mainly on the ground that the newly-discovered river of the interior attains its greatest rise in July and August, when the river of Quilimane is diminished to a comparatively shallow stream; while, on the other hand, when the Cuama is quite full, the waters of the interior are lowest. From Mr Livingstone's narrative, however, this does not clearly appear to be the case. On the contrary, speaking of the Chobé, one of the principal tributaries of the Sesheke, he contrasts it in this respect with the Zonga and other rivers further south. The latter, he states, 'had their annual rise during the months of June and July, while, as we had an opportunity of observing, the Chobé was unaffected, or rather fell slightly, during the same period.' He mentions, moreover, an important circumstance, which seems strongly to favour his view

of the question. The travellers learned from the natives that the slave-trade had only commenced in that region during the previous year (1850), and that then, singularly enough, it began from both sides of the continent at the same time. A party of negro slave-dealers came from the western sea-coast, bringing large quantities of cloth, and a few guns, for which they would receive nothing in exchange but boys about fourteen years of age. At the same time, another party of traders, described as light-coloured, like the English, with straight hair, made their appearance on the lower waters of the Sesheke. These are expressly said to have 'come up the Zambesi from the sea-coast;' and it seems most probable that they were Portuguese slave-dealers from the factory of Quilimane. It is satisfactory to know that Mr Livingstone is now on his way back to the interior, with the intention of commencing a mission among the friendly natives of that region; so that when the slave-traders make their appearance hereafter in that quarter, they will, in all probability, find that their business among those tribes is at an end.

In connection with these discoveries, another highly interesting point is noticed by Mr Cooley. The country visited by the English travellers is, he states, that which is known to the Portuguese as the gold-producing region of Abutua. On the east of it is Manisa, an elevated valley, encircled by hills, and said to be 'the chief source of the gold of Sofala.' The auriferous ground of Abutua, always distinguishable by its extreme barrenness, is called by the native designation of 'matuca.' It is well known that in former times, before the slave-trade had nearly put an end to all legitimate commerce on that coast, large quantities of gold-dust were brought down by the natives from the interior. Some writers have supposed that the Ophir of Solomon was situated in this part of Africa. However that may have been, it is certain that gold is found there at this day, and that the Cape Dutch farmers, who have emigrated into the interior, are now settled in considerable numbers within 300 miles of the golden valley. English traders have lately penetrated still further in the same direction. How rapidly commerce follows in the track of discovery, is shown by a fact mentioned by Mr Livingstone. He states that in the three years which have elapsed since the route to the Zonga River was made known, no less than £1,100,000 worth of ivory has come from the neighbourhood of that river. In another year, no doubt, the traders' wagons will be on the banks of the Sesheke, or Zambese—if, indeed, they are not already there. Should one of them bring back to the colony a few ounces of gold-dust, the sensation which it will excite may be easily imagined, from the experience which we have now had in such cases. Not only are the emigrant boers now settled within 300 miles of Sofala, but the English colonies of Natal and the 'Orange River Sovereignty' are only 200 miles further off, and the Cape Colony is just beyond them. If the report of the first visitors to the gold-mines should be favourable—for that the mines exist, and that they will be visited, may be regarded as certain—there will doubtless be an excitement, and a rush to 'the diggings' similar to what has been witnessed in California and Australia. The effects produced by the gold discoveries of our times have already been remarkable enough; but it is possible that the most extraordinary has yet to come, in the creation of a civilised community of European origin in the interior of Africa. Whether this event is to take place or not, future explorations in that quarter of the globe can hardly fail to lead to important results; and the value of a work like Mr Cooley's, which embodies nearly all that is at present known of those regions, and which does in fact 'lay open' to our view a large portion of 'inner Africa,' cannot be questioned.

THE COAT—CURIOUS INSTANCE OF CAUTION AND EVASIVENESS.

THE following examination took place in a question tried in the Jury-Court between the trustees on the Queensferry passage and the town of Kirkcaldy. The witness was called on the part of the trustees, and apparently full of their interest. The counsel having heard that the man had got a present of a coat from the clerk to the trustees before coming to attend the trial, thought proper to interrogate him on that point; as by proving this, it would have the effect of completely setting aside his testimony:—

Q. Pray, where did you get that coat? The witness (looking obliquely down to the sleeve of his coat, and from thence to the counsel) with a mixture of effrontery and confusion, exclaimed:

A. Coat, coat, sir! Where gat I that coat?

Q. I wish to know where you got that coat?

A. Maybe ye ken where I got it?

Q. No, but we wish to know from whom you got it?

A. Did ye gie me that coat?

Q. Tell the jury where you got that coat?

A. What's your business wi' that?

Q. It is material that you tell the Court where you got the coat?

A. 'Am no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. Do you not recollect whether you bought that coat, or whether it was given to you?

A. I canna recollect everything about ma coats; when I get them, or where I get them

Q. You said you remembered perfectly well about the boats forty-two years ago; and the people who lived at Kirkcaldy then; and John More's boat; and can you not recollect where you got the coat you have on at present?

A. 'Am no gann to say anything about coats

Q. Did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. How do ye ken anything about that?

Q. I ask you, did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. 'Am no bound to answer that question, but merely to tell the truth.

Q. So you won't tell where you got that coat?

A. I didna get the coat to do anything wrong for't; I didna engage to say anything that wasna true

The Lord Chief-Commissioner, when the witness was going out of the box, called him back, and observed: 'The Court wish to know from you something further about this coat. It is not believed or suspected that you got it improperly or dishonestly, or that there is any reason for your concealing it. You may have been disinclined to speak about it, thinking that there was something of insult or reproach in the questions put from the Bar. You must be sensible that the Bench can have no such intention; and it is for your credit, and the sake of your testimony, to disclose fairly where you got it. There may be discredit in concealing, but none in telling where you got it.'

Q. Where did you get the coat?

A. 'Am no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. True, you are not obliged to tell where you got it; but it is for your own credit to tell.

A. I didna come here to tell about coats, but to tell about boats and pinnaces.

Q. If you do not tell, I must throw aside your evidence altogether.

A. 'Am no gann to say anything about ma coat; 'am no obliged to say anything about it.

Witness went away, and was called back by Lord Gillies.

Q. How long have you had that coat?

A. I didna ken how lang I hae had my coat. I hae plenty o' coats. I dunna mind about this coat or that coat.

Q. Do you remember anything near the time: have you had it a year, a month, or a week? Have you had it a week?

A. Hoot ay, I darsay I may.

Q. Have you had it a month?

A. I dinna ken; I can here to speak about boats, and no about coats.

Q. Did you buy the coat?

A. I didna mind what coat I bought, or what I got.

The consequence was, that their lordships were forced to reject the evidence of this witness.—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1817.

THE TORRENT OF ARABIA.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

The mountains of Arabia contain numerous springs, which, fed by the yearly rains, send streams of water through the valleys that descend towards the low country. Most of them, however, are lost in the sand as soon as they enter the plain. It may be well to add, that an Arabian tent is, in general, black; and that Ahkak is the name of an extensive desert.

All foaming down its native hills
The torrent of Arabia leaps,
When showers have swelled its fountain rills
Far up the blue and airy steeps:
Like some chafed steed that spurns the rein,
In raging fulness swift and free,
It rushes to the fiery plain,
Bounding to reach the distant sea.

And now those deep cool waters glide
Along the green and narrow vale,
Where broad trees arch the crystal tide
And fragrance breathes in every gale:
The dusky tent and flowery slope
Lie mirrored in that wave at first,
And there the timid antelope
Oft stoops to quench her noonday thirst.

But, ere the wide and wild expanse
Of Ahkak's burning sand is crossed,
That stream, so full and foaming once,
Sinks on its rough way spent and lost:
Lost in its sultry wanderings,
And hushed in an eternal sleep,
It wastes unseen, and never brings
One tribute to the mighty deep.

Weak as that torrent's falling wave
Art thou who, born for Heaven and Truth,
Hast lived a false world's meanest slave,
Shaming a blindest and glorious youth:
Who, roved in life's first happiest day
To generous faith and deeds of worth,
Hast fainted on thy heavenward way,
Pressed by the vain low caves of Earth.

SAVE THE DEAD LEAVES.

If every horticulturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves—which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthy salts, lime, potash, &c., needed for the next season's growth—and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fall—may, more, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally be lost altogether. A wise horticulturist will diligently collect, from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay and enrich that soil, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for that tree. In certain vineyards in France, the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that falls from them at the end of the season.—*Horticulturist*.

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THREESCORE-AND-TEN.

WHEN I was a boy I used to think threescore-and-ten years a very sufficient spell of this world. I wondered how anybody could grumble at so liberal an allowance of life; and indeed, for my own share, I would no more have hesitated to give up my claim to the odd ten years than the gold-sellers do at the Deggings to throw the odd ounces into the bargain. That, I say, was in my boyhood, when I was too far off from what I was dealing so generously with to be able to understand anything about it. I know better now. Threescore-and-ten might have suited the Israelites very well when they were wandering in the wilderness; but I am decidedly of opinion that Moses when stating the limit, in his prayer printed in the Book of Psalms, made no allusion to us. In fact, the period in itself is objectionable, inasmuch as it is not a period at all, but more like a semicolon. It is not even an even number—which is odd, resembling more a half-way house than a final resting-place. It makes me uncomfortable to hear people talking of threescore-and-ten, as if they thought it improper to fly in the face of Moses. Let us see if there is not some mistake in it.

The mean term of human life varies not only in different countries, and different localities of the same country, but in different stages of civilisation. In modern England, the easy classes have an expectation of longer life than those of ancient Rome had, by no less than twenty years; yet in the census of Vespasian for the year 76, which included only that portion of Italy between the Apennines and the Po, there are three individuals mentioned who had attained the age of 140. In England, we know, Parr died from plethora at the age of 152; and if the accident could have been avoided—for it is a mere accident—there appears to be no reason why the jolly old gentleman (who married at 120) should have ceased to live even then, since Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who dissected his body, could find no decay in any of the organs. Parr himself was but a juvenile compared with Henry Jenkins, who died in Yorkshire in the year 1670, at the age of 169. From 100 up to this extreme age, there are numerous instances in various countries; and, in fact, one might almost suppose that nature was striving, with more or less success, to attain some fixed but unknown point. The reader, however, will please not to run away with this as a fact. I merely throw it out as a hint for the benefit of any distressed theorist out of employment. It will be at least as good as the question of the perfectibility of man, which disturbed the philosophy of the last century, but which appears unluckily to have been washed out of discussion by the ocean of blood and tears shed

in the wars that followed the French Revolution down to the late massacre of Paris.

On the subject of longevity, all that is known with absolute certainty is, that as man becomes civilised and refined, he lives longer, and that the term of 169 years is the longest he has yet been fully proved to have reached, except in the early Bible ages. When civilisation and refinement are widely spread in a country, they have the effect not merely of lengthening the term of life in individual cases, but of raising the average. Threescore-and-ten, I maintain, is no longer the allotted span which men surpass only in a few exceptional instances; and I would bet a trifle that our present allotted span, whatever it may be, will be still further extended before the lapse of another century. That it will eventually rise to 169 I do not assert, for I am naturally modest, not to say timid; but after ascertaining that the machinery of man's body is capable of lasting so long, I will thank any gentleman to hold up his face and tell me it is impossible. We are not to suppose that Mr Jenkins was created by miracle. He was an ordinary man, exposed to the influence of ordinary, not premature circumstances; and we know from experience in other things, that the circumstances which are mere coincidences in an exceptional case may become in the progress of knowledge the common usage. But why stop here? Why should Jenkins give us pause? A flea for Jenkins—the fig of Spain! He was but an intermediate passenger after all. He has proved merely that human life is capable of being prolonged to a period of some eight-score and a half of years, but has left us in absolute ignorance as to how far beyond that term it may go. This is one of the great secrets of nature, which at present we are not in a condition even to guess at; but, as I would avoid extravagance above all things, I shall frankly concede, that every analogy leads us to the conclusion, that there is a point beyond which the organisation of this corruptible body cannot last.

The span of human life is shortened sometimes by the disorders of nature, but mainly by our own ignorance and thoughtlessness. We are cut off, though not suddenly, yet prematurely, by disease, inappropriate labour, improper, or insufficient, or immoderate food, and a thousand other irregularities, which would have no existence after a few generations of general enlightenment. That improvement has taken, and is taking place, cannot be denied, but the slowness of its advance is one of the most wonderful things in human history. It is true, the pestilences of the middle ages are but faintly reproduced in our day: the cholera, for instance, is a mere pigmy compared with its predecessor, which, so late as the middle of the fourteenth century, swept

of about one-fourth part of the population of Europe. But the circumstances that led to the success of that great invasion of the house of life, although no longer existing in one class of society, are as ripe as ever among the other classes. In the towns of the middle ages, the houses were huddled together as they are only in the lowest quarters of those of the present day. With overarching roofs almost meeting in the middle of the street, without air, without ventilation, dark, filthy, and abominable, they were fitting stages for the pranks of the devils that break loose from time to time upon mankind. In the towns of this enlightened age, on the other hand, the stage for the dance of death is narrower. The easy classes have separated from the mass, not to avoid destruction, but to enjoy comfort and dignity; they have spread themselves, in broad streets and open squares, over what was formerly the country; and they think themselves safe—and are so, comparatively—since they are only in the neighbourhood, not in the middle of the hotbeds of infection. These hotbeds remain the same till the approach of the Pestilence; and then come magisterial admonitions, and whitewashings and scrubbing and airings, and the cry of death in the midst; and then subscriptions, and impromptu hospitals, and devotion in various forms, seeking to avert a penalty which we all know will be imposed where crime or error has been committed; and finally, speeches from the throne, acknowledging the fact as a divine judgment, which it is in a sense, but saying not one word of the sanitary measures and purer life, which are the true means appointed by divine wisdom for the prevention of such judgments in future.

That this is the ordinary course, cannot be denied; but even while the general misapprehension prevails, symptoms of amendment are here and there visible. The lodging-house abomination is placed under the surveillance of the police; cheap and wholesome dwellings for the working-class are springing up as experiments, and will soon be multiplied as speculations; baths and washing-establishments lend their indispensable aid to the cause of civilisation; and refreshment and reading rooms, parks, exhibitions, lectures, and glass-palaces, spread forth their attractions to snatch, even as brands from the burning, innumerable victims from the dens of drunkenness and infamy. Last, not least, a great legislative triumph has been achieved, which renders the necessities of life necessary to all who are able and willing to fulfil the conditions of the law of Work under which they have come into the world. Without this, there could be no advance, no hope; for, ignore the fact as we may, neither cleanliness nor ventilation will be of any avail against pestilence in a house where there is not wholesome and abundant food.

The symptoms of amendment, however, obvious as they are, although they may increase the number of those persons who reach the present mean duration of life, will but slowly affect the extension of the allotted span. Each individual has a great deal in his power, but not everything. Even setting aside the unthinking period of his youth, there is an anterior period in which he has no free-will at all; and a still earlier period—before he has come into this breathing world—when his constitution is in some measure devised to him prospectively by his ancestors. Taking this into account, the first generally enlightened generation would be composed of so many Cornaros, spending one portion of their lives in eradicating the diseases they inherited from others or contracted in their early years, and dying in their youth at 104. Cornaro enjoyed life to the last, and when his constitution would hold

no longer, he died by the hands of his parent and nurse, of injuries received before and after he was born. The next generally enlightened generation would have a better chance. They would have fewer inherited diseases, and would suffer less from ill-treatment in infancy: they might perhaps be the Old Parrs of their day. But the Jenkinses would as surely follow in the next generation; and after them,—who knows?—the *se plus ultra* gentlemen who would out-Jenkins Jenkins, and get at last to the veritable allotted span!

That man, like nature herself, has an inclination towards a certain methodism in his goings out and comings in cannot be doubted, since he is one of the children of nature; but the tendency is frequently shewn in so irrational a manner, as to neutralise its advantage. He takes his meals at a regular hour—that is his instinct; but he appoints that hour, not according to the dictates of nature, but fashion. He goes to bed once in twenty-four hours, but the time depends upon circumstances, although these, generally speaking, are completely under his own control. He eats and drinks not only to satisfy hunger and thirst, but gluttony and an inclination for unwholesome stimulants. When this mode of living meets its due reward, and he becomes unwell, all these irregularities are amended under the directions of the physician. He is reduced to order; he falls into the general not pedantic methodism of nature; and he gets—well? Not exactly. He gets well enough to begin his course anew, as if nothing had happened: but the mischief is done—he has cribbed a certain space from his allotted span. There is nothing more absurd and meaningless than that expression—getting well. We never get well. Every hygone disease has, in the common phrase, driven a nail in our coffin. Some of the Eastern nations believe that even the deprivation of a few hours' sleep in the night has, each time it occurs, a grave effect on the constitution. To suppose that the duration of so exquisite and complicated a machine as the human body is not influenced by an accident, because that accident is to appearance repaired, is contrary to reason. The very act of repairing is an added injury; every dose of medicine contains some drops of poison, which, even if the disease is cured, subject the patient to a longer or shorter period of convalescence. Cornaro 'got well'; and it was well for him he did. Instead of dying at 50, he lived to 104; but if he had never been ill at all, instead of dying at 104, he would have lived—why not?—to 169. Balance, 65 years.

Invalids usually live long. They are not strong, they are debarr'd from some pleasures, and their spirits are below concert-pitch. But they continue to jog on, not uncomfortably, when the young, the happy, and the ardent are cut down around them. The reason is, that they have returned to the law of natural methodism, which they dare not break. They pass their lives in a constant state of practical repentance, either for their own sins or the sins of their fathers; and, after a protracted respite, they drop at last, comparatively, though not absolutely old.

The Quakers are a more than usually regular, yet busy and kindly group of the population; and instead of dying of stupidity at 50, as Jeffrey was told at Liverpool, their lives are insured in their own Provident Institution at a lower rate of premium than other people's. I have before me, taken from *The Friend*, a table of mortality of the Society from May 1861 to April 1862, both inclusive, which shows that out of 259 deaths, 97 occurred between three-score-and-ten and 94 inclusive; and that of those 94 deaths, 47 took place at the age of 80 and upwards! The fact is, we are getting on. I don't feel so modest now by half; and I am not sure that I have as prodigious a reverence for Jenkins after all. If the Quakers get

along at this rate, what is to hinder the rest of us of the (free and) easy classes to follow? The thing is done by good living, good working, and good sleeping, all at regular, natural times. Regularity has a great deal to say in it; and men, even with the narrowest brims in the world, have a decided tendency to regularity, if they would only give it fair play. If we cast our eye over our whole span of years, we shall find it a mass of mathematical lines, some strong, some faint, some properly, some improperly placed. We divide time itself by centuries, cycles, lustres, years, quarters, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, seconds; and these are dotted with anniversaries, festivals, and observances innumerable. The most ordinary operations of our existence have the same law; and in common life, each day is pretty much a copy of the preceding.

On this very day—for I write on New-Year's Day—a considerable portion of the world is beginning another term of life, and celebrating the occasion, as if some real and tangible gate had opened to admit mankind upon a new career. All civilised nations join in regarding the day as something peculiar and significant; and most people feel a certain exhilaration of the spirits as they look from their seeming vantage-ground along the vista of the future. The Chinese, who form a family group of about a third part of mankind, shut up till recently from the rest of the world, have many customs of the season similar to those of Europe, and many that Europe would do well to copy. They sit up to see the New Year come in, and hail its advent with shouts of joy; they betake themselves to the temple—even they who have never crossed the holy threshold since the last anniversary; they dress themselves in their best, and go about visiting and felicitating their friends; and they—pay their debts. This is *de rigueur* in China. With or without money, it must be done. The obligations of the old year must be wiped away, and a new score begun. Creditors would have nothing to do but to sit at home and receive their dues; only, that creditors have debts of their own to provide for like other people. Thus many contratemps occur. People are not at home when they are wanted; and unlikely they are at home when they don't want to lend. All China is flying through the town, under full sail, with its tail streaming behind, selling, pawning, borrowing, and paying; and perhaps the importunate debtor Waag-hi can meet his slippery creditor Wow-chi nowhere, till they run aboard of each other on the street.

But this is only the exoteric part of methodism. There are more burdens than debt which we ought to get rid of at every new term in our career, and which would cost us as little trouble, if we only got into the habit. If it was our custom at such times to forgive and be forgiven, to bind up broken amities, to renew the kindly feelings that have been withered in the glare of fortune, or chilled almost to death in the frost of adversity—is it unreasonable to think that the change would operate beneficially upon our New-Year, and that it would even extend the series of New-Years to no matter: I have done with Jenkins. The instincts of nature are always good, if we would only use them well; and there is not one of the petty spans into which they divide our lives which might not be made a temple. The life of man is different from that of the brutes. No material methodism will affect otherwise than indirectly his moral nature, which is a part of his existence. If, therefore, we would get beyond our threescore-and-ten, we must attend to the regulation, not only of the senses, but of the affections. Long life is a blessing, for even the longest includes but a very short span of old age. When a man becomes old in the common meaning of the word, he dies very soon: Old Parr was but a middle-aged individual when approaching 140. If the case were

otherwise, I for one would look upon the new term of life that is opening to-day as a misfortune; but as it is, with a hopeful heart, and an unclouded brow, I wish the reader a happy New-Year.

A NIGHT IN THE CLOUDS.*

TOWARDS the close of a beautiful August evening, the various roads leading to the city of Mannheim were filled with groups of cheerful, merry people, returning from the different pleasure-gardens, which had replaced the old fortifications: these, in their turn, became deserted and silent—all but one, where the murmur of merry voices and musical accompaniments still resounded. This was the Cabane Gardens, justly celebrated in Mannheim for its balls, champêtres, fireworks, and balloon ascents. The novelty of these last had lately attracted great crowds. The admirable discovery made by the Montgolfiers had only recently been turned to account as an amusement; but the speculation had proved so successful, that there was not a public garden in Germany without its balloons; and an aerial voyage had become almost as easy and little feared, as a promenade on the banks of the Rhine. It is true, these trips were short, and allowed few chances of danger. Strongly attached to the ground by ropes that could be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, the balloon rose at the will of the aeronauts, and in its boldest ascents seldom went beyond the tops of the trees.

The crowd had abandoned the retired walks, and collected in the large esplanade, devoted to the exhibition of fireworks. The shrubberies had been some time deserted, when a man, of some forty years of age, accompanied by a young girl, appeared at the end of one of the most shady walks. They also directed their steps towards the esplanade, but proceeded slowly, and with the air of persons buried in thought.

After walking some way in silence, the man exclaimed energetically: 'No, sister, no! As long as I live, I can never forgive this Christian Löffmann, for disputing my right of succession to the property of his cousin! For, God knows, it was not bequeathed to me as a gift, but in payment of what the deceased owed me.'

'He ought to have said so in his will, Michael,' observed the girl.

'And am I to be deprived of my right because he did not do so, Florence? Because a dying man neglected to say all he should, is Michael Rütter to be accused of fraud by this Löffmann?'

'Alas! he does not know us, brother,' said the young girl gently. 'Others have excited his suspicions; and he believes them true, because it is his interest to do so.'

'And so,' replied Michael bitterly, 'I am to be deprived of the land I have cultivated these twenty years, and made mine own through the work of those hands, by a stranger, who has no right but that of the chance of birth!'

'But you know, brother,' interrupted Florence, 'judgment has not yet been pronounced.'

Her brother shook his head. 'Ah! I have very little hope. This Löffmann is young, active, and very likely has influential friends. Perhaps the decree which is to dispossess me has already passed.'

Florence sighed, and Rütter observed it. 'Come,' he said with an effort, 'here I am, at the same subject again, after bringing you here to refresh your thoughts, and help you to forget it. I wish there were some exciting spectacle—some new sensation, which could distract my mind from this one absorbing idea.'

As he said these words, a sudden turn in the path brought them out on a grassy square, which they had not before perceived: it was the part devoted to the ascent of balloons. A captive balloon floated gracefully over their heads; and suspended to it was an elegant

car, in the form of a boat, which seemed to glide gently over the greensward.

Florence involuntarily uttered a cry of surprise and admiration. Living at a distance from the city, this was the first time she had beheld a balloon so near, and she drew her brother closer.

'Room for two more!' cried the proprietor of the balloon and manager of the ropes.

Michael glanced at the car, in which a young man in a travelling-dress was seating himself, having in his hand one of these Alpine sticks shod with iron used in the ascent of mountains.

'Room for two!' he exclaimed; then turning to Florence, he said with a smile: 'Would you like to take a ride over the trees?'

'Are you sure there is no danger?'

'None, I can assure you, young lady,' said the manager; 'I have already directed the voyages of some ten thousand Christians.'

'And we can come down when we like?'

'Certainly. You have merely to pull the string of the bell you will find in the car.'

Florence hesitated; she was still rather afraid, yet the originality of such a ride tempted her. Accustomed in all things to act upon the advice of her brother, after a moment's indecision, she said she would do as he liked.

'Then I vote for a voyage in the air,' said Michael; and jumping into the car, he assisted Florence in.

As soon as they were seated, the manager slowly loosened the ropes, and the balloon began gently to ascend.

On feeling the motion of the car, the young girl uttered an involuntary cry, and turned pale. The stranger who was seated opposite her, placed his hand on the bell-pull. 'Shall we return to earth?' said he with a smile.

'Many thanks, sir,' returned Florence, who had regained her colour; 'I shall soon become accustomed to the motion.'

'Look—look!' interrupted Michael, 'we are already higher than the trees.'

Florence looked over the car, and the novelty of the sight dissipated her remaining fears. The whole of the Cabane garden lay spread below them, and looked like one of those models exhibited in the military museums. Immediately below the balloon lay the esplanade, crowded with people, the murmur of whose voices just reached the travellers. The air becoming lighter every minute, and laden with perfume, was exciting, and of a delicious freshness. Florence turned towards her brother, her face beaming with smiles.

'How grand and beautiful everything around us is!' she exclaimed. 'Tell me, Michael, do you not feel a pleasant kind of intoxication; and are you not happier here than you were just now?'

'Yes,' said Ritter: 'the physical sensation influences the mind; and it seems to me that I rise above the injuries of man as I do above his dwellings. But what is the matter? What does that crowd on the esplanade mean?'

'They are waiting for the fireworks,' said the stranger.

'Yes, and there go the first rockets,' exclaimed Florence.

'Why do they go off one after the other so?'

'O look! the woodwork which supported the principal works is falling to pieces.'

'The spectacle has failed!'

'Yes; and listen—do you hear those cries?'

'Gracious heavens!' exclaimed Michael. 'They are destroying the fences around the flower-beds.'

'It is a students' row,' said the stranger; 'they are revenging themselves upon the garden for the disappointment.'

'How glad I am that we are out of the way of all the tumult!' added Florence.

'Then you are not frightened now?' asked Ritter.

'Not in the least.'

'Then we will go still higher.'

He made the necessary signal; the balloon continued to rise higher for several minutes, and then became stationary.

The three travellers uttered at the same moment an exclamation of admiration. Below them lay on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, beautiful valleys, winding streams, forest, hill and plain, cultivated fields and villages, their positions and forms varying every minute. The Black Forest formed the Würtemberg frontier, while the Rhine on the French, surrounded the picture with a wavy line of silver; and beyond lay the serpentine Neckar, winding off into the distance, chequered with bright-glancing sails.

'Happy country!' said the stranger, as if to himself, 'where God gives to man the fertile field, the navigable river, and wooded mountain.'

Michael sighed. 'Happy, above all, could man be untroubled with lawsuits and libellous reports,' muttered he in a low voice.

The unknown turned towards him. 'Ah, no one knows that better than myself, sir!' said he.

'What! are you also condemned to defend your rights before the court?'

'Yes, and against an adversary who will leave nothing undone to ruin me.'

'It is my own case,' said Michael. 'If he gain this suit, he will deprive me of all I have spent my life in acquiring.'

'And for my part, all my future depends on it.'

'The work of my hands will help to enrich a grasping, avaricious man.'

'And,' pursued the stranger, 'all my future prospects will be annihilated to enrich a hypocrite.'

'I fear the law will not decide in favour of the cause which has the right on its side.'

'And I am afraid that intrigue will be stronger than justice.'

'Ah, I see,' cried Michael; 'our positions are the same: you also have a cause against some Christian Löffmann.'

'Christian Löffmann!' repeated the stranger; 'why, that is my own name.'

'Yours!'

'And my adversary's Michael Ritter.'

'Why, I am he!'

The two men regarded each other in astonishment, and with such a mixture of anger and hatred, that Florence became frightened. 'Let us descend, brother,' said she, laying her hand on her brother's arm; but he did not hear her.

'What Herr Löffmann says of his opponent is false!' he cried, fixing his sparkling eyes on the stranger.

'And what Herr Ritter says of his, is a lie!' fiercely returned the young man.

'In the name of Heaven, let us go down!' reiterated the girl.

'So be it,' said Michael; 'it will be easier to come to an explanation on solid ground.'

'And I hope it will be a decisive one,' added Löffmann, in a significant tone.

He had already rung the bell, and all three awaited the descent of the balloon in silence; but it remained motionless. The young man rang again a second time, and then a third, with no better success.

'The man must have heard,' he murmured, as he again pulled the string.

'He has disappeared!' exclaimed Florence, who had been looking over the car.

'So he has,' said Michael, looking in his turn; 'the *émeute* has alarmed him. See! they are making a bonfire of the benches.'

'And look at that party of young men parading the garden, breaking the lamps.'

'See! they are under the balloon. Good God!'

'What are they doing?'

'They are cutting the ropes!'

'What are you saying?—what do you mean?'

'Look for yourselves.'

All three hung over the car, and raised a fearful cry, waving their hands at the same time; but it was too late. Imagining that the car was unoccupied, the students had cut the ropes which secured the balloon; and the latter, rising with frightful rapidity, was soon lost in the mists of evening.

Our three travellers at first wearied themselves with loud shouts, in the hope of attracting attention; but when they lost sight of, first the garden, and then of the earth itself, a kind of calm, produced more by exhaustion than resignation, took the place of their first desperation. They remained motionless and silent. Their situation was ~~not~~ ^{one of} great danger. In general, the aeronauts are ~~as much as possible~~ ^{as much as possible}, against every accident by acquired knowledge and experience. Before entering upon his career, he attends lectures on the subject, gains all the information he can, and serves an apprenticeship to his profession; but here were three helpless beings suddenly cast loose from the earth, without rudder or compass, as it were, tossed about at the will of every passing breeze, with a horrible death before them, yet uncertain at what moment it might come.

Florence, half-fainting with terror, hid her face on her brother's shoulder, and he sat overpowered with fear, astonishment, and horror, knowing not what consolation to offer.

Christian Löffmann, seated at the other end of the car, seemed more calm, and from time to time threw a look of commiseration on Michael Ritter and his sister; but the remembrance of their mutual enmity, and the reciprocal insults they had heaped on each other, still divided these two men, and held them apart, even in a common danger.

Meanwhile the balloon, abandoned to the winds, floated at hazard through the heavens, now cutting the air as rapidly as a swallow returning to its nest, anon hovering above the mountains, like a vulture over its prey. Now and then, when Ritter or Löffmann looked over the car, they beheld at the bottom of the gloomy gulf, the flickering and confused lights of towns and hamlets. But by degrees these last traces of earth disappeared, and the balloon sought still more elevated regions, the air becoming every moment more and more rarefied. The breathing of the travellers began to be oppressed; they experienced a violent singing in their ears, and sharp pangs shot through them, as the cold air benumbed their limbs. Florence, whose strength was quite exhausted, gradually sank down to the bottom of the car at her brother's feet.

'What are you doing?' he exclaimed.

'I feel so overpowered with sleep,' she murmured.

'Awake! awake!' cried the terrified Michael; 'to sleep is death! Rouse yourself, Florence!'

But she remained motionless.

'Florence!' repeated Michael in agony. 'O God! she does not hear me; and I have no means of warning her!'

'Take this cloak,' said a voice.

He raised his head, and perceived Löffmann by his side, in the act of unfastening a kind of furred pelisse he had till then been enveloped in. 'But what will you do yourself?' asked Ritter, surprised and touched. 'The strong should suffer for the weak,' said he, taking off his cloak.

Michael helped him to wrap his sister in it, and in so doing, their hands accidentally came in contact; Michael seized Löffmann's eagerly. 'What you have just done

redeems all the rest,' said he; 'and I recall the hasty words which wounded you.'

'You have nothing to recall; I was the most to blame,' said Löffmann, greatly moved.

'Let us forgive one another, then,' said Michael. 'We shall soon stand before God himself: let our hatred cease ere we appear before Him.'

'Mine is gone!' cried Christian. 'Michael Ritter, here is my hand; it is that of a friend!'

'And I accept it as such,' said Michael with emotion. 'We have both been deceived, Löffmann: each has believed the other a rogue, because our interests have been opposed; and have slandered each other, though personally unknown! Alas! how often it is thus with man. Let us thank God for uniting us in this awful hour, enabling us to appear before Him without bitterness of heart one towards another.'

'Let me also add my thanksgiving, Michael,' said Florence, who had revived.

'Let us pray, then,' said Ritter, folding her in his arms; 'and may God so forgive us, as we forgive others.' At these words, he uncovered his head, and Christian doing the same, they all three bent in prayer. When they rose, a streak of light had appeared in the east; the day was dawning.

The wind, which had carried them to such elevated regions, now gradually sank; and as the balloon gently descended, a ray of hope stole into their hearts. At first, though united in danger, they were separated by hatred; but now all three joined in mutual consolation and encouragement. The sun rose, and they were soon able to distinguish the variegated country. It seemed like a sudden resurrection: they were no longer wandering in the gloomy abyss through which they had passed the night; the sun shone, and earth still existed! There lay fields, rivers, mountains, cities; and there lived their fellow-men, who were, perhaps, at that very moment, following their course through the clouds with anxious eyes.

The balloon still continued to descend, and at last they were able to distinguish the fields, houses, and even persons. All at once Ritter uttered a cry of joy: he recognised Soerach, and further on lay his own village! Florence clasped her hands with a deep sigh; she saw the roof of her dwelling, the oak-wood where she had so often sat and worked, and the little mountain rivulet. Michael himself wept. At this moment the balloon, which till then had continued to descend, again began to rise with a fresh breeze. The young girl and her brother uttered a cry of despair, and leaning over the car, extended their arms towards their home.

'My God! is there no means of descending?' cried Florence, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

'There is one,' answered Löffmann; 'but it is dangerous.'

'Oh, let us try it; anything rather than this agony,' said Ritter hurriedly: 'remember last night.'

'Yes,' said the young man; 'it is our only chance; now for it.' He rose cautiously, raised his Alpine stick, which had lain by his side, and with the iron point pierced the silk of the balloon. The latter emitted a sound like a deep sigh, and waved to and fro like a wounded animal. That moment of suspense seemed an hour. Then the gas rushed forth with impetuosity, and the silk of the balloon shrunk with frightful rapidity. The travellers closed their eyes, overcome with terror. Before long, a sharp explosion was heard, followed by a violent shock, which made them open their eyes, and they discovered that the netting had become entangled in the branches of a willow, and the car hung within a few feet of the ground.

Towards the end of the same day, Löffmann and Ritter were sitting in the window of a house on the

hill-side. It was Michael's dwelling, to which he had conducted his companion after their common deliverance. The brother and sister at first could find room in their hearts only for grateful joy at their wonderful preservation; but, presently, in Ritter awoke the remembrance of the coming danger to his interests.

Resting his elbows on the wooden balustrade which served as a balcony, he had remained for a long time silent, when Christian whose eyes had been wandering over the landscape, suddenly exclaimed: 'How far does your property extend, Herr Ritter?'

The latter shuddered as he saw on what his guest's thoughts were bent. 'Ah, you wish to see what will be yours if your suit be successful,' said he bitterly.

'Upon my honour, I was not thinking of that,' said Loffmann, disconcerted.

'You need not blush to own it,' said Ritter; 'every one believes in the justice of his own cause. I will show you the boundaries of the estate,' and he pointed out, one after the other, the woods, fields, and meadows which composed the property.

'It seems in excellent order,' observed Christian.

'Yes; I have devoted all my time and energy to it,' replied the farmer. 'I had planned many other improvements; but who knows how many days I have to remain here? the land, perhaps, has already ceased to be mine.'

As the words left his mouth, Florence entered—she seemed troubled, and held in her hand a letter bearing the Mannheim postmark.

'Is it from Herr Littold?' said Michael, turning pale.

'It is,' she replied.

'Then judgment is pronounced, and we shall know our'—He held out a trembling hand for the letter, but Florence seized it between her own, and, glancing timidly at Loffmann, said: 'Ah, but remember, whatever happens, you have sworn friendship for each other'—

'The letter! give me the letter!' interrupted the agitated Michael.

Florence stepped back a pace. 'First promise, that you will submit to the decision, whatever it may be,' said she with energy; and pointing at the same time to the foot of the hill, and the willow on which still hung the remains of the balloon, she added: 'Have you already forgotten the night passed in the cloud?'

Ritter and Loffmann looked at each other, and, after an instant's hesitation, held out their hands.

'Not!' exclaimed Michael, 'It shall not be said that danger alone inclines our hearts to mercy. Saved as we have been by the goodness of God, let us prove, by our submission, that we are grateful. Christian Loffmann, we throw away our enmity above—do not let it return on earth. Whatever that letter may contain, I declare that I will submit to the decision without anger.'

'And I will bless it for giving me such a friend, even though it ruin all my hopes,' added Christian.

Florence gave the letter to Michael, who took it with a firm hand, ran it over, and turned slightly pale.

Florence rushed forward.

'You are master here, Herr Loffmann!' said the farmer, turning to the young man.

'Then the cause is decided in my favour!' he exclaimed in a tone of joy.

'Yes; here is the sentence.' (Christian took the letter which Michael held out.) 'Henceforth this property is yours'—

'The estate is not equal to the happiness of possessing a friend,' interrupted Loffmann, tearing the paper. Ritter stared at him in astonishment, and Florence clasped her hands.

'Yes,' replied the young man; 'I came here as a guest, and I do not choose to remain as an enemy. He who has so nobly received and hospitably entertained me, shall himself appoint one who will decide upon the justice of our several claims.'

'I!' said Ritter with emotion. 'Ah, whom could I appoint?'

'She who created our friendship can, if she chooses, still more firmly unite us, and render the division of the property an easy matter.'

'How?' inquired Michael.

'By making the two friends brothers!'

Ritter turned to Florence with a questioning though smiling glance, and the blushing girl timidly extending her hand to Loffmann, hid her face upon her brother's shoulder.

ZOOPHYTES.

When Poyssonel, a French naturalist, in the early part of the eighteenth century, asserted that the beautiful plant-like forms of the zoophytes should be referred to the animal, rather than to the vegetable kingdom, his doctrine was received with incredulity and derision. The learned men of his age, deceived by the external configuration of those curious productions, refused to believe that they were not what they seemed to be. Their arborescent masses, firmly rooted to stones and shells, presenting the stem, the branches, and the general arrangement of the plant, and increasing by a process of budding, were unhesitatingly classed amongst the numerous family of *Algae*, or sea-weeds.

Even when the awkward discovery was made, that there were actually living polypes within the cells which covered the branches of the supposed plant, it was contended that these were merely accidental lodgers, and had no organic connection with the structure in which they had found convenient shelter. Some, more fatal than their fellows, regarded them as blossoms, and saw in them an additional proof of the vegetable nature of the zoophyte! Poor Poyssonel, like many another pioneer of the truth, found no favour amongst the karaid of his day: was 'put down' by men who had no practical acquaintance with nature, and voted a foolish theorist by the conservative aristocracy of science. Continued research has long since established the correctness of his views; and every student of natural history now knows, that the zoophyte is no more a vegetable than the elephant or the horse. By the unlearned, however, its plant-like aspect is still taken as a proof of its plant-like nature; and it is commonly to be found, neatly mounted, in the collection of the amateur, as a 'weed.'

The zoophytes constitute a singularly beautiful and interesting tribe of beings, and we doubt not that a short résumé of their history will prove acceptable to our readers. No rambler by the sea-side, who is in the habit of taking any note of the treasures which the ocean flings so profusely in his way, can well be ignorant of the forms of the commoner species. Masses of them, rooted to shells, or involved in the heaps of weed left by the receding tide, are to be met with on every sandy shore. They may be known at once by their horny appearance, and, on closer examination, by the cells which cover their delicate branches. But remember, that the masses, as you commonly find them on the coast, are but the skeletons of the zoophyte. To appreciate its full beauty, you must see it living; you must see it while yet bathed by the water which maintains its existence; when the sensitive stem and branches and branchlets are instinct with animal vitality, and its thousand cells are all filled with active beings, which now expand their circlets of milk-white arms, like fairy flowers, now sink with sudden haste into their little mansions. You must see it thus, to know how beautiful a thing it is.

The zoophyte is a compound being. It is not an animal with one set of arms, one mouth, and one stomach; it counts them by hundreds. The beautiful plant-like skeleton which you pick up on the shore, is, in fact, a horny, ramified, tubular case, which, in the

living state, is permeated throughout by animal matter, as the bone is pervaded by the marrow. The main stem is hollow; every branch and branchlet is hollow; and through them all—stems, branches, and minutest branchlet—runs the vital thread, which is the essential portion of the organism. Every here and there along the branches, the horny tube expands into a pretty little cell, of varying form in different species; and in each of these cells is lodged a polype; and every polype is attached to the animal thread that pervades the entire structure, is in organic union with it, shares its life, and helps to provide for its nutrition.

These polypes resemble in general structure, the *Hydra* of the fresh waters—a famous creature, whose story has been told so often, that it were hardly needful to repeat it here; and hence this order of zoophytes—which is the simplest—has been called the *Hydroid*.

The polype may be described in few words. It is a minute gelatinous body, with an opening at the upper extremity, which serves as a mouth, around which are set a number of delicate, thread-like arms, and with an interior cavity, which discharges the functions of a digestive sac. Every cell on the plant-like zoophyte has a tenant of this kind, and the said tenant is attached to the percurrent-animal thread at the base of its cell. It can expand its tentacles, blossom-like, at pleasure, beyond the opening of its little dwelling, in quest of food, and at pleasure can fold them up, bud-like, within its shelter. Every polype on the compound organism enjoys a certain amount of individual liberty, but all are strictly subservient to the commonwealth of which they form a part. Each may cast out its fishing-lines, and capture its prey, and digest its dinner, at such seasons as it may see fit: the right of private judgment is so far respected! but of all the nutriment which it accumulates and prepares in its own laboratory, by far the largest portion is appropriated for the service of the commonwealth. There is a communication between the stomach of every polype and a channel which runs through the entire length of the medullary pulp, and a stream of granular fluid is constantly flowing up and down this channel, which enters the stomachs of all the polypes, mingles with the food which is there undergoing the process of digestion, and having taken up certain portions of it, bears off the nutrient matter, and distributes it throughout the whole structure.

The polypes, then, leading an independent life in their little cells, obtain food as they will, and digest it as they can; but the produce of their combined exertions goes to support the complex organism with which they are connected. The zoophyte is an animal of, it may be, a hundred or a thousand stomach-power—ponder this, ye gourmands!—and has, not unfrequently, some 10,000 arms engaged in supplying it with food! Or it may be regarded as an assemblage of animals bound together so as to form one compound organism. It may be likened to a federal republic, in which many states are united so as to constitute one commonwealth, all being subject to a central power, and bound to furnish their quota for the support of the whole, but each having the control of its own peculiar affairs.

Very graceful and delicate are the plant-like forms of these curious beings; masses of them may often be met with ornamenting the ragged shell of some venerable oyster, composed of many specimens, all united by a common fibre, which creeps over the surface, and is also pervaded by the living pulp. It is quite appalling to think of the polype population which the poor mollusc must raise whenever he feels it necessary to gape! One or even two hundred thousand individuals may tenant cells on the tufts which decorate his upper valve, and these he must perforce elevate before he can inhale his oxygen or appease his hunger! To the onlooker, it is pleasant to know that so much of happy existence is often crowded even on the rough outside of the oyster's house.

The polypes, which we have likened to blossoms, are almost as fragile and as easily destroyed. At times they wither away and are lost, and for awhile the cells remain tenantless; but the vitality of the connecting pulp continues unimpaired, and ere long a fresh crop will sprout from it, and every mansion will have its occupant again. As the tree sheds its leaves, the zoophyte will shed its polypes, but its spring fellows close upon its autumn.

The curious animals of which we write, increase in two ways: like the tree, they put forth fresh branches, which expand into cells at the proper points; and within these, new polypes are gradually developed. In obedience to the law of the species, buds pullulate from various portions of the structure. You see an excrescence forming on the stem—it is an offshoot from the central pulp, full of strong vitality; it increases—it becomes a branch; the branch puts forth a cell, into which the pulp passes, and is there moulded into the polype form. It is interesting to watch the process of formation. Within the fleshy mass enclosed in the cell, a central cavity appears, into which the nutrient stream finds its way. The stomach is now hollowed out. Round the upper portion of the nascent body, a number of small knobs or tubercles show themselves; they increase in length, and the beautiful circle of arms is complete. Meanwhile, within the ring of tentacles, the forepart of the body is prolonged into a kind of trunk, and perforated at its extremity. The polype has now a mouth, and commences its life! In this way, new members are added to the commonwealth.

Thus it is that the individual specimen is enlarged, and by a similar process the colony is extended. The creeping fibre by which the zoophyte is attached to the surface from which it springs, can also put forth its buds, which evolve, in due time, perfect shoots, branched and polype-laden—all united together, sharing one life, and nourished by the same juices.

But there is another provision for the diffusion of the species; and few chapters in natural history are more attractive or more astounding than that which relates to the mode in which the zoophyte rears its family, and sends it forth into the world.

The tree puts forth branches and leaf-buds, and so increases its own dimensions; it also matures flower-buds, and prepares a new generation. The plant-like animal does much the same. It has its two classes of cells. The one set, in which the polypes are lodged, is always present—the other is produced at certain seasons only, just as the flowers are on the plant, and is devoted to a different office. These cells, which are called vesicles or capsules, differ in form from those which contain the polypes, are larger, and more sparingly distributed over the zoophyte. They are often prettily urn-shaped, and are sometimes decorated with spines and other sculpure. Truly did Hogarth write of these 'pretty little seed-cups or vases,' as he calls them, that 'they are a sweet confirmation of the pleasure nature seems to take in superadding an elegance of form to most of her works, wherever you find them.'

The vesicles, as we have said, do not contain polypes, but they do contain an offshoot from the central pulp; and in this, ova are matured. The urn-shaped cells are the repositories in which minute, spherical bodies, clothed with vibratile cilia, are elaborated, destined, like the winged seed of the plant to diffuse the species far and wide. In due time, you may see a number of these little locomotive balls escaping through the mouth of the vesicle, and then dancing gaily through the surrounding water. Follow one of them through its vagrant course: after a short period of activity, you will find that it has got rid of its cilia, and settled down into a very unpromising circular speck; you might well say, now that its career was ended, but there are mystic powers in the germ yet, and its quiescence is but the prelude to its development.

Very shortly, a swelling will appear in the centre of this little disk, which will gradually rise higher and higher, until at length you will have before you a slender stem, such as we have described as belonging to the zoophyte; and from this stem, at the proper point, a cell will be developed; and in the cell a polype will germinate, and so the foundation of the compound, arborescent organism will be laid! Branch follows branch, as growth proceeds, according to the pattern which nature has prescribed for the species, until the structure is complete. In some cases, however, the germ issues from the vesicle under a different guise. Instead of the restless ciliated *ovum*, chartered to wander freely through the ocean, and to colonise distant settlements for its race, small leech-like bodies (*planulae*) are produced, which, on escaping, undergo a similar process of development, and reproduce the perfect animal.

The zoophyte, then, staid creature that it

Half-plant, half-animal,

Rooted, and slumbering through a dream of life—

as the poet sings, has a brood of errant-children; and the vagrancy of the young is the compensation, in the economy of nature, for the fixity of the adult.

The bell-coralines (*Campanulariadae*) are amongst the most exquisite of their order; for delicacy and grace, they are perhaps equalled by none. They are generally minute, and may be found spreading over marine productions, adorning them with a profusion of ringed and twisted pedicles, surmounted by crystal cups, which are moulded into the loveliest shapes. These, too, have their urn-shaped vesicles in which the reproductive bodies are matured. But the latter are peculiar. In laden vesicles you may see a number of circular, disk-like bodies, with a dark centre, of various sizes, clustering about a median line. In time, the uppermost one of the set will begin to struggle towards the orifice, jerking itself onward in a style more vigorous than graceful. After some labour, it will succeed in freeing itself, and will drop from the vesicle into the surrounding water—what? Not certainly a ciliated egg, nor yet a leech-like *planula*. If unprepared for the birth, you may be pardoned for some passing suspicions as to the trustiness of your eyes; for the being which has just escaped from the vesicle of the bell-coraline is surely a miniature jelly fish in appearance! There is the transparent hemispherical disk, with arms round the margin, and proboscis hanging from the centre; and there is the characteristic jerk by which the *Alcedo* propels itself. You cannot doubt it; and may well be confounded at seeing a member, to all appearance, of another tribe—and that a tribe of ocean vagabonds, noted for nothing so much as for its locomotive powers and erratic propensities—issuing in the most natural manner imaginable, from the reproductive cell of the staid and stationary zoophyte.

The offspring of the bell-coraline, then, is unlike its parent; is allied in general structure and appearance to the members of a higher tribe than that to which its progenitor belongs; nor does it ever become like its parent. It does not pass through any series of transformations, and emerge a zoophyte at last—it lives and dies a jelly fish, or at least in the likeness of one; and, to complete the strange history, it gives birth to children unlike itself—children that resemble their grandfather, but not their father! It produces in due time ciliated eggs, dies probably soon after their liberation, and these eggs give rise to the zoophyte again. Such is the curious story of the reproduction of the bell-coralines.

Similar facts have been observed with respect to others of the lower animals, and we have had much clever theorising thereupon. These are mystic passages in the Book of Nature, which we do not readily interpret; and there is need of much patient observation of

facts, before we may hope to reach their full significance. Meanwhile, good reader, we might inflict upon thee some theoretical views of our own, were it not rather our purpose to tell thee a plain, unvarnished tale, and to avoid, as much as possible, the technicalities of science.

It is now a settled point that some, at least, of the hydroid zoophytes are phosphorescent. Mystic lights gleam from each little cell, when at night the frond which bears a colony of certain species is roughly agitated. The polype population, it would seem, illuminate their dwellings, not in seasons of joy and triumph, but of alarm. When irritated and annoyed, they literally flash fire at their assailant: their indignation is charming! It is worth while to provoke an anger which finds expression in so much of brilliancy and beauty.

Some of the commoner kinds on our own coasts are among the most phosphorescent. A delicate bell-coraline (*Lamuclea*), which overspreads, with its miniature forests, the belt-like fronds of the larger sea-plants, may be mentioned as remarkable in this way. If a piece of weed covered with this zoophyte be shaken in sea-water at night, a star will glitter for a moment in almost every crystal cell.

Before concluding this paper, we must endeavour to describe a few of the more remarkable and beautiful of the forms of life included within the tribe of which we have been writing. And we will seek our first example in those pellucid pools,

Left at low-water glistening in the sun;

where

Rocks in miniature,

With their small fry of fishes, crusted shells,
Rich mosses, tree-like sea-weed, sparkling pebbles,
Enchant the eye, and tempt the eager hand
To violate the fairy paradise.

You look down through the clear water, and after awhile your eye rests on a group of little *planulae*, from two to three inches in height, of the most delicate whiteness, and of such tenacity that you can with difficulty distinguish them. If but a ripple passes over the surface of the pool, they are lost. Each *planula* is a zoophyte of the hydroid kind (*Thumalia*). Where it is now rooted, a small leech-like creature once fixed itself, and from this as a germ, the graceful, feathery form was gradually evolved, its plumules all laden with fairy cells, from which as many fairy polypes, partners in the same vitality, display their arms, milk-white and prettily embossed. In the fish, which occasionally darts across the pool to the shelter of the hanging weed, we have an example of the greatest activity and locomotive power. A more complete contrast to it cannot be imagined than the being we have just described, which, fixed like the plant, leads a still and vegetative life amongst the *Algae*.

In the *Tubularia* we have a collection of slender tubes, attached to some foreign base, and all the tubes are crowned by polype-heads, crimson and white, rose-coloured or scarlet, like gorgeous flowers springing from straight and naked stems. A mass of this zoophyte bears no slight resemblance to a gay parterre. Down through the centre of each tube passes a thread of living flesh, to which the polype is attached. The flower-like heads which are unprotected by a cell, and cannot be retracted, are deciduous: they fall, and are renewed; and it would seem that crop after crop may sprout from the prolific pulp.

We have here, surely, a strange form of life—a tube well-nigh filled with a semi-fluid organic pulp, rooted, and surmounted by an armed and richly-coloured head, which provides nutrition!

This genus is not uncommon in our seas, and few prettier sights reward the dredger than a mass of this fine zoophyte with its polypes in full health and splendour. The latter are generally inactive. The long,

slender, petal-like arms droop listlessly and elegantly around the vividly-painted body, and but seldom betray their real character as parveyors to the mouth.

We can only sketch one more member of this interesting tribe—the *Campanularia*, or bell-coraline, to which we have before alluded. We will select a common species, which any of our readers, who will, may obtain for himself by a little diligent search. A slender, corneous tube creeps over the stem of some other zoophyte or sea-weed, and from this rise at intervals long and pellucid stalks, ringed, and surmounted by bell-shaped cups of crystalline transparency, the rims of which are cut into the prettiest crenulations. Every here and there along the creeping fibre are set the vesicles, also ringed, within which the mysterious little jelly-fishes are matured through which the species is propagated. Within the cups are placed the polypes, which cast out their arms over the serrated rim. Delicacy, transparency, and grace, pervade the entire structure; the spirit of beauty has thrown itself into every curve and line; the eye rests with full satisfaction on the little cups, so perfect is their form, and so pure their transparency; and hardly less beautiful are the ringed and twisted pedicels that support them.

Profusely and widely is this minute being distributed over marine productions. On our own shore, you may count some hundreds of its crystal chalices on a single bunch of coralline. We have seen it investing tufts of the Gulf-weed that had tossed and drifted on distant seas; and could not but think how many millions of the little cups, with their happy polype inmates, must rise and perish yearly on that vast belt of floating vegetation, which marks the course of the mighty stream—rise and perish unseen. Quiet but impressive preachers, surely, are these little creatures from their crystal cells—witnessing unobtrusively, but with a certain strangely persuasive eloquence, to the providence of a gentle Power, who loves beauty for beauty's sake, and seeks no other reason for increasing indefinitely the amount of sentient being, than this—that there may be more of happiness in His universe.

THE CLAIRVOYANTE IMPOSTURE.

A FEW weeks ago, a considerable number of the inhabitants of Edinburgh—quite with their own consent—were made the victims of a clever and audacious deception, under the name of science; and painful as the subject must be to many worthy and credulous people, we would not here allude to it, but for the purpose of putting the country generally on its guard against similar delusions. A subordinate reason also influences us. Our own name has been unwarrantably used as that of one giving some degree of credence to the operations of the pretended man of science; and in bare justice to ourselves, we are compelled to place the matter in its true light.

The parties to this extraordinary deceit were, a person styling himself Mr Bernardo Eagle, and a rather prepossessing girl, his daughter, apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age. Mr Eagle, who travels with a brass band and the paraphernalia of a professional conjuror, took a large public room, and there held nightly exhibitions of what he described as Clairvoyance. Vast crowds attended to witness these demonstrations, which we shall attempt to describe.

On a stage in front of the spectators, the girl Miss Eagle was seated on a chair, and her father, with a variety of passes and gestures, threw her, as he alleged, into a state of coma. Her eyes seemingly closed, and she was stated to be mesmerically asleep, and in a condition of clairvoyance. What was the

exact nature of this mysterious condition, and how it was to bear on the performances, the father tried to explain; but so confused was his harangue, and so illiterate were his definitions, that nothing satisfactory could be made of the discourse. Divedated of jargon, his story was this:—Some six or seven years ago, when giving exhibitions in conjuring in a provincial town in England, he saw for the first time experiments in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and he forthwith resolved to attempt something of the kind with his daughter. He did so, and was successful; gratified with the results, he had since partially abandoned conjuring, and addressed himself to exhibitions like the present. His daughter had travelled with him; and her education had been entirely neglected; she could read, but that was all. Doubts, he proceeded to say, would be entertained of the truth of clairvoyance; but this was of no avail. All great discoveries—as, for example, the theory of the circulation of the blood, and vaccination—had met with discredit at first; and it was not surprising that clairvoyance should encounter similar treatment. He would now shew that his daughter was in a state to answer satisfactorily any question that he might put to her. Between his mind and hers there had been established an intimate union. What he thought of, she thought of, notwithstanding the distance he would place between them.

Having pronounced an exordium of this nature, Mr Eagle went to work with his performances. Stepping down from the stage amidst the audience, he requested that any article might be put into his hand, for the purpose of testing the powers of the 'little clairvoyante.' There was of course a rush of articles from the ladies and gentlemen seated around; each eager to get some account of the object handed for inquiry. Watches were ordinary subjects of experiment. Opening a watch, Mr Eagle would ask his daughter the number and maker's name inscribed within it; and she was generally correct in the answers. A sealed packet would be handed to him, with the request that his daughter would state what was in it. In such cases, she was as frequently wrong as right; until the father opened the packet, and saw what were the contents. His questions were then answered correctly. It was evidently of importance that he should be fully acquainted with the nature of everything submitted for inquiry. If he was ignorant of what should be the true answer, 'the little clairvoyante' was in a perplexity, and her answer was a mere guess. As the means employed by Eagle to acquaint himself with the nature of the thing asked were generally successful—as he, indeed, saw with his eyes, and heard with his ears—it is not to be doubted that he elicited a surprising accuracy in the responses. At first, the thing was really astonishing. So promptly were the answers given to the most odd questions, respecting the numbers of watches, the names subscribed to letters, the engraving on seals, the nature of miniature likenesses, &c., that one felt at a loss to account for the phenomena on any ordinary principle. Great numbers of respectable individuals, after repeated visits, were convinced that the case was one of so-called clairvoyance—an undeniable manifestation of a newly-discovered truth in nature!

On the other hand, there were grave doubters. One thing was clearly suspicious. Eagle always asked the question himself; and in doing so employed many more words than were at all necessary. Until the response was uttered, he kept talking: 'Come, now, miss, be quick; we are waiting; quick as possible; let me hear you answer: do you hear?' and so on; while the poor girl sat in her apparently dreaming state, trying to gather a cue from the language addressed to her. That the whole thing was a deception, we never had any doubt. In the first place, it is our belief that the girl saw through her eye-lashes, and, to a certain extent, observed the external character of objects.

This was one means of assisting her to respond. Next, we felt assured that the nature of the answer she was to deliver, was conveyed through a certain collocation of words, previously studied and agreed on between the performers. It was also unfortunate for Eagle, that he had confessedly been a conjuror; and we all know what marvellous feats are accomplished within the regions oflegermain. Much of the proceedings likewise bore a suspiciously close resemblance to vaticination and fortune-telling. Disconsolate mothers received intelligence of sons in distant quarters of the globe; a deserted wife was relieved by hearing tidings of her husband; and a gentleman interested in the fate of the *Great Britain* steamer, was assured that she reached her destination in Australia on the 15th or 16th of November. It may be doubted whether this did not bring the father and daughter within the scope of the laws against fortune-telling, and obtaining money under false pretences.

The Edinburgh newspaper press were not unanimous in denouncing the performances as a trick. To the credit of the *Scotsman*, it boldly proclaimed that an imposture was being practised, and gave publicity to letters from correspondents, aiming at an explanation of the phenomena. It was shrewdly remarked by one writer, that the words addressed by the father to the daughter might bear a covert meaning, and be symbolic both of letters of the alphabet and of figures. There can be no doubt that such was the case. The trick is of French origin, and is completely explained in an article in the *New Monthly Magazine* for December 1852. Besides conveying meanings by words placed in a certain arrangement, Mr Eagle had the address to convey a peculiar meaning by sounds with his feet. On the two occasions on which we were present, a question was whispered by some individuals to the father relative to Napoleon; and each time when the father asked what he was thinking of, he loudly stamped with his foot on the floor. That stamp produced the same gestures from the girl on both occasions; she rose from her chair, and pretended to go through the ceremony of Napoleon signing his abdication. This was so palpable a fraud, that we did not hesitate to say so to those about us, and immediately left the room.

That the nature of the alleged clairvoyance might be tested in a manner which public exhibitions scarcely admitted of, Mr Eagle was invited by Mr John Gray, of the *North British Advertiser*, to give a private performance before a select party of gentlemen; but this invitation was declined on some frivolous grounds, and his exposure was left to be effected publicly, and in a manner which, it is to be hoped, will not be forgotten by the pretended mesmerist. We quote an account of the affair from the *Scotsman* of Wednesday, December 8:

"On Saturday last, an efficient scrutiny was made by some medical gentlemen who dropped in upon a day-exhibition which Mr Eagle had advertised. Even before any interference or inquiry took place, Miss Eagle, from some cause or other—probably from being flustered by knowledge of what was coming—was not so ready in her answers as on some former occasions—in fact, almost all the attempts missed fire. Professor Simpson asked Mr Eagle to explain his theory of clairvoyance. Mr Eagle replied, that clairvoyance merely implied a transference of the thoughts of the person *en rapport* to the thoughts of the clairvoyante. The professor then put a question to Mr Eagle to be answered by the clairvoyante, insisting at the same time that the question should be put in a particular form of words. An answer was not obtained. "Well," said the professor, "is it of any consequence in what form you put the question?" "Certainly," said Mr Eagle; "I must rouse her attention sufficiently." "But cannot one form of words accomplish that object as well as any other?" Extrinsic from this difficulty was impossible; and as a

relief or compromise, the professor told Mr Eagle to ask the price of a certain watch in any way he pleased, and offered to inform him of the price immediately after the question was put. In this also the conjuror failed, though the experiment was tried several times. The professor then took out a ten-pound note, and offered to tell Mr Eagle the number of the note, and afterwards to present it to him as a gift, if his daughter told the number correctly on being simply asked "What is the number of this note?" No answer was returned; and on Mr Eagle saying that he did not clearly see the number of the note, another one was shewn him, and the question repeated, with an offer of both the notes if the question was answered. This was also unsuccessful, evidently showing that there is a communication established between the father and daughter in the way in which the question is asked. After sitting for an hour and a half, the audience dispersed, after a motion had been made by Dr Moir, and unanimously carried, that the whole affair was an imposition, and after Professor Simpson had administered a rebuke."

Nothing more, we presume, need be said. The alleged clairvoyance is only a clever piece of conjuring, dependent on mnemonics or a nice exercise of memory. Declared to be such by Mr Eagle, the thing would deserve attention, and furnish no small share of harmless amusement; but put forward as a positive truth in nature, a flagrant injury to science is committed, and a deception practised meriting public reprobation and punishment.

W. C.

MY ARRIVAL IN FAIRYLAND.

UNBORN disenchanted by reality, the fervid fancies of youth never wholly lose their power. What we worshipped in the spring-time, we dream of lovingly in the autumn; and the unrealised vision of the young heart has all the magic of enchantment to the mature brain. It was so with me in my anticipations of a certain city of Fairyland. In the sadly unprofitable dreams of my first youth, this had borne a large share. Marble palaces, godlike men, beautiful eyes glancing through jalousied windows, fairy figures stealing among flowery balconies, gondoliers—every one of whom was Apollo's twin—dressed in a picturesque costume, always clean, and singing Tasso and Ariosto all day long—sunshine in a golden flood—moonlight in a silver glory—one atmosphere of love, and light, and beauty, crowning tower and palace, with an unfading aureola, made up the picture of the Adriatic Queen. This dream of her beauty had continued through the rough awakenings from many another fancy, which a hard struggle with the world had given me; and it was with all the flush and glow and bounding blood of olden days, that I set out on an Italian tour, which was to have as its culminating point of interest sunny, beautiful, beloved Venice!

We had stood awe-struck beneath the rushing waters of Schaffhausen, and had watched the blood-red sun leap up to life from the Rhigickulm; we had knelt on the Field of the Oath at Lucerne, and prayed in the Chapel of William Tell; we had counted the shadowy lizards, chased the blue-winged grasshoppers, gathered wild cyclamen, and laid ourselves to sleep in the vineyards of sweet Como; we had mused on the roof of Milan Cathedral, and spent hours in loving admiration of its pinnacles and statues—but all this was nothing to the glory which was to come; what we had seen hitherto formed but a faint shadow of the miracles we were to see; and the deepest joy that we had felt was

but cold death to the magic ecstasy we were to feel when we trod our first step in the streets of Venice.

It was a dull day when we left Verona by railway. A thick mist, which hung in the air, soon changed into a driving rain, and this again subsided to a chilly, drizzling shower, more like the Highlands than Italy. Towards the evening, it became very cold; and we found our light clothing insufficient and uncomfortable. In Milan, it had been intensely hot—the thermometer standing at 80 degrees in the shade, and even the early morning sun intolerable. The whole day long we had lain gasping for air, shutting up the windows, and closing the shutters, for the air blew in like the blast of a furnace, and the sunlight was not to be looked upon with impunity. From Treviglio to Brescia we had been suffocated with heat, and stifled with dust; from Brescia to Diano, on the Lago di Garda, we had almost resolved on suicide, in the hope that the purgatory of suicides was an ice-cellar; but at Verona we wiped the mud from our boots, and shook the rivulets from our umbrellas, and thought there were even worse things than sunshine and warm winds.

We passed through Padua, birthplace of St Anthony, without a wish to see its Palace of Reason or its devils in the Palazzo Pappafava; *café au lait* and *café à la cogne* were more to our wishes just then. The most enthusiastic lover of art among us would have hesitated long before giving up a good supper and comfortable bed for a sight of all the masters in Italy. We were very tired, wolfishly hungry, and one of us at least savagely ill-tempered; for the constant presence of those heavy, hideous German heels, above the hated Austrian uniform, was not the best panacea for this particular traveller's good-humour. We had spent the whole of the forenoon in looking over Verona—'doing Verona,' as the phrase runs—and consequently we had lived on paints and stones alone, which we found a rather unsatisfactory diet when the excitement was over. It was late now—dark, dirty, and raining—when it was announced to us that we were passing over the grand bridge which connects the city with the mainland, and that we should soon be at our journey's end. In effect, the train stopped in a few minutes, and we all scrambled out into the wet and mud beneath the shining gas-lamps of the station.

Through a long, long dirty way we were marched in procession to the heart, the important spot, the vital function of the railway—the Passport Office. Our passports had been taken from us bodily in Verona, and restored just in time for our starting; they had been carefully examined at the gates, looked at once in the train, then taken away in the train; and now we were to have their equivalents or themselves, if the authorities thought us proper denizens of Venice—that is to say, if none of us wore a Garibaldi hat, or owned any book of liberal ideas. It was a large square room into which we were directed where men behind railled desks sat busily writing; and where one older than them all sat by an open table scrutinising the passports, and dealing out small strips of paper to those whose original safe-conducts were otherwise disposed of. We were motioned within a thick bar stretched across the room, and there we stood clustered behind this Jove of the sphere of passports, each waiting for his turn. Unpronounceable German and Russian names were called out, so effectually disguised in their new Venetian dresses, that their very owners could not recognise them; smooth-faced Englishmen, with loud voices and angular motions, fought frantically for such a rendering of their crabbed cognomens as should entitle them to their own passports; Frenchmen grimaced and chattered, as their prim syllables were enlarged by wide Italian mouths and increased by full Italian accents; and melancholy Venetians stood haughty and silent, waiting for permission to enter their own city from these renegade servants of a foreign despot—these

degenerate sons of a race of heroes. At last our turn came; and, with many an ineffectual effort to persuade the old sinner to give our fathers' names something of their natural sound, we secured our safe-conducts and prepared to depart. But, unfortunately, one of our party was an officer of rank, an honour he found of no small inconvenience to him wherever he travelled; and, whether to shew him peculiar respect as the representative of the British army and pet cub of the British lion, or whether to place him under doubly-strict surveillance, so as to prevent his undermining the city, blowing up the arsenal, corrupting the garrison, or doing anything else against the law of nations and beyond the power of man, which the Austrians in Italy seem daily to dread from the English, we did not know; all that was patent to us was, that his passport was sent off to the military office, while ours were ignominiously countersigned by the police only. We had therefore to wait another weary half-hour before we were released, when, with a dozen harsh consonants rendered into one liquid flow of vowels, our military friend was presented with his papers, and we all rushed off to the Bagaglio Office.

Then began a skirmish for life and death. Then boxes, round, square, and oblong—some black, some brown, some unpretending deal, some covered with paper, some bristling with hair—were handed over to the imps of the luggage inquisition: then broke out a war with stiff straps and rusty locks, with cords whose knots would not be coaxed loose, and with thongs that would not be persuaded out of their buckles: then were revealed the secret mysteries of each man's shirts and hosen; and his stock of boots and brushes, tooth-powder and pomade, displayed for the advantage of all beholders: then searchers of inquiring minds made much of treasonable-looking waistcoats, and thought Mazzini had had a hand in boot-hooks and neck-ties: then unlettered porters clutched a Bradshaw or a Murray with frantic eagerness, and handed the same over to a head for seizure or endorsement, as the head thought proper: then agonised ladies shrieked for mercy on their Paris bonnets, and indignantly settled their violated wardrobes, as they smoothed collars, and cuffs, and rumpled flouncings: then yellow-leaved books of German hieroglyphics hopelessly bewildered the Venetian inquisitor, who was fain to consign the tough morsel to his Austrian partner, better able than himself to decide on the merits of Goethe or the improprieties of Schiller: then English oaths and French *sautes* mingled with melodious Italian blasphemy and gruff Teutonic anger: and at last, fighting triumphantly through all these miseries, we emerged into the street, and stood on the borders of the Grand Canal at Venice. What a godlike moment! Tasso, Ariosto, Dante, Ixione, Rapiel, glorious Titian; the heroic deeds, the burning passions of the past—all swept before my brain like stormy clouds: I was bewildered, entranced, enslaved—I was in Venice, my adored Venice!

'Omnibus!' 'Gondola!' 'Gondola!' 'Omnibus!' rent the air, as crowds of half-seen figures, fitting up from the dark waters, surrounded us like dusky gnomes, and plied desperately for a fare.

'You had better go by the omnibus,' said 'our chief' to me. 'It is so wet, it will be better for you.'

I was struck with the anomaly of the word, and wondered much how an omnibus could run in Venice. However, being a meek animal when I am threatened, I supposed our chief knew what he was talking about.

'Colonel — is not ready yet,' he then said. 'Stand here till I go and see after him.'

I did as I was bid, and stood in the pouring rain, out on the pavement and suffered a minor martyrdom from the crowd of surrounding persecutors. My thin boots were soon soaked, and my light dress hung dank and dripping round me. A kind-hearted individual, in a

capachin-cloak, and with jet-black naustache, held an umbrella over me. I speculated on the probability of his being a Venetian noble, direct descendant of all the Domes, and thanked him very warmly. But when I discovered that he was the conductor of our omnibus, my interest cooled wonderfully.

'Gondola, signora! gondola!' shouted half-a-dozen voices in my ear.

'No, no, omnibus!' cried my friend with the umbrella, keeping me in a kind of barricade formed by his arms and cloak.

'How polite these Italians are!' thought I. 'What Englishman would take so much trouble for a stranger!' Our military and our chief now stumbled out of the Bagaglio Office.

'Omnibus!' 'Gondola!'

'A private gondola!' said our chief, with the air of a travelled man who won't be imposed on. By this time he had learned that carriages and horses did not run in the canals of Venice. My protector immediately flung himself into the most frantic state. Had you threatened him with instant annihilation, he could not have vociferated more earnestly against the treachery and barbarity of the proposition. My eyes were opened—my prince was but a Venetian 'cad' after all!

'I have promised the omnibus-man,' said I to our chief in English: 'you said the omnibus, you know.' I did not let him see that I was aware of his blunder; I reserved it till I was spiteful, and could do it justice. The men themselves took up the quarrel, and we ran great chance of being carried off by halves, so fierce were those Venetian gestures, and so uncompromising those Venetian oaths. However, on my omnibus prince making a strong point of holding the umbrella over the signora, the private gondolier thought that he must persevere till the field; he could not stand against such a heavy fire as this; so he yielded, grumbling, and we and our luggage were shot into the omnibus or public gondola.

The boat was full—full of dripping souls of all conditions and ages. Two heartless ruffians were smoking, an offence which would warrant an impromptu murder when shut up in a gondola at night, with ten damp bodies steaming like ten vapour-baths. A party of young men were talking bad French, and making very original love to a laughing little woman, who seemed to have good-humour and wit enough for the whole conclave; our English selves sat, as befitted our nation, stately, gloomy, and silent; a young Italian mother dandled a screaming mummy; and the conductor growled at the boatmen, and the boatmen swore among themselves.

Thus we glided up the Grand Canal of Venice, on this first evening of our arrival. The dim lamps along the water's edge cast but a flickering light as we stole through long lines of stately palaces: we heard nothing but the cries of the gondoliers as they shot down the smaller water-streets, and gave notice of their coming; and this spectral light and spectral movement, mingled with the plashing of the oars, gave an unearthly character to the whole scene. It might have been a city of the dead, and we a boat laden with dim ghosts, for all the life and animation and warmth that connected us with the upper world.

'Hôtel de la Ville!' called the conductor, as we stopped at the steps of a marble palace, which had once belonged to a noble family.

Landlord and waiters came out with flaring lights; rooms were inquired for, found, and secured unseen; and then, by much exertion, our baggage was released from the prison of the omnibus, and brought into the hall. By the increased light, I saw our boatmen—our gondoliers—our Apollo's twins—our beautiful, heroic singers of Tasso. Two squallid men, dressed in long greasotous reaching to their heels—greasy, tattered, filthy, seeming to have lain for centuries in some second-

hand Irish sloop-shop, the cast-offs of the peasantry—with high European hats of narrow brims, battered in at the crown, worn white and shiny at the edges—with countenances which bore the stamp of every villainy imprinted on features of indescribable ugliness—men who were one in rank and demoralisation with our lowest cabmen—completed the disenchantment of Venice; and as the omnibus rowed away, and left us standing in the cold, comfortless marble hall, through the roof of which the pitiless rain was pouring in torrents—and as we took possession of our cold comfortless rooms, which were neither clean nor sweet, I stood aghast at the contrast of the childish enthusiasm with which I had pictured our becoming guests of this queen of the waters, with the misery and despair and disgust that had taken possession of me now. Instead of all the sunshine, the love, the beauty, warmth, glow, and glory of my anticipations, to find only wet and dirt, and fleas and cold, and gondoliers that looked like Irish Jews!

It was too bad! I could have cried to think how I had wrecked myself on the rock of romance, and what a fool I had been for so many years! As I sat and ate my supper of garlic and oil—for I am sure we had nothing else under all those queer names of the *carle*—I afforded a fine fund of amusement to our chief and our military, both of whom seemed to think my sulky face the most delicious sport they had had for some time. So I relieved my mind by quarrelling heartily with them both, and marching out of the room with all the tragic dignity of four feet nothing, because it was a wet night, and I was disappointed.

But I am bound in conscience to state, that the next day the sun came out, and there sat Venice like a diademed queen, clothed in a robe of glory. The waters glittered in the light; the silent swift gondolas shot by like skimming birds; the marble palaces rose, one after the other, like magical creations, along the Grand Canal; the Place of St Mark, the ducal palaces, the churches, and the towers, were all the realisations of so many dreams of beauty. Beautiful eyes glanced, as the fancies of youth had seen them glance in the moonlight long ago; and the romance which the rain of last night had dissipated, now rose anew like a silver mist when the wind has passed, in the sunshine of the morning. Venice—beautiful, beloved Venice!—home of a race of demigods, city of deathless beauty, nurse of deathless fame, thou laidst thy shining hand across my eyes, and for the future they are blinded to everything but thee.

A WORD ON THE WINE QUESTION.

It would be rash to say that port wine is the favourite drink of Englishmen which it once was, for certainly an immense portion of the refined classes of society are now reformed into the use of claret—when they can get it. Still, port has a certain traditional fame, and is one of the wines regularly placed on the table by a vast number of gentlemen of the middle, as well as higher classes. That ancient condition, port and sherry, remains as a household word of England, and probably will do so for some time longer. Our wonder is, that port retains a single particle of our national affections. Independently of any imputed process of home fabrication, it is well known to undergo such a process in its native country. No one can tell what any given port is made of: it is not the production of any special vineyard; it is a mixture prepared in Oporto, and hence its name. Compounded in that great seat of wine-manufacture, it may be assumed to contain a certain proportion of the grapes grown on the Douro, with a great deal of elder-juice, apple-juice, sloe-juice, logwood, colouring matter, sweetening matter, brandy, and a variety of secret ingredients, which go to make up that article which the Portuguese government defends as suited to

the British taste, and, in fact, a thing which 'British subjects cannot possibly live without.' It cannot but be considered a curious circumstance, that one seldom sees the thing called port anywhere but in Great Britain, or in some of the colonies and states which she has founded. Russia, we understand, is almost the only exception to this general rule, there being occasional shipments of the article from London to St Petersburg—perhaps with a view to accommodate our countrymen abroad, and those Russian noblesse whose tastes have been vitiated by our example. In the main, therefore, port is an English curiosity, a something which foreigners coming to England from all parts of the world taste once, just to say they have tasted it, and then taste no more. A German who has been used to the cool simple wines of his country, the poorest of which have the smell of a vineyard in them, gets a glass of port, and finds it a dusky-hued liquor, darker than he has ever seen before, or than any grapes could make it. He puts it to his lips, and smells brandy; he drinks it off, and finds it mawkishly sweet and disagreeably rough; when he puts down his glass, he feels a heat in his throat, as if he had been taking cayenne pepper. His eyes water, because he is not used to it. If he is fortunate enough to have one at hand, he will take a glass of claret to counteract its effects. A French farce, shewing a Frenchman's mishaps in London, represents him getting a glass of port, and seeing its dark colour, calling for pen and paper to write a letter about it. A Portuguese himself would not recognise it as a wine; for while port has but one well-known flavour, the Alto Douro, in fact, produces a variety of wines similar to burgundy or claret, which are quite unknown here in their simple forms. At Oporto, as has been said, these are all mixed, good and bad, together, and then branded, coloured, and adulterated to make that curious mixture which they very properly call port, and ship for England.

Why the English should be so singular in their fancy for port, is a question not sufficiently cleared up. Some persons allege that the taste is a result of climate. Our cold and humid atmosphere demands a stimulating liquor. There may be some truth in associating a love of alcoholic stimuli with a raw climate; but this cannot be the whole truth. Holland has a rawer climate than our own, yet we do not find that the Dutch are bibbers of port—the ordinary drink among them being the German or French wines. Besides, in Scotland, in the olden time, claret was universally drunk, and port was unknown. The truth is, that the extraordinary proneness in England to port is of modern date. It owes its origin to fiscal arrangements; and these having been established, as it were, by force of law, it has continued by sheer dint of fashion and prejudice. In this, as in many things, the evil had its rise in an insane desire to injure France. Previously to the year 1675, French wines were largely consumed in England, and those of Portugal were comparatively little known. In that year, the English government, from a feeling of animosity towards France, suddenly prohibited the importation of French wines, thus by an act of parliament depriving the whole nation of the liquor it had been accustomed to drink. This arbitrary act caused great dissatisfaction: attempts were made to smuggle large quantities of claret on the southern coast. At length, to put down this contraband trade, and stop the popular clamour, government were compelled to remove the prohibition. In 1693, however, French wines, from some cause, were again prohibited, and port forced into notice. It appears that the new wine was long regarded with distrust, although, in truth, the port of that period was comparatively genuine, and not dissimilar from some kinds of claret and burgundy. In 1702, a government, totally ignorant of the true principles of political economy, entered into a treaty with

the Portuguese government, binding the English nation, in exchange for some trifling commercial advantages, to take the wine of Portugal in preference to those of France.

This treaty, called the 'Methuen Treaty,' was considered at the time a master-stroke of policy, and an excellent blow at the French; but its effects proved most prejudicial to English taste and pockets. The originally wholesome port wine had already become the fiery adulteration which we know it, and the encouragement thus given to its consumption confirmed the taste of the port-drinker. The refined country gentleman, who hated 'thick stuff, and longed for a glass of gentle claret,' disappeared; and the heavy English squire of the last century, who ate heavy meals and drank heavy port, succeeded. We have met him even in these days, when more intellectual pleasures have counteracted, if they have not weakened, the love of port. We have dined with him many a time at the London Tavern, on all sorts of anniversaries. He has taunted us with asking the waiter expressly for claret; and while we were enjoying its delicious silky softness, its rich odour of raspberry and violet, he has sneered at us as 'a boy,' and prophesied that we should live to prefer his coarse, demoralising flavour of brandy and pepper. Although Mr McCulloch considers the Methuen Treaty injurious in its effects to both parties, it is evident that the Portuguese government soon discovered that they had made a good bargain by Lord Methuen's 'master-stroke of policy.' In 1756, the administration of the Marquis Pombal (no doubt for a good consideration) granted a charter to the present Oporto Wine Company—being a complete monopoly of the trade with England; so that, in effect, when the English taste for port was thoroughly established, and maintained by treaty, and it had become almost a necessity, they compelled us to purchase only of one company. A certain small extent of territory was marked out as the only district, on the banks of the Douro, in which wine should be produced for exportation. The entire and absolute disposal of this wine was placed in the hands of the company, who are further authorised to fix the prices to be paid by themselves to the cultivators, to prepare it for exportation, and to fix the price at which they should be sold to foreigners. A company with such power could not, of course, be anything but an intolerable nuisance. Secured against the competition of their countrymen, and enjoying, down to the year 1831, an almost absolute monopoly of the English market, they filled their pockets at our expense. At the very moment when the company have been shipping wine for England at L.40 a pipe, they have frequently been sending wine of the same quality to other countries at L.20. The price of wine has been troubled or quadrupled under this corporation. These abuses had been long complained of, though it was not until 1831 that the import duties on French and Portuguese wines were equalised. But, unfortunately, the habit of drinking port was too firmly fixed to be removed by merely equalising the duties on French wines, and the consumption of the latter has, therefore, not greatly increased; while most of the abuses of the port-trade previously complained of remain. The law of Portugal requires that port (let us abstain from calling it wine) should possess certain qualities, which an intelligent English grower of great experience in the district, declares 'cannot possibly be derived from the grape.' A notion prevails among the Portuguese, that we are a heavy meat-eating people, who require something more like spirit than wine to assist digestion; we are, moreover, considered a wealthy people, who have a decided prejudice against anything cheap. The same gentleman, examined in the mittee upon oath, stated, that to his repeated representations to the Portuguese authorities, having for their object to remove these abuses, he has received the answer, 'that British subjects do not like

a cheap article; and that it is considered that, whether the duties be lowered or not, the British consumer would always continue to pay a high price for his port.' Truly, with our absurd revenge on the French recoiling on our own heads, our Methuen treaties, and our long endurance of these abuses, we cannot complain of such opinions. Such is the history of what is called port, and of its preparation for the English consumer, not to speak of the home adulterations of boiled Brazil-wood, catechu, oak-bark, privet, beet, turnsole, and red sanders, which are not within the scope of the present paper.

Notwithstanding the avowed manufacture of port, it is said that no wine is more adulterated than sherry. The large consumption of this wine dates only from the time when the Prince-regent first made it fashionable. Spanish wines were drunk in the time of Shakespeare, as is evident from Falstaff's frequent call for a cup of sack. This was undoubtedly a Spanish wine, and is supposed to have been identical with sherry. The word *sac* is a corruption of *sec*; Spanish wines being still known in France as '*vins secs*,' or dry wines. After its revival a few years since, the demand increased so rapidly, that the growers, to meet it, were compelled to mix with it other wines, and otherwise to adulterate it, to suit the artificial English taste for fiery wines. Hence it happens that no natural sherry comes to this country; for it is the invariable result of these adulterations to corrupt the taste of the consumer, and thus to render him indifferent to the true flavour of the real produce of the grape. It is stated that the natural produce of Xeres, in the present state of the English taste, would not suit our markets; it would be considered inferior wine. On the other hand, those who have been accustomed to a pure wine, cannot drink the false sherries that are sent to England.

It would appear, therefore, very desirable, that the national taste for genuine wine should be improved by any possible means. We do not say that adulterations may not be practised by other countries as well as Spain and Portugal; but it does appear, that, in the wine-trade of those countries, grievous monopolies and artificial restrictions have tended to increase the price of wines, while accidental circumstances have encouraged an adulteration which has at length altogether corrupted the English taste, and rendered the genuine produce of the grape a thing almost entirely unknown in this country. This being the case, the admission of the cheaper wines of France and Germany at a low rate of duty, must obviously exercise a beneficial effect. We desire to speak seriously on this subject. Is it not a lamentable thing, that the appetite for strong, alcoholic, and absolutely vicious compounds, under the names of port and sherry, should be a result of acts of parliament? But the mischiefs of intemperance, so provoked, are only one department of the evil. The practical exclusion of French wines of a simple kind, inflicts an injury on France without benefiting ourselves; whereas the admission of these wines on a liberal footing, would do more to cement friendship and perpetuate peace between the two countries, than all the contrivances and blandishments of diplomacy. Both, therefore, as promotive of temperate habits, and as tending to maintain a lasting and genuine peace, we advocate the lowering of duties on French wines. Too long, in our opinion, have we sacrificed French friendships for a petty leaning to Portugal—a country which we have no reason to care much or anything about, and which at this moment, by a repudiation of its debts, is not allowed to be named on our stock exchange.

Let it not be supposed that the taste for the lighter wines of France and Germany is dead beyond revival in England. It is possible that their consumption would not be greatly increased at first; but genuine wine, however common, being sold at a cheap rate, could not fail gradually to work its way, and to lay

the foundation of a taste for simple, unintoxicating wines, in preference to the fiery compounds to which we have been accustomed, or to the still worse attractions of the gin-shop.

NOTES ON NAMES.

A CURIOUS little book, of the time of James I., entitled, *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities, concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation*, has lately come into our hands, which—in dilating on 'the great antiquity of our ancient English tongue, and of the propriety, worthiness, and amplitude thereof'—professes to give the literal origin of many of those surnames and Christian names most in use amongst us. Several of these Saxon etymologies, we are aware, have been in modern times traced up to their root, and will occur to the reader's recollection; but others not so well known, it may perhaps afford us a half-hour's amusement to glance over. In doing so, we cannot refrain from prefacing them with the compiler's quaint commentary. He says: 'Thou may'st be well assured, courteous reader, that howsoever our ancient proper names may be by vulgar corruption varied from the original, yet not one but what was used by our ancestors with good signification and reason. They would not be so unheedful or uncurious as to be content, like parrots, to speak that which they knew not what; but they did know what in their designations they uttered, as disposing them to the embracing of some kind of precept or virtue. Herein the excellent custom of our ancestors was not inferior unto that of the ancient Hebrews, who observed the like—as in the names of Abram, &c. . . . The foregoing may serve to shew not only the utility and worthiness of this most ancient custome, but how it is confirmed in the observation thereof even by God himself, and was without all doubt put by God into the minds of our ancestors, and such other of the ancient nations of the world as have observed the like.'

In primitive times, it became usual that men who had, in the first instance, given their names to places, should afterwards take their name *from* places. And by degrees this custom of taking surnames from some local circumstance, became more frequent than the former prevalent habit of a man forming his own proper name by adding 'son' to the patronyme of his father. Wood, Green, Field, Bourne, Hill, &c., are long recognised cases in point.

Comb meant with our ancestors a field of somewhat high or hilly ground—not *low*, like a meadow. It formed the termination of many surnames—modernised to *come*. Thus we have Ashcomb, Newcomb, &c. Dean or den signified the same thing as dale—namely, a 'hollow place in the earth;' hence Camden, &c., which originally meant 'valley of the camp.'

Leph, ley, or lea, our author considers to have been originally all one—either word being expressive of 'ground that was wholly overgrown;' and he cites three instances—Bramley, Brownley, and Barkley; that is, land naturally covered with brambles, broom, or birch.

Wick, also written wich, signifies a place of refuge—a retreat; and it remains yet the termination of some places in Germany—Schleswick, Brunswick, &c. In England, we have Warwick, Alnwick, Berwick; and the *k* having been in course of time corrupted to *h*, we find Dulwich, Greewich, Sandwich, Norwich, &c.

The original meaning of *ey*—anciently written *ea*—which may be noticed as a not uncommon termination to some of our surnames—for example, Slidney, Tilney, &c.—is *water*; in corroboration of which the writer observes: 'The French, retaining the old Teutonic word, doe give unto water the name of *eau*;' and it may therefore be assumed, that the early adopters of this termination had their possessions situated near

the water. Moreover, hence is derived our term of *island*, originally written 'eyland.'

Stock denotes the stock or trunk of some tree whence the residence is named. Stock is also in the Teutonic understood for a staff; and it is said to be the proper and ancient surname 'of the great and imperial House of Austria, in memory whereof it beareth for its arms two ragged staves crossed salter-wise.'

* Of the affix *thorp*, which forms a not unfrequent termination to some of our proper names, he remarks: 'Before we were acquainted with the French word *village*, or village, now in common use, "*thorp*" in our own ancient language was used to serve the turn; for example, Colthorp, so called from the coals made there'—modernised into Calthorpe.

The derivation of *steward* may not be generally known. As in our ancient language, 'stow' is the word for place, so is also *stede*; and *stede-ward*, which for euphony's sake has been gradually corrupted to *steward*, is as much as to say 'the keeper of a place.' May we not find this construction borne out in the analogous use of the term '*stede*' or '*stadt*'-holder (doubtless of Teutonic origin) and '*lieu-tenant*' in French?—both signifying place-keeper.

In connection with the common termination of worth, our quaint compiler remarks, 'it signifies not *worth* as we now use it for *value*, but anciently it was "*wearth*" or "*weard*"—which termination is still frequent in Germany—and the meaning of "*wearth*" is a "place situated between two rivers;" or again, an *isle* or *peninsula* not in the sea, but in fresh water. Herefrom our name of "*weares*" in rivers is also derived.'

The surname *Forester* is evidently derived from the office of him who had the charge of the forest or chase under some nobleman. But there is also the name *Foster*, concerning which we would remark, that its primary origin, or full-length nomenclature, was *foster-father*, or rightly *foolster-father*, seeing it 'came of a man providing food for children that were placed under his and his wife's charge.'

Some have their surnames from their occupations—as Taylor, Turner, &c.; others from the colour of their hair or complexion—such are Browne, Hoare, Reddish, &c. And again, the names of animals, to which, as amongst the North American Indians, it was supposed the character of the owner bore some affinity, were at a primitive period transported into the class of surnames—Lyon, Hare, Lamb, Fox, and divers others, will immediately suggest themselves; and the ornithological and piscatory regions have also furnished their contribution; for example, Salmon, Heron, Roach, Drake, Woodcock, &c.

'It hath of late yeeres,' observes our author, 'grown somewhat usual in England, to give unto children for their proper names the surnames of their godfathers—a custom neither commendable nor in any wise well fitting, but in its result oftentimes very absurd and ridiculous, of which I could give some notable examples of the present day, but I omit them, as not being willing to offend by noting any persons in particular.'

The ancient and illustrious name of *Howard* comes from *Hold-ward*, which signifies 'the governor of a fort or hold.' In course of time, the *l* and *d* were omitted in the pronunciation, as in sundry other words we see the superfluous consonants thrown out.

Lambert was originally *Lamb-heart*, and denoted the 'heart of a lamb,' it being not uncommon in primitive times for parents to bestow such sort of descriptive appellations on their offspring; besides, that in later life it frequently attached as a cognomen to a man of any particular character or history.

Harman should rightly be *Hart-man*—a 'man of heart or courage;' and it is additionally conjectured, that the name *Mainard* (*Maynard*) comes from '*Manhart*.'

There seems no doubt that *Norton*, *Weston*, and *Sutton*, common surnames amongst us, are severally a corruption from *North-town*, *West-town*, and *South-town* (denoting the original situation of their residences), in like manner as we read of *Essex*, *Wessex*, *Sussex*, amongst the East-Anglian kingdoms. '*Ton*, formerly '*tun*,' is remarked to be the most common termination in use amongst us, and the following doggerel is quoted:—

In *ford*, in *ham*, in *ley*, and *tun*,
The most of English surnames run.

Ham means 'home.' It formerly signified a 'cover-ture or place of shelter,' and was thence restricted to one's private dwelling. *Denham* denotes a man's home being in a valley; *Higham*, that his residence was upon high ground; and the signification of the prefixes may be easily traced further. *Holme*, as in *Chisholm*, &c., is doubtless of the same family.

But we must restrain our instances, or they would exceed the bounds of this article. Of Christian names, we have not yet spoken; their variety and extent of significance, as set forth by our author, is almost illimitable. However, the instances we have brought forward—as regards localities and family appellations—will, perhaps, by affording a clue to the manner in which an ordinary word may be traced up to its root, be productive of interest to our etymology-loving readers, by leading them to pick out probable derivatives for themselves. It forms an amusing subject of speculation, for the materials of which they never can be at a loss while they bear in mind the names of our old English towns and localities. The names of all the counties admit of being disposed of in this way; for example, *Berkshire*, expressly specified as being so named from the number of trees (*bark*) originally growing over it; *Hunting-downshire*, &c.

The compiler of these antiquarian *radical* researches expresses himself in terms of almost ludicrous indignation as to the manner in which our language is patched up from the tongues of other countries. 'Of late,' he says, 'we have fallen to such borrowing of words fr. Latin, French, and other languages, that it hath bin beyond all stay and control, which albeit some of us, who affect novelty, do like well, and deem our tongue thereby improved; yet strangers do carry away the far worse opinion thereof, saying that it is of itselfe no language at all, but the scum of many languages; and that, moreover, we have been faine to borrow so many words to cke it out, that if it were put upon us to repay our borrowed speech back again to the languages that may lay claim to it, we should be left little better than dumbe—unable, at least, to speak anything that should be sensible.' For my part, I hold them deceived that think our speech bettered by this surpassing abundance of daily borrowed words, which, not originally belonging unto us, never can bear their true and rightful meaning. As well might we fetch words from the Ethiopians, and thrust them into our language, and baptize them by the name of English, as those we daily take from the Latin, or languages thereon depending. Hence it cometh, and hath been actually seen, that English-men conversing or communicating together [and introducing these newly-adapted words], do not always understand what, each other mean. In proof whereof, I will cite you a curious story of what happened not long since. It fell out some yeeres ago, that a courtier, writing from London to a personage of authority in the north touching the trayning of men, and providing furniture for war, willed him, among other things, to *equippe* his horses. The receiver of the letter, with some labour, came at last to the understanding of it all, except *equippe*, whereof in no sort could he conceive the meaning. He then consulted with divers gentlemen in the neighbourhood, but none could resolve him; and in the end, none

of them being able to find out, in all the English they had, what the word *equipe* might mean, they were fain to send a messenger on purpose to London, to ascertain the signification thereof from the writer of the letter.'

With this supplementary anecdote of 'England in the olden time,' we will conclude; only staying for a moment to remark, that the volume appears at one time to have belonged to Richard Cromwell, whose autograph it bears on its first page.

SMOKING IN PRUSSIA.

If there be one part of the continent more than another where the tourist blesses the introduction of railways, it is assuredly the interminable sandy plain in the midst of which it pleased the insane fancy of the great Frederick to establish his Prussian metropolis. But, like every thing mundane, railway-travelling in Germany has its disadvantages; for, to those who, like myself, are abominators of smoking, a journey in a German *Gesellschaft* railway-carriage is positive misery. It must be that Germans endeavour to stifle their political cares and sorrows in the fumes of tobacco-smoke, for, assuredly, if all were well with them, they would not smoke so incessantly. The practice has become well-nigh universal; and I fully expect to find the women smoking when I next visit Germany. Now, they stoutly maintain that a man is not a man unless he smokes; and a lover would have but a poor chance of success if his sighs were not perfumed by tobacco-smoke. The modern German smokes from morning till night, ay, and sometimes through the night-hours too, as I know to my cost; for on one occasion lately, when my bed was placed against a door which communicated with the adjoining room in the hotel at which I was staying in Berlin, a stream of smoke came through the keyhole almost uninterruptedly during the night. No place is safe from the pollution. In the bedrooms, you will find pieces of sandpaper attached to the walls, with notices requesting smokers to rub their matches on the sandpaper, and not on the walls, which request, however, is little heeded; and in the railway-carriages you will see, and be considerably inconvenienced by, tin boxes fastened to the sides, bearing the words, *Zu Abfall von Cigarren*.—*Literary Gazette*

CAN INSECTS TALK?

A striking instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made by Huber and others upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen-bee is an object of the greatest solicitude and attention to all the workers of the hive, and yet, among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of a considerable time, whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had any power of conveying news of this kind, the queen-bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half-hour or so, the loss seemed not to have been ascertained, but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects, with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence. That in such cases as those above narrated, information, and that of rather a complex character, was transmitted by one insect to another, cannot be doubted—but by what means? All that has been ascertained upon this point is, that the ants and the bees cross their antennæ in a peculiar manner with the antennæ of the others that they encounter, and this action being repeated again and again, seems to be a mode of communicating intelligence common amongst the insect races.—*Ryder Jones's Natural History of Animals.*

CONSTANCY IN INCONSTANCY:

A YOUNG MAN'S CONFESSION.

SHE hath a large still heart, this lady of mine—
(Not mine, I' faith! though fools might deem she were);
She walks the world like some old Grecian nymph,
Pure with a marble pureness; moving on
Through the foul herd of men, environed
With native airs of deep Olympian calm.
I have a great love for this lady of mine:
I like to watch her motions, trick of face,
And turn of thought, when she speaks high and wise,
The tongue of gods, not men. Ay, every day,
And twenty times, I start to catch
Some tone, geste, look, of sweet familiar mould;
And then my panting soul leans forth to her,
Like some sick traveller who, astounded, sees
Slow-moving o'er the distant twilight fields—
The lovely, lost, beloved memory-fields!—
Pale, ghostly people of an earlier world.

I have a friend—how dearly liked, heart-warm,
Did I confess, sure she and all would smile!
I mark her as she steals in some dull room
That brightens at her presence, slow lets fall
A word or two of wise simplicity,
Then goes, and at her going all seems dark.
Little she knows this! little thinks each face
Lightens, each heart grows purer 'neath her eyes;
Good, honest eyes—clear, upward, righteous eyes,
That look as though they saw the unseen heavens,
And drew from thence their pity and their calm.
Why do I precious hold this friend of mine?
Why in our talks—our quiet, fireside talks,
When we, like earnest travellers through the dark,
Grasp at the threads that guide to the other world—
Seems it a spirit not her own looks out
From these her eyes? until I pause, and quake,
And my heart groans as when some innocent hand
Touches the hush-bid in a long-healed wound.
Yet 'till no blame, but thanks to thee, dear friend;
Ay, even when we homeward walk at eve,
Thy careless hand loose linked beneath my arm—
The same height as I gaze down—nay, the hair
Of a like colour, fluttering 'neath the stars—
The same large stars which lit that earlier world!

I have another love—a gentle love,
Whose dewy looks are fresh with life's young dawn;
God keep it to its setting! I foretell
That streak of light now quivering on the hills,
And edging the dusk vale where mute I watch,
Will broaden out into a glorious day.
Thou sweet one, standing where life's cross-tides meet,
And dipping into both thy timid hand,
Wise as a woman, harmless as a child,—
I love thee well!—And yet not thee—not thee,
God knoweth. They know, who sit among the stars.—
As one, whose sun was darkened before noon,
Creeps slow and silent through the twilight land,
Snatches at glowworm rays and tapers pale
Of an hour's burning, lifts them to his breast,
Saying: 'Thank God!' yet never calls them day—
So love I thee, and more. Yet thou, my Sun,
That leaped unto thy zenith, sat there throned.
And the whole earth was day—Oh, look thou down
From thy veiled seat, and know how dark I kneel!
How all these lesser lights but come and go
Poor mocking types of thee! Be it so. I keep
My soul's face to the eastward, where thou stand'st—
I know thou stand'st—behind the purpling hills;
And I shall wake and find morn in the world.

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THE AMPHIBIOUS CITY.

On a hot summer-day, I left La Rochelle with my face to the north. This part of the western coast of France is very picturesque; but the picturesque was not my object just then. I merely wanted to see the birth-place of certain shell-fish which I had devoured with extraordinary satisfaction at the *table d'hôte* of the modest inn I had selected with the befitting humility of a foot-traveller. They were mussels; but such mussels!—so soft, so rich, so delicate of flavour!—and, what was more, they had a story, invested with an almost romantic interest. At anyrate, there was something to be seen where these mussels grew; something widely different, as I was told, from the ordinary forms of the picturesque, of which I was by this time well-nigh tired; and being then under the 'curse of the wandering foot and weary breast,' I once more adjusted my knapsack, poised my staff, and set forth to follow my fortune.

I had wandered about five miles along the coast in a northerly direction, when I reached the Bay of Aiguillon, a fine sweep of the ocean into the land between the departments of La Vendée and Charente-Inférieure. From the summit of the cliffs that overhang the sea, the view was very imposing— in more senses than one, as will presently be seen. The bay, on the right, looked like an immense lake; while on the left, was the long, low island of Rhé, with its picturesque ruins, the fortifications of St Martin, and the open sea beyond. The sun was intensely hot, and I was glad to sit down in the shadow of the cliff, to enjoy the view at my ease, and to watch the movements of the human pigmies below, on the right, where stood a little fishing-town, called Esnendes. The smooth waters of the bay resembled an immense mirror blazing in the sun; and this, with the excessive heat, fatigued, and at length made me drowsy. The movements of the little beings below became confused; my eyes slipped along the glittering surface of the waters, and then closed against the glare; in a very short time I was sound asleep.

I had been walking a good deal for many successive days, and was in some degree used up. My organism was, therefore, in need of repose, and took advantage of the opportunity. How long I remained in a state of unconsciousness I do not know, but I presume it must have been two or three hours at least. When at length I opened my eyes, and looked round, I was greatly at a loss to know where I was. It is true I had a very strong impression that I had come from La Rochelle that morning, and was now snugly niched in a precipice: which was the fact. But an immense plain of waters, I recollected, had been below that precipice, and there was now no such thing. The

expanse beneath was not merely dry land, but in the middle of it there was a city of some considerable magnitude, with regular streets of buildings running in parallel lines, and wide colonnaded vistas lessening and fading in the distance. That I was broad awake, there was no doubt. It was obviously a delusion, the notion that I was overhanging the sea; and I tried to remember where I ought to be. But facts were stubborn. There below, on the right, was still the town of Esnendes; here was the Peak of Aiguillon, which gives its name to the bay; and on the left were the Island of Rhé and the ocean beyond. But where were the smooth waters of the bay? Absorbed, no doubt, at ebb-tide by the mightier waters of the sea: but what was that submarine city now risen from the deep? I thought at first of the mirage, and was almost loath to use my telescope, lest the fairy picture should vanish. But it stood the test. The buildings, the streets, the colonnaded vistas, all remained, not fragments and ruins of a submerged city, but laid out in a complete and regular plan, and—still more wonderful—crowded with a busy human population!

There appeared to be a considerable traffic of some kind carried on between this mysterious place and the shores of the bay, but its agents performed the journey in a curious manner. The plain of waters did not seem to have entirely dried up; for the whole surface of the expanse glittered here and there with what seemed to be lakes of soft mud, separated from each other by narrow tracks of a firmer consistence. Over the former, great numbers of people glided swiftly in what may be termed boat-velocipedes; while the tracks of comparatively firm land were traversed by a few provided with a rude modification of snow-shoes, and, as it was necessary for them to avoid the mud-lakes, flitting in a zig-zag line like so many daylight Will-o'-the-Wisps. All this piqued my curiosity so much—for the imperfect account of the scene I had received at La Rochelle had by no means prepared me for the reality—that it was with huge strides I descended the steep to the town of Esnendes.

What I had seen was in reality an amphibious city—in one state of the tide submerged by the sea, and inhabited by millions of mussels and small fish, and in another state of the tide breathing the air of heaven, and affording a field for the enterprise and industry of men. The place was founded long ago by a wandering Irishman of the name of Walton, who at first made his living by catching sea-fowl with nets. This person, an observant, ingenious fellow, finding that the poles of his nets were quickly covered, below the water, with marine vegetation containing vast quantities of mussel spawn, set himself to watch this product of the

bay. He discovered that the mud mussels grew with singular rapidity, and became so fat and delicate, that the neighbouring towns formed a most profitable market for all he could raise; and from that moment he had a new trade. But the numerous poles he fixed in the mud at low-water were frequently unfortunate. Sometimes the waves of the sea came in swelling and surging, and did them great damage; and sometimes the unlucky vessel, having missed, in the night time, the proper anchorage, was driven in among them by the wind and carried all away.

Edilton was not discouraged. His plan was obviously defective, and it was necessary to offer a larger and more yielding surface to the tide, and yet to present it in such a way as to permit the least possible strain. He accordingly drew upon the muddy plain the initial letter of his name, W, the points being directed seaward, and the sides, several hundred feet in length, extending towards the inner part of the bay, so as to form an angle of from 40 to 45 degrees. Along each line, at intervals of three feet, he fixed strong and lofty posts, sinking them to half their length; and the spaces between he filled with long plant branches, forming a sort of close but yielding trellis-work. At the points of the W, which were open, he placed oyster-baskets to receive the fish which, imprisoned by the palisade, would flow out in that direction on the recess of the tide; and lastly, he fastened to the interior old nets of small mussels gathered on the coast, which he knew would attach themselves to the palisade, and fatten and refine in the civilising mud. This first W he called a *bouchot*, from a Celtic word signifying 'wooden enclosure'; and it retains the name to this day. His day, however, was long ago, and important changes have since occurred. The construction, which was placed exactly 1246 fathoms from Esnendes, in honour of the year in which it was commenced, is now unvisited by the sea, and a meadow flourishes on its site; while far out in the bay—from two to three miles—between 300 and 400 other *bouchots* imitate so exactly, at low-water, the appearance of a town, that even a spectator standing on the shore might be deceived.

To cross these miles of mud might seem a dangerous service, but the people of Esnendes think nothing of it. The more substantial proprietors have a vehicle they call a *pousse-pied*, formed of three light thin planks, one for the bottom and the others for the sides. These are closed by a square stern—supposing the thing to be a boat—and a slightly elevated bow, allowing it to slide along the mud. Having carried this peculiar set-out on his shoulders to the bay, the proprietor places in it his baskets, and then, kneeling in it with his right leg, and leaning both hands on the sides, he strikes out with his left upon the mud in the fashion of a frog when swimming, and away he goes with a speed which has been likened to that of a horse at full trot. To give an idea of the consistence of the surface, I may mention that neither the tracks of the boat nor of the foot (shod with a triple sole) are obliterated, and yet it would be impossible to walk upon the mud. Some others, however, as I have mentioned—provided with a peculiar kind of shoe, or rather skate, the bottom of which is a piece of flat thin wood elevated at the point—balancing themselves with outstretched arms, glide along other portions of the surface that are somewhat hardened by a greater proportion of sand. But both require to be rapid and incessant in their several motions; and the whole scene brings to mind the journeying of Satan across Chaos—

So eagerly the fiend,
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, heels, wings, or feet, pursued his way;
And swims, or sinks, or walks, or creeps, or flies.

I slept that night at Esnendes; and the next after-

noon, when looking at the stir into which the place was thrown by the sudden rush towards the bay of many hundreds of the inhabitants, I determined to make one of the company, and visit the amphibious city. The *pousse-pied* I could not venture upon; but having provided myself with a pair of mud-skates, which cost less than a franc, I thought if I only followed the tracks of the rest, I could run no peculiar risk. In this idea I was encouraged by the crowd; and one motherly old woman assured me, that if monsieur could only keep moving like the rest, and be sure to return before dusk, and before the mud began to feel the approaching tide, there was no danger in the world. Behold me, then, after looking for awhile at the uninviting waste, 'pondering my voyage,' at length take heart of grace, and dash gallantly off in the wake of a stout young fellow, a skater like myself.

I was at first a little nervous, as I found myself absolutely committed to the adventure, and as I saw the mud-lakes around me tremulous even from the weight of the *pousse-pieds* that flew along their surface; but there was nothing difficult in the use of the skates, and very soon I found recreation in the exercise, and interest in the strangeness of the scene. When arrived at our destination, I found the place nothing more than what I have described; yet it was amusing to flit from bouchot to bouchot, and watch the quantities of fish taken in the baskets, the mature mussels gathered in the interiors, and the whole deposited in the *pousse-pieds*—everything being necessarily done with a haste and restlessness ('like a hen on a hot griddle') which made me laugh aloud sometimes, both at my comrades and myself. The importance of this curious branch of industry may be understood, when I mention that it produces half a million of francs in the year, and supports 3000 persons.

My attention was so much occupied with the novelties of the scene, that I was quite insensible of the lapse of time; and, surrounded by a crowd of busy men intent on nothing but their occupation, I did not observe the gradual withdrawal of the few who were unprovided with *pousse-pieds*. Chancing to look round, however, I descried a thin silvery haze advancing from the seaward quarter, and pointed it out to those nearest me; who thereupon demanded suddenly, what I did there so late? I at once turned a somewhat startled glance towards the shore, and saw that the nearest of the skaters was a good mile off.

'Monsieur need not be alarmed,' said an old man, observing my change of countenance: 'the haze has nothing to do with the tide; but if allowed time to gather, it might obscure the tracks that are safe for mud-skates.'

'And you,' said I—'all of you?'

'We are safe,' replied the old man, 'and shall be at home yet before you foot-travellers. If caught in the mist, we could find our way were it as dark as night; and even if overtaken by the tide on a calm evening like this, we are in no danger, for our *pousse-pieds* are water-tight, and each being provided with a pair of paddles, it can be used as a canoe by a man of proportionate weight.' By this time the group around us seemed to have become alarmed on my account; and separating in different directions, I could hear them shouting: 'Michel! Michel!'

'They will find him,' said the old man, 'for poor Michel makes it a point of honour to stay and have a race with the *pousse-pieds*. But take care he does not outrun you!—that is all you have to fear, for he knows the bay better than any of us.' While he was yet speaking, the crowd came back, some coaxing, some driving before them, a young lad apparently about eighteen. His legs, arms, and neck were bare; flowers were knotted in his long unkempt locks; and his wandering, vacant, yet pleasing eyes, shewed that

whatever knowledge he possessed was that of instinct, not intellect.

'He will guide you safely,' cried they—'there is plenty of time before the tide. Away Michel! Bon voyage, monsieur!' But Michel hung back with the sullen look of a child who had been disappointed of his favourite pastime; till one of them gave him a lash on the bare legs with a rope—more severe, possibly, than he intended—and the poor maniac sprang forward with a yell of mingled rage and pain. I followed instinctively. My only aim was to keep up with him, for I remembered the warning of the old man; but, as if divining this, he glided out of my way, taking a course which I was persuaded was intended more to lengthen than abridge the journey. For a moment, I hesitated as to whether I should not trust to my fortune alone, but whether influenced by prudence or cowardice, I decided that this was hopeless; and on the instant, instead of following him round a narrow mud-pool, I dashed desperately across it, and succeeded in catching firm hold of him. Loud laughed Michel his applause at this daring feat; and on we flew, arm in arm, over the quivering waste—Folly guided by Madness.

It was but rarely I dared to raise my eyes from the track; but I saw enough of what was beyond to be aware that the haze was gathering fast, that it already rendered it impossible even to guess at the distance of the lofty steeps bordering the bay, and that to seaward all was a boundless expanse of trembling vapour. I was fairly panic-stricken; and when voices, shouts, and wild halloos came floating on the thick air, telling of the passage of the train of *pousse-pieds*, I was utterly unable to determine whether the sound was behind, or before, or around me. This was partly owing to the erratic course and abrupt turns of my companion, who was either unable or unwilling to comprehend what I said to him, and of whose gibberish I did not understand one word; but at length, when the land had been entirely swallowed up in the mist, now darkened by the falling of the dusk, I felt an intense consciousness that we were sweeping out to sea to meet the returning tide!

I became desperate. I shouted in Michel's ear till he laughed, and then gripped him by the arm with a force that made him yell. He spoke loud and volubly; pointed resolutely before him, as if asseverating something that should dispel my doubts and fears; and quickened his already headlong pace, till my breath began to fail like my courage. And then a voice came upon my ear—a long, low, desolate, wailing sound, which I felt to be the voice of the tide. There were no longer sandy tracks; all was mud, which grew softer and softer at every flying step; and at length, as a wilder roar came from the open sea, which dispelled all doubt, if any had remained, I was about to throw the manie from me in horror and despair, when, with a cry of exultation, he sprang upon a tall pole which suddenly appeared beside us, as if growing out of the desert of mud. Even then I was almost too late, for my strength had failed; and if Michel had not grasped me by the collar, I could not have climbed, even with the aid of the sticks that were nailed rudely across the pole to serve as steps.

I think I must have been for a certain time in a state of insensibility; for when I became cognisant of what was around me, I saw that the desert of mud was now a waste of foaming waters. The rising wind came in from the sea to the assistance of the tide; and breaking here and there the clouds that had covered the sky, allowed the broad, full, newly-risen moon to throw down a fitful gleam upon the scene. We were midway between the two sides of the bay, far to seaward of Esnendes; and before, behind, and around us, there was an expanse of rushing waters, breaking ahead in white-crested waves. The pole to which we clung was obviously a beacon for the guidance of vessels in the daytime; and there was attached to it at the top a long narrow streamer of

white bunting. Such were the details revealed to me by a sudden glare of moonlight, which vanished in a few seconds, leaving everything in obscurity as before, relieved only by the white foam of the billows, as they broke with a rush and a roar at the entrance of the bay.

Michel had gained his object. The pole was what he had pointed to in the distance as the goal of our journey; and perhaps the idea of reaching it had flashed into his disturbed brain at the same moment the savage lash overturned the ordinary movement of his thoughts or instincts. But the maniac was now in his element. Joy like his I never saw before or since; and at every new apparition of the moon, he burst into wild laughter, clapped his hands, and yelled forth a fragment of a church-hymn, in a voice so clear, so piercing, so unearthly, that I was struck with awe as I listened. Then he swung the pole madly to and fro; and the water having by this time reached our feet, the final moment seemed at hand. The imminence of the peril recalled me fully to my senses. Though with hardly a ray of hope, I was determined to cling to life as long as possible. By means of severe blows and stern words, I taught Michel that he was not to move hand or foot; and with the narrow streamer I bound both him and myself securely to the pole. But the sea, by and by, was as wildly mischievous as the maniac; for the waves came on with redoubled force, bending backwards our frail support till we overhung the hissing waters. Had it not been for the well-fastened knots of the bunting, I for one should have been very soon finding my way back to the Amphibious City.

The bay being of almost the same depth throughout, the water was slow in rising; but still, when it was little higher than our knees, the spray broke so violently in our faces, that I sometimes thought we should be drowned long before the tide overtopped our heads. The wind had risen, the clouds had thickened and blackened in the sky; and the moon was rarely visible. What fancies came over me, as I hung there, helpless and hopeless! What phantoms flitted through the gloom! What memories rose upon my soul! My whole life was gathered into that span; and the dead, the living, and the unborn, crowded around me. Sometimes I heard voices calling, and I hailed in return; sometimes a ship's boat drove against the pole, and, extending my hand to seize hold of her, I grasped only empty water. Higher came the tide—higher—higher. The water was in my throat, it hissed in my ears, and I prepared for the death which was now so close at hand. Michel was still singing his wild songs, still laughing through the spray, still enjoying the recreation he had sought. My heart at that moment softened towards the poor fellow; and I thanked God for the compensations that, from time to time, must have thrown a heavenly sunlight over a fate apparently so dreary and forlorn.

My struggles became easier as my mind became more tranquil. The tide had reached its culminating point; the wind decreased; and as the fear of suffocation at length vanished, I yielded to the sense of fatigue, and fell into a kind of stupor between sleeping and waking. This must have lasted many hours; for when I was at length roused by a violent tugging and screaming, I found, on opening my eyes, that it was broad daylight, and that the waters had retired anew into the depths of the sea. Michel had fortunately been unable to undo the knots of the bunting, and he pointed impatiently towards Esnendes, and then to the opening of the bay—informing me, doubtless, in his unintelligible gibberish, that it was now ebb-tide, and time for us to return from our little excursion.

I need not say with what gratitude, mingled at first with almost incredulity, I found myself once more on dry land! I was my intention to take Michel to the inn, and to give him a comfortable meal, but he escaped from me the moment we entered the town. I learned that he was the only son of a widow who, having

paralytic, was supported by the community. This kind of support implied neither hardship nor degradation. No one in the place was poor but through the visitation of God, and all such were looked upon not only with kindness, but respect. They were accustomed to stand in a line on the beach when the fishermen returned from the bouchots; and each man in passing presented them with a handful of mussels and another of small fish, the first-fruits of his expedition. In addition to this bounty, the surplus of which supplied them with other necessities, the good wives of Esnendes, when giving in the bi-weekly bakings to the public oven, always broke off a piece of the dough for the basket of the poor; from which the baker, as his contribution, prepared an immense loaf, to be divided among the pensioners. All this appeared to me to be done with infinite kindness and good-will, both men and matrons seeming to think that the voluntary offering of a part drew down a blessing upon the rest. Michel, upon the whole, was not uncomfortably situated, for he worked hard in the service of the fishermen, and was generously rewarded. His malady, I was told, was always at its height during the full of the moon; and the present was not the only occasion on which he had passed the night on the beacon pole. A long interval, however, had elapsed since his last escapade, and the fishermen had ceased to watch him.

Such was my visit to the Amphibious City. It was productive, it must be owned, of more fatigue and terror than I had anticipated. But, for all that, I say still, the mussels of Aiguillon are excellent.

SOMETHING ABOUT HEAT.

It is only of late years that the subject of heat has been treated as it deserves—that is, as a science in itself, and not a mere chapter of physics or chemistry. And yet, when properly considered, it will be found not less worthy of attention than light, electricity, or magnetism; indeed, many will hold it to be the most important, seeing that no part of nature with which we are acquainted is devoid of heat. Without its influence, chaos would speedily come again.

It is known that philosophers have differed in opinion on the subject of heat; some have declared it to be a material substance, which by mysterious means found its way into other substances, while another class regard it as nothing more than a dynamical effect—that is, a power or impulse communicated to particles of matter. 'Heat,' said Locke, 'is a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object, which produces in us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so what in our sensation is heat, in the object is nothing but motion.' Recent researches, chiefly by Mr Joule, of Manchester, tend to advance and confirm this latter view; and as they are not less interesting in themselves than in their results, we present as brief an outline as may render the subject intelligible to general readers.

The celebrated Count Rumford was the first to bring out the point now under discussion. He saw that when a cannon was bored, it became very hot; and as he could not suppose a change in the metal, he concluded that the motion of the borer, acting on the particles of the metal, produced heat. He found also by experiment, that the heat required to raise one pound of water one degree in temperature, would be equivalent to a force represented by 1034 foot-pounds. Mr Joule makes it 838, but Rumford made no allowance for the heat accumulated in his apparatus. Davy, when a youth at Bristol, rubbed two pieces of ice together in an exhausted receiver, and finding that heat was produced, he said: 'The immediate cause of heat is motion.' Then, when Faraday proved that the chemical and electric forces were identical, another step was gained, which may be regarded as

Mr Joule's starting-point. Some of his earlier experiments shewed, that the heat evolved by a voltaic pair, is proportional to its electromotive force, and that the heat given out by the combustion of a body 'is proportional to the intensity of its affinity for oxygen.' Pursuing his inquiries, he next announced it as demonstrated, 'that the quantity of heat capable of increasing the temperature of a pound of water by one degree of Fahrenheit's scale, is equal to, and may be converted into a mechanical force capable of raising 838 pounds to the height of one foot.' From this the general conclusion followed, 'that in the production of heat by the expenditure of force, and vice versa, in the production of force by the expenditure of heat, a constant relation always subsists between the two.' In the experiment to ascertain this fact, a condensing-pump and receiver were immersed in water, to observe the effect of compression of air; and the result was arrived at by comparing the amount of force expended with the heat given out. In another experiment, a full condenser was permitted to discharge its air into an empty one under water, when no heat was evolved, as in this case there was no expenditure of mechanical force—thus affording a striking confirmation of the dynamical theory. The award of a gold medal to Mr Joule by the Royal Society for his persevering and ingenious researches, is a sufficient evidence of their value.

Some highly suggestive views on this subject were put forward by Mr Grove several years ago in his *Correlation of Physical Forces*: he shewed by familiar illustrations that heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion, were all correlative, or had a reciprocal dependence. If a moving body be stopped by friction, or by the action of a force other than that which set it in motion, the motion is not lost or annihilated, but is merely subdivided or altered in direction or character. 'Wave your hand,' he observes: 'the motion which has apparently ceased is taken up by the air, from the air by the wall of the room, and so, by direct and reacting waves, continually communicated, but never destroyed; though we ultimately lose the power of detecting it. Let there be, however, a resistance or counter-motion, and the result is heat. Thus when we have friction or a blow, we have a continuation of the original force developed as heat, greatest in amount with rough surfaces, and least when they are smooth or oiled. By oiling the axes of wheels, we increase motion and lose heat; but if we roughen them, we have more heat and less motion; from which it would appear that friction is simply impeded motion, and the resulting heat a continuation of indestructible force.'

Here we approach a new correlation; for if the rubbing or striking surfaces are similar, the result is heat, but if dissimilar, then electricity is produced; whence we see that motion will produce heat and electricity, and in producing these it produces magnetism as a necessary consequence. To these we might add light and chemical action, and consider them all as modes of motion; and so verify the poet's words, that 'dynamics are, and dwell apart, though matter be not made.'

Discussion of the subject has led to the inquiry: where does the heat originally come from? The reply is, that the sun is the source of all the heat; and arguing from this, and the facts brought to light by Mr Joule, Professor W. Thomson, of Glasgow, has arrived at certain remarkable conclusions. He has found the mechanical value of solar heat, which, falling 'perpendicularly on a square foot above the earth's atmosphere, is about eighty-four foot-pounds per second.' Extraordinary as it may seem, it would be possible to convert this heat directly into motion, and make it work an engine; but as the machinery would have to be of great size, in order to absorb

a large quantity of heat, it would be, too large for practical utility.

The solar light falling on plants deoxidises carbon and hydrogen, by which process a large amount of solar heat is, as it were, put out of existence, or stored up for future use, but with this there is also an equivalent accumulation of mechanical force. This force becomes available when the plant or tree is cut down and burnt. The burning of coal in steam-engines of all kinds is a conversion of heat, which has lain dormant for ages, into motion. Estimating the combustion of wood from one of the German forests, *Ellis* calculates that '550,000 foot-pounds (or the work of a horse-power for a thousand seconds) are the mechanical value of the mean annual produce of a square foot of the land.' Regard being had to the latitude, the solar heat falling yearly on each square foot of surface, allowing for absorption by the atmosphere, would be 530,000,000 foot-pounds—a large amount, but not too large for the mechanical effect into which it has to be converted.

In the consumption of food, again, there is slow combustion or oxidation of the food. The heat generated in the body, or the work performed by it, is therefore the mechanical effect of mingling oxygen with the nutriment: either predominates according to circumstances. Owing to the resistance we meet with in going up a hill, and the consequent waste of heat, we are less warm than we should otherwise be from our quickened breathing.

According to Professor Thomson, the stores from whence we may derive mechanical effect are—the food of animals, natural heat, solid matter found in elevated positions, the natural motions of water and air, and natural and artificial combustibles. And he specifies as the sources whence these stores derive their mechanical energies—

1. 'Heat radiated from the sun (sun-light being included in this term) is the principal source of mechanical effect available to man. From it is derived the whole mechanical effect obtained by means of animals working, water-wheels worked by rivers, steam-engines, and galvanic engines, and part, at least, of the mechanical effect obtained by means of wind-mills, and the sails of ships not driven by the trade-winds.'

2. 'The motions of the earth, moon, and sun, and their mutual attractions, constitute an important source of available mechanical effect. From them all, but chiefly, no doubt, from the earth's motion of rotation, is derived the mechanical effect of water-wheels driven by the tides. The mechanical effect so largely used in the sailing of ships by the trade-winds, is derived partly, perhaps principally, from the earth's motion of rotation, and partly from solar heat.'

3. The third source pointed out is altogether terrestrial—that is, of matters derived from the earth. All the sources may further be divided into *statical* and *dynamical*: the former is represented by a 'quantity of weights at a given height, ready to descend and do work when wanted; an electrified body, or a quantity of fuel.' The latter is represented by matter in motion, space traversed by light, heat, &c. Heat, however, may be lost; certain mechanical effects take place, in which it cannot be restored; it is altogether lost, and cannot be brought back again. There is loss, also, in the diffusion of heat by conduction, and by absorption, except in the case of plants, or of chemical action.

Arguing from the whole mass of facts, which we have only skimmed in this article, Professor Thomson concludes, that 'there is at present, in the material world, a universal tendency to the dissipation of mechanical energy; that 'any restoration of mechanical energy, without more than an equivalent of dissipation, is impossible in inanimate material processes, and is probably never effected by means of organised matter, either endowed with vegetable life, or subjected to the will of an animated creature; and that 'within a finite period

of time past the earth must have been, and within a finite period of time to come the earth must again be, unfit for the habitation of man as at present constituted, unless operations have been, or are to be performed, which are impossible under the laws to which the known operations going on at present in the material world are subject.'

EXTRAORDINARY IMPOSTURE.

In the quiet village of Shottisham, in Suffolk, a young girl is now engaged in an imposture of a most extraordinary kind—only rendered more so by the tender interest which she is fitted in other respects to excite. Her parents are in humble life, but admitted to be persons who have heretofore borne an irreproachable character. Elizabeth Squirrell, for such is her name, gave early tokens of superior intellect, and during two years of schooling, between the tenth and twelfth of her age, made singular progress, spending most of her spare time in reading. She became acquainted with history and the works of the English poets, and devoted much attention to matters connected with religion. At length, as sometimes happens with brilliant pupils, illness, in the form of a spinal affection, obliged her to leave school. After being treated for some time in an hospital, she was taken home, and there speedily became worse. Being assailed with lock-jaw, she could obtain sustenance only from milk, poured into her mouth; and this was taken in such small quantities, that her death was daily expected. Still she lived on for many weeks, though deprived, it was alleged, of the powers of seeing and hearing. At midsummer 1851, she recovered from lock-jaw, but continued, as was given out, to live without solid food.

The case now attracted general attention, and many persons came to see her. They found her in a humble apartment, placed on a bed with pillows to raise her head, and carefully attended by her parents. Her air of resignation, a spiritual grace beaming from her countenance, and the high tone of her religious expressions, added to the interest excited by her alleged abstinence from solid food. Her prayers were particularly admired for beauty of language, as well as elevation of thought. She told her visitors that she had had a vision of angels, and one of them had undertaken to be her guardian. She prayed that, for the confirmation of her tale, some manifestation might be made by this tutelary spirit; and in time this prayer appeared to be granted. A small drinking-glass of antique construction, which stood by her bedside, seemed to give forth faint sounds, which she said were produced by her angel brushing it with his wing. The visitors, especially such as were of a devout frame of mind, listened with wonder to these sounds, and many became convinced that a true cause had been assigned to them.

All through the winter of 1851-2, Elizabeth Squirrell continued in this state, an object of infinite local wonder, though not as yet alluded to in the public prints. At length, early in summer, her mother announced that the milk had ceased to nourish her, and she thenceforward lived without food of any kind. This of course increased the public curiosity, and an immense afflux of visitors was the consequence. Some of these, almost as a matter of course, gave money to the mother, and it has been alleged that a considerable revenue was thus realised by the family; but, on the other hand, the mother has indignantly denied this allegation, and stated that the whole sum did not exceed £7. Clergymen, and other persons of the upper ranks of society, were among the visitors of the Squirrell cottage, and all came away with a feeling of deepened interest, owing as much to the beautiful expressions which flowed from the child's lips, as to anything of a more marvellous nature connected with her. On being asked when her present extraordinary

state would end, she said: 'Oh, in my triumphant entrance into glory!'

As might be expected, many of the visitors beheld the whole case with something more than doubt, and were anxious to subject its genuineness to some decided test. It was arranged that two women should remain with the girl as a watch for a week. They did so, one relieving guard with the other, and, at the end of the appointed term, returned with the report, that no food had passed the child's lips during that time. Doubts being still entertained, it was resolved by a committee of gentlemen, that they should themselves mount guard upon the bed of the ecstatic, and minutely chronicle every event that took place. This watch was commenced on Saturday the 21st of August by two gentlemen, who remained at the cottage till the ensuing Thursday, without observing anything of a suspicious nature. They were then relieved by two clergymen, Messrs Webb and Whitby, the former of whom was more than usually sceptical. While Mr Webb was absent for a walk, the father came into the child's apartment, and, addressing Mr Whitby complainingly on the scepticism which had been shewn regarding his daughter, proposed that they should seek the blessing of God. He immediately commenced a prayer of great fervour, which extended to a considerable length. In the midst of it, the suspicions of Mr Whitby were excited by a circumstance, of which Mr Webb was likewise disagreeably sensible the moment he re-entered the room. Nevertheless, on the bed being searched by the nurses, nothing unusual was discovered. The watchers, being still unsatisfied, called in a medical gentleman, named Frances, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and a new search was instituted. It ended in the discovery of a bundle between the child's arm and body, and which she made great efforts first to conceal, and finally to retain. On its being opened, upwards of twenty pieces of old dress were found, offering indubitable evidence that digestion had taken place, and, consequently, that food must have been received by the stomach. The parents seemed overwhelmed by this discovery; but Elizabeth only folded her hands, and said: 'I commit myself to the care of my guardian angel, and know that God will take care of me.'

The watching committee now quitted its charge, under the belief, that sufficient evidence had been found that the child did not live without food. The Squirrells made efforts, through the newspapers, to arrest the judgment pronounced against them by the public; and a medical gentleman, named Matcham, announced his conviction, that the testimony against the girl was at least defective; pointing particularly to the fact, that the evidence of the cloths did not apply to a recent date. The decision of the watching committee, as expressed in a report they drew up, nevertheless was, that Elizabeth Squirrell did not practise that system of total abstinence from food which she pretended to, and that she was capable of both seeing and hearing.

It does not appear that this decision has either stopped the child in her course of deception, or settled the curiosity or the faith of the public in regard to the case. Two or three weeks after the events above detailed, the Rev. Mr Erskine Neale paid her a visit, which he has described in a volume recently published by him.* We give his statement, with a little abridgment: 'I found Elizabeth,' says he, 'lying on her low pallet-bed, in a small but neatly-arranged room, on the ground-floor of a little cottage, encircled with a garden. The hour was early, but a group of visitors was assembled round her. The attendance she needed was supplied by her mother, who stood at the back of her bed, ministering kindly and sedulously to her wants. The appearance of this widely-controverted personage, by some so greatly caressed, by others so severely stigma-

tised, is beyond question most prepossessing. She had a very gentle, intellectual, and highly devotional cast of countenance; and her voice, clear, sweet, and touching in its tones, is susceptible of very effective and very impressive modulation. The day was warm, and a parasol lay open upon the bed, to which her mother told me recourse was had to screen her from the light. This, to a person perfectly blind, seemed to me a superfluous precaution; and I said as much. The explanation given was, that the sensitiveness of her skin was extreme; and that the sun's rays seemed to scorch her where they fell. Her countenance was plump; her skin moist and warm; pulse, 85; and what struck me as most unusual, after such lengthened and close confinement to her couch, no excoriation or abrasion of the skin appeared. She complained of. By her side was the old-fashioned drinking-glass, of which so much has been said; which rang out when brushed by an angel's wing, and audibly gave response to prayer! It stood on a little deal-box by her bedside, containing letters and papers and manuscripts, among which was a letter to Elizabeth from the Rev. Thomas Spencer, the temperance advocate, couched in the kindest and most sympathising terms. Our interview was long, for I wished to arrive at some definite conclusion, and thought it sad, that if a case of well-contrived imposture, religion should be so largely mixed up with its details. I asked her—the finger-alphabet was used—whether she thought she should ever eat again? She replied with emphasis, and with an expression of countenance very animated and very pleasing: "Never, never, till I eat of the new bread, and drink of the new wine, in the kingdom of my Father." Now, if the whole affair was based on fraud, there seemed something frightfully blasphemous in this reply. I looked at her again. Her face bore no trace of emaciation. No mark of suffering, or pain, or famine was visible. It was the plump, fleshy face of a smiling, happy girl. She went on after a pause. "I loathe food altogether. The very sight of it disturbs me. Far from wishing to partake of food, the very mention of it disgusts me." The mother then added, deliberately and firmly: "Nothing, either solid or liquid, I solemnly declare, has passed my poor girl's lips for seventeen weeks." The next question was:—"What object do you think the SUPREME has to answer by keeping you in this state?" "To make His power known; to shew what He can do; to shew that, with food or without it, He can support the frame." "Do you wish to be released?" After a pause: "I have no wish at all on the subject. I form none. My only wish is to lie passive in the hands of God, to do and suffer His will. If the moving of a finger would suffice to alter my state, to restore me or to release me, I would not make the effort. Sufficient for me to know I am in MY FATHER'S HANDS!" The calm, gentle, and submissive tone in which this was uttered was very touching, and the uplifted eye and devotional expression with which it closed carried the feelings of her hearers involuntarily with the speaker. If acting, no Siddons need have disdained it! . . . Her mother then, with considerable tact, as if to escape from a painful subject, and divert her daughter's thoughts, asked Elizabeth to repeat her poem on blindness. She complied. The lines were not many, but the images they embodied were striking, and recited as they were with good taste and emphasis, and in a full melodious voice, told greatly in her favour. (One of the party asked her—the mother interpreting by means of the finger-alphabet—whether time did not pass heavily during this long confinement. She replied: "No; I am constantly attended by my guardian angel. I see him now. Closely, most closely connected are the visible and the invisible world. You can form no idea of the beauty and earnestness of the countenances of the angelic host. One of that glorious

* *The Summer and Winter of the Soul.*

retinue is always hovering around me. *He is with me now.*" This was said calmly, slowly, and impressively; without any rant, or any mock display of feeling, but as the deep and settled conviction of a thoughtful mind. This introduced the subject of the glass. . . . The mother of Elizabeth said it had belonged to her parents. While examining it, one of the party put this question to the sufferer: "Do you consider your life as prolonged or sustained by supernatural influence?" "No, no," was the answer: "I have always objected to that conclusion." "What, then, sustains you?" "The air: I feed on that, and that alone." She then added: "But the question, the material question, is this: Do I or do I not hold spiritual and intimate communication with Heaven? I maintain solemnly that I do." The tone and earnestness with which this latter asseveration was made were remarkable. The gentleman before alluded to—I know not his name, but for distinction's sake let us call him "Mr Grey"—here said: "This glass, and the legend connected with it, throw great doubts on your story. It is a stumbling-block with many. Why not remove the glass elsewhere? Place it, let me suggest, in some other corner of the house." This advice was communicated to Elizabeth, who said, with much dignity and emphasis: "No: it SHALL NOT be moved. Its place is by my side. There it received direct communications from Heaven, and there it shall remain." Mr Grey then proposed to take it away, or to break it then and there, promising both mother and daughter that he would replace it by another, or give them its value in money. . . . The mother communicated this proposal to Elizabeth. In most peremptory terms, she forbade the exchange, and declared in unequivocal language how distressing the destruction of the glass would be to her; adding: "It has been the honoured medium of communication between Heaven and myself, and its destruction would be heinous sin." In the unwillingness of the daughter that the glass should be removed, destroyed, or in the slightest degree injured, the mother vehemently coincided. The interview had now lasted nearly three hours, and I took my leave with saddened feelings. It was a grievous spectacle. Before me was a noble intellect. Intimate knowledge of Scripture—the great command of *fiction*—an imagination fertile in images—and a most winning and graceful delivery—all these were there, and each and all wrecked hopelessly and irretrievably. The web of deceit was woven around all. I was convinced she saw. I was convinced she heard. How she was sustained in being without food was a medical question: with that I had nothing to do.

It is difficult to imagine the state of mind, a mixture of religious exaltation, vanity, and love of excitement, which can lead a young person into a course attended by so much personal inconvenience, and in which detection is so probable in the long-run, and so certain to be attended with a crushing effect. But we know very well that such things are within the compass of human nature. There is one proof of the subjective character of all such phenomena, which we wonder has never been thought of by any of the good people who have gone to see Elizabeth Squirrell. When such a case happens on the continent, the patient always has visits of the Virgin Mary. Now, Squirrell's other-world experiences are all of a strictly Protestant order. A Squirrell in Italy would probably have had 'the five wounds' marked in the appropriate parts of her person. Squirrell, in Suffolk, only sees an angel; she is strictly evangelical in her illusions or deludings. This might be a lesson, too, for the worthy people who are so often imposed upon by ecstasies in Catholic countries—namely, that the analogous persons in England never see the Virgin, and never manifest any especial tendency to miraculous representations of the physical sufferings of Christ; things which, as is well known,

are much more dwelt on in their literal character by Catholics than by Protestants.

As for the deception in question, it is not worth while pursuing its history further. We may just mention, however, that at a meeting in Ipswich, held for the purpose of examining the phrenological character of the girl's head, a circumstance was mentioned which was conclusive even with the most credulous. The wife of a dyer stated, that she had called at the house one day and left a veil, which had been under her husband's treatment. Having occasion to return in a few minutes, she entered the room suddenly, and found the blind saint with a mirror before her adjusting the veil on her head and shoulders!

IDEAS ABOUT THE DIGGINGS.

A FILE of newspapers from Melbourne and Geelong has come to hand, and affords matter of curious remark. The first thing which strikes one with surprise, is the large size of these papers, and the extent of their advertisements. We have towns in Great Britain more than a thousand years old, which cannot, or at least do not, produce a news-sheet of any kind, and for the most part, our provincial press is not on a flourishing footing. A twice or thrice a week newspaper of four pages is rather a considerable thing out of London. Edinburgh, with a population of 160,000 inhabitants, and priding itself on being a capital, as well as a place of literary taste, does not possess a single daily paper. Now, here lies before us a newspaper, from Melbourne, comprising eight pages, and purporting to be published daily—a paper, in fact, as large as the *Times*, if not larger; for we observe that one of the numbers—that for Friday, July 23—extends to twelve pages. Yet the place of publication is a town of yesterday, and only of 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. To be sure, the cost of production has something to do with these magnificent proportions of the Australian press. The sheets have no stamp, the advertisements are free from duty, and there is no tax on paper; but for the dearthness of labour, we presume they might be even lower than threepence, which is the cost of the sheet before us.

The true explanation of the phenomenon, is the prodigious and unexampled activity—mental, social, and physical—which prevails in the seat of production. In the old country, it may be said that a large proportion of time is spent either in doing nothing, or in a species of sham-work. Some are labouring too toilsomely—more so, indeed, than is good for either mind or body—but vast numbers among us, particularly in country towns, are wearing away their existence in little better than a make-believe kind of employment—growing old in idleness, and bequeathing only a condition of struggle and poverty to their children. Here, life creeps; there, it is at full gallop. Not, however, that life is best spent at a highly accelerated rate of speed. Men should have time for thought, as well as for work. But there can be no objection to a proper packing of existence, and making the best of one's time. The difference just seems to be this: that what we should take half a year to think of, a man of business in Melbourne would knock off in ten minutes.

Besides this strange activity in general operations, there is another social feature in the region of the diggings which must strike new-comers as remarkable: this is the thorough upbreak of old conventionalities. Our division into classes, our etiquette in dressing and in manners, our notions of respectability, our ideas of comfort—are all revolutionised. Servants are as good as masters; shaving and shoe-blackening are obsolete practices; and every man eats, sleeps, and lives just as it suits his fancy. Then such terrible appetites the gold-diggers seem to possess! A man will

A whole leg of mutton for dinner, and the quantity that is consumed is almost incredible. We think it a fair thing; but in the Australian wilds, tea is drunk by the gallon. And this prodigious consumption of solids and fluids leads to the belief, that nature is, there, altogether fresher and more vigorous. The very relish of bare existence is spoken of as remarkable in these new settlements. Here, everything that meets the eye, seems to be hackneyed and worn out; and nature itself fatigued. There, all is fresh, vigorous, and full of hope. Life, even semi-barbarous, is described as full of pleasure. One really comes to the conclusion, that too much refinement is not quite sound philosophy. It will not do to wire-draw things too much.

But to return to the papers from Australia. After noticing their large dimensions, we observe, as the next thing remarkable, that their columns are crowded with advertisements about gold. Hundreds of advertisers state in brief terms, that 'the highest cash-price is given for gold by the subscribers.' Some advertisements are at greater length—as, for example: 'Important Notice to Gold-sellers.—The undersigned, seeing the necessity that exists for the establishment of a gold-weighting office, for the accommodation and protection of the gold-seller, have this day opened an office for the purpose of cleaning and weighing gold. The gold, after being cleaned in the presence of the owner, and weighed to the greatest nicety, will be put into a bag and sealed, with ticket of weight attached thereto, which will enable the owner to ascertain the exact quantity he has on hand, and protect him from fraud. Charge—under 50 oz., 1s. 6d.; above 50 oz., 3s. Casper & Wolff, Moorabool Street, Geelong.' A great number of advertisements likewise make known to gold-seekers, that they can be supplied with every requisite for the diggings—'real gold picks, ditto shovels, cradles, tarpaulins, kettles, tin mugs, pistols, powder and shot, and every sort of grocery.' Much of the editorial matter in these Australian papers is also about gold—its market-price, accounts of new diggings, and discussions on the establishment of a colonial mint. The following miscellaneous scraps will perhaps afford a little amusement:—

In the *Argus*, a Melbourne newspaper for July 27, we find the following from a correspondent, dated Forest Creek, Mount Alexander, July 16:—

'Turn as you would in March last, you would see the tents almost crammed together; now, you see very comfortable huts and houses, but not so many by far as tents then. Instead of a want of water, which then existed, you now find that there is no scarcity whatever—the creek running and rising every day, and the claims being abandoned through the intrusion of that element. But, in general, things are not so stirring. What a difference in the roads too! In March, a dray could safely reach here from Melbourne in a week at the outside; now, a dray may start, and doing their best, would take a month or five weeks. I was under the necessity of camping with one on Tuesday night last; and the driver declared to me, that though only a distance of thirty miles from town, it had taken him a fortnight to reach there; and there are numbers similarly situated—the cause purely that of the bad roads.

'A party of scoundrels went into a tent a few nights ago, or rather an unfinished store, and after "treating" the man in charge to a glass of grog, with the intention of hussling him, they departed to watch the operation of the dose; and finding, after a short time, that it did not act, they returned, and meeting with resistance from him in their attempt to rob the store, they fired a pistol at him, the contents tearing away the under-jaw and some of his teeth. The police have succeeded in apprehending four men on suspicion, one of whom the wounded man has subsequently identified, and who

has proved to be a most notorious character on these diggings for some time past.

'A man was smothered in his hole to-day by the earth falling in. It appears his mates went to dinner as usual, and finding he did not follow them, went to the top of the hole, and calling out to him, they received no answer, upon which one of them went down, and was surprised to find about two tons of the earth fallen in; and after a little trouble in removing it, they succeeded in coming at the body of their companion, still warm, evidently but a very short time dead. The deceased was from Adelaide; but I have not ascertained his name.

'I have just heard that the bush-rangers are again stirring. In the neighbourhood of Kyneton, last night, they stopped a man on his way to town, and robbed him of twelve ounces of gold, besides other little things. There were four in this gang, and the one that took the gold from him was a lad, to appearance about seventeen years of age. On the Bendigo Road, a day or two ago, one of the mounted police, quite a young man, accidentally came across two of these gentry, and succeeded in capturing them with the timely assistance of the Adelaide escort, who happened to be on their way to the Bendigo, and came up at the time.'

Accounts of outrages by highwaymen are frequent in the papers before us. In the *Geelong Advertiser* for August 10, we see it stated that a party of these villains had been captured. The account of the affair reminds one of the state of England two hundred years ago. 'It is with much pleasure I communicate to you news of the apprehension of six gentlemen of the highway gang at Buninyong. One was taken about two o'clock in the morning of Friday the 6th instant, for attempting to effect an entrance into the dwelling-house of Mr Morse of this place; the other five were mounted and armed in true bush-ranging style, and with all the daring and effrontery so characteristic of their late exploits on the roads in this quarter, rode boldly into Buninyong on Saturday evening, the 7th instant, and divided their favours between Messrs Jamison and Selleck, the innkeepers here. In less than half an hour after their arrival, Mr W. B. Smith, our active chief-constable, was watching their movements; and, assisted by the chief-constable of Chesham, who happened to be here at the time, he succeeded, after a slight attempt at resistance, in apprehending three of this formidable party at the house of Mr Selleck, just as they were seated to supper; and it was truly pleasing to witness the commanding style in which Mr Chief Constable Smith executed this duty with decision and dispatch. The other two gentlemen of the party were quickly dished up in the same style, as they were retiring to bed at Mr Jamison's. The chief-constable forced open the door of the room, and ordered them into custody at once; these two made some show of resistance, and were armed with two pair of pistols, one of which was loaded, capped, and cocked; but they were speedily disarmed and secured. They were then marched off, and safely lodged in the hut, which serves as an apology for a court-house and lock-up at Buninyong.'

Further down the same paper, we have the following scrap relative to the diggings at Ballarat:—'Mr Christian, the escort-officer, is about to prepare for his sixth trip to Ballarat, with two extra pack-horses, making four altogether. It is this gentleman's opinion, that, long before Christmas, the weekly return from the diggings will be 20,000 ounces. Upwards of 700 licences were taken out on the 4th and 5th August instant, being an amount equal to the number that has averaged respectively for the months of May, June, and July, although only the half of the people digging had, on the above days, presented themselves before the commissioner. Mr Christian, finding last Wednesday that the gold would not be ready until Friday to

convey to town, employed himself, and the two or three troopers at his command, in scouring the Jim Crow Ranges; and, although out for forty-eight hours consecutively, met with no tidings of the marauders who have lately infested the ranges, but who have since happily been captured. He also reports that upwards of 1000 ounces had been left behind for want of means of conveyance.

A writer in the *Geelong Advertiser* of August 17 says: 'I have just seen a party returned from the Eagle Hawk Gully, via Koorong to the Eureka: they were stopped at the Ladden by the rise of that river for several days, and ultimately crossed it through the opportune assistance of a sailor, who constructed a raft of pine-logs; in crossing, one man was drowned. Arrived at Koorong, they found the reported diggings a hoax, and pushed on to the Daisy Hill, on Hall and M'Neil's station, recently purchased by Mr Bradshaw, the locality, it will be remembered, where a shepherd, some years ago, found a large piece of gold, which was exhibited in Melbourne. Daisy Hill is about fourteen miles from Burn Bank, and is contiguous to the "Overland Route" from Adelaide. Gold has been found here, and about forty parties are at work; but operations are impeded by the extreme wetness of the ground. Large nuggets are found on the surface, and my informant has brought one piece with him, which he kicked up accidentally as he was walking. He expressed an opinion that rich summer diggings would be found here, but thinks that the Koorong owed its transient reputation to the interested reports of sundry settlers in that vicinity. The escort is reported to be heavy, and will start, if the roads permit, to-morrow morning. I would advise all intending diggers to load as lightly as possible, for delay on the road would outweigh ten times the difference of price between town and here.'

In the Sydney and Melbourne papers of a date up to the 7th of September, accounts of fresh diggings in various quarters make their appearance. Of what are called the Northern Diggings, we have the following notice in a Sydney paper:—Snow, sleet, and rain have retarded the progress of our Northern diggers, yet many parties are earning splendid gains. At the Hanging Rock, one man obtained 20 oz. in two hours, and several are netting from L.8 to L.19 per week. Anderson's party took out one day 36½ oz., including a nugget weighing 19½ oz., and the next day 6 oz. A party of three sold the produce of eight weeks' labour for L.330. Many others are doing well. Rich dry diggings have been discovered near Dr Jenkins's head-station, which has caused a rush from the older diggings to them; and gold is found in every creek and gully emptying into Oakenville, Oakley, and Hurdle Creeks. We are happy to find, from an extract of a letter from Dr Jenkins, that many of the miners in this district are substantially benefiting themselves, and depositing their hard earnings in the savings-bank, and trust that their example will be followed by thousands of others amongst the fortunate gold-seekers. Considerable excitement exists in town with reference to our northern treasures, and many parties are fitting out.'

In the same paper occurs a notice of proceedings at Adelaide relative to a mint. 'Our friends at Adelaide are not satisfied to wait until a mint is legally established in the colonies, but are evidently disposed to take the bull by the horns, and establish one for themselves. They do not propose to coin sovereigns with the Queen's head upon them, but they propose to coin tokens of the value of 20s., which is as near an approach to it as could well be. An address had been presented to the government, bearing the signatures of twelve members of council, two managers of banks, and a hundred inhabitants, recommending the step, which had been favourably received, and was likely to be acted upon.'

The writer of a letter to the *Times* gives perhaps the most graphic account of the appearance presented by a digging settlement in full operation. He refers to Bendigo, which he approaches on horseback. On coming to the creek, what a scene!—'Here are trucks, drays, carts of every size, camped everywhere; people living under everything—the cricketer's tent, the gipsy-tent, the marquee, the tarpaulin, and even the umbrella. I arrived just about sundown, and pulling my horse up, looked round me with wild astonishment. There was Greenwich Fair extending for five miles; there were Richardson's, and the Crown and Anchor booth, turned into stores (it was easy to believe that Harlequin was round a tree, and that the music hadn't commenced); there were houses of lively colours on wheels, one of which I recognised as having formerly belonged to the Learned Pig, but is now let to a gentleman, who hangs out a sign, "Mr Wilson, Surgeon, &c. N.B.—Gold bought." But on getting closer, the holiday appearance, in spite of the flags—and they are many—is entirely removed: no fun of the fair, no laughing, no women; but rough men, hairy to a degree, rocking cradles with an earnestness you cannot imagine; mostly very serious, but some laughing as men laugh when they win at cards—a sure symptom that they are lucky, or have a "good hole." These holes are scattered about in all directions, and are, to the uninitiated, nothing more nor less than huge gravel-pits. Some go as deep as thirty feet, others only ten feet. Some parties—parties usually consist of five, including the cook—get disgusted, and knock off at five feet; in which case it is not unusual for the men in the next hole to take possession, and work out their claim. After a little trouble respecting a night's lodging, I was housed in a store. Here my mare was fed up to the eyes with oats, while I was forced down on an empty inverted tea-chest, and told to "go in" to an extemporaneous collation of beefsteaks, cold ham, Dutch cheese, sardines, pickles, and damper. The request to make myself at home was heartily given, and no less heartily responded to. I don't think I ever made such a feed—my previous hunger had been aggravated by the bare possibility of my not being able to get anything to eat that night, and was perfectly overwhelming.

'But night is the time at the diggings: my night happened to be on a Saturday, and the store presented the same appearance as a shop in Whitechapel would do on the same evening. I suppose there were never less than fifteen people before the counter up to twelve o'clock, pitching down their bank-notes, taking up their change—which I observed they seldom counted—and departing. The mode of doing business, too, was original: if the vender hadn't the small-change required, he threw in a piece of tobacco or soap, or anything else that was handy, quite irrespective of the wants of his customer. This was always accepted with a good-humoured nod, and an "all right."

'It must require a considerable amount of nerve to keep a store in these diggings, for there is no police protection to speak of; and yet outrages in the diggings are unheard of. The great secret appears to lie in the fact of every one being successful. I had some conversation with a very decent man, who had his little boy of seven years old working with him. He shewed me the result of that one day's labour, and it was just contained in one of those large upright lucifer-match boxes—I suppose in weight about five ounces, worth L.17. Previously to going to bed, I took a pipe, and strolled about outside; the sight was really beautiful, realising one's idea of an immense army encamped—fires burning all round, and glimmering like stars high up in the ranges.

'The store closed at last, and we retired to rest, or to an attempt at it. I had no sooner got quietly into my hammock, than bang went a gun off close to my head,

followed by a general volley: these were answered by other volleys at different distances, then more close by; and so on for three mortal hours, as if royal princes were being innocently born, or the army being suddenly engaged by some warlike Sikhs from the opposite hills. I looked over the hammock in some alarm, and inquired the cause of the demonstration. I was informed that, it being Saturday night, everybody discharged his firearms, so as to begin the week with fresh powder. And as everybody carries at least a six-barrelled revolver with him, the noise was in some measure accounted for. I got to sleep at last, and slept well, with the exception of once being awaked by my mare (over whom I was slung) rubbing against my hammock, and endeavouring to overturn me.

We learn from the Australian papers above referred to, that the discovery of new diggings causes a continual migration of excavators from place to place. Accounts of parties realising each from ten to twenty ounces of gold in a day, are now quite common. Single individuals are clearing £100 a week; and some are picking up ten times that amount. Twenty expert miners from South Australia are said to have realised £30,000 in a fortnight. It would appear that the Mount Alexander and Ballarat diggings still continue to be the most productive; but fresh discoveries are changing the relative character of every scene of excavation. The whole gold exported from the three colonies amounted to upwards of £8,000,000 sterling in the beginning of September. The probability is, that, in a year hence, the yield of gold in Australia will have been three times that amount. To all appearance, the quantity of the precious metal to be gathered is illimitable. As yet, the raw material has been shipped to England for coinage; but it is obvious that an expedient so very tedious and clumsy cannot long be endured. The newly-discovered wealth must inevitably be expended in the regions where it is found. All we get of it is in exchange for goods. Great, therefore, will be the advantages to the home-trade, and considerable the influence in raising the value of property. But in a greater degree will the colonies in question rise into importance and prosperity. Unhappily, their comfort seems to be dreadfully broken in upon by persons of disorderly habits; and the want of vigour in curing the evil reflects little credit on the authorities. Yet this cannot go on long. A remedy will be found in a way which the home government perhaps does not expect.

BELL-VOICES.

Who does not love the airy voices, full of sweetness and sadness, that float from the village belfry at eventide?—harmonising with the solemnity of summer twilight, gaining from it and bestowing a mysterious charm—calling on us to forget the hurry and bustle of the present—

The vexed pulse of this feverish age—

and to suffer our fancy to be borne back to the quaint old past, the period of their glory, when each bell possessed a distinct individuality, and was not, as it now is, a nameless thing, lost in the generality of the chime.

See! rising before us, amid the shades of time, the beautiful abbey of Croyland, in the old Saxon age, newly sprung from the ruins to which the Danes had reduced it; and endowed by its abbot, the worthy Egelric, with a chime of six bells, which are about to receive the honour—strange, and surely irreverent when so conferred—of christening! Saxon thanes, wondering and admiring churls, are assembled to witness the ceremony; rich gossips or sponsors hold the ropes, while the reverend abbot, surrounded by his brethren, sprinkles each separate bell with holy-water, and, in the name of the Holy Trinity, bestows on it a distinct

appellation. Thus the two largest are called Bartholomew and Bethel; the two next in size Turketul—the name of the previous abbot—and Tatvirm; the two smallest, Pegam and Begam. Gorgeous coverings are then thrown over them, and the gossips make costly gifts to the abbey: 'for the bells.' Probably they each bear some pious or pithy inscription, as baptised bells generally did, which the simple peasantry might fancy they could distinguish in their varied tones when rung; perchance some such simple and holy legend as that to which Wordsworth alludes in the *White Doe of Rylston*:

When the bells of Rylston played
Their Sabbath music—*God us ayde*—
(That was the sound they seemed to speak)
Inscriptive legend, which I ween
May on those holy bells be seen.

Besides the individuality which this 'naming' bestowed on the bells, it was supposed likewise to confer on them wonderful and supernatural powers. They were thenceforward believed capable of banishing, by their airy voices, the malignant fiends that hovered round the bed of the dying, to waylay and trouble the departing soul; for it was thought that no spirit of evil dared venture within the charmed circle of their sounds. Consequently, the louder and further spreading their reverberations, the better; and it was common for devout persons, in furtherance of this charitable purpose, to bestow bells of mighty size upon abbeys and churches. St Dunstan gave some to Malmesbury Abbey, 'of a size then wonderful and strange in England;' and we read of one bell, a gift to the cathedral of Canterbury, which required thirty-two men to ring it. They were believed to have a fondness for their own church-tower, the spot of their consecration; and if a bell was removed from it, it was said that its voice would steal back at midnight to its old home, and wail mournfully around. So firmly rooted was the popular faith in this pretty and fanciful superstition, that it was judged expedient to humour a transplanted bell by exercising it every evening, and likewise to secure it with a strong chain or rope at night!—a strange blending of the ideal and material in the imaginations of our simple forefathers.

They were wise and revered counsellors, too, the bells, in those days. Who does not remember the good influence they exercised over the errant spirit of Sir Richard Whittington?

Turn again, Whittington,
Thou worthy citizen,
Lord Mayor of London,

as the glee has it. And who is ignorant of the wonderful manner in which they also stayed the steps of St Catherine of Ledbury?—which latter marvel of the bells Wordsworth thus prettily recounts:

When human touch (as monkish books attest)
Nor was applied, yor could be, Ledbury bells
Broke forth in concert, flung adown the dells
And upward high as Malvern's cloudy crest,
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble lady blest
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved mistress; soon the music died,
And Catherine said: 'Here set I up my rest.'
Warned by a dream, the wanderer long had sought
A home, that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed; she heard it now, and felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt,
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

Who has not, in fact, imagined that he heard inarticulate and yet intelligible communications from these dear and strange familiars? For our own part, we think Whittington as much owed his elevation to Bow Bells as Macbeth did his ill-gained dignity to the Weird Sisters. In both cases, the magic voices did but

develop the latent ambition of the men, but who shall say whether it would ever have been developed without them? Sir Richard owed a full chime of silver bells, at least, to Bow Church, and we regret it is not on record that he thus expressed his gratitude to them. He devised, however, by his will two tenements in Hosier Lane, 'for the ringing of the tenor-bell of Bow Church every morning at six o'clock, and every evening at eight;' with regard to which bequest, there has come down to us the following jingle of old rhymes—

Apprentices (discontented at the late ringing of Bow Bell)—

Clerk of the Bow Bell,
With thy yellow locks,
For thy late ringing
Thy head shall have knocks
Clerk. Children of Cheap,
Hold you all still,
For you shall hear Bow Bell
Rung at your will

But it is not all ears that can rightly interpret the secrets whispered by the bell-voices! One may hear them quite wrong, especially if one listens with a hearing dulled by prejudice or passion—then their sound is very liable to be mistaken, as indeed all voices are. Thus an Irish peasant—who, asking his priest for counsel touching his marriage was by him mortally referred to the bells—heard them distinctly advise him in the most melodious chime to

Hasten take his Mary home,

but found the injunction so injudicious when acted on, that he brought a formal complaint against his advisers to the good father. Upon this he was told he must have been mistaken, and had better listen again. Alas! now they said as plainly as bells could speak

On no account take Mary home—
Slattern and scold is Mary Brown!

Anchorets were great patrons of bells, and, considering the powerful auxiliaries they must have found them in the frequent personal conflicts with the Devil. One, to which they were subject, we cannot marvel at their love for the friendly voices—not to speak of their use in summoning assistance in cases of extraordinary difficulty or need. Southey has a pretty passage touching an anchoret's bell. Henry the Hermit was an ancient man, who dwelt upon

A solitary islet, bleak and bare

occupying his time in repairing a ruined chapel built by some pious predecessor on the spot, and in prayer and penance, 'till his repented faults had become joys'

One night upon the shore his chapel bell
Was heard, the air was calm and its far sounds
Over the water came distinct and loud
Alarmed at that unusual hour to hear
Its toll irregular, a monk arose
And crossed to the island chapel on a tomb
Henry was sitting there, dead, cold, and stiff
The bell-rope in his hand, and, at his feet,
The lamp that streamed a long unsteady light

Sometimes a sound of bells was the token or warning of death. An instance is recorded by Bede of this superstition working its own fulfilment in the case of a susceptible and imaginative woman. The abbess of St Hilda being told that a sister of her order, staying in a distant nunnery, had been roused from slumber at midnight by the tolling of a ghostly 'soul-bell,' called all her nuns into the chapel, and bade them sing a solemn requiem for her (their mother's) soul, as their sister had received a heavenly warning that she must soon resign her rule over them. As in the case of Mozart's requiem, the strong belief became by its own power prophetic, and the poor lady died.

Scott tells us something à propos of this superstition

in *Marmion*, and the notes to it. 'Is it not strange,' says Marmion,

'That as ye sang,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung—
Such as in nunneries they toll
For a departing sister's soul?
Say what may this portend?'
Then first the Palmer silence broke
(The livelong day he had not spoke)—
'The death of a dear friend'

'Among other omens among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "death-bell," that tinkling in the ears which the country-people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease.'—*Note to Marmion*

The preceding canto tells us, that at the same instant in which the conscience of the baron is thus startled, the abbot and abbess, after dooming Constance to death—

Bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung—
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung,
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the waktful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said
'So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listened before aside, blind,
Then couched him down best he the hind,
And quaked amid the mountain firm
To hear that sound so dull and stern

This beautiful description of a midnight knell—of all sounds, perhaps the most thrilling at such an hour—draws our attention to the purpose for which, in addition to its supposed fending, the passing bell was rung—that is to call on all good Christians to aid a departing spirit with their prayers. The death scene of the Lady Catherine Grey prettily illustrates this use of the bell-voice.

'When she lay a dying in the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton the lieutenant, perceiving her draw towards her end, said to Mr Boklum, "Were it not best to send to the church that the bell may be rung?" And she herself hearing him, said, "Good Sir Owen, let it be so. Then immediately perceiving her end to be drawing near, she entered into prayer and said, "O Lord! into thy hands I commend my soul. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, and so putting down her eyes with her own hands, she yielded unto God her meek spirit at nine of the clock in the morning, the 27 of January 1567."—*Her Original Manuscript Letters*

Probably because it had its origin in some of the kindest feelings of our nature, this custom still lingers amongst us, and we have ourselves heard the voice in some of the rural districts of England—a 'sullen bell,' as Shakespeare says,

Remember'd knolling a departing friend

Another of the gifts supposed to be bestowed by bell-baptism, was the power of dispelling storms of wind and thunder. There is an inscription on an old bell at Nurnberg to this effect

By name I MARY called am, with sound I put to flight
The thunder craches and hurtful storms, and every
wicked sight

And other more authentic records of bells being put to this use are to be found. There is an entry in the churchwarden's books at Sandwich (date, 1464), for meat and drink bestowed on 'the ryngers in the great thunderyng.' Aubrey tells us in his *Miscellanies*, that, 'when it thur red or lightened, they did ring St Adelm's bell at Malmesbury,' and in the *Burnyng of Paul's Church in London*, we find enumerated

among other superstitions, 'ringing the hallowed bell in great tempests and lighteninges.'

The next bell-voice ringing that comes to our mind, is one now associated with peaceful and pleasing impressions, but which once upon a time smote on every Saxon ear with a harsh, unwelcome tone—sounding not only the requiem of departing day, but that of lost freedom, good-fellowship, wood-fires, and torches—all of which were quenched by its airy commandment. O good King Alfred! how came you to invent a use for our bells, which might be made such an instrument of tyranny? For, gentle reader, William the Norman did not invent the curfew—he only misapplied it. An old record tells us, that King Alfred (the restorer of the university) ordered a bell to be rung in Oxford at eight o'clock every night; and ordained that all the inhabitants of the city, on hearing it, 'should cover up their fires and go to bed.'

This was doubtless only a necessary precaution against fires, which were frequent and fatal amongst the wooden dwellings of the period; but by the time the Norman seized on the sceptre of England, our ancestors had learned to sit up later, and eschewed the enforced obedience to a custom 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance;' and so earnest was their opposition to this bell, that the popularity-seeking Henry I. repealed his father's enactment respecting it three years after his accession to the throne. This tyrannous voice appears to have haunted the death-bed of him who had called forth its tones. We read, that when William the Conqueror 'lay a-dying,' the bells of a neighbouring church ringing for vespers, roused him from a kind of stupor, and he asked: 'If he were in England, and yonder the curfew ringing?' Being answered, that he was in his own Normandy, and that he heard the bell for evening-prayer, he charged them to bid the monks pray for his soul, and remained awhile sad and heavy. Perchance, the bell-voice smote on the dull ear of conscience, and reproached him for many a wrong.

One more incident touching the curfew. It chanced, about a hundred years ago, that a young lady, on the evening of her bridal-day, wandered forth in a similar spirit to that of the lady of the oak-chest, on a barren moor, near her friend's dwelling. Hurrying on, in gleeful sport, and crouching down behind the furze-bushes, lest her way might be tracked, she found herself at a distance from home, just as the short December day drew towards its close; and startled at the consequences of her game of hide-and-seek, endeavoured at once to retrace her steps. But to find the right road, on a trackless moor, in the gloaming, is no easy task. Confused, hurried, and alarmed, she took the wrong path, and lost her way. The early winter darkness closed in on her in the midst of the wide, shelterless waste; the wind rose, and blew bitterly cold round her carelessly-wrapped form; and to add to her distress, a snow-storm began. In those days, such spots were at times crossed by marauders, or gentlemen of the road, as highwaymen were styled; and she was threatened with this danger, as well as by the peril of exposure to the severity of a winter-night. In despair and terror, she ran on; but found herself only further entangled in the waste. At last, exhausted by four or five hours' walking, and hopeless of finding her way, she sank on the ground, and resigned herself in an agony to her fate; when suddenly, faint and distant, but still distinct, a bell sounded in the distance. She rose and listened eagerly; it continued; and, with a joyful cry, she rose and followed its guidance. It was the curfew from a village near the side of the moor, and thither its welcome voice guided her. She reached it shortly after the tolling ceased, and there found shelter till the morrow. The alarm of her friends when she was missed, and the amazement and sorrow of the bridegroom, may be imagined, as well as their joy when the morning restored her to them unhurt. In memory of her

deliverance from the barren moor, the wedded pair shortly afterwards presented a chiming to the parish church; and at their death, bequeathed a sum of money for the matutinal and evening ringing of its tenor-bell, which is to this day continued.

Thus have we tried to commemorate the past glories and benefits of the bells; it remains for us to say something of their more modern praise and utility. Their fate is much changed; like everything human, they have felt the levelling influence of time. From being a distinguished race, bearing lofty names, and possessed of supernatural powers, they have sunk into a nameless and numerous family; still, to be sure, making a noise in the world, but having lost much of their *prestige* with people who, no longer believing in their supernatural qualifications, would laugh at the notion of a bell-ghost, looking on them merely as kindly neighbours whose voices are pleasant, but not remarkable. From the lofty steeples, their castles in the air, where they were literally as well as metaphorically looked up to, they have crept down into our houses, and become employed in the everyday business of life—call people to dinner as well as to church—and note the hurry and bustle of moving life on a railway as well as its end in the still church-yard.

And yet we love them still, albeit we, perhaps, respect them less. They are linked with our births, bridal, and burials, and with a great portion of our domestic comfort; and truly it would be a sad day for us if the bell-voices were to cease in our land. Long may they ring around our path, and may their chiming lament for a dying year, and their joyous, spirit-like welcome of a new, tell us of coming joy, peace, brotherly love, and intellectual progress; and, like Sir Richard Whittington, may we interpret their friendly but mysterious voices aright—

A merry Christmas evening,
And a happy coming year!

A HAPPY COMMUNITY.

WE are glad to have again an opportunity of welcoming to our fireside Captain Mayne Reid; especially since he brings with him a story about animals, for we hold him to be the very Landsker of living authors. It is obvious that he has seen the localities he describes, and become personally acquainted with their strange denizens; and it is with so healthy and natural a zest he plunges into scenes of adventure, that we are puzzled to tell whether imagination or memory is his guide.

The scene of the present volume,* like that of the *Desert Home* of last year, is laid in the great American Desert. The heroes are three boys, sons of a French naturalist settled in Louisiana; the story is a narrative of their adventures in search of a white buffalo, a specimen of which animal their father was extremely desirous of finding for Prince Lucien Bonaparte; and the adventures themselves are the conflicts of animals they witnessed, or engaged in, and, finally, their capture by a tribe of Indians, melodramatic escape, and return home to their father with the prize they had risked and suffered so much to obtain. It is difficult to select for extract a specimen of this really original work, the passages deserving the distinction being so numerous. Shall we tell about the leaping tarentula, as large as the humming-bird it hunted, netted, and killed?—or of the large clow of hair, or greyish wool, half-buried in the ground, which suddenly turned into a possum, and springing upon a hare which had stood wondering what the curious object might be, killed it as a single 'cranch'?—or of the grizzly bear which, being no climber, besieged the boys over so long at the foot of the trees on which they had taken refuge? No: we

* *The Boy Hunters, or Adventures in Search of a White Buffalo.* By Captain Mayne Reid. Bogue. London: 1853.

will rather take, as something still more curious, the description of a very large community of animals of various species, living naturally in a town of their own, somewhat after the fashion of the Happy Family.

The town was in the midst of the desert, and the houses consisted of little mounds, about three feet in diameter at the base, and not more than two in height. They might have been thousands in number, or any number of thousands, for they covered the level desert towards three of the four cardinal points as far as the eye could reach. These dwellings were not new: they might have been very old, for they were clothed all round with smooth green turf, excepting the neighbourhood of the door-place, near the top. 'The inhabitants of these singular dwellings soon began to shew themselves. They had been terrified by the thundering tread of the steeds, and had hidden at their approach. All was now silent again, and they thought they might venture abroad. First one little snout peeped out, and then another, and another, until every hole had a head and a pair of sparkling eyes looking forth. After awhile, the owners of the heads became more courageous, and boldly stepped out of doors; and then could be seen hundreds of these strange creatures. They were of a reddish-brown colour, with breasts and bellies of a dirty white. Their bodies were about the size of the common gray squirrel, but their general appearance partook of the squirrel, the weasel, and the rat—all three of which they in some respects resembled, and yet were not like any of them. They were a distinct species of animals. They were marmots, that species known by the fanciful appellation of prairie-dogs (*Arctomys ludoviciana*). Their tails were very short, and not bushy, as those of squirrels; and, altogether, their bodies had not the graceful symmetry of these animals. In a short time, every mound had two or three on its top—for several individuals dwell together in the same house. Some sat upon all-fours, while others erected themselves on their hind-feet, and stood up like little bears or monkeys—all the while flourishing their tails, and uttering their tiny barking, that sounded like the squeak of a toy-dog. It is from this that they derive the name of prairie-dogs, for in nothing else do they resemble the canine species. Like all marmots—and there are many different kinds—they are innocent little creatures, and live upon grass, seeds, and roots. They must eat very little; and indeed it is a puzzle to naturalists how they sustain themselves. Their great "towns" near the Rocky Mountains are generally in barren tracts, where there is but a scanty herbage; and yet the inhabitants are never found more than half a mile from their dwellings. How, then, do thousands of them subsist on what little grass can grow in a pasture so circumscribed? This has not been explained, nor is it known why they choose these barren tracts for their dwelling-places in preference to the more fertile prairies. All these things await the study and observation of the historian of nature.'

These individuals formed the bulk of the inhabitants of the dog-town, as our author calls it—the common people, or working-classes, by whom the houses had doubtless been constructed; but there were other portions of the population quite as interesting in their way. Let us notice first the white owls, which burrow in the earth (*Strix unicollaris*), and were seen gliding silently about, or standing on the tops of the houses looking round them. These are the feudal aristocracy of the place, fallen a little into the arrear of time, and affecting old castles and such antiquated dwellings. They inhabit houses originally obtained by conquest from the prairie-dogs, but have suffered them to fall into dilapidation and decay. It is on antiquity they pride themselves, and being indulged in this, they live on very peaceable, but possibly very supercilious terms with their neighbours. Another order of the inhabitants was the ground rattlesnake (*Crotalus tereticausa*),

a class which, although powerful and therefore respectable, the rest of the community perhaps did not mix with on very easy terms. It is even said, that they have been found occasionally with the young of the prairie-dogs in their stomach; but this, we are inclined to hope, may have been the result of some peculiar and unfrequent temptation.

Next there were the lizards, that were seen in great numbers, scuttling about the mounds; then the land-tortoise (*Cistuda*), squatting upon the ground; and then the horned-frog (*Agama cornuta*), crawling slowly about—a hideous creature, half toad, half lizard in shape, and with the back, shoulders, and head, covered with thorn-like protuberances. All these were probably the lowest classes, the vagabonds and riff-raff of the population; and some of them, no doubt, fall a prey to the aristocratic owls. When the boy-adventurers came upon this place, they were at some loss how to proceed.

'As it was now afternoon, and the butte still appeared distant, they made but a short halt—just long enough to swallow a morsel of meat, and take a drink from their water-gourds, which, owing to the intense heat, were now better than half empty. Their animals already suffered from thirst; so, without delay, the young hunters got into their saddles, with the intention of continuing their journey.'

'Across the dog-town?' inquired François, who had mounted first. 'Shall we ride through it, or go round?'

'Here was a difficulty, indeed. The dog-town lay directly between them and the butte. To keep straight forward, they would have to ride through it. That would impede them to a considerable extent, as they could only ride slowly, and in zig-zag lines, without danger. To go round it, on the other hand, might lead them miles out of the way—perhaps many miles—for these marmot villages are frequently of large extent.'

'Let us go south a bit,' advised Lucien. 'Perhaps we may come to the end of it that way.'

'They all turned their horses for the south, and commenced riding in that direction. They rode for at least two miles, keeping along the border of the settlement; but they could still see it ahead, apparently stretching for miles further.'

'We have come the wrong way,' said Lucien; 'we might have done better had we turned north. We must cross it now; what say you, brothers?'

'All agreed to this; for it is not very pleasant to be going about when the goal of one's journey is within sight. So the heads of the horses were brought round once more facing the butte; and the party rode in among the mounds, and proceeded slowly, and with great caution. As they approached, the little dogs ran to their hillocks, barked at the intruders, shook their short tails, and then whisked themselves off into their holes. Whenever the party had got past, a hundred yards or so, the marmots would come forth again, and utter their tiny cough-like notes as before; so that, when our travellers were fairly into the town, they found themselves at all times in the centre of a barking circle.'

'The owls rose up before them, alighting at short distances; then, once more startled, they would fly further off, sometimes sailing away until out of sight, and sometimes, like the marmots, hiding themselves within the burrows. The rattlesnakes, too, betook themselves to the burrows, and so did the lizards and agamas. What appeared most strange was, that all of these creatures—marmots, owls, snakes, lizards, and agamas—were observed, when suddenly escaping, sometimes to enter the same mound! This our travellers witnessed more than once.'

The following is a description of the houses as given by one of the adventurers:—'The holes,' said he, 'had we time to dig them up, would be found to descend perpendicularly for two or three feet. They then run obliquely for several feet further, and end in a little

chamber, which is the real house of the marmot: I say the real house, for these cone-like mounds are only the entrances. They have been formed out of the earth brought up from below at the making of the burrows. As you see, this earth has not been allowed to lie in a neglected heap, such as rats and rabbits leave at the mouths of their burrows. On the contrary, it has been built up with great care, and beaten together by the marmots' feet until quite firm and smooth; and the grass has been allowed to grow over it, to save it from being washed down by rain. It is evident the animal does all this with design—just as beavers, in building their houses. Now, upon these mounds the marmots love to bask, and amuse themselves in the sun; and it is likely that they can watch their enemies better from this elevated position, and thus gain time to make good their retreat." Since the snakes occasionally kill the young marmots, it is inquired, what is to prevent them from killing the old ones too? They can enter the burrows with as much ease as the marmots themselves.

"That is true," was the reply, "but not half so nimbly; and perhaps the latter can even escape them within. The rattlesnake is a very slow crawler; and, besides, only strikes his prey when coiled up. Perhaps, in these subterranean galleries, he is still less able to capture it; and the old marmots may, after all, have some mode of defending both themselves and their young from his venomous attacks. As yet, very little is known of these creatures. The remote regions in which they are found place them beyond the observation of naturalists; and such of these as have visited their towns, have been only allowed time to make a hurried examination of them. They are very shy, rarely letting you get within range of a gun; they are, therefore, seldom shot at. Moreover, it takes great trouble to capture them by digging, on account of the depth of their burrows; and as their skins are not very valuable, and their flesh but a bite at best, they are not often molested by the hunter."

"But are they eatable?" inquired François.

"Yes," answered Lucien; "the Indians are very fond of their flesh, and eat it whenever they can conveniently get it; but, indeed, they will do the same for almost every living creature."

"What do marmots feed upon in winter when there is no grass for them?" inquired François.

"They then lie torpid. They have nests in their subterranean chambers, and curious nests these are. They are constructed of grass and roots, are as round as a globe, and so firmly woven together, that one of them might be kicked over the prairie like a football. The nest is within, with a small hole leading into it, just large enough to admit your finger; for when the marmot goes inside, he closes all up, except this little hole, through which he gets all the air he requires. In these snug beds they lie asleep during the cold season, and at that time are rarely seen outside their burrows."

"Conversing in this way, the young hunters rode on, keeping as far from the edges of the mounds as possible, lest the hoofs of their horses might sink in the excavated ground. They had ridden full five miles, and still the marmot village stretched before them! Still the dogs on all sides uttered their "choo-choo"—still the owls flapped silently up, and the rattlesnakes crawled across their track."

The lizard tribe, some members of which, we have seen, were citizens of the Happy Community, appear to be among the most various in the American desert. The chameleon mentioned at the commencement was a lizard, and so was an enemy which avenged the destruction of the tarantula.

"Look—brothers, look! A scorpion-lizard!"

Basil and Lucien cast their eyes where François pointed—up to the trunk of a tree that rose over the spot where the chameleon was crawling. About twenty

feet from the ground was a dark, round hole, evidently the former nest of the red-bellied woodpecker (*Picus Carolinus*). The birds, however, which made that nest had deserted it; for it was now occupied by a creature of a far different kind—a scorpion-lizard—whose red head and brown shoulders at the moment protruded from the hole.

All who have travelled the great American forests are familiar with such a sight, for this animal may be often observed in similar situations. A more disagreeable sight is rarely met with. The scorpion-lizard, with his red head and olive-brown body, is a hideous-looking reptile at best; but when thus peering from his gloomy tree-cave, moving his pointed snout from side to side, his dark eyes glancing all the while with a fierce, malignant expression, it is difficult to conceive a more vicious-looking creature.

His head was in motion when François spoke—for it was this that had caught the eye of the boy. It was moving from side to side, protruded from the hole, the snout pointing downwards. The animal was watching the ground below, and evidently preparing to issue forth, and come down. The chameleon, rustling over the dead leaves, had attracted his attention.

As quick as lightning, his whole body appeared upon the tree, and lay flat along the bark, head downwards. Here he halted for a moment; then, raising his shoulders, he ran nimbly down the trunk, and rushing outwards, sprang upon the chameleon. The latter, thus suddenly attacked, dropped the spider; and at first shewed an intention of retreating. Had he done so, the scorpion would have followed him no further—as its only object in attacking him was to rob him of his prey. The chameleon, however, is a courageous little animal; and seeing that his assailant was not much bigger than himself—for the animal in question was one of the smallest of the skink family—he turned again, and shewed fight. His throat swelled to its largest extent, and grew brighter than ever.

Both now stood facing each other, and about twelve inches apart, in threatening attitudes. Their eyes sparkled; their forked tongues shot forth, glittering in the sun; and their heads at intervals rose and fell, in a manoeuvring manner, like a pair of pugilists "coming to the scratch."

After a short while, they sprang at each other open-jawed; wriggled over the ground a moment, their tails flying in the air—then separated, and again assumed their defiant attitudes, manoeuvring as before. In this manner they met and parted several times, neither seeming to have gained much advantage.

The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is this appendage, that the slightest blow of a small switch will separate it from the body. The skink seemed to be aware of this fact, as he several times endeavoured to get around his antagonist, or, in military phraseology, to "turn" him. It was evidently his intention to attack the tail. This the chameleon dreaded, and was equally desirous not to be "out-flanked." In whatever way the skink manoeuvred, his antagonist met him with his scarlet front.

For several minutes the battle raged, these little creatures exhibiting as much fury and fierceness as if they had been a pair of great crocodiles. The chameleon at length began to shew symptoms of giving out. The throat grew paler, the green became less vivid, and it was evident that he was getting the worst of it. The scorpion now made a rush, and threw the other upon his back. Before the chameleon could recover himself, his antagonist seized his tail, and bit it off close to the body. The poor little fellow, feeling that he had lost more than half his length, scuttled away, and hid himself among the logs. The scorpion-lizard, however, in his turn met with retribution. While the fight was raging, a slight movement in the leaves above had attracted the attention of the boys. The next moment,

a red object was thrust downward, until a foot or so of it appeared hanging clear of the branches. It was about the thickness of a walking-stick; but the glistening scales and the elegant curving form told that this singular object was a serpent.

'It did not remain stationary. It was slowly and gradually letting itself down—for more of its body was every moment becoming visible, until a full yard of it hung out from the leaves. The remainder was hidden by the thick foliage, where its tail, no doubt, was coiled around a branch. That part of the body that was seen was of a uniform blood-red colour, though the belly, or under side, was much the lightest.' This was the red snake of the Rocky Mountains (*Coleber testacea*), and is found only in the Far West. 'The skink at this moment perceived the long red body of the serpent dangling above him; and knowing, from experience, a terrible enemy, ran off, endeavouring to hide himself in the grass. Instead of making for a tree—where he might have escaped by his superior nimbleness—his confusion and terror led him out into the open ground. The snake dropped from the mulberry and glided after, with his head raised high in the air, and his jaws wide open. In a second or two he overtook the lizard; and, striking forward and downward, killed it upon the spot.' The serpent in its turn becomes the prey of another animal; and so on, till the 'chain of destruction' is complete. We confess, however, we are better pleased, though less excited, by the picture of the dog-town, where lizards, snakes, owls, prairie-dogs, and other creatures of various races, live in what is, comparatively at least, a Happy Community.

We might easily fill our sheet with extracts as good as the above, for, in fact, the whole volume is quotable; but as we have no doubt it will be extensively read, both in England and America, we think it unnecessary to do more than refer our young readers, and old ones too, to the work itself.

MISUSED WORDS.

IN the trial of Mr Kirwan at Dublin for the murder of his wife—a most striking example, by the way, of a condemnation upon mere indignation at the imputed crime, and non-criminal circumstances connected with it, and not upon any evidence that could be rationally deemed conclusive—the phrase 'act and part' was reported as used by the supposed culprit. If we are not mistaken, this is the English form now current of a law-phrase of great antiquity in Scotland. If so, it is given incorrectly as regards the first word. The Scotch phrase is 'art and part,' and is thus defined by Erskine in his *Institutes*: 'One may be guilty of a crime, not only by perpetrating it, but by being accessory to, or abetting it; which is called, in the Roman law, *ope et consilio*, and in ours, *art and part*. By *art* is understood the mandate, instigation, or advice, that may have been given towards committing the crime: *part* expresses the share that one takes to himself in it by the aid or assistance which he gives the criminal in the execution of it.' That the phrase is of great antiquity in Scotland, is proved by its being used by Wyntoun in his *Chronicle*, a composition of the early part of the fifteenth century. When the Earl of Morton was accused of being art and part guilty of the murder of Darnley, he exclaimed: 'Art and part! God knows it is not so.' Some doubt may be entertained whether the first word in the phrase was not originally *airt*, the Scotch term for direction, referring, for example, to the way the wind blows: as in Burns, 'Of a' the *airts* the wind can blaw,' &c.; and also used as a verb, as where one speaks of being *airted*, that is, directed, in

a particular course. But certainly the word is not *act*, which virtually would stultify the phrase, seeing that its use lies in cases where something besides direct action is presumed.

There is a perpetual tendency thus to slide off from the right to some wrong word, under the influence of a misapprehension of the meaning, and often from mere whim or accident. We have one notable example in a verb descriptive of the parting of the hair. We hear a lady speaking of her hair being *shaded*, meaning laid in two opposite directions, with a line of division in the middle. Here she uses a term which has a totally different meaning of its own, but which, unfortunately, bears a resemblance to the word which should properly be used in the case. That word is *shed*, meaning to separate, and also to pour out and spill. The lady should say: 'I have shed my hair,' 'I like to wear my hair shed'; and so forth.

It is remarkable how apt the English people are to take up Scotch words in a wrong sense, and persist in using them so till habit becomes inveterate. By the word *plaid*, an Englishman understands a chequered kind of cloth. He speaks of a lady wearing a *plaid* gown, a *plaid* shawl, &c. Johnson gives a comfortable interpretation of the word. Strange to say, the word is never used in Scotland except as descriptive of a particular article of dress—a kind of mantle. This, indeed, is generally composed of a chequered kind of cloth; but a Scotchman would no more call the cloth *plaid*, than he would speak of kerseymere cloth as *gaiter* or *coat*. He calls it *tartan*, if it be of the well-known Highland cloth of diverse colours: where it is composed, as among the south-country shepherds, of a minutely chequered white and black fabric of soft texture, he has no particular name for the cloth at all, though, in no remote times, there was a home-spun stuff resembling that from which shepherds' plaids were made, and called on that account *plaiden*. Even the pronunciation given to *plaid* in the south—namely, *plad*—is disagreeable to a Scotchman's ear, being totally unauthorised by his own usage.

In England, the word *canny* is used regarding Scotchmen in an opprobrious sense, under which it is all but unknown in Scotland. Such and such a Scotchman is described as 'very canny,' meaning cunning or circumventing. As the word is Scotch, the Scotch should be best qualified to assign it its proper sense. Fundamentally, this is simply *knowing*, secondarily, prudent and sensible, then, obliquely, disposed to act in a gentle, conciliatory manner. Hence, when a Scotchman speaks of one of his neighbours as 'a canny man,' he means an inoffensive, worthy man, which is something very different from what the prejudiced Englishman intends when he speaks of 'Scotch canniness.' There is even, in Scotland, a higher favourable sense for the word, as when the common people speak of some old woman as 'surely no canny,' meaning something malign in character and action—in short, a witch.

There appears to be scarcely any word in the English language which is more generally misused by Englishmen than the active verb to *lay*. Superseded by it, the neuter verb to *lie*—expressive of being in a place—is almost out of use in conversation. We cannot say it were too much to assert, that nine-tenths of the middle class of people to the south of the Tweed say: 'I will lay on this sofa,' 'The book laid on the table,' instead of, 'I'll lie, and The book lay, which would be the proper phrases in those cases. Even a first-class newspaper will err on this point. In a leading article of the *Times*, April 6, 1849, it will be found the writer says: 'The case laid in a nut-shell.' But, so far from this being wonderful, we might rather be surprised that, considering the prevalence of the mistake in common speech, it does not occur oftener in literature, and especially in the hasty effusions of the political press.

CHESTERFIELD'S ROMANIST BEAUTY.

Who does not remember the felicitous lines of Chesterfield to a Romanist beauty who attended his vice-regal levy with an orange lily on her breast?—

Say, lovely traitor, where's the feast
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
When that same breast betraying shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?

This lady afterwards became Lady Palmer; and the following is a notice of her in extreme old age by the author of *Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian*:—"Seventy years afterwards, I was presented to her, at her residence in Henry Street, Dublin. Being informed by the friend to whom I owed the honour of my introduction to her ladyship, that I ought to make my bow to the gods of her idolatry—Lord Chesterfield and Napoleon—I acquitted myself so satisfactorily by a genuflection before the portraits of each, immediately after my obeisance to herself, that I obviously made upon the venerable lady, then upwards of ninety, a favourable impression. "You are fond of portraits, I perceive," said she; "there is another in the room: do you find it to resemble any person you have seen?" It was that of a lovely dark girl of eighteen or twenty. The truth flashed upon me, and I replied, with a bow of unaffected veneration: "A great deal, in the eyes especially;" and I spoke truly. I might have added that the fine aquiline nose remained; but ninety years had impaired its harmony with the other features, and reference to it in terms of admiration might have suggested to the still keen-witted lady that I presumed to flatter."

OXFORD PUNS.

Dr Barton, warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr Barton, we believe that the following is little known. As he was a man of remarkable insensibility, people told him everything that happened. A gentleman, coming one day into his room, told him that Dr Vowel was dead. "What!" said he, "Vowel dead? thank God it is neither *u* nor *i*." Dr Eveleigh, who with his family was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the master of Balliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century, to make his dying pun. Dr Eveleigh had recovered from some consumptive disorders by the use of egg diet, and had soon after married. Wetherall, the master of University College, went to Dr Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to discharge a pun which he had made. "Well, sir," said he, "Dr Eveleigh has been egged on to matrimony." "Has he," said Lee; "why, then, I hope the yoke will sit easy." In a few hours afterwards Dr Lee died. The yoke did sit easy on Dr Eveleigh, for he had a most amiable wife.—*Oxford Chronicle*.

BUSH COOKERY.

Here I was first initiated into the bush art of 'sticker-up' cookery, and for the benefit of all who go 'a-gipsying,' I will expound the mystery. The orthodox maternal here is of course kangaroo, a piece of which is divided nicely into cutlets, two or three inches broad, and a third of an inch thick. The next requisite is a straight clean stick, about four feet long, sharpened at both ends. On the narrow part of this, for the space of a foot or more, the cutlets are spitted at intervals, and on the end is placed a piece of delicately rosy fat bacon. The strong end of the stick-spit is now stuck fast and erect in the ground, close by the fire, to leeward; care being taken that it does not burn. Then the bacon on the summit of the spit, speedily softening in the genial blaze, drops a lubricating shower of rich and savoury tears on the leaner kangaroo cutlets below, which forthwith frizzle and steam and sputter with as much ado as if they were illustrious Christmas beef grilling in some London chop-house under the gratified nose of the expectant consumer. "And, gentlemen," as dear old Hardcastle would have said, if he had dined with us in the bush, "to men that are hungry, stick-up kangaroo and bacon are very good eating." Kangaroo is, in fact, very like hare.—*Mrs Meredith's Home in Tasmania*.

THE PRISONER OF SPEDLINS.

[A legend in the family of Sir William Jardine, Bart., of Applegarth, Dumfriesshire.]

To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh,
The Jardine he man ride;
He locks the gates behind him,
For lang he means to hide.

And he, nor any of his train,
While minding thus to flit,
Thinks of the weary prisoner,
Deep in the castle pit.

They were not gane a day, a day,
A day but barely four,
When neighbours spake of dismal cries
Were heard frae Spedlins Tower.

They mingled wi' the sigh o' trees,
And the thud-thud o' the lin;
But nae ane thought 'twas a decan man
That made that eldritch din.

At last they mind the gipsy loon,
In dungeon lay unfed;
But ere the castle key was got,
The gipsy loon was dead.

They found the wretch stretched out at length,
Upon the cold, cold stone,
With starting eyes and hollow cheek,
And arms peeled to the bone!

Now Spedlins is an eerie house,
For oft at mirk midnight,
The wail of Porteous' starving cry
Fills a' that house wi' fright.

'O let me out, O let me out,
Sharp hunger cuts me sore;
If ye suffer me to perish so,
I'll haunt you evermore!

O sad, sad was the Jardine then,
His heart was sorely smit;
Till he could wish himself had been
Left in that deadly pit.

But, 'Cheer ye,' cried his lady fair,
'Tis purpose makes the sin;
And where the heart has had no part,
God holds his creature clean.'

Then Jardine sought a holy man
To lay that vexing spite;
And for a week that holy man
Was praying day and night.

And all that time in Spedlins house
Was held a solemn fast,
Till the cries waxed low, and the bogle-bo
In the deep Red Sea was cast.

There lies a Bible in Spedlins ha',
And while it there shall lie,
Nae Jardine can tormented be
With Porteous' starving cry.

But Applegarth's an altered man—
He is no longer gay;
The thought o' Porteous clings to him
Unto his dying day.

R. C.

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THE CRY OF A THIRSTY SOUL.

We once enjoyed the acquaintance of a public man of some eminence, who used to take much more serviceable views of political questions than we were disposed to do; and on our remonstrating with him one day regarding the dangerous agitations in which he was engaged, pointing out to him the inflammability of the popular mind on which he was operating, he somewhat surprised us by expressing his serious conviction, that our fears were grounded upon an entire mistake. 'The public,' said he, 'so far from being easily excited on the subject of its wrongs, is remarkably torpid and indifferent about them; and the great difficulty of the reformer, is to get up any tolerable show of public discontent under grievances, and make people take the least trouble in getting these redressed.' We knew he spoke from a large experience, and was quite sincere; yet we had a difficulty in believing him at the time. Subsequent observation has convinced us, that there was a great deal of truth in what he said. It does now appear to us that, while a public once thoroughly excited is exceedingly unruly and dangerous, it will bear an immense amount of provocation before it will be thoroughly roused. And herein lies the great chance of all the knaves, impostors, quacks, bad rulers, and other agents of malign character who pretense upon it.

A remarkable example of its patience under wrongs, and wrongs in the tenderest quarter, is presented by the community of London in reference to one of the great pabula of its existence—its beer. Beer is a *right* element to a Londoner, but ranking second, only the air he breathes being more indispensable. Beer at coming, beer at parting day; beer at noon, and at dinner. Beer up stairs and down stairs; beer all along the streets. One sees it insinuating itself everywhere, but nowhere made a secret of, nowhere held in discredit: no, everybody admits, 'I must have my beer.' It is sanctified in the ballads and traditional feelings of the people, and is, in short, one of the institutions of England. Well, would anybody out of England believe that, in the country which first accepted the great doctrines of free-trade, the public is content to see this largely-used article made the subject of a monopoly which becomes equivalent to a tax in amount—a tax for the benefit of a few private tradesmen! Yet it is so.

The trade of brewing this liquor for the metropolis is mainly in the hands of twelve companies, who have very large establishments, and are understood to possess enormous capital. Their monopoly is chiefly maintained by their possessing themselves of the limited number of taverns which are licensed for the sale of

liquors in general. These houses become an essential part of the brewers' establishments, the tenants being virtually only their servants. Thus, agreeing among themselves as to a minimum price for their beer, they have it in their power to maintain it at that rate to the public, there being no effectual competition to bring it lower. Each tavern honestly proclaims the name of the house which is empowered to use it for the sale of beer, upon a conspicuous signboard, often erected in a costly manner upon a structure of wood; and it may give some idea of the vastness of the business in general, that the companies are understood to have twenty thousand pounds sunk in tavern signposts alone. A man disposed to try his fortune in the keeping of one of these taverns, can only enter upon his trade by a negotiation with the brewing company which possesses the house and the licence; agreeing of course to sell the beer of that company exclusively, and to pay for it at a certain rate. They supply an article which is allowed to be good of its kind; but the price is such in relation to the fixed retail-price, that he can make a remunerative profit for himself only by adulterating it. Thus that patient animal, the public, suffers in two ways—first, in paying an over-high price; and secondly, in getting a debased article.

The fulcrum of this tremendous monopoly rests in the licensing system. Partly with a view to the restriction of public immorality, and partly from considerations connected with the revenue, a limited number of houses are licensed to deal in liquors within the bounds of the metropolis. The justices of peace in court assembled decide how many houses shall have a licence for liquors generally, and where these shall be. Their objects being solely moral, they are perfectly content to see the brewers' houses reigning alone, so long as they do nothing to offend public decency. It appears that the Excise Commissioners can license houses only for the sale of beer, and have no inclination to restrict the numbers of such establishments; but practically this does not operate much against the brewers' monopoly, for when a house cannot likewise supply spirits and wines, it has a comparatively poor chance of thriving; and when one sets up near a tavern, it is generally run off the field by a temporary lowering of prices in the tavern. The whole system has been described in droll, but not the less true terms, by 'a Thirsty Soul' in the *Times*.

'Bill Swipes, better known as the Tooting Pet, a retired prize-fighter, having won a little money, applies to one of our beer-kings—say, Spigot, Firkins, & Co.—for a house.' The landlord of the Cyprian's Arms, in Shire Lane, having recently died, Spigot & Co. propose it to Swipes as peculiarly well calculated for him, for

is a notorious resort of the "dangerous classes;" and Swipes, from his previous pursuits and commanding physique, appears to them just the man to "stand no nonsense" in his bar. Indeed, were it not that the Cyprian's Arms belongs to such a wealthy and respectable firm as Spigot & Co., the bench of magistrates would have closed it long ago, its character is so uncommonly bad.

'After some bargaining, Spigot & Co. agree to put Swipes in. He has to pay so much down for fixtures and furniture, to pay so much half-yearly for rent, and he is to be accommodated on very easy terms with any further sums he may require for additional plate-glass windows, shining gaslights, and other attractive accessories to *delirium tremens* and vice. As soon as this bargain is concluded, he becomes the slave of Spigot, Firkins, & Co., who can sell him up whenever it suits them.

'He engages on his part to retail no malt liquor but theirs; and further, to retail it at a price dictated by them, which leaves him literally no profit on its sale unless he adulterates it. All his gains must, consequently, be made on the retail of wine, brandy, rum, gin, cider, and perry, and on such other refreshments, solid and liquid, as his customers may require, and on the adulteration of Spigot & Co.'s Entire.

'At first, he gets on very well if he is sober, industrious, and knows how to modulate pure porter into "cabman's mixture," after the most approved fashion.

'At last, a modest beer-shop is opened close by. Its Excise licence allows it only to sell malt liquor. Swipes forthwith ceases his adulterations, and betakes himself for a season to selling pure malt and hops at cost-price. He can obtain better porter than the beer-shop keeper can procure (for "the Twelve" will not deal with the beer-shops on the same terms as they do with the public-houses, and thereby drive them to deal with the small breweries in the suburbs), and he can sell it cheaper, because he has his profits on the retail of wine, spirits, and provisions to fall back upon, which the beer-shop keeper has not.

'Under such circumstances, it soon becomes evident to the poor beer-shop keeper that he cannot compete with Bill Swipes, backed as he is by "the Twelve" and the licensing magistrates, and he retires from the unequal conflict.

'Then Bill Swipes resumes the undisturbed concoction of "cabman's mixture" as before; and the magistrates observe to each other, the next time they meet, with much satisfaction, "that the failure of that objectionable beer-shop has clearly proved, that one public-house is amply sufficient for the requirements of the neighbourhood."'

An incidental effect of the monopoly, is a lowering of the character of the class of licensed victuallers, for of course respectable men, possessed of any means, will shrink from entering upon such a life of bondage. A subsequent communication of 'A Thirsty Soul' lays down this class of consequences pretty clearly. 'At this moment,' says he, 'the public-house line is the favourite haven in which superannuated pugilists anchor; and nobody will pretend that the public morals have been, or are likely to be, benefited from the connection of such a class of men as that with the retail trade in wine, ale, and spirits. I know at this moment a house conducted by one of the greatest ruffians that ever fought "a cross." It is a "sporting ken," the well-known resort of flat of the simplest and sharpest of the keenest temper. Its landlord is actually in jail; yet the house goes on, with its "free-and-easy," its bull-dog shows, and its sparring exhibitions, as usual, under the direction of his foreman. Indeed, there never has been any talk of shutting it up, for it belongs to Spigot, Firkins, & Co., and nobody can

doubt their respectability, inasmuch as Spigot and Firkins, and two of their "Co.," occupy four of Cabitt's newest palaces in Belgravia, and young Jack Spigot keeps the Maltby hounds, and sits for the county; indeed, he was one of the most vociferous of the fifty-one during Mr Gladstone's answer to Mr Disraeli, and was, I am assured, mainly instrumental in getting up the recent dinner at the Carlton in honour of Major Beresford.' The wealth of the beer-kings is of course, under such a system, enormous. Gentlemen they are, of senatorial rank in some instances, always of a magnificent style of living, but never, so far as we have heard, in the least abashed about the fact of their revenues being drawn from the kennels of human corruption. 'Non olet,' we presume, is the feeling of the most delicate of the royal family of Beer regarding their money, as it was of the jocular emperor.

There is one point of compulsory honesty in the sale of beer from the tap in London—the measures being carefully kept at the correct standard by the public authorities. But a vast proportion of the malt liquor consumed by the public is sold in bottles, and there an additional taxation is laid on. These bottles, while professing to be quart and pint bottles respectively, are not fitted to contain those quantities, but something much short of them. One of the jokes of our young days, was a reference to a bill brought by Sir Boyle Roach into the Irish House of Commons, having for its object to enforce a rule, that every quart-bottle should contain a quart. The services of the Hibernian senator appear to be in great requisition in England at present, when it is clearly shown that the liquor which ought to be stowed in four bottles, is extended over at least six. While, in short, there is a check of the most stringent kind upon the weights used in shops and markets, and upon the measures used for tap ale and beer, there is none whatever in force upon bottles; and bottles are, accordingly, taking leave to diminish themselves in so alarming a manner, that it will probably soon take three nominal pints to fill one tumbler. Strictly speaking, the legal imperial gallon—the only legal standard in England—which ought to be divided into four quarts, and therefore held in four bottles of that denomination, is extended over six or more bottles, which are accepted by the public as quart-bottles. It is pretended that, by tacit understanding, wine-measure has come to be substituted for that proper to beer; but even the quart of the old wine-measure contained fifty-eight cubic inches of liquor, whereas the modern quart-bottle gives only forty-six. It is precisely as if our butcher-meat, while professedly sold by avoirdupois-weight of sixteen ounces to the pound, were in reality weighed out against troy-weight of twelve ounces to the pound. As there are about 450,000,000 of these mock quart-bottles made every year, the amount of cheating to which the public is subjected in all liquids bought in bottles must be enormous. It is manifestly no defence to say, that there is an understanding as to the liquor being sold by the bottle or the dozen of bottles, for these are purely arbitrary measures, in the use of which the public can have no protection from fraud; and the law has rightly condemned as illegal every measure but that of the imperial gallon and its subdivisions of quarts and pints.

Is there not something in all this to make the angels weep? A great people coolly and patiently submitting to be despoiled through the medium of its drink, as if it felt so ashamed of that indulgence as to shrink from looking too narrowly into the conduct of the ministers of its appetites—these ministers, on the other hand, rioting in wealth obtained by the practice of what amounts to oppression and fraud! Verily, it is an enlightened and refined nineteenth century! And well does the principle of competition justify itself to mankind, when it cannot save them even from robberies like these! We shall not attempt to speculate on the

legal measures that would be necessary to allow London to drink unmonopolised beer, and get its liquors of proper measure. There is too much reason to fear that a trade which addresses itself to depraved tastes, and hovers continually on the borders of vice and crime, never can be regulated so as to make its professors exactly what they ought to be. But we know what would give the public entire redress and thorough protection, because it has been exemplified in another country. In the summer of 1851, the state of Maine enacted a law suppressing the manufacture and sale of all kinds of spirituous and intoxicating liquors, except under strict regulation for medicinal and mechanical purposes only; and some months after, the mayor of the chief city thus reported the consequences: 'At the time of the passage of the law,' says he, 'there were supposed to be in this city from 200 to 300 shops and other places where intoxicating liquors were sold to all comers. At the present time, there are no places where such liquors are sold openly; and only a few where they are sold at all, and that with great caution and secrecy, and only to those who are personally known to the keepers, and who can be relied upon not to betray them to the authorities. These places, with one, possibly with two exceptions, are of the lowest character; and so far as they sell these liquors at all, minister to the depraved appetites of the basest part of our population; but the keepers of these places will soon be brought to justice, so that the traffic in intoxicating liquors, to be used as a drink, will be entirely extinguished in this city. The shops which I allude to are kept almost exclusively by foreigners; and the few persons who are now brought to the lock-up in the watch-house, are the customers of these places, and are themselves foreigners almost without exception. The stock of liquors which the keepers of these places had on hand when the law went into operation, will soon be exhausted; and some difficulty will be found by them in replenishing their stores, as the law will enable us to stop entirely the supplies of these liquors, which have hitherto been received principally by railway and steam-bont.

'All those persons who are now selling liquors unlawfully in Portland, are doing it on a very small scale. The supplies which the most of them keep on hand are extremely limited in amount, and every precaution is used to conceal them from the police. In one shop searched, was found less than one quart in two small bottles; in another were found only three bottles, containing less than three quarts, concealed in a cellar, behind a board; in another, the liquor was found under the floor, buried in the earth; and some has been found in deeper concealment.

'Three months ago, there were in this city several wholesale dealers in liquors; but at the present time there is not one—the wholesale business ceased entirely when the law went into operation. There was but one distillery in the state at the time of the enactment of this law, though another was in progress on a very large scale. Operations on the latter were promptly stopped, and the other has been demolished. At the present time, there is no distillery in this state. . . .

'The operation of the law in this city has effected a marked change for the better in every department which is under the care of the police. The night-police has comparatively little or nothing to do; there are few or no street-brawls, and it is very seldom that the police or watch are called upon to interfere in any quarrels or disturbances of any kind in shops or houses in any part of the city. Before the enactment of this law, scarcely a night passed over without some disturbance of this description, and sometimes the police were called upon to quell many such disturbances in a single night.

'At the commencement of the present year, scarcely a night passed over without the committal to the watch-

house of more or less intemperate persons, and sometimes many such were committed in a single night. The practice, formerly, was to commit no intoxicated persons who were quiet and able to get home. At present, the orders to the police and watch are to arrest all persons found in the streets, and in all other public places, either by night or by day, who exhibit unmistakable signs of intoxication; yet with all this rigour, the arrests for this cause are very few—sometimes a week or more, and once, a fortnight, having elapsed without any committal; and were it not for the low grog-shops, kept secretly by foreigners, the commitments to the watch-house would not amount to one in a month, and this difficulty we hope to remedy within the year. The watch-house is now used to keep seized liquors instead of drunkards—and through the wasteways of the lock-up, condemned liquors are passed off into the common sewers, without having fulfilled their mission of ruin and death to our citizens.'

Now, we are not expecting that any such measure as this could now be adopted in England; but we begin seriously to believe, that only in some such resolute course on the part of the intelligence and morals of a community, can the remainder be effectually protected, not merely from the evils of drink, but from the frauds and oppressions connected with its manufacture and sale.

MR WHITEHEAD'S WILL.

WHEN the wealthy middle-aged bachelor, Samuel Scrope, espoused the penniless young widow Eardley, who had one child of her first marriage living, a little boy of three years old, folks, as usual, expressed various opinions on the subject; while of course the happy couple, knowing nothing and caring less of what was said about them, in process of time shared the common fate, and, when gossiping had exhausted itself, were allowed to glide down the stream of time unheeded. Mrs Scrope presented her second husband likewise with a son, the nurse declaring that the child and his father were as like as two peas. This, perhaps, was not flattering to the baby, though the declaration might be based on truth—Mr Scrope being a fat, white, flabby-looking personage, with half-closed eyes and a clean-shaven face, whereon stray hair was never permitted to rest, presenting, in short, the semblance of a huge overgrown 'flabby dabby baby.'

The likeness between father and son continued to increase as the latter grew up, and long after Mrs Scrope was left a widow for the second time, continued to be pointed out by those who had known the deceased. And this likeness was not confined to outward appearance; for in disposition and character young Samuel greatly resembled his father—in excessive timidity, in approaching to nervousness; in shy and embarrassed manner; in all sorts of old-womanish propensities—such as putting his feet in hot water, and taking basins of scalding gruel to cure colds, which, somehow, he was always catching; in fidgety neatness, and detestation of firearms and all offensive or defensive weapons—in these particulars he was indeed, as friends remarked, his father's own son. From his mother he inherited a love of money, of parsimonious saving and hoarding, a tolerable share of suspiciousness, and a large amount of prudence; a cold and perfectly unimpassioned temperament, calculating even his indulgence, and a rather obtuse brain, were singularly combined; and what he wanted in sense, he made up in deliberation and wariness. Such was Samuel Scrope the younger, the heir of his father's large fortune, the idol of his doting mother, and the pampered, spoiled boy of the household. She never could part with him for the purposes of education; he was too delicate for any school—it would kill Sam to be buffeted and rudely treated! So Sam had a tutor at home, whose situation was a real sinecure, so far as teaching went—

the young gentleman having it much his own way when and how his lessons were to be acquired and repeated. Mrs Scrope, like many weak mothers, cared not much for her son's acquirements, except those which barely sufficed as a passport through society in general. What did it matter, she said, for Samuel to toil and moil over books, when he had a large fortune ready made to enjoy? It was all right and proper that her eldest born, Francis Eardley, should strive to win prizes and be a great scholar, because he had only his own exertions to depend upon; besides, Frank was high-spirited and boisterous, had fine health and energies, and was altogether of a different nature from Sam. Of a different nature indeed!—brave, generous, self-denying, affectionate, and warm-hearted, Francis as little resembled his younger brother in disposition as in person, for that was pre-eminently graceful and agreeable. Sam's cowardice and sluggish intellect presented such a contrast to the bold, daring, and splendid abilities of Frank, that even Mrs Scrope could not fail to see it, despite her partiality for the former; though why that partiality existed, it were hard to fathom, unless it arose from Sam's more closely resembling herself.

Frank was sent to a public school, and was a favourite with every one, making friends wherever he went; but at home, the home where his younger brother reigned paramount, there grave faces always met him, there he was chided and rebuked by his mother, and avoided by the fat, pampered Sam, who looked askance on the fine youth, whose noble and manly bearing roused feelings of envy and dislike. What right had Frank to laugh and joke, and ride and sing, and conduct himself in so off-hand a way, when he never had a farthing in his pocket?—for Mrs Scrope kept poor Frank very low in pocket-money, though she had a moderate life-jointure; and Sam, whose hands were always in his pockets, turning over his gold, which he seldom changed, skulked about, with nothing to do and nothing to say, and feeling quite ill at ease before his gay, handsome brother.

Among the visitors at Scrope Hall was a Mr Whitehead, an elderly bachelor of grave and taciturn demeanour, reputed to be enormously wealthy, and of privileged eccentricity. A miser in the literal sense of the term, sly, observant, and prying noiselessly into the concerns of everybody and everything, Mr Whitehead visited about from one house to another, living in clover at them all. It was rumoured that he was not quite sound in his mind, and that an early love-disappointment had turned his brain; however, those who now contemplated his dirty flaxen wig, and tall lank form, arrayed uniformly in threadbare black, found it difficult to realise the idea of a romantic passage in such a life and in such a being! Mammon was the god of his worship now, at all events. Mr Whitehead had been a crony of the deceased Mr Scrope, and it was apparent that he transferred to the younger Samuel much of the approval and liking he had bestowed on the elder. At Scrope Hall, Mr Whitehead was always a welcome and favoured guest; his ways were in unison with their ways; and Samuel was so great a favourite with the sour-visaged old man, that Mrs Scrope indulged pleasant dreams of an accession to her darling's fortune. As to Frank, he had become Mr Whitehead's abomination, for Frank would neither bend nor fawn, nor flatter nor learn.

There was another dwelling to which Mr Whitehead had access, and whose inmates were of a very different character from those of Scrope Hall; and yet, strange to say, these two domiciles were the old bachelor's favourite resting-places, and he resorted from one to the other with infinite satisfaction. Many miles of hill and dale, rivers and woodlands, divided the hostile houses, and Miss Pamela Gordon had not seen Mrs Scrope face to face since the widowhood of the latter; but unspoken animosity existed between the

ladies; and Mrs Scrope called Miss Pamela 'a masculine spinster!' while Miss Pamela denominated Mrs Scrope 'a screw!' Mr Whitehead heard what each said of the other, laughed in his sleeve, and enjoyed the good things at both houses. Perhaps, unconfessed by himself, the childless and lonely man found an attraction at Miss Pamela's pleasant home, which he vainly sought for elsewhere; for Miss Pamela had a young niece resident with her, whose laughing dark eyes brought memories to the old man's heart he vainly essayed to dispel; and Elspeth Gordon became to Mr Whitehead a sort of loadstone, whose attraction it was not possible to resist. Yet who played such pranks with the cross old miser as little Ellie? Who cajoled him out of a silver crown so easily for the purposes of charity? Who said and did such impudent, and yet such tender and charming things as Ellie Gordon, the orphan niece of the strong-minded Miss Pamela?

Miss Pamela Gordon was the half-sister of Elspeth's father, who had married the only sister of Mr Scrope, to that gentleman's lasting and inexorable displeasure. Captain Gordon died soon after his ill-fated marriage, leaving his broken-hearted wife and infant daughter ill provided for. Mrs Gordon at length, in deep distress, appealed to her brother's widow for assistance, but Mrs Scrope turned a deaf ear to her request; she had Samuel to take care of, and Francis to educate and provide for. The dying woman then turned towards her sister-in-law, Miss Pamela, as a last resource, for help in her extremity. Miss Pamela was considered a person not to be imposed upon, and by no means soft-hearted. She lived on a handsome life-annuity, a fact which she took care to render public; 'as it was better folks should all know,' she said, 'that she had nothing to bequeath in her will, and lived up to her income!' Miss Pamela and her half-brother had never been very good friends; they had squabbled and differed on every possible and impossible topic; moreover, Miss Pamela had strongly set her face against his alliance with Mary Scrope, and she was in the secret of Mr Whitehead's romantic devotion to that lady, who, however, preferred the insinuating captain. Notwithstanding all those hygone reminiscences, when poor Mrs Gordon meekly entreated a small sum to extricate her from pressing difficulty, the good spinster, burying all the past in oblivion, set herself earnestly to the task of comforting and supporting the widow and fatherless; and at length received Ellie as her own child, into her own home, when Mrs Gordon sunk to rest in the grave. Mr Whitehead, in conversation with Miss Pamela, had recently begun to hint very strongly about the valuable qualities of Mr Samuel, and the good-for-nothing character of his half-brother—a proceeding which always set Miss Pamela in a blaze of indignation, while her appeals to Ellie brought a corresponding colour into that young lady's cheeks.

'I wonder what that old miser has taken in his head now?' thought Miss Pamela, as on one occasion of the kind she watched his retreating figure; 'he looks wonderfully bent and gutted of late: he cannot last much longer. I hope he'll leave a legacy to poor Ellie, for her mother's sake. Ah, he was very fond of Mary Scrope. Who ever would believe such a being as he appears now, could ever have played the fool, and raved when she married poor Ned! Ellie is very like her mother, full of life and animation. Bless her, she's a good dear girl: I don't know what I should do without her. She's a clever-spirited puss, too, and after my own heart!'

Some months subsequent to this period, Mrs Scrope and her younger son sat sipping their breakfast coffee, and munching hot rolls, Sam's head being swaddled in flannel for the rheumatism; when the former, after a pause, pursued the tenor of their conversation, by saying in a half-hesitating tone: 'After all, Sam, my dear, it's as nice a letter as one could expect from Miss Pamela Gordon; she has always

been considered a most extraordinary person, famous for doing out-of-the-way things, and not sticking at trifles. I confess, I don't quite understand the calm sweet tenor of her polite epistle; and I feel almost as if I stood on the brink of some powder magazine with a lighted candle in my hand. But that must be all my extreme nervousness; because you see, Sam, there is nothing to occasion misgiving, and all is fair and above ground. We have asked your cousin Elspeth here, as in duty bound—she is coming as a matter of course; and as a matter of course, you will receive her. Let me see—counting with her fingers—'Elspeth Gordon is just twenty—a year younger than you, Sam, my dear, and some five months; and Mary Scrope that was, has been dead about twelve years. Mary was a handsome, spirited girl.'

'Old Whitehead must have been very fond of her to make such a will,' broke in Sam with his mouth full and his face very red. 'I'm sure, mother, I'd much rather remain single than be married—that I would: I know a wife will only bother me, and I shall be taking these eternal colds dancing after her—girls are so tiresome.'

'How do you know girls are tiresome, Sam?' asked his mother sharply.

'Why, mother,' responded Sam, looking rather sheepish, 'I've heard you say so scores of times.'

'Well, well, my dear, never mind,' responded Mrs Scrope soothingly. 'I dare to say Elspeth Gordon is a discreet maiden, though Mr Whitehead spoke of her as being a gay, laughing lass; and, to do her justice, Miss Pamela is a clever woman, and has brought up the young miss well no doubt, and trained her to obedience and respect of her elders. I'll be bound she'll come here all blushes and tremors at her own rare good-luck!' and Mrs Scrope paused, as a kind of jealous pang shot through her maternal heart. Sam remained silent; his white flabby face and half-closed eyes affording no index as to the nature of his ruminations. Unaccustomed to the society of strangers, it may be supposed that Mrs Scrope and Sam felt a little nervous at the expected visit of a well-bred young lady, placed in such extremely delicate and peculiar circumstances towards themselves, as Elspeth Gordon was. Mr Whitehead had departed to another world, after only a few days' illness, soon after his last visit to Miss Pamela Gordon, bequeathing the whole of his large fortune, without any deduction whatever, to Samuel Scrope, of Scrope Hall, on condition of the said Samuel Scrope marrying Elspeth Gordon, daughter of the late Captain Gordon, and Mary his wife; the said marriage to take place within twelve months after the testator's decease. In the event of the said Samuel Scrope refusing to ratify the said condition, and rejecting the lady, he forfeited the fortune, which then became Elspeth Gordon's. But if the lady rejected the gentleman, why then of course *vice versa*. Moreover, Mr Whitehead had provided for every contingency. If the couple, by mutual consent, refused to fulfil the stipulated conditions, the many scores of thousands went to enrich various charities, almost unheard of even by the most philanthropic. As to Elspeth Gordon refusing Sam, that was a thing Mr Whitehead never dreamed of; a penniless girl like the daughter of his lost Mary to cast fortune away—nay, two fortunes—was unheard of in the annals of romantic folly. So he secured her, as he considered, an excellent husband and a luxurious home. Then the idea of Samuel Scrope, prudent and money-loving as he was known to be, refusing a pretty girl and a still prettier *douceur*, for any whim short of insanity, was far too wild and improbable a conjecture to gain footing in Mr Whitehead's calculations. Sam, unimpassioned and cold as he was, would hardly reject a fine, lively, good-tempered young creature, by marrying whom he would assure to himself the possession of nearly £100,000.

Elspeth Gordon had received an invitation to Scrope Hall, for the purpose of being introduced to her cousin; and Miss Pamela, to Mrs Scrope's astonishment, had herself written to accept it in Ellie's name, at the same time wishing good-speed to the wedding!

The eventful day arrived; Sam had thrown aside his flannel wraps, and arrayed in a bright new coat, with well-oiled hair, was surveyed by his admiring mother with looks of unmitigated admiration.

'O mother,' he said, 'I am all in a flutter; I don't know what to say to her.'

'I dare to say she is more in a flutter than you, Sam, my dear; so let that comfort you. She won't meet your eyes, depend upon it; girls are always shy on such trying occasions as these.'

So endeavouring to rally her son's spirits, and to support his drooping courage, Mrs Scrope remarked that she every moment expected to hear the sound of carriage-wheels approaching, as it was rather beyond the hour fixed for the arrival of their guest. The crack of a riding-whip was heard in the hall, the door of the apartment was flung open, and a lady, attired in a riding costume, rapidly entered, exclaiming: 'Down, Juno! down, Peto!' as two huge dogs leaped about her, creating confusion and dismay in all the beholders, for if Mrs Scrope and Sam hated one thing more than another, it was a dog.

With dismay and surprise painted on her countenance, Mrs Scrope, turning to the domestics, said in a hasty tone: 'Turn them out! turn out these troublesome creatures immediately!' But Miss Elspeth Gordon—for it was she—peremptorily exclaimed: 'I should strongly advise nobody to meddle with my dogs; they are savage, and will bite strangers, unless left alone, and never obey any one except me and Tom.' Shrinking from contact with the unruly animals, and in the utmost consternation, Mrs Scrope surveyed her young visitor. A tall, finely-formed, though slender figure, was set off by a tightly-fitting habit; while a pair of green spectacles, of antiquated make, aided by a slouching hat, concealed the upper portion of the stranger's face. The month, however, displayed a set of dazzling white teeth, although the voice proceeding from that month uttered wonderful things for a timid young lady, but with a remarkably soft and musical modulation. Turning suddenly round towards Sam, who had retreated to the further end of the room, the owner of the green specs, regarding him fixedly for a few moments, advanced with extended hand, saying: 'We won't wait for a formal introduction, Cousin Samuel, will we? Come, don't be shy; shake hands and be friends. Now Juno, now Peto—here, let me introduce you to your new master.'

But poor Sam was desperately afraid of large dogs, and he looked so scared and miserable, that the gay lady indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter, which she vainly endeavoured to control. Recovering herself with difficulty, she said with much suavity and gentleness: 'You'll get used to them in time, Cousin Sam: I cannot live without them!'

'And how did you come, my dear?' said Mrs Scrope, willing to get away from the subject. 'Sam and I were listening for the sound of carriage-wheels on the avenue, but we heard none.'

'Carriage-wheels, indeed!' cried Ellie Gordon contemptuously, and flourishing her whip; 'as if I should come to see my intended in so stupid a fashion. Not I, indeed. I rode over on Vixen, my beautiful mare, with Tom at my heels, and Juno and Peto for company! With uplifted hands and eyes, Mrs Scrope repeated the words: 'Ride over on Vixen! Why, it is a good eighty mile from hence to Miss Pamela's, and you rode over on horseback!'

'To be sure! what of that? Forty mile a day; and slept last night at the Ellistons. Bob and James Elliston rode part of the way with me to-day, but I

didn't want them, even through Hanging Wood; for look here, ma'am, I never travel without these: you and I will have a practice, Sam; and so saying, the young lady drew forth from a concealed pocket a pair of small elegantly-finished pistols, pointing one in Sam's face. He recoiled, saying in a scarcely audible voice: 'I hope, miss, they're not loaded?'

'Why, Sam, what would be the use of pistols if they were not loaded?' replied she smiling; and adding in an under-tone, 'except to frighten fools with.'

'I think, my dear,' said Mrs Scrope, coming between the pair, and gently turning aside the hand which grasped the offensive weapon, 'that you had better lay them aside now, with your travelling-dress: there are no robbers or ruffians here to molest you.'

'Thank you, ma'am—thank you,' quickly replied Ellie: 'I prefer wearing my habit; and if you've no objection, I'll return these pretty dears to my pocket'—replacing the pistols—'it's all use you know—all use.'

Mrs Scrope, roused to something like self-possession, now replied with dignity: 'It is unusual for a young lady to carry firearms, and to wear a riding-dress in a drawing-room. Has Miss Pamela Gordon countenanced such proceedings?'

'La, my dear old soul!' interrupted Ellie, laughing good-humouredly, 'Miss Pamela and I think alike in all respects. You don't think I'd disobey her, do you? She told me to come here, and here I am. She told me to ride over on Vixen, and so I did. She told me to take the dogs for company, and they followed me. She told me to put the pistols in my pocket for protection, and here they are. She told me that I mustn't refuse to marry Cousin Sam, and I don't mean to. And so, if Cousin Sam will take me "for better for worse," here I am—all meekness and obedience! La! Miss Scrope, you don't know what a girl I am, and how I've been brought up. I mean to turn Scrope Hall out of windows when we are married. Did you ever follow the bounds, Sam? it's such fun!' Sam faintly said 'No,' retreating further and further, pursued by the young lady, her dogs having quietly stretched themselves on the rug. At length, matters reached their climax; for Miss Elspeth Gordon, pulling off her gloves, placed one lily hand on Sam's shoulder, and with the other began patting his fat white cheeks, saying in a coaxing tone: 'Ducky mustn't be frightened. Ducky will learn to leap a five-barred, won't he? and to ride steeple-chase, won't he, to please Ellie?'

Blushing scarlet, Sam eluded her gentle touch, and rushed from the room, while Mrs Scrope, bewildered and miserable, persuaded her singular guest to adjourn to the chamber prepared for her reception. She re-issued thence in the same attire, merely having cast aside her slouched hat, and substituted a velvet cap of conical form in its stead, beneath which her hair was not visible, while the green spectacles rested on her nose as before. After the repast was over (a repast most uncomfortable to Mrs Scrope and Sam, who scarcely tasted food or uttered a syllable, the young lady talking incessantly all the time about horses, dogs, firearms, her own wonderful feats, and what she would do when she became her own mistress), Ellie took out a cigar-case and handed it to Sam, inquiring indifferently: 'Do you smoke?' Too much astonished and embarrassed to reply, the young man looked at his mother, who with grave looks answered for her son: 'No, miss, Sam doesn't smoke; and allow me to say, it is remarkable to see a lady carrying and offering such things as those.'

'La! ma'am; Aunt Pamela said to me: "Don't forget your cigar-case, Ellie,"' replied the guest with simplicity; 'and so you see I didn't forget it.'

'I don't allow smoking on my premises, miss,' said Mrs Scrope authoritatively.

'Well, well, ma'am, don't put yourself in a passion,' rejoined Ellie sweetly; 'I'll wait till they're mine, and

then see if I don't smoke you out! Ha, ha, ha! But perhaps Cousin Sam is a snuff-taker'—handing to the wretched Sam a unique gold box full of 'Prince's mixture.'

'No, miss, my son does nothing of the kind,' replied Mrs Scrope, she alone being the speaker—Sam's heart was too full for speech—and allow me to remark, that snuff-taking is another singular habit for a young lady.'

'La! ma'am,' responded Ellie, smiling imperturbably—'Miss Pamela said to me: "Don't forget your snuff-box, Ellie;" and so you see I didn't forget it. I'll teach Sam to snuff famously when he's my husband. Won't we snuff and smoke, Sam? Are you fond of home-brewed, Sam? You should see our groom Tom drink it.'

'You're a water-drinker, I observe, miss,' said Mrs Scrope stiffly, by way of saying something.

Elspeth looked very sly, and smacking her pretty lips, replied: 'Ah, I aint thirsty to-day! you should see me sometimes!'

'And this is the young lady of Miss Pamela Gordon's bringing up!' said Mrs Scrope, when she retired for the night, tears of vexation ready to start from her eyes; 'this is a wife for my poor Sam. She'll marry him perforce; I see she will, she's so desperately in love with him already. They say opposites often fancy each other in this way; but if she had a million, instead of only forty thousand pounds, she'd never do for Sam: I see her eyes sparkle through those green glasses; she'll smoke me out—O to be sure!'

Mrs Scrope, in the habit of thinking aloud, did not remark that her maid Martha loitered in the room, as if desirous of speaking out something which burdened her mind; and unable to keep it any longer, the hand-maid broke in with: 'O missis, 'xouse me, but Tom, Miss Gordon's groom, as come with her, says—at least he hints, which is much the same—that Miss Ellie won't never do for Master Samucl. She's a regular lass of spirit, he says, and he means more than he says. And he says outright, with such a broad grin on his red face, that if Miss Ellie ever marries Master Sam, she'll horsewhip him to a dead certainty, and turn the old one out of doors. Yes, ma'am, she calls you "the old one!"'

'Alas!' thought Mrs Scrope, as she laid her head that night on a restless pillow, 'what is to be done? There is near forty thousand pounds at stake. What could Mr Whitehead mean by making such a will? and knowing this odious miss too!'

For one whole week did Miss Elspeth Gordon turn Scrope Hall completely topsy-turvy; never was such a din and racket heard; the servants grinned, and ran hither and thither, and Mrs Scrope was nearly out of her mind with fright and vexation. Miss Elspeth also made such desperate love to Sam, that Sam, flattered and bewildered, was inveigled out on a wet day to walk with the Amazon through the woods; and following her steps through brake and brier, fairly stuck in a dismal swamp, got soaked to the skin, and took to his bed at once, putting his nose out of the blankets, only to ask 'if that Jezebel had gone.'

'No, my dear,' said his anxious mother, 'your Cousin Elspeth is not gone yet; she wants to see you.'

'To see me!' cried Sam. 'What! would she follow me even into my sick-chamber, the impudent hussy? I'll never see her again, mother; you may tell her so—she'll kill me; tell her to begone. Oh—oh—what a twinge! I wish she had it, the Jezebel! and she laughed at me too. I'll never forgive that.'

'But the forty thousand, Sam,' said Mrs Scrope, sighing deeply; 'think of that, Sam.'

'I do think of that, mother,' said the miserable Sam; 'and it almost breaks my heart, it does, to give it up. I wish she'd give me up; I wish with all my heart that she had taken a dislike to me.'

"Ah, my darling," said the fond mother, "you cannot wonder that she does not do that. The mortification will be severe enough when she has to return to that precious Miss Pamela with the tidings that you have refused her. But, after all, she may improve, Sam, my dear, and perhaps it is worth while to try; for though you possess forty thousand pounds of your own, it would be very convenient to have as much more."

"Mother," replied Sam solemnly, "if you wish to see me in my grave, you'll marry me to this dreadful woman. Tom Hicks, Miss Pamela's groom, a most respectable man, who has lived with Miss Pamela these twenty years, and whose wife is cook there—Tom Hicks told me, that if ever Miss Ellie Gordon was my wife, he'd not give a brass farthing for my life. "If she marries you, sir, she'll worry you to death in a year; if you marry her, sir, you'll get a"—But Tom Hicks didn't say what, though I guess he meant a Tartar! No, mother, my mind's made up; I'll have nothing to do with her, and you may tell her so at once. She laughs so wildly, too, I declare I'm all over skeerle like when I hear it. Let her go! let her go!—and well rid of her at any cost."

"Do you really mean to tell me, ma'am, that Mr Samuel Scrope, of Scrope Hall, absolutely refuses to marry me?" cried Miss Elspeth Gordon in a voice of high indignation. "I'll not give him up so easily—no, that I won't, that I won't," and the voice almost rose to a hysterical sob and laugh.

"Calm yourself, pray, miss," replied Mrs Scrope with severity—she did not care about keeping terms now the chance had gone—calm yourself, pray. My son's mind is quite made up; and allow me to say, that the sooner you return to the protection of Miss Pamela Gordon the better, as we particularly desire a quiet house, now my poor son is so ill—an illness, miss, entirely brought on by your extremely improper and indecate proceedings."

"I'll tell Aunt Pam!" whimpered the young lady, taking out her canbric handkerchief. "I'm badly used by Cousin Sam—that I am. You asked me here to marry me to him; and now I've come, you send me off again, just because Cousin Sam don't like my green specs."

"No, miss; you well know that is not the reason why my son Sam rejects the honour of your alliance, responded Mrs Scrope, bridling up, and getting very red in the face; "and if you had ten thousand times forty thousand pounds in your hand to offer him for marrying you, he'd refuse the bribe, miss." Mrs Scrope spoke very loud. "My son, Samuel Scrope, will never marry, for the sake of lucre only, a smoking, snuffing, horsewhipping, dog-baiting."

"Go on, ma'am—go on with your peroration," sobbed the young lady, with her handkerchief at her face. "I'm very badly used—that I am; and I cannot face Aunt Pamela, and tell her all this. She'll never believe it, unless Cousin Sam writes her a letter all in form, to say he won't marry me. I cannot tell her myself, ma'am—indeed I cannot," and Miss Ellie began to blubber violently.

"Well, I'm sure if you'll go away in peace, miss, my son shall write the letter at once, and communicate, in formal terms, his rejection of your hand," interrupted Mrs Scrope, only too glad to clear her house on any terms.

"I'll go when you give me a letter—but won't you let me see Sam?" said the green-spectacled damsel, in a wheedling tone, sliding up to Mrs Scrope, with her conical velvet cap vibrating from some inward emotion. "Give my love to cousin then; and if I may not see him, tell the dear fellow that I'll be a sister to him in heart, if he refuses me for a wife."

"Indeed I'll tell him no such thing, miss," said Mrs Scrope with asperity; "he'd rather not have you in

either character. You've half killed him; and the mischief your two dogs have done is incalculable. You shall have the letter in half an hour; so please to be in readiness for departure, miss, if it quite suits your convenience. Excuse my want of ceremony; but a sick house, miss, must plead for a mother's want of time; so I bid you a very good morning, and wish you a very pleasant journey, miss; and, pray, present my compliments and Sam's compliments to Miss Pamela Gordon." As the incensed lady hurried out of the room, and up stairs to her son's apartment, what a wild effish laugh rang in her ears! What could it be? It was doubtless the Jezebel in hysterics; and Mrs Scrope hastened her steps in a fright.

Mounted on Vixen, prancing and curvetting down the avenue, and attended by Tom, with Juno and Peto bounding and frisking for joy, Miss Elspeth Gordon, provided with the letter, turned her head, and waved an adieu to Scrope Hall; and as the little cavalcade receded in the distance, again the same clear wild laugh floated past on the morning breeze.

It was not very long after these events, when Mrs Scrope—who had never ceased to lament the loss of Mr Whitehead's fortune, even going the great length of upbraiding Sam for having been too premature in rejecting the young lady—was informed by her elder son in person, of his approaching marriage with Miss Elspeth Gordon. Mrs Scrope was of course delighted to hear that the money, after all, was not going out of the family, but concluded her remarks by saying: "Well, Frank, I'm sure I wish you joy of your bargain; forty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at, as I told Sam. However, you have fine health and spirits, and may be able to manage her; but mind, I shan't be in the least astonished to hear that your bride has horsewhipped you before the honeymoon is over!"

"Never mind mother," cried Frank, guiltily laughing; "if she horsewhips me, I'll flog her soundly, I promise you. I hope you'll come and see us soon, and bring Sam with you. I'll promise that Ellie shall behave herself."

To Mrs Scrope's dying day, she never could comprehend by what means her son Frank Hardley had wrought so wonderful a change in his wife; and even Sam, who always remained a bachelor, was heard to declare, that if he could meet with an exact counterpart of Frank's wife, he too would marry.

"But who could guess," said Sam, "that matrimony would transform a mild woman, in odious green spectacles and a sugar-loaf cap, into a mild, pretty, kind creature, who never laughs at a fellow because he's got a cold or a face ache?"

A BASKET OF TROPICAL FRUITS.

IN these most villainous modern times of ours, when the wonders of Eastern fiction are outdone by the everyday transactions of common life; when the magical electric telegraph gives us news of events that are taking place a thousand miles distant, almost within the same hour, and the rapid train carries us from our northern capital to London between breakfast and dinner; when the steam-packs bring us intelligence from our friends in the tropics, more quickly and with far greater certainty than the post occasionally travels from Shetland, it would seem as if little could be told us now of distant countries and their productions. Our museums are filled with the lifelike forms of animals that expired in another hemisphere; our hot-houses and gardens are gorgeous with the flowers of Southern Africa, Mexico, or 'far Cathay'; our fruit-shops spread wide in our streets the fragrance of pines from Bermuda, and tempt us with dates from India, negro-nuts from Africa, pomegranate from Spain, bananas from Guiana, and yams from Grenada. The best of every land's productions is brought to add to our luxurious enjoyment—

what, then, remains worth knowing in those countries which are broiling under a vertical sun?

Much, nevertheless, remains, both of valuable and curious, deserving the notice of the inquiring northern public. Many of the most delicious fruits are too perishable to survive even the short passage by steam; and many that are much prized by the natives, would not be sufficiently esteemed by the multitude to make it worth while to send them to Europe for sale, and are only brought to England as gifts to distant friends, to remind them of their native country. We propose giving a short description of some of these less-known fruits, particularly those which grow in the West Indies.

Passing over the regal pine-apple, which has long been known to the wealthy and great, whose fortunes enable them to produce in their own pineries specimens far superior in flavour and quality to the uncultivated anana of the tropics, and which of late years, brought by fast-sailing vessels from Bahama and Bermuda, are occasionally sold cheaper in our markets than they could be purchased in many of the West India islands—we will commence with the fruit next in estimation, and by many preferred to the pine, as a safer and more useful fruit—the Avocado-pear (*Persea Gratissima*).

In the centre of this fruit, which is pear-shaped, but about six times larger than the pear of Europe, is a stone or kernel of the size of a cricket-ball, which, when cut or bruised, gives out an acrid juice, that stains linen or calico with an indelible brown colour, and is sometimes used as marking-ink, by stretching the article to be marked over the kernel, and pricking out the letters with a needle. The eatable part of the fruit, nearly an inch thick, lies between this stone and the leathery outer skin, which is sometimes purplish brown, sometimes dark-green. It can scarcely be called a pulp, for its consistence is that of fresh butter; its colour, yellowish green. It resembles marrow in taste, and, like it, melts in the mouth deliciously. It is frequently eaten with salt and pepper—some people add lime-juice—but most commonly with salt alone. A very usual way of using it, is spreading it on bread, with a little salt, whence it is sometimes called 'subaltern's butter,' and forms a most agreeable addition to breakfast and lunch. Strangers at first rarely like it, but they very soon acquire the taste for it, and generally prefer it to all other tropical fruits. It ripens only on the tree, and does not keep many days when plucked. The tree grows to the height of a common apple-tree; it has large, oblong smooth leaves, resembling those of the laurel, to which it is nearly allied.

The papaw and the mannee are two fruits whose names sound strangely to the ears of foreigners. The latter (*Mammea Americana*) is more remarkable for the beauty and size of the tree it grows on, than for its intrinsic merit as a fruit. Its height is sometimes sixty feet; its trunk sixteen feet in circumference; it grows in a beautiful, rounded shape; its leaves are large, oblong, and shining. The mannee, in size and shape, is like a middle-sized turnip, but with a coarse, brown leathery skin. When peeled, the fruit is sliced off the centre, where the large seeds form a compact ball with the fruit, which in that part is hard and unpalatable. The fruit is of a yellowish brown, rather sweet, but hard, and not reckoned safe for delicate stomachs.

The papaw-tree (*Carica papaya*) shoots up to the height of twenty feet, a hollow, straight stem, so soft that a common knife might cut it down. It is naked till within two feet of the top, where it bears a round head, not of branches, but of leaves of an immense size, deeply cut in many irregular lobes, having very long footstalks. At the axils of these grow the fruit, forming a gigantic cluster at the top of the tree. This fruit is oblong, sometimes a foot in length, and five inches in diameter. When ripe, it is of a beautiful orange-yellow, the inside being of the same hue. It

resembles a melon when cut open, with a profusion of little black seeds in the hollow centre, each seed being enclosed in a thin transparent membrane of the size of a pepper-corn. The ripe fruit is almost mouth-wateringly sweet, but being full of cool juice, is very refreshing in a warm climate. Before it is fully ripe, it makes a very agreeable vegetable for the dinner-table, being pared, boiled, and mashed like turnips, which it then somewhat resembles in taste. In its green state, it also forms an important ingredient in the beautiful West Indian pickles. Slices of it, with the green skin carved in fantastical figures, are carefully arranged, with red bonnet-peppers, chillies, and white mountain-cabbage, so as to shew to the best advantage through the sides of the square pickle-bottle. It is sometimes also preserved in sugar, and sent to Britain as a treat to West Indians, but is not generally admired in that form, being quite deficient in acid.

Every part of the papaw-tree abounds with a milky sap, which it gives out freely when cut. It possesses a strange quality of making meat tender—very valuable in a country where the heat of the climate obliges all animal food to be cooked and consumed within thirty hours of its being slaughtered. If the negro cook is doubtful about the age and tenderness of her poultry, she hangs it, after killing and plucking, half an hour in the papaw-tree, or wraps up her beef-steaks in its leaves a short time before cooking. If a pig, in fattening, gets too many papaws, or if it is tied to the root of the tree, the pork becomes so tender and soft that it falls off the spit in roasting. This quality is so well known, that jockeys, when desirous of bringing down the flesh of a racer rapidly, for some reason only known to the initiated, give him daily a wine-glassful of the juice for a week, when he looks as lean and emaciated as could be wished. From this useful property of the papaw-tree, it is planted near every dwelling. It springs from the seed, requires no cultivation or care, and produces fruit in less than twelve months. Its rapidity of growth is such, that the writer of these notes saw one, chance-sown, eight feet high, and loaded with fruit, within the space of eleven months, growing on what had been the threshold of a dwelling-house, which was thrown down by the fearful hurricane of the 11th of August 1831. Close by the spot where the master of the house, with two helpless children in his arms, had been overwhelmed by the falling of the wall, and sending its roots to seek nourishment among the broken bricks of the foundation, it flaunted gaily its yellow blossoms and fast-ripening fruit.

The tree of the star-apple (*Chrysophyllum Cainito*) grows to the height of fifty feet, and as it spreads its branches very wide, it is really a handsome tree. The leaves are of the size and shape of those of the common laurel, of a beautiful pale-green above, and on the underside of a bright cinnamon brown, or like a piece of satin of the colour which modistes call *aven-turine*. The fruit is of the size of a small apple, round, and brown in colour. When cut across, it displays a star, formed by ten shining black seeds, shaped like the kernel of the almond, whence it takes its name. When fully ripe, the fruit is delicious; it is very glutinous, and its pulp is full of white juice, thick and rich as cream. The taste resembles stewed pears and cream. There are several smaller fruits very similar in quality, but not so delicious—such as the *Chrysophyllum meso-pyrenum*, or star-plum, the *C. glabra* or callimato, which resemble damsons in size, shape, and colour, but have the taste and gluten of the star-apple. The sapodilla (*Achras sapota*) is smaller than the star-apple, and its juice is not milky, but clear and sweet. It has been likened to the medlar, as it is generally gathered unripe, and kept till it softens; but the reason of its being plucked so soon, is to save it from the bats, which are immoderately fond of it, and attack it

as soon as it begins to turn ripe, if it is allowed to remain so long on the tree. It is rather rare, and much esteemed.

The sour sop (*Annona muricata*) is a very strange-looking fruit; it is about twelve inches long, and five in diameter, crooked, brown, and covered with rough knobs. The French name, *Cœur de bœuf*, is intended to describe its appearance. It is full of snow-white fibrous pulp, mingled with black seeds; the sweet acid of the juice, which is abundant, renders it grateful and cooling. It is thought to be most wholesome and agreeable before breakfast. The sweet sop, or sugar-apple (*Annona squamosa*), is round, and about the size of the head of an artichoke, with hard scales imbedded in the soft pulp, which is white, not fibrous, as in the sour sop, and of a very agreeable flavour. There are some others of the *Annonaceæ*, which are in considerable estimation.

The beautiful climbing-plants of the tribe of *Passifloræ* contribute agreeably to the dessert. The grenadilla (*Passiflora quadrangularis*) is the largest of these fruits, being of the size of a melon, and of an oblong shape. A slice of the rind, which is nearly an inch thick, being cut off at the top or stalk end of the grenadilla, the pulpy juice, of which there is nearly a pint, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured by the addition of two glasses of white wine, is served in jelly-glasses. The rind, which is soft and insipid, is pounded, mixed with beaten eggs, sugar, and spices, and fried, and makes its appearance at the third course as fritters. The plant requires the support of a trellis, like the grape-vine; and the pendent flowers, in the cool of the morning, ere they are tarnished by the heat of the sun, are indescribably beautiful and fragrant. They are the giants of the *Passifloræ*; the crown, of brilliant purple rays, is as big as a large tea-cup, and the leaves are six inches long. The plant is very delicate—a touch will make the flower fall; and the negro gardeners have a superstitious idea, that even to point at one will prevent its producing fruit. The water-lemon (*Passiflora laurifolia*) bears a fruit of the size of a lemon, with a bright orange rind, the touch of which resembles that of a peach. The juice is like that of the grenadilla, but does not require the help of sugar and wine. The *Passiflora maliformis*, or couch-apple, is more admired for its beauty than for its excellence as a fruit. It is quite round, with a hard woody rind of a peculiar shade of orange. The *Passiflora foetida*, or Love in a mist, is more remarkable for its curious appearance than for its value, though children eagerly seek it. Its calyx resembles that of the moss-rose; it is persistent, and encloses the fruit, which is of the size of a hazel-nut, and yellow when ripe. The whole plant is clammy, and has a disagreeable smell. The Barbadoes cherry-tree (*Malpighia glabra*) when covered with fruit is a very beautiful object, the bright scarlet of the berry contrasting beautifully with the shining green leaf. Except in appearance, it has no connection with the European cherry; but when made into jam, the flavour is somewhat similar. It is generally too acid to be eaten as a fruit, and contains three seeds, which are troublesome in the mouth. The tree bears four or five times in the year, and the fruit is ripe in less than three weeks after flowering. There is another species, *M. urens*, which has the under-side of the leaves beset with stinging hairs, like cowhage.

The red sorrel (*Hibiscus sabdariffa*) can scarcely be called a fruit, though it makes an excellent preserve for tarts and pies when boiled with sugar. Its height is about four feet, its flowers resemble the single yellow hollyhock, the stem and calyxes are red, and the leaves are sometimes veined and tipped with red. After flowering, the calyxes enlarge greatly, and their divisions clasp the green seed-vessel as with crimson fleshy fingers. When full grown, the calyxes are separated from the seeds, and are preserved with sugar, if for

tarts; or are made into sorrel-drink by steeping in boiling water, which is strained, sweetened, and bottled, a few cloves being put to each bottle. In two or three days it is fit for use, brisk as ginger-beer, and requiring as much precaution in opening as soda-water. It is of a beautiful pink colour; and its flavour and refreshing coolness can be appreciated only by those who have drunk it when fainting with the oppressive heat of a tropical noon.

The *Arachis hypogæa*, or negro-nut, is so often sold in our fruit-shops, that it would seem superfluous to make any remark on it; its habits are, however, so singular, that it is worthy of particular notice. It is of the order *Papilionaceæ*, or pea-flowers. It is a low creeping-plant with yellow flowers: after they drop off, and the pods begin to form, they bury themselves in the earth, where they come to maturity. The pod is woody and dry, containing from one to three peas, or nuts, as they are called; hence the common name, ground-nut. They require to be parched in an oven before they can be eaten, and form a chief article of food in many parts of Africa.

The cocoa-plum, or fat pork (*Chrysobalanus icaco*), is a wild-fruit of the size and colour of a plum, which deserves notice only from the singularity of its name, being derived from its appearance when cut, its inside being exactly like a slice of fresh pork. It is never cultivated, and is of no value.

The orange tribe flourishes in the West Indies in every variety, from the gigantic shaddock (so called after the captain of the ship which brought the first plants from China to the West India islands), of the size of a child's head, to the diminutive sweet lime (*Typhelia aurantiola*), which is only large enough to contain within its rind three small seeds, and one drop of sweet, clammy juice, which, before ripening, is so strong a glue, that it is frequently used to cement china ornaments, toys, &c. The bitter Seville orange, from which the famed Scotch marmalade is made, in a hot climate, ripened on the tree, is a fine eating fruit, having only a slight aromatic bitter, which is very agreeable. This orange is considered beneficial and cooling, especially in low fever. The flavour of common or sweet oranges is much superior in countries where they are grown to what it is when imported to Britain, as they have to be gathered unripe, to prevent their spoiling on the voyage. In some of the islands they are so abundant, that the roads are strewn with ripe oranges, which fall ungathered; and in Jamaica, a tumblerful of the expressed juice is frequently taken as a morning-draught. To enumerate the uses of the juice of the lime (*Citrus lima*) would require a volume. No gift of Providence to the torrid zone is more widely beneficial; and how agreeable its flavour is, the Glasgow citizens can best declare, for their far-famed punch is indebted to it for its delicious aroma. The forbidden-fruit and the grape-fruit are intermediate in size between the shaddock and the orange: all are excellent and wholesome.

The breadfruit, the transplantation of which from the South Sea islands to the Antilles was productive of so much adventure, disaster, romance, and even poetry, has hardly obtained in its new abode the favour it deserves. Few tales of adventure are more widely known than that of the voyage of the *Bounty*, in 1787, to carry plants of the breadfruit-tree to the West Indies; of the mutiny of the crew, and Captain Bligh's perilous voyage of five thousand miles in an open boat, with a few seamen, when set adrift by the mutineers; of the capture of some of the mutineers by H.M.S. *Pandora*, which was sent to Otaheite by government for that purpose; of the shipwreck of that vessel on the coast of New Holland, and the drowning of several of the unfortunate prisoners, whose fetters prevented their escape by swimming; and of the founding of the colony of Pitcairn's island by some of the mutineers, who had

left Otaheite previous to the arrival of the *Pandora*, with some natives, male and female, whose descendants are there to this day. The genius of Byron employed itself in giving still wider publicity to the strange and wonderful story, it being the groundwork of his poem of *The Island*—the hero, Torquil, 'the blue-eyed northern child,' being a midshipman of the name of Stewart, of a highly respectable family in the Orkneys, whose last surviving sister now resides in Edinburgh. As an ornamental tree, the breadfruit (*Artocarpus incisa*) has few rivals. Its enormous leaves, dark-green and shining, and deeply indented, are placed in the most regular manner round the branches, which are terminated by the round fruit, large as a melon, and cut on the surface in hexagonal forms, like the back of the tortoise. The shape of the tree is a compact cone; and were it only for its beauty, it deserves a place in every tropical garden, more especially as it is of the easiest culture. The fruit should be gathered just before it begins to turn yellow. It is good when boiled and sliced, to eat with meat, like potato; but much more delicious roasted and buttered, when hot; in this way it forms one of the many excellent breakfast-dishes of the West Indies. The *Spondias dulcis*, or golden-apple, was also brought from Otaheite by Captain Bligh, in his subsequent voyage in the *Providence*, in 1791, when he succeeded in bringing plants of the breadfruit to the botanical gardens of St Vincent, and also to Jamaica. The golden-apple is of the size of an egg; it has a large stone in the centre; its taste and flavour are pleasant; and being still rare, it is much sought after.

The mango (*Mangifera Indica*) is an abundant and highly-prized fruit; it is as large as a goose-egg, of a beautiful peach colour on one side, and green on the other. It has a large flattened stone in the centre of its pulp, which is very juicy. Some of the less valuable kinds have a strong flavour of turpentine. The tree, when full of fruit, is a beautiful object. It is not reckoned safe to indulge much in mangoes; and it is said that in Demerara, where they are extremely plentiful, there is an annual epidemic among the negroes, corresponding to the season when this fruit is ripe.

MEMORIALS OF A POET COLLECTED BY A STATESMAN.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has not written a biography of Moore. At the request of the poet himself, made in his will, he has merely selected certain papers and letters from those committed to his charge, and published them in a form and sequence illustrative of the life and character of Moore. Thus he did, as requested, with the view of making 'some provision for the family of the deceased;' and so successfully, it appears, that the bereavement of Mrs Moore—now the sole survivor—is not embittered by any change in her pecuniary circumstances. Being thus unencumbered with the stern responsibilities of a biographer, Lord John Russell has been able to execute his task in a manner that does credit to his humane and gentlemanly feelings; excluding everything from the memorials of his friend that could give unnecessary pain to the living.

The two volumes now published* contain a preface by the editor; a memoir by the poet, from his birth to the year 1799; a selection from his correspondence up to 1818; and a diary from the middle of that year, onward to the middle of 1819, when Moore was in his fortieth year.

The preface is an *éloge* on his friend, fully borne out by the documents that succeed, and in a hasty survey like this, calling for remark on only one point. Lord

John, in reviewing the life of Moore, appears to have been struck with the circumstances, that a man of talent, energy, and high character, who had lived on terms of intimate friendship with the most influential men in the kingdom, should have died without having been able to make any provision whatever for a wife whom he almost worshipped. This must of course tell either against the poet or the order to which Lord John belongs; and the noble editor gets out of the dilemma in rather an illogical way. 'It may,' says he, 'with truth be averred, that while literary men of acknowledged talent have a claim on the government of their country, to save them from penury or urgent distress, it is better for literature that eminent authors should not look to political patronage for their maintenance. It is desirable that they who are the heirs of fame should preserve an independence of position, and that the rewards of the crown should not bind men of letters in servile adherence.' This means, if it means anything at all, that literary men, *as such*, should be excluded from the service of the crown, lest they should cease to be independent; that is to say, that a poet, for instance—a novelist—a historian—a moral or religious writer—should by no means be admitted into any of the public offices, lest his literary productions should receive a political bias! If a seat in the cabinet were in question, this might be all very well; but we are unable to see how, by placing an author in a position of pecuniary independence—for no one can be turned out of a government appointment, without cause, once he is in it—you make him a slave and a parasite. Does Lord John imagine that the £800 a year granted to Moore as a pension, and obtained only by an avowal of indigence, would have been less creditable to the poet and the dispensers of public patronage, if it had come to him in the shape of a retiring allowance?

As for the too high estimate formed by the editor of his hero's character as a poet, that is natural enough, and in a personal friend even amiable. Moore, however, was but a surface poet, though great in that capacity. Inferior in depth to Wordsworth and Byron, in truth to Crabbe, in lyric feeling to Campbell, in description and narrative to Scott, his name should be nearly the lowest in the list of distinguished poets of the time. But, nevertheless, he has grace and feeling—not, as Lord John says, 'tender and touching feeling,' but rather sweet and elegant feeling; he is a master in versification; and if in his songs he does take a stanza, or a couple of stanzas, to elaborate a thought expressed by poets of higher genius in a line, nothing, when it is elaborated, can be rounder, or smoother, or more exquisitely complete. It is perhaps, indeed, to the exclusively sensuous nature of his emotions that Moore owes his brilliant reputation; for the favour of the aristocracy, although it might launch him into sudden popularity, could not have sustained him there, unless there had been some direct sympathy between him and the multitude. The expression in Byron's dedication is not overcharged; he was in reality 'the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own.'

Moore was the son of a small tradesman in Dublin, where he was born in 1779. How from a condition comparatively so humble, he should have wrought his way up, or rather shot suddenly up, to be the associate of lords and princes, is clearly shewn, in these volumes, to reflecting readers. If Moore had been an Englishman, his chance would have been little; if a Scotsman, none at all; but in Ireland, society is on quite a different footing. There, an evening-party may take place in a bedroom, as we learn from the *Memoirs*, for want of other accommodation; but there will be no want, on that account, of assumption on the part of the host, or of respect and politeness on that of the guests. 'Such are harmless peculiarities,' as this humble pen observed on another occasion, 'and better than harmless. The English, in these things, are a more sensitive

* *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*. Edited by Lord John Russell. London: Longman. 1862.

of that people; but they are so because they consider money the sovereign good, and the pursuit of it the most honourable of all employments. In Ireland, no man is despised merely because he is poor; and if an Irishman is vain, you will at least find nobody so merciful as he to the little vanities of his neighbours. Irish vanity is not a cold, hard, selfish feeling. It is willing to live and let live. It does not raise itself up at the expense of others, and stand aloof, with eyes half-shut, and the corners of the mouth dropped, scowling a smile at inferiority. If as much tolerance were exhibited in matters of religion as of vanity, Ireland would be almost happy in the midst of starvation.*

Moore, although the son of a small tradesman, was a show-child almost from his birth. A precocious talent for recitation was encouraged to the utmost; and he saw so much of society both at home and abroad, that when a very little boy, he was able to distinguish vulgar people on meeting them, even when surrounded by all the prestiges of wealth. When only eight years of age, he recited and acted publicly at an examination of the school he attended; and when very little older, he was engaged, with grown people, in private theatricals. To his mother, like most of those men who have risen to distinction, he owed everything. She watched over the development of her show-child with untiring care; and at one school-examination, while the bigger lads, ashamed of being headed by so diminutive a boy, stood above him, although the head of the class was his place, she rose up in the visitors' gallery, and remonstrated against the injustice with a wit which elicited a round of applause. It is not a memoir of Moore, however, we are now writing; we allude to these things merely as throwing some light upon the manner of his advancement in life.

The Memoir is not generally amusing or interesting, but it has, nevertheless, some things worth repeating. The subject of Moore's first verses, written at ten or eleven years of age, was a French toy, called a 'quiz,' and this leads to an anecdote of Wellington: "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have ever heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face: "Well, let who will get on in this world, you certainly will not."

A capital reciter, harlequin, actor, singer, and debater, Moore of course made acquaintance with many extraordinary persons. Among his college comrades was Hugh George Macklin—or, as he was called from his habits of boasting on all subjects, Hugo Grotius Braggadocio—who had attained a good deal of reputation, both in his collegiate course and in the Historical Society, where he was one of our most showy speakers. He was also a rhymist to a considerable extent; and contrived, by his own confession, to turn that talent to account, in a way that much better poets might have envied. Whenever he found himself hard run for money—which was not unfrequently, I believe, the case—his last and great resource, after having tried all other expedients, was to threaten to publish his poems; on hearing which promise, the whole of his friends flew instantly to his relief. Among the many stories relative to his boasting poems, it was told of him that, being asked once, on

the eve of a great public examination, whether he was well prepared, in his comic sections, "Prepared!" he exclaimed—"I could whistle them!" In a mock account, written some time after, of a night's proceedings in our Historical Society, one of the times enforced for disorderliness was recorded as follows:—"Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, fined one shilling for whistling comic sections."

The Memoir closes with the first appearance of Lord Moira upon the scene. "It was, I believe, on my next visit to England, that, having through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donington Park, on my way to London. This was of course, at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English recollections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me himself to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but, at the same time, most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house."

We now come to the letters, which are by far the most interesting portion of the work. They are chiefly addressed to his "dearest darling mother," and exhibit the progress of the show-child, received, caressed, petted, by everybody, up to royalty itself, yet retaining his home-feelings as pure and warm as ever. In London, to which he proceeded in 1799, for the purpose of publishing his translation of Anacreon, he takes up his lodgings in a little back-room, on the second floor, at six shillings a week. "Tell me whether you think my lodging is very dear; I assure you I find it extremely comfortable; they have my breakfast laid as snug as possible every morning, and I dine at the *traiteur's* like a prince, for eightpence or ninepence. The other day I had soup, bouillie, rice-pudding, and porter, for ninepence-halfpenny; it that be not cheap, the *dénée* is in it." The landlord of his former lodgings had been very kind to him. "I must tell you a trait of my landlord in Bury Street. A few days before I came here, I happened to ask her about some tailor she knew, saying, at the same time, that I meant to change mine, on account of his not treating me well, in urging me for the small balance of a very large bill I had paid him. The good woman took that opportunity of telling me, that all her money was at her banker's, and would be much better to be employed by me than to lie idle; and that she requested I would make use of any part of it to any amount I might have occasion for. I could not help crying a little at such kindness from a stranger, told her I did not want it, and went and thanked God upon my knees for the many sweet things of this kind he so continually throws in my way." At this time he was an unknown lad of nineteen or twenty.

But we must come to higher matters: "I was yesterday (August 3, 1800) introduced to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of Anacreon, he stopped me and said, the honour was entirely his, in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a new coat; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundingly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours; however, it

cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an old coat, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds."

The series of letters is broken by a full account of his duel with Jeffrey; and in one of the letters he wrote to a friend on the subject, he signs himself very appropriately, 'Ever yours, Tom Fool, till death.' The amusing part of the affair is the conversation which took place between the two combatants, while their seconds were loading the pistols. 'All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together: "What a beautiful morning it is!" "Yes," I answered with a slight smile; "a morning made for better purposes;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, in rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself uneasy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?"'

In 1814, Jeffrey was desirous of adding the popular poet to the staff of contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*; and instead of addressing him direct, although they were by that time on somewhat familiar terms, he wrote a long letter to Rogers on the subject, soliciting humbly but urgently his influence with Moore. 'And now,' he continues, 'I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously.' This earnestness of Jeffrey is not caused so much by his admiration of Moore, as by the literary exigencies of the *Review*. 'I am extremely anxious,' says he, in a subsequent letter to the poet himself, 'to have you fairly dipped in our ink, and should feel my periodical anxiety very much lightened for the next number, if I could but reckon on its containing one little piece of yours, however short and inelaborate. We are most in want of light articles, indeed, of late, as I daresay you have observed; and they bear a higher value with us, like light guineas, under the bullion act.'

Moore's first paper, though thankfully received, does not seem to have altogether come up to Jeffrey's expectation. The new contributor was more merciful in a certain castigation than the autocrat desired. 'I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity which to harder-fibred men is mere tickling.' He then suggested another subject, 'on which more strength may be suitably put forth,' and is not quite so anxious as before as to time. 'If I were not afraid of relaxing your zeal and exertions, I would add, that if it would accommodate you materially, I believe I could make a shift to get through this number without them; my contributions have come in rather better than I expected, and I am now at all events quite sure of quantity enough to fill up my pages; so if you think you could finish the article more to your own satisfaction by keeping it a fortnight or three weeks longer on your hands, I shall try to get on without it for this time, and reckon upon having it to begin the next.' All this is curious, as giving one a peep behind the scenes, where matters are found to wear a very different aspect

from what we expected. Jeffrey, indeed, appears to have been at his wits' end for recruits.

About this time, in the dead of winter, while residing in a cottage in Derbyshire, Moore was busily occupied with *Lalla Rookh*, the subject of which had been suggested to him by Rogers. So independent was the poet in his transactions with publishers, that when Longman communicated to him his readiness to treat for a poem of the length of *Robeby* on the basis of 8000 guineas as the price, only requesting a perusal before concluding, the terms were rejected. The poet would have no 'ifs,' 'Murray's two thousand without this distasteful stipulation is better than the three with it.' Longman seems at once to have succumbed, signing the following agreement:—'That upon your giving into our hands a poem of yours of the length of *Robeby*, you shall receive from us the sum of £3000. We also agree to the stipulation, that the few songs which you may introduce into the work shall be considered as reserved for your own setting.'

Moore having thus gratified his spirit of independence, acted afterwards in a most liberal and gentlemanly manner, as this letter to Mr Longman, written in the following year, will shew:—'MAYFIELD COTTAGE, April 25, 1815.—MY DEAR SIR—I hope to see you in town the beginning of next week. I had copied out fairly about 4000 lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I promised; but, upon further consideration, I have changed my intention: for it has occurred to me, that if you should happen not to be quite as much pleased with what I have done as I could wish, it might have the effect of disheartening me for the execution of the remaining and most interesting part, so I shall take the liberty of withholding it from your perusal till it is finished; and then, I repeat, it shall be perfectly in your power to cancel our agreement, if the merits of the work should not meet your expectation. It will consist altogether of at least 6000 lines, and as into every one of these I am throwing as much mind and polish as I am master of, the task is no trifling one. I mean, with your permission, to say in town that the work is finished; and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season: this I wish to do, in order to get rid of all the teasing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, &c.; and as the fiction is merely a poetic licence, you will perhaps let it pass current for me; indeed, in one sense, it is nearly true, as I have written almost the full quantity of verses I originally intended.'

Here is a picture of an author's family as few authors' families appear: 'I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it was not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty natural girl of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl, a very nice dancer as well as a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family: they meet every Sunday night, and each brings a poem upon some subject; and I never was much more surprised than in looking over their collection. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins after my own heart; so that I passed my time very agreeably amongst them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents of rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks.' As a contrast, we may take the Burdett ménage. 'Two Miss Burdetts at dinner—nice girls. Burdett's style of living not at all equal to his means, either in expense or elegance. With such a fortune, he ought to make his private life a sort of counteraction to the plebeian tendency of his politics; like Washington, who threw all the graces and courtesies of aristocratic ceremony round his republican court; and unlike his successor,

Jefferson, who seemed to delight in vulgarising democracy to its lowest pitch. Burdett, a most amiable man, something particularly attaching in his manner; his gentleness, and almost bashfulness, forming such a contrast to the violence of his public career. Contrasts of this kind are far more common among public men than people are aware of.

We now come to a capital rebuff given by Paley: "Parkinson was saying that Bakewell, the great breeder of cattle, had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, and could direct it to shoulder, leg, &c., just as he thought proper; and this," says Parkinson, "is the great problem of his art." "It's a lie, sir," says Paley, "and that's the solution of it." An instance of comic persecution, original and inimitable:—"The mayor of Cork, a very pompous knight, made many ostentatious displays during his office, and whatever he did, a club of these young fellows who called themselves "the corporation," imitated. When he gave a dinner, they did the same, and sent out cards that were a sort of parody on his. When he went down the river in pomp to visit some public works, they had a sort of procession up the river, to perform the same sort of ceremony on the Potato Quay. He had a medal struck to commemorate the half-centenary of the king's reign, and they had gingerbread struck on the same occasion; and when he sent one of these medals to the Regent, they sent one of their gingerbreads to him, covered with gold-leaf. I wonder the poor mayor did not die of it."

When Moore was not in the company of the gay or the fair, the observed of all observers, he was at home with his wife, whom he absolutely idolised, generally spending the evening in reading plays or novels to her. Sometimes the amusement was varied, and we meet with this entry in his diary: "Played a game of cribbage with Bessy after dinner, and lost sixpence to her." Bessy was sometimes not quite prepared to see his noble friends: "A dinner at Phipps's hanging over me all the morning: resolved, however, about three, to send an apology and dine at home, which was a relief from my day-mare. While I was at dinner, Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was shewing him upstairs; so in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots."

Moore was not without his 'testimonials.' Received from one of my female correspondents a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles; another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry. The young Bristol lady who enclosed me three pounds after reading *Lalla Rookh*, had also very laudable ideas on the subject; and if every reader of *Lalla Rookh* had done the same, I need never have written again. We cannot refrain from this literary anecdote: "Sharpe mentioned the *Ter Subterranean*, or *Klimovs*, of Baron de Holberg, in imitation of *Gulliver*: in one of the places he visits there is an ecclesiastic, whose appointment to some great place depends on his thinking the sun triangular in its shape. He looks and looks through his telescope, but in vain; he cannot think it otherwise than round: another of more accommodating vision gets the place, and on being questioned by the unsuccessful gentleman, who asks him how it was possible it could appear to him triangular; as for himself, he confessed, let him look at it how or when he might, it always seemed to him round. The other answers: "Certainly, it must be confessed that, for a triangular body, it is very round." Here is Moore's opinion of *Don Juan*: "Went to breakfast with Holhouse, in order to read Lord Byron's poem: a strange production, full of talent and singularity, as

everything he writes must be: some highly beautiful passages, and some highly humorous ones; but, as a whole, not publishable." Many authors have had odd peculiarities in their selection of time and place for study. Sheridan, when he had anything special to do, used to get up at five o'clock, and eat toasted muffins as he wrote; while his biographer, Moore, on similar occasions, remained snugly in bed. Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "*Cribb*" work. It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the fancy of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position—which Richerand, the French physiologist, says is most favourable to thought—or more probably the removal of all those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition."

In general, Moore seems to have been a methodical, though not quick writer. Every day he did something, or tried to do something. On productive days, about twenty lines of verse were a fair average; but the progress of his *Life of Sheridan* depended mainly on the influx of materials. In the Diary, many anecdotes are jotted down just as he heard them, and some of a nature which he could not very well use in a work in which he was so much hampered by the social dissensions. This is the correct version of a good story, which is told in half-a-dozen different ways:—"Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, was seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added: "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?" Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again." This, likewise, is characteristic: "Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed: "And how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself; "And you, you fool (said S.), have you made all that noise for nothing?" The notion of Sheridan being angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall is amusing: it tempted the duns to stay by making them so comfortable!"

Sheridan was a well-known practical joker: "The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the House, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemptive posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really draged some attack from the race he was plotting against." His jokes, however, were not always so innocent; such as, his strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them: Tickell fell among them, and was almost cut to pieces; and next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord John Townshend against S. for this trick, he added (with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes), "but it was amazingly well done." His drinking habits do not escape; but the truth of the following anecdote is problematical: "At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the former alone intended for use. In the morning, he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending

important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. There was, indeed, a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay. I wonder are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable.' Here is an amusing pantomime: 'Sheridan once told Rogers of a scene that occurred in a French theatre in 1772, where two French officers stared a good deal at his wife, and S., not knowing a word of French, could do nothing but put his arms a-kimbo, and look bluff and defying at them, which they, not knowing a word of English, could only reply to by the very same attitude and look.'

Upon the whole, this is a highly-interesting work; and its contents, although they must be considered merely as *mémoires pour servir*, are carefully arranged.

JUGGLERY OF MNEMONICS.

The performances of Mr and Miss Eagle, alluded to in a late number, though a novelty in as far as the pretension to clairvoyance is concerned, are by no means so in themselves. From time to time, individuals come before the public, professing to answer almost any question that may be put to them, but not attempting to deny or conceal that they are enabled to do so by means of some trick or art known to themselves. In all of these cases, the exhibition may be held as mainly an exhibition of the powers of a well-trained memory, and in that light, it is not without interest for the public.

Like every faculty and function of the mind, memory is susceptible of culture. A person may have naturally a restricted memory, but it may be greatly enlarged by thoughtful consideration. Supposing, however, that all ordinary methods of improvement fail, recourse may be had to mnemonics, or the art of assisting the memory by certain devices. By this means a person may be said to form an artificial memory. Instead of attempting to remember any particular fact, he, through a process of association of ideas, substitutes something which is more easily remembered; and by recalling that, the fact itself is brought back to the mind. A familiar example of mnemonics occurs in children's remembrance of the church catechism. In poring over it, they recollect that certain questions, with their answers, stand in a particular part of the page; the answers are in this way associated with the place which they occupy; and by thinking of this place the answer is recalled to their mind. On this principle, it might answer a good purpose, in children's books, to print peculiar figures, in connection with facts in science, history, and other subjects; and the recollection of these would doubtless tend to fix a recollection of the facts on the mind. Every individual is less or more indebted to mnemonics. By an association of ideas, we remember the names of acquaintances, dates, tunes, and other circumstances. Practised public speakers, who require to depend much on memory, have ordinarily some method of preserving the train of ideas. We have heard of one who handles a stick in speaking; the stick has several small knots, which may be felt by the fingers; and as each knot in succession is felt, it recalls a certain branch of the subject. Other speakers, entering beforehand the apartment in which they are to deliver an address, fix on certain objects, and associate them with what they are to speak upon. Rhymes are useful for the same purpose; and every one may contrive for himself such a string of words as will recall the heads of an address to be delivered without the aid of notes.

The performances of Mr Eagle and his daughter are thus explicable in a very simple manner. In all such operations of pretended clairvoyance, there are two parties to the trick; one is blindfolded, or assumes to be mesmerically asleep, and answers questions that are put through the confederate. In some of these performances, the blindfolded person will play at cards, and astonish every one with his adroitness; but in this, as in other tricks, he acts by private and well-arranged sounds or words uttered by his companion. This associate may stand at a distance, and assume to be unconcerned; yet certain words which he drops, convey a meaning sufficient to guide an adept in this species of jugglery. A certain M. Gandon of Paris is said to be the inventor of a regular system of these symbolic sounds; and his system, modified and translated into English, closely resembles the one in use by the Eagles. As stated at some length in the *New Monthly Magazine* for December 1852, this ingenious system, as formerly alluded to, is based on the first letters of words spoken by the seeing and questioning confederate. When the question refers to number, the first letters symbolise figures to make up the number. In this French system, for example, *d* stands for 1, *l* for 2, *c* for 3, *p* for 4, *q* for 5, *a* for 6, *f* for 7, *v* for 8, *n* for 9, *m* for 0. Nothing, therefore, can be more easy than to elicit the answer of any particular number, by merely asking the question in a series of words beginning with letters corresponding with the desired figures. By a certain method of putting the inquiry, the party addressed further knows whether the question refers to one, two, three, or more figures. When a number importing only one figure is wanted, the word 'chiffre' (figure) is employed; when the number consists of two figures, the first letters of the first two words employed import the number; when the number embraces three figures, the expletive word 'bien' is used; when four figures, 'tres bien;' and so on. Take the following examples:—If you wish to have the answer 3, you say 'Connaissez-vous le chiffre?' (Do you know the figure?); the answer is immediately 3, because *c* stands for 3. If you wish the number 12 to be answered, you say 'Dites le nombre' (Tell the number), because *d* stands for 1, and *l* for 2. But if you wish the number 129, you employ 'bien,' thus—'Bien-dites le nombre'; in this case, it is known that three figures are required, and accordingly *d*, *l*, and *n* symbolise 129. By such simple means, always altering the preliminary expletive, any number up to six or eight figures can be readily elicited. With this explanation, how little clairvoyance is required to tell the number on a watch or a bank-note!

So much for questions referring to figures. As regards questions of a miscellaneous nature, as names of persons and countries, articles held in the hand, &c., there is a similar process of forming answers out of the first letters in the words that are employed; but with this difference, that in each case the letter in the alphabet after that which is employed, is the letter wanted. Thus *b* stands for *a*, *c* stands for *b*, and so on. If we, therefore, wish an answer beginning with the letter *a*, we use a word beginning with *b*. In this class of questions, expletives are likewise employed, to point out the nature of the thing asked; and for the sake of convenience, various letters are left out, as in short-hand. A watch is an article most commonly put into the hands of the performer. Holding this up, he asks what it is, using the words, 'Nommez promptement' (Name it quickly). Here *a* stands for *m*, and *p* for *o*; and *m*, *o*, are the two first letters in 'montre' (a watch), the word watch is quickly answered. If it be wished to have the word 'or' (gold), all that is necessary is to add the word 'parlez' to the question, as the *p* in that word stands for *o*. Thus, 'nommez promptement, parlez,' would signify 'gold watch.' In order to mystify the audience, a number of words, totally useless, are ordinarily employed, along with the two or three

words which convey the actual meaning; and these are added after a slight pause, so as to cut them off from the audience. It will have been observed that Eagle, and other English performers of the trick, adopt a similar practice. They break their questions into parts, using, either before or after the symbolising words, a string of jargon, seemingly meaningless, but in reality designed to throw auditors off their guard. The 'little clairvoyante' has the tact to know what words are charged with symbolic letters, and what are meaningless, and gives her response accordingly.

In the case of the Eagles, the questioner had frequent recourse to the following words:—"Come, now, miss, hasten, be quick, what do you think?" Here, it will be observed, are ten words, the initial of which may symbolise so many figures—as, c for 1, n for 2, m for 3, and so on. If it was required that the girl, in reply to a question of number, should answer 123, the father had only to say: "Come, now, miss." If 12356, he need only say: "Come, now, miss, be quick." In this way, by ringing the changes on the words, and introducing a variety of meaningless phrases, according to pleasure, any given number on a watch or bank-note could be told as instantaneously as if the 'little clairvoyante' had been looking over her papa's shoulder.

Such may be called a skeleton-key to the systems of the 'mysterious ladies' and 'little clairvoyantes,' which are at present attracting so much notice throughout the country. With these performers who honestly profess an art or trick, we have no fault to find; but we cannot sufficiently reprobate pretensions such as those of the Eagles, which take advantage of the obscure subject of mesmerism, and the doubts raised both for and against it, to impose upon the public. To see well-educated and enlightened persons thus gulled by a vulgar conjuror, who cannot speak a sentence of his own language grammatically, is a spectacle which we must own, fairly goes beyond our patience; and we must hope that, by the present and similar exposures, it will be put an end to.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE JURISPRUDENCE OF INSANITY.

The following fact may be depended upon, having been reported to us by the respectable officer referred to:—

A country schoolmaster came one day to Dr —, physician to the P— Lunatic Asylum, and requested to be admitted on the establishment, as he felt himself going wrong in his mind. The doctor told him he had not power to do so; it required an attestation from two medical men, and two neighbours, and also the sheriff's warrant. The man pressed his request; and remarked, that he believed the doctor would accede to it if he knew the extremity of the case. 'For,' said he, 'I feel a great inclination to suicide.' 'That is very bad,' said —. 'Nay, more,' added the man, 'I can scarcely refrain from murdering my fellow-creatures, especially when I see any weapon lying about. My inclination is then to rush upon the person who may be nearest to me, and destroy him.' Dr — bethought him, with a quail of painful alarm, 'Why, this poor man may use his knife against any child that comes up to get a pen mended at his desk.' The man continued: 'Any one in my way at the moment I feel inclined to sacrifice— it might be a man passing me on the road, my wife sitting at dinner, or a child coming up to me to have a pen mended.' Dr — then saw it was an urgent case indeed, and next day had the proper steps taken to get the applicant admitted. He at first got worse in the asylum, but in due time recovered completely, so as to be able to resume his duties.

The judges have no test of insanity in criminal cases besides the question: Does the culprit know right from wrong? This schoolmaster evidently knew right from

wrong, since he felt a horror at his own inclinations, which were yet so much beyond his own control, that he had to put himself under external restraints to prevent them from being followed. Now, how does the judges' test apply in such a case? Had the schoolmaster killed a pupil, would it not have been evident that he knew right from wrong? And yet was he not just as certainly out of his right mind, and therefore not accountable for his actions?

COFFEE.

According to a return recently published by the Statistical Society, the quantity of coffee grown at the present time in all parts of the world is, as near as can be estimated, 476,000,000 pounds annually. The value, reckoned at 70s. the hundredweight, is more than £10,000,000 sterling; and the duty, averaging it at 3d. per pound, would amount to £3,700,000. The shipping required to transport the coffee to its several markets would comprise 214,289 tons, which, at £2. 10s. per ton, gives £530,000 as the cost of freight; to which, if we add the profits of merchants and retailers, we find a gross sum of £2,000,000 paid yearly by consumers of the article. This great trade has grown up in little more than a century; before that period, Arabia supplied the whole demand, now it furnishes not more than a 160th part, so greatly has its crop, supposed to be not less abundant than formerly, been exceeded by that of other countries.

Some interesting facts come out on comparing the quantities consumed in different countries. Among European states, Belgium stands highest, and England lowest. In the former country, the consumption of coffee in 1848 was 39,608,935 pounds, which, with a population of 4,337,196, gives 8.92 pounds for each individual; while chicory, being home-grown, and untaxed, is also used in prodigious quantities. The consumption in Denmark for 1847, the population being 2,296,496, was 12,337,281 pounds, or 5.37 pounds per head; and in the same year the chicory used was 3,047,558 pounds, nearly a fourth of the coffee in addition. The states of the German Union number 29,392,521 inhabitants, who in 1848 consumed 95,531,537 pounds of coffee, or 3.25 pounds for each, taken at an average; but the rate varies largely with different parts of the country—for while Saxony consumes 3.33 pounds per head, Bavaria uses 1.12 pounds only; this return, however, includes chicory and other substitutes. Coming now to our own country—Great Britain and Ireland—we find that in 1850 the consumption of coffee was 31,224,840 pounds, averaging not more than 1.13 pounds to each individual of the 27,452,261 composing the population; showing the consumption to be less than in any other of the countries from which returns were obtained. It is remarkable, that in 1847 above six millions of pounds more were consumed than in 1850, some peculiarity of national taste being perhaps the cause of the decrease. There was an increase in 1851 of more than a million pounds, owing apparently to the reduction of duty to 3d. per pound on all coffee.

An increase in the consumption of chicory has been put forward, as accounting for the diminution in that of coffee; but when we see on the continent, and particularly in Belgium, a progressive increase in the two articles, some other cause must be sought for. It is most likely to be found in the growing taste for tea in this country, which has been notably continuous. In 1847, the consumption was 46,314,821 pounds; in 1851, 53,965,112 pounds, an increase of nearly eight millions in four years. Judging from the amount of the respective duties, the reverse should have been the case; the coffee-duty is 28s. per hundredweight, being at the rate of 50 per cent. on the value; while on a hundredweight of tea it is 26s., more than 800 per cent. The difference in the consumption is the more

striking, when we remember that in *use one pound of tea 'goes as far' as three of coffee.*

In the United States of America, no duty is paid on either tea or coffee. That country contained, in 1850, nearly 23,800,000 inhabitants, who consumed 129,890,929 pounds of coffee, which gives 5·57 pounds per head, or about four times more than the average of Britain. The tea consumed in the same year was 28,199,601 pounds. The people of the United States, therefore, consume more than four times as much coffee as tea, while here the proportion of coffee to tea is as 60 to 100. Taking tea and coffee together, their average is 6·74 pounds; while ours is not more than 3 pounds—a difference of more than half.

Those facts afford a forcible argument in favour of a reduction of the tea-duties. Were such a measure carried out, we think it probable that the consumption in Britain would be found to exceed that of all other countries, and Chinese ingenuity might be overtaxed to supply the demand.

A LAY OF FURNESS ABBEY.

LET Layard quarry Nineveh, and Bartlett boat the Nile,
Or Alphonse weave his Gallic lays on Balbec's ruined pile;
Let any sing the magic charm that lingers round the shrine
Of Attic temples, Roman groves, or scenes of Palestine:
What boots it that a British child should seek for beauty there,
While Furness' haunted abbey stands, and waves her
woodlands fair?

High noon had passed in summer sheen, and Sol's
declining rays
O'er columns, arches, monuments, suffused a purple blaze;
Where darkest gloom and rigid frowns of yore had reigned
supreme,
Now sunshine played among the flowers, and lit the babbling
stream:
Where couled monks perchance had trod, now roved a
laughing band
High-hearted youth with boisterous glee, and maidens
hand in hand.

But one there was of graver mood, whose soul the dreamy
spell
That clad these relics of the past enchaîned like music's
swell:
Apart he mused, and laid him down beside a jess'mine
tree—
The ivy rustled overhead, and clover decked the lea
His pensive fancy wandered back to scenes of other days,
Till outward vision closed at last in dreamland's mystic
maze.

No longer ivy twined around, the jess'mine trees were
gone—
Where broken arches late were seen, mediæval windows
shone;
Again the abbey proudly reared her belfry towers on high,
And in her ancient prime once more she filled the sleeper's
eye.
Gray-hooded men—priest, abbot, monk—again thronged
hall and cell,
And one of youthful brow he heard thus bid the world
farewell:

'No more! no more! The word hath passed;
Thy treasures, earth,
That once I deemed for me were cast,
What now their worth?

My early hopes and boyhood's dreams
Shaped not for this,
When round me played the fitful gleams
Of happiness!

But here within this stone-cold cell,
No footstep near,
No sound except the vesper-bell
Gray eve to cheer,

A wasting canker seems the sense
Of loneliness now;
Or why this mad unrest, and whence
This throbbing brow?

They tell me, too, I must forget
Youth's sacred flame—
No longer wear her locks of jet,
Or breathe her name:

Arm-linked with her, no longer weave
Love's golden threads,
When bright above, star-jewelled eve
Her glory spreads!

Then fond delights that crowned my path,
Oh! pass ye on;
For me life's joy and glory hath
For ever gone!

Farewell! farewell!—I will not weep,
Though sad my lot;
But Time, O haste the untroubled sleep
That waketh not!

The sleeper started from his trance; gay sounds of mirth
were near,
Light, silvery voices floated by, and music charmed the ear:
With laughing, careless step they came, the young, the fair,
the free
Old Time and Care seemed all forgot 'mid lightsome
revelry.
'Twasre ladies' eertes graced that band—sweet 'phantoms
of delight'
In pink and lilac some arrayed, or robes of waving white.

O dreamer, point a moral now, or prithee list to mine:
When next you mix in pleasure's throng, to lighter moods
incline
The monishing monks beneath your tread, 'twas theirs to
yearn and sigh
When severed from the springs of bliss that now surround
your eye;
But you, go to! let owlets sigh, leave mourning to the dove;
Young hearts should seek the brighter themes of Beauty,
Joy, and Love!

August 1852.

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FISH.

The artificial production of fish is continuing to be
actively promoted in France. M. Coste, the learned
professor of the College de France, and author of the
singular operation of fecundating the eggs of salmon in
a washing-tub, has just returned from a government
mission to examine into the system of artificial production
employed at Comacchio, in the Roman States, and at
Lucrino, in the kingdom of Naples. This system, it
appears, is applicable to mollusca as well as to ordinary
fresh-water fish, and it is carried out on such an extensive
scale, as to afford an abundant supply of cheap and whole-
some food to large masses of population. M. Coste has
brought with him a crab peculiar to the Arno, in Tuscany,
and its dependent streams; and he does not doubt that
he can naturalise it in France. It can be made to breed
artificially also.—*Literary Gazette.*

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OLD AND YOUNG LOVE.

THE recollections which I am now jotting down in my leisure moments, painful though many of them be, are penned in the hope that some of those whose eyes they may meet, may glean from them a lesson which, had it been read to myself in by-gone days, had changed the destiny of my life.

I need write down little of my early years of boyhood: they were passed calmly enough in the usual routine of Dutch colonial life. There is seldom much to give excitement to a sojourn in an Eastern settlement, and still less until one has reached the riper years of manhood. The island of Ceylon, under the sober sway of Myndheer Falek, formed no exception to this rule. My youth passed away; manhood arrived; yet nothing had occurred to ruffle the even tenor of my life, save the death of my surviving parent: and that event was softened by the reflection, that it left me sole master of my actions, and of a landed property which was far from being inconsiderable.

The Retreat, which was the name of our family property, was and still is situated on the banks of the Calany Ganga, whose waters rolled into the Indian Ocean the contributions of many a distant mountain torrent, of many a boiling waterfall and inland flood. Our rice-grounds, at the present moment, stretch for a good mile along the river-bank. Of pasturage, there is no lack. And the fine, old, red-bricked, high-shouldered, stiff-backed family mansion stood up, and stands now, so primly amidst the merry green foliage and flower-beds, as though it had been starched and ironed out for the purpose. I loved the dear old place, with its quiet dark rooms, brimful of ebony and calamander furniture; and its low, gravelly, shaded walks, into which the sun never peeped but for a minute at highest noon; but I love it more dearly now, and for other reasons.

When I found myself in full possession of all this property, I was not elated and puffed up; I did not rush into the coarse gaieties of burgher colonial life; I felt that I had a soul above Schiedam and ciny-pipes, and nothing less than claret and a perfumed hookah on a downy ottoman would suit my tastes. Always of a contemplative turn, I had long felt a great desire to study Oriental languages, in order to search the hidden treasures of the literature of the East; and now that there was no longer any obstacle to my pursuits, I gladly handed over charge of the rice-grounds, the fruit-trees, the cattle, and implements, to my father's old gray-headed *molandras* or bailiff, who I knew would be as honest as he could, and would not rob me more than he had done my predecessors.

I called in the services of a *pandit* from the neigh-

bouring temple, who put me upon a course of Pali and Sanscrit, much to my delight. I could think of nothing else. The very oddity of the characters pleased me—they were so like carpenter's shavings curled round, and old slippers turned up at the toes. I breakfasted on Pali: I took tea on Sanscrit; and dined on them both. I dreamed of them. The smoke of my hookah curled up into queer Pali letters; the very flowers in the garden seemed to be blossoming in the Sanscrit dialect. In short, I was happy, and flattered myself that I could not possibly be happier—that I was leading a most exemplary life, and was altogether a very virtuous, useful member of burgher society.

Time rolled pleasantly on, and I was still absorbed with my hookah and my Pali, still lived upon claret and Sanscrit, undisturbed by any carking cares of the Dutch world about me, when I remembered that I was thirty-two years of age. Judging by my dress and manners, any one might well have written me down forty-two, with a postscript to the effect that I looked rather more.

Just at this critical period, when I was about to commence an onslaught upon the musty Pali Olas of Singalese history, I received a letter from an old friend of the family at Jaffnapatani, in the north of the island, soliciting my good offices for the widow of a Company's servant, who with her little daughter was proceeding to Colombo for change of air. I engaged for them a small cottage adjoining my own grounds, and shortly afterwards welcomed the old lady and her charge to their new abode. There was nothing whatever to attract one in the widow: she was as dull and insipid as might be expected from a whole life passed in a remote Dutch settlement. Her lace collar and ruffles were as yellow as her skin, and that seemed to have imbibed the joint tinge of her favourite 'pumpkin curry,' and her deceased husband's tobacco smoke. I of course felt for her friendless situation, but otherwise looked upon her with the same feelings as I should have had for an old butter-crock or a bale of damaged cotton cloth. Edith—her sweet, dark-eyed, black-haired daughter—was a being of another stamp; so simple, so lively, so good, so intelligent, that I used to think the old smoke-dried, curry-fed dame must have stolen the dear child from some high-born family; indeed, I am not to this day convinced to the contrary.

Their wants were few enough—as is the case with most people in tropical countries—and those wants were readily supplied. But it was evident that little Edith required something more than could be had at the neighbouring *f. zaar*. Her mind demanded nourishment; and such a mind as she was evidently gifted with, should have no ordinary chance care, of thought

of it: it came across me in the midst of a Pali translation; it startled me in the wild solitudes of a Sanscrit verb. Schools for such as she, there were none. But she could read and write, and had a slight, very slight, knowledge of history and science; so that the ground had at anyrate been prepared for the good seed. I was not long in determining what to do. They were both glad to receive my offers of tuition; and it was arranged that every morning, an hour after the ordinary breakfast, I should send my *appo*, or butler, for my little pupil, who was to remain with me until noon, after which I was to be left to my Pali and Sanscrit.

A new phase of my hitherto mechanical existence now commenced, and with it I dated the birth of new and pleasurable feelings. I had some one to live for beyond my own self. I felt that the ability to impart was not less pleasing than the power to acquire knowledge. And when each morning brought me my young pupil, cheerful, happy, and gentle as ever, it seemed as though a radiant light were diffused through the old darkened rooms of the huge mansion. I could hear the pretty Edith's footfall on the gravel-walks, and over the green grass-plot, long before I could catch a glimpse of her through the thick foliage of the oleanders and the roses. Sometimes, too, she would gather flowers and evergreens as she came along and wreath them into garlands for me while I taught her.

It was a happy time that morning of instruction: the forenoon seemed to have fled ere it commenced. And what rendered it the more delightful, Edith made such rapid progress during the first year, as bade fair shortly to outstrip my limited powers of instruction. I entered upon a fresh course of studies myself, in order to be able to keep in advance of my pupil. I learned all sorts of difficult things, from all kinds of hard-covered, heavily-clasped old tomes. Some I borrowed from the minister, and some from a member of the Dutch service, who possessed more books than he knew the names of. In this way I kept fairly ahead for at least another year. Sanscrit and Pali began to lose their charms for me, and I could no longer feel any interest in matters which possessed no attractions for Edith.

On Sundays, I drove my neighbours to church in my old-fashioned bullock-hackery, fitted up with new curtains and soft cushions, and I even began to bestow a little pains upon my long neglected dress. Sometimes, on cool, still evenings, I took them in a covered canoe, rowed by two oars-men, up the Calany Ganga. Oftentimes the old lady remained at home, at which I was the better pleased; and Edith, who had a good ear and a knowledge of music, played to me on her guitar, sweet, soft, little airs, and sang to them such gentle, soothing words, as made me wish she could sing for ever.

Our morning lessons now grew into the afternoon, and my pupil remained to *tiffin*, on fruit, bread, and cream, after which we strolled down to a shady tope of palms, where the grass grew as thick and soft as any silken ottoman; and there, with book in hand, while the waters of the Calany rippled at our feet, and the birds sang above our heads, I read aloud some chapters of history, or politics, or science, stopping at times to expatiate or explain, as the case might be. On these occasions little Edith—for she was still little, though growing fast towards womanhood—would seat herself at my feet, and resting her beautiful head on my knees,

look up into my face with her clear, soft, searching eyes, as though she saw instead of heard my words. I never felt tired of reading and explaining, and every day was surprised to find, by the unwelcome appearance of my *appo*, that the hour for tea had arrived.

In this way, what with teaching, reading, boasting, and riding to church, some years flew rapidly and happily away. My pupil was nearly fifteen, ripening into maturity, and growing more lovable and intelligent every day. I could really teach her no more. But I was determined she should learn all that was possible in the island, and accordingly engaged a dancing-master to come out from the fort twice a week; as also a neat work-woman, to give her daily lessons in embroidery and lace-working. It is true, the dancing-master was wooden-legged, for he was an old pensioner of the Company, but he was as active and graceful as though he had possessed as many real legs as a centipede; and very soon his pupil made rapid progress in this as in all else. I more than once caught myself taking involuntary lessons in the adjoining room; and I verily believe, that if Edith had expressed the slightest ghost of a desire that I should take lessons in the embroidery, I should have cheerfully undertaken the dangerous task.

At the end of the sixth year of my acquaintance with Edith and her mother, I began to put a few serious questions to myself. That I loved that dear girl very deeply and sincerely, I did not for a moment doubt. I had been conscious of it for a long time past. But what were her feelings towards me? That I could not so easily answer. I thought much upon this: it had most completely annihilated every vestige of Pali from my mind. Sometimes I felt convinced Edith really loved me as I would have her love; at other times, strange doubts flitted across my brain. She often called me her 'dear, good old man,' and the then hated word 'old,' rang in my ears like a knell to my hopes. It was in vain I consulted the glass; there was, alas! no mistake about it: I was becoming old in looks. Solitude and confinement had left their unmistakable marks upon me; and though I wore my hair in the most youthful, fashionable mode, and took a variety of precautions, I could not change my skin or smooth my furrows.

On more than one occasion, when seated under our favourite palm-tope, I took the opportunity of reading to her some old Dutch and French tales, in which it was set forth how young maidens had been wooed and won by men much their superiors in years, and how happily these marriages had resulted to both parties. Edith sometimes, I fancied, looked rather thoughtful and grave at these tales; but they always ended in her thanking me, kissing me, and calling me, alas! her 'dear, good old man.' And although these words flung across my feelings a sadness I could not altogether conquer, I was still delighted to hear her call me anything, and would not have missed a word from her pretty lips for a principality.

Once during the breaking-up of the north-east monsoon, when the nights are fearfully close and oppressive, when midnight brings no relief from the sultriness of the day, and darkness seems but a mockery of the seasons, dear Edith took a low fever, and remained for some weeks in considerable danger. I believe I loved her more deeply than ever, when, as I watched by her bedside, she would take neither

medicine not food from any hand but mine. She did love me, as I had hoped, at last, there could be no doubt. I could not bear to be absent from her. It was my delight to sit near her, with open lattice, so that the perfume of the rose, the country jessamine, and the Buddho-blossoms could be wafted in by the bland sea-breeze, and I might, whilst I read to her, fan away the troublesome mosquitoes from her face and arms.

I am not sure if I did not feel something approaching regret when my attendance was no longer needed, and Edith was pronounced convalescent, for I dreaded lest she should once more address me in her simple but to me chilling words. When she was quite well again, and the weather, so bland and soothing after the fall of the monsoon rains, enabled us once more to resume our strolls to the favourite palm-tops by the river-side, I resolved to open my mind to her, confess my love, and hear my fate from her own lips. Many a turn did we take together through those quiet shaded walks; many a bright sunny afternoon was passed under the grateful shadow of those tall, waving, feathery palm-leaves—I with my book, Edith with her little guitar or her embroidery, half sitting on the ground, half resting in my lap. But as often as the words rose to my lips, they died away in fear. Once I began with 'Edith, dear!' but could accomplish no more. She waited for me to go on, looked up so sweetly in my face, and asked if she should play to her 'dear, good old man!' It was in vain: I felt I could never say the word; and so, after some weeks of uncertainty and torture, determined to write her.

How many letters I began and never finished, I know not; nor can I say how many were written only to be torn into a thousand pieces. At last, trembling like a guilty child, I despatched my epistle to her. It was after her departure for the day, rather earlier than usual, and I paced my lonely veranda for hours afterwards, giddy with intense anxiety. I could see the path leading across to Edith's cottage, and kept my eyes rivetted to it, as though all my earthly hopes were centered on the spot. At last, after I know not how many tedious, nervous hours, the hoped-for yet dreaded reply came. Years have rolled past since that sad night, but the grave alone can efface the remembrance of the tortures I suffered—of the agony and passion that swept from my mind all good, all soft, all righteous feelings.

I must not dwell upon the recollections of that fatal letter, but briefly tell how it dashed the cup of hope from my lips—how it told, in a few words, the love she bore me as her 'dear, good old friend'—how she should always love me; but how that I was very silly to think of her other than as my own dear child! It ended, if I remember aright, by saying how frightened she should be to come near me if I did not promise to behave more soberly, as befitted my years.

I must tell all, though to my own shame and sorrow. I must write down how I allowed anger, hatred, and all uncharitableness to take full possession of my mind—how I dreamed of revenge, of malice, of all but what I ought to have felt, and at last called for my hookah, and in savage calmness lit it with the hateful letter. Never before had I been crossed in my smallest wish or desire. I had never been tried by disappointment or sorrow; my life had been untroubled by a single grief or vexation. Having lived on so calmly, I had believed myself to be a philosopher; having done no fellow-creature a harm in word or deed, I fancied I was an exemplary member of society; and having, moreover, never missed attendance at church, except through illness, I flattered myself that I was a devout Christian. Alas! I had never been tried. And now that I was tried—now that I was weighed in the balance, I was found wanting.

I did not give angry vent to my passion; I brooded darkly, miserably over my disappointment. Not for

one moment—fool that I was!—did I cherish the thought, that Edith might have written hastily, or over-persuaded by her mother, or that she might relent hereafter, or that the letter might have been intended to test my love for her. I thought not of all this. Anger swept through my breast like a mighty, withering sirocco, blasting and dashing before it every good and gentle thought, every kind and holy feeling. I felt bankrupt in heart and hope, and, in a fit of savage, irrepressible grief, rose up from my ottoman, called my head appo, and bade him pack up my wardrobe, a few books, and other things, and have my bullock-hackery ready to convey me to the fort of Colombo at daybreak.

I summoned my mohandiran in the dead of the night, and told him I was about to travel for a month or two on business; that he must take care of the farm; and that I should depute some friend in the garrison to receive and remit to me the rents and proceeds of my crops. Any one but a Singalese would have been astonished at my sudden nocturnal departure; but an Indian is far too apathetic to be surprised at anything; it would be much too troublesome to him even to feel an interest in anything; and therefore you cannot by any possibility get him into a state at all approaching excitement.

Before the sun had flung his earliest rays upon the waters of the bay, I was within the walls of the gloomy fort, sipping coffee with an old friend of my family. To him I communicated my intention of at once quitting Colombo, and probably Ceylon, for a time, though without hinting at the real cause of my departure. Pride impelled me to conceal the truth, and I merely alluded to a general desire to see a little of the world in the East.

The north-east monsoon was then prevailing, and there was an abundance of vessels in the harbour bound for all parts of the adjoining continent of India within a few days. My impatience, however, could not brook delay. I began to hate the very sight of the fort and harbour, and longed to find myself amongst strangers in a strange land. There was but one small craft about to sail for Trincomalee and Jaffna, in the north of the island; and rather than be bound a prisoner where I was, I at once engaged a passage in this small dhoney, and prepared to depart that same evening.

Leaving my affairs in the hands of my friend, I embarked with one small package and a tolerably stout purse; and as the land-wind filled our wide sails, and swept the sharp-built craft through the still, blue waters of the Indian Ocean, I felt relieved from a load of oppression which had before overwhelmed me, and once more found myself able to think of the past and ponder upon the future. I could not sleep during our little coasting voyage to the north. The nights were moonlight and serene; the sea was unruffled and hushed like a child asleep; the breezes from the flower-girt shore breathed sweetly, gently past us. All was hushed, and calm, and happy, save myself. I could see no beauty in that bright moonlight, could trace no perfumes in the balmy air. I only looked back upon days gone by as a happy, glorious past, receding from my vision, shut out by dark, sorrowful clouds, with no ray of hope or happiness to cheer their darkness. I was a miserable man.

Arrived at Trincomalee, I quitted the wretched craft, and determined to wait for some opportunity of crossing to the Indian coast. I did not remain idle, but wandered about the adjoining country, seeking to divert my thoughts from the past by fixing them on new objects. As there were just then no vessels about to sail, I journeyed still further, and paid a visit to the Lake of Murrey, an artificial dike of vast extent, erected, it is believed, two thousand years ago, and still in excellent preservation. The water retained by its walls serves to irrigate a tract of otherwise sterile

country, and produces food for many thousands of villagers.

Passing on from this, I proceeded to a spot still more interesting, where stand in solitary grandeur the gigantic and beautiful ruins of a once royal city, Pollanarooa. This magnificent place is unknown beyond the immediate neighbourhood, being overgrown with low jungle, huge forest-trees, and thickly-twining plants. In the seventh or eighth century, this vast city was built, and for nearly six hundred years the monarchs of Ceylon dwelt there in barbaric pomp.

The wild desolation of the place pleased me not less than its extent and architectural beauties. For some weeks I wandered up and down the vast ruins, the silence of which was broken only by the cry of wild birds. Through pillared palaces, and interminable piazzas, and lofty *dagobas*, I strolled day after day; along the grass-grown streets, some of them many miles in extent, across vast squares, through huge gates, exquisitely and elaborately worked, I wandered and busied myself in contemplating the career of the race that was no longer known, and of whose very names there were even doubts.

But even this occupation palled upon my mind. I felt that I wanted some new excitement, and once more put forth upon the sea, on my way to the Malabar coast. I landed above Adilpee, and travelled through the greater part of the maritime country; and by the time I reached Goa, the chief Dutch settlement on that coast, I found that a year had elapsed since quitting Colombo.

After writing to my agent, and staying a brief period in Goa, I set out to the northwards, and wandered I scarce knew or cared whither. Tempted by the beauty of the mountain scenery some miles from the coast, I at length ascended the Ghauts or mountain-corges by which alone travellers are able to reach the high lands above. A painful and tedious journey of a month took me to the higher point of the Bala-ghauts, or country above the Ghauts, at that time quite unknown to white men, and untrodden by Europeans.

The novelty not less than the danger of my position amongst a warlike and jealous race, added to the attractions of my journey. I passed on for some days far into the heart of this rich and populous country; but at the moment when I was congratulating myself upon the ease and safety of my journey, I was arrested by the order of the rajah of the country, hurried across hills, and rivers, and valleys, to the chief city of the state, and at once flung into a dark prison.

How long I remained in that dreadful place I know not; it must have been a whole year, though to me it seemed nearly a lifetime. There was a miserable little stone-yard attached, in which I walked daily, and tried to breathe fresh air. I saw no one but the jailer, who did not understand my language nor I his.

Here, in this still, calm solitude, a change came over my spirit. I passed leisurely before my mind all the occurrences of the last two years; I reflected more seriously and calmly upon my own headstrong conduct, upon my impatience, and my foolish, thoughtless anger, and felt in that lonely prison all the folly and wickedness of my past conduct. No sooner had I experienced these feelings, so new to me, than an irrepresible longing for home came over me. Now that I was no longer master of my actions, I would have given all I possessed to be once more back at my old, red-bricked, solitary farm, and to learn something of Edith and her destiny, even though that formed no part of mine.

Rapture became my sole thought day and night, yet the more I reflected, the more impossible it appeared to me. Sometimes I felt on the verge of despair, again buoyed up with hope, then plunged once more into the deepest dejection. When, however, I believed myself

lost to the world, Providence opened to me a way which no human penetration could have discerned.

I frequently amused myself, during the cool of the evening, by writing on the soft stones of the courtyard wall with a sharp-edged stone, sentences in Pali and Sanscrit, from the sacred books which in happier days had been my close study. I was thus occupied one fine calm evening, when I observed a figure standing near: turning round, I found a Buddhist priest watching my operations with attentive eye. He seemed to be astonished beyond measure as he looked at the many sentences upon the wall. At length I broke silence by repeating some lines from one of the Vedas or sacred books. He uttered something in reply which was unintelligible to me, and immediately quitted the place. I fancied that I could see in this interview a ray of hope for me, for I well knew the reverence with which the uneducated or half-taught priesthood regard such of their own body as are conversant with the Pali scriptures, and doubtless they would think not less highly of a European propounder of their Vedas.

I was not disappointed. The priest soon returned with a dozen others, and amongst them one whom I knew, by the deeper colour of his silken robe, to be their chief. This man addressed a few words of wretchedly bad Pali to me; I replied by a sentence from the writings of Buddha. They seemed greatly astonished, and gazed one upon another. The chief priest put one of the Pitakas or sacred books in my hand, and asked me to read from it. I replied, that Buddha had ordered that work to be read aloud only in the *vihare* or *dagoba*, and not in common places like that prison, at which they were much pleased; and the priest motioning me to follow him, passed out from that hateful building, and led me across a wide open grassy plain to a spacious temple by the side of a vast lake surrounded by luxuriant fruit-trees and flowering shrubs.

I was now looked upon as a superior being, for it was evident that I knew far more of the Pali books than any of the priests of the place. The best apartment attached to the building was given up to my use. I once more found myself a free man. That night, surrounded by a heathen priesthood, in the midst of stone and wooden images, I fell on my knees, and with uplifted hands and tearful eyes gave thanks to God for this my happy deliverance.

The influence of the priests secured my perfect safety. Crowds visited me daily, and some, I doubt not, believed me to be a new incarnation of Buddha himself; priests travelled to converse with me and hear me read; chiefs sent me many presents—in short, I was the lion of the Bala-ghauts. All this wearied me, and my uppermost thought was still of home; at last, I expressed the strong desire I had to return to the low country, and somewhat to my surprise, the priests at once agreed to forward me by the safest and most rapid mode. Whether this arose from a real respect for me, or that they were glad to get rid of one who drew away public attention from themselves, I know not, but the result was, that at the end of two weeks I found myself once more within the walls of Goa.

There I found letters nearly two years old waiting for me from Colombo, and telling, amongst other things, news which I dreaded to hear. Edith had married after losing her mother, and was living near the old cottage with her husband. All else of Ceylon had no interest for me. Still, I resolved so soon as the monsoon should change, and allow vessels to quit that shore, to sail for Colombo. I had now been absent nearly four years, though I could have imagined it double that time; and before the coast was open for my departure, it seemed as though time was standing still.

I landed in the harbour of Colombo, changed, indeed, since I had last trod its beach, in feeling not less than in appearance, for my long imprisonment had left its

mark upon me. I hastened to my home, and flinging myself into one of the old ebony-chairs that stood where it was wont in happy by-gone days, I am not ashamed to confess that I gave way to a flood of tears. The old house itself was just as I had left it four years and a half before, but the grounds had been much improved, and the fields well cultivated. For this, however, I had then neither eye nor ear. I asked only for information about Edith and her family, and my heart bounded and beat quickly as I heard that she was a widow, her husband having died eighteen months since, and left her with one infant—a daughter.

Would she see me? How would she receive one whom she had formerly cast off? But my heart was changed now; I had learned to look kindly on everything and every one; and I felt that Edith, if she did not receive me as I most might desire, would at least welcome me as an old and loving friend.

It was evening as I approached her little cottage, across a broad grassy field, and along an avenue of palms. The bland air was melowed by many a fragrant flower and odorous shrub, and the cool land-breeze wafted sweeter incense from nature's wide altars. What sound is that? softly, tenderly it floats upon the evening breath. A sound of birds, or was it a human voice of song? Again the melody came on sweeter than ever; I should know that sound; I did know it. How my heart beat, and my limbs trembled, and my head swam, and how my eyes filled with tears at that blessed sound! It was the song I had taught her, that I had loved so well to hear her sing. Edith, darling Edith—my long lost Edith—another moment, and I was by her side.

The sweet happiness of that hour wiped away many a sad recollection, effaced the memory of many a wretched month. Edith was changed like myself, for she had had her trials, but she was still lovely; and never more so in my eyes than when she gazed upon me as I pressed her darling little child, a second Edith, to my heart, and wept blessings on it for its dear mother's sake.

I gathered from her in few words that she had indeed loved me, though not aware of how truly until my departure, which had well-nigh broken her heart; how her mother died soon after; and how, having married for a protector, she had at last lost her husband, and since then had been in deep poverty: she charged all this to her own fault. Not a word escaped her lips of my desertion of her; all was forgotten, all was forgiven, and we were once more as of old—happy.

Some years have passed away since I was united to Edith. I have become active and industrious, hoping that I am truly what I once vainly fancied I was—a softened, humble man. I have now but one care—my family, Edith and her darling child. For them I am all things. I rise early, and strive hard. The old house has still its old, brightly-shining furniture; but there are sweet, happy voices echoing through those once dreary rooms—bright eyes light up its dark walls—graceful feet trip over its well-polished floor. That house is a house of gladdened, joyous, loving hearts, and may it long be so!

I am now in truth her 'dear, good old man,' and I love to hear her call me so. Our darling girl is now about the age at which I first knew her loved mother, with the same graceful figure, the same sweet voice, the same gentle, loving disposition. With her, I am now going through the same course of studies that I once before delighted in—the morning lessons, the afternoon stroll to that dear old palm-top and grassy seat, with the same guitar, the same songs, and the same books, that in days long past gave me so much happiness. All this is again passing before me, but sweeter and more highly prized than ever.

I am now a gray-headed man, and Edith, the woman and the child, both by my side, my love as strong as

ever, my hope and faith in good more sure and truthful. Even while I am penning these few last lines in happy thankfulness of heart, our darling little Edith is lying at my feet, with her embroidery-work, her head resting—as in years gone by her mother's head had rested—in my lap. The rays of the setting sun are scattered lightly over her forehead, and playing amongst her waving ringlets, and dancing over her sunny eyes, and round her rosy mouth; and as I pause in my task, and gaze first on the sweet child, and then upon her fond and much-loved mother, I know not which to think the loveliest—the blossom or the bud.

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE.

A BIOGRAPHY is generally, more or less, a delicate subject to handle, even when the person it commemorates is dead, and can make no sign; still more so when he is 'alive and'—may be—'kicking.' The new president of the United States, if born to greatness, has also had some greatness thrust upon him, by his old fellow-collegian, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of the *Blithedale Romance*, in the shape of a *Life of Franklin Pierce*, which now lies before us. General Pierce is not, however, an involuntary patient: he has so far sanctioned this biography, we learn in the preface, as to authorise its reception as 'a generally correct narrative of the principal events of his life'; though, of course, he is not bound to endorse all the author's sentiments and speculations throughout the work. It is avowedly a representation of the principles and acts of a public man, intended to operate upon the minds of multitudes during a presidential canvass. The kind of value which, if any, Mr Hawthorne claims for it, is as the narrative of one who knew Franklin Pierce at a period of life when character could be read with undoubting accuracy; and who, consequently, in judging of the motives of his subsequent conduct, has an advantage over much more competent observers, whose knowledge of the man may have commenced at a later date.

Franklin Pierce was born at Hillsborough, New Hampshire, on the 23d of November 1804, and is therefore in his forty-ninth year. His father, General Benjamin Pierce, was a stalwart Bunker's Hill hero, who, as an orphan, had endured stern boyish experiences; and who, after serving through the whole revolutionary war, and fighting his way upward from the lowest grade, became noted as a most decided democrat, and supporter of Jefferson and Madison; 'a practical farmer, moreover, not rich, but independent, exercising a liberal hospitality, and famed for the kindness and generosity of his character; a man of the people, but whose natural qualities inevitably made him a leader among them.' It is characteristic of the man, that when he was offered, during the presidency of John Adams, a high command in the army proposed to be levied in anticipation of a war with the French republic, the inflexible democrat replied: 'No; poor as I am, and acceptable as would be the position under other circumstances, I would sooner go to yonder mountains, dig me a cave, and live on roasted potatoes, than be instrumental in promoting the objects for which the army is to be raised!' Such was the model on which young Franklin, from infancy upward, might instinctively form himself, 'one of the best specimens of sterling & W. England character, developed in a life of simple habits, yet of elevated action. Patriotism, such as it had been in revolutionary days, was taught him by his father, as early as his mother taught him

edigion.' And Mr Hawthorne holds, that if any man is found, by birth and youthful training, to show himself a brave, faithful, and able citizen of his native country, it is the son of such a father.

The boy was a frequent auditor of political debates, not only at public meetings, but at all those informal discussions of the vexed questions of the day, in which his sire was ever ready to take prominent part. 'The intentness with which he [Franklin] watched the old general, and listened to his arguments, is still remembered; and at this day, in his most earnest moods, there are gesticulations and movements that bring the image of his father to those who recollect the latter on those occasions of the display of homely native eloquence. His father, conscious of the disadvantages of his own defective education, determined to put Franklin on a better footing in this respect. After some years spent at school—where he is described as a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, light curling hair, and a sweet expression of face, and one who endeared himself to all by a most amiable disposition and cordial sympathy—he became a student, at sixteen (1820), of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, where Hawthorne joined him a year later. There was nothing precocious or premature about young Franklin,* rather the reverse; but he was highly popular among his companions—his bright and cheerful aspect made a kind of sunshine, both as regarded its radiance and its warmth, which it was hard to resist. His college chum was one Zenas Caldwell, several years his senior, and a grave and devout Methodist. For some time, Franklin Pierce made but little way in scholarship, though he subsequently rallied, and eventually took a highly-creditable degree. During one of his winter vacations, he taught a country school; in reference to which his biographer observes, that so many of the statesmen of New England have performed their first public service in the character of pedagogue, that it seems almost a necessary step on the ladder of advancement.

In 1824, Franklin returned home to Hillsborough, where his father, now in a green old age, continued to take active interest in the affairs of the day, and to cherish his favourite associations of the past. On his sixty-seventh birth day, the general prepared a fete for his comrades in arms, the survivors of the revolution, eighteen of whom, inhabitants of Hillsborough, assembled at his house—a band of veterans whose venerable appearance might suggest comparison with the annual gathering—now, alas! annulled—of Waterloo veterans at Apsley House. They spent the day in festivity, in recalling the persons and the deeds of Washington's epoch, and in reviving the sentiments of '76. 'At nightfall, after a mainly and pathetic farewell from their host, they separated, "prepared," as the old general expressed it, "at the first tap of the shrouded drum, to move and join their beloved Washington, and the rest of their comrades who had fought and bled at their sides." Franklin was of a spirit to enter with keen zest into this kind of hero-worship. He now chose the law as a profession, became a student in the office of Judge Woodbury, of Portsmouth, and was admitted to the bar in 1827, but failed at the outset to give promise of success. His first case was a clear failure; but the result was not to depress, but to provoke to sedulous cultivation, and to that earnest effort, toil, and agony even, which are the conditions of ultimate success. In 1829, his native town gave him his first public honour, by electing him its representative in the legislature of the state: two years later, he was chosen Speaker, and gained golden opinions from all sorts of men by his demeanour as a presiding officer, shewing, as he did, a rare combination of so much impulse with so great a power of regulating both his own impulses

and those of others. In 1833, he became a member of Congress, and laboured zealously but unostentatiously in the duties to which it summoned him, especially in the drudgery of the committee-room. When he spoke, it was with brief and pregnant arguments, in words which 'had the weight of deeds, from the meaning, the directness, and the truth, that he conveyed into them.' He was a staunch supporter of President Jackson, who, on his death-bed, is reported to have spoken admiringly and energetically of his young friend's ability and patriotism; adding, as if with prophetic voice, that the 'interests of the country would be safe in such hands.' While in the lower house of Congress, he took his stand on the slavery question on the side of those who recognise 'the rights pledged to the south by the constitution'—a position from which he has never swerved. Early training had indoctrinated him with a profound sense of the value of the union, and this made him, throughout his public life, 'as tender of what he considers due to the south, as of the rights of his own land of hills;' not that he loves New England less, but that he loves broad America more.

In 1837, though hardly yet of the legal age, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, under the then commencing presidency of Mr Van Buren, and by the side of such veterans as Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, all now deceased. The columns of the American *Herald* give abundant evidence of 'Senator Pierce's' congressional industry—his laborious but unobtrusive share in reports of committees and debates, great and small. His speeches savour little of modern eloquence and stump-oratory, but are pervaded, according to Mr Hawthorne, by 'the earnestness of honest conviction.' He took an energetic part in the democratic opposition to Henry Clay and the Whigs in 1841. Next year, he retired from the Senate. His domestic position had contributed, with other causes, to bias him towards private life; being now a husband and a father, and having hitherto been kept poor by the predominance of senatorial over forensic employments, he saw the expediency of making some provision for the future.

Since his early failure, he had gained considerable reputation as a lawyer, and on retiring from the Senate, he seems to have started at once into a leader at the bar. His labour in the preparation of his cases is said to have been unremitting, and his vehemence in important trials almost excessive. According to an eminent New England judge, his manner as an advocate was eminently graceful and attractive, aided by an erect manly figure, an easy unembarrassed air, eloquent and pointed sentences accented with musical clearness, and a depth of emotion acting electrically upon his hearers: added to which was a fearless courage, a quick and sure perception of his points, and the power of enforcing them by apt and telling illustrations. He was offered, in 1846, the distinguished post of attorney-general of the United States, but declined it, as he had already refused several similar honours, intimating that his love of the quietness and independence of private life was such as could be mastered by one contingency only. That exceptional case was brought about in 1847 by the Mexican war.

Franklin Pierce was the first to enrol himself as volunteer of a company raised in Concord—whither he had removed in 1838—and went through the regular drill, as a private in the ranks, though promotion followed without stint or delay. He started for Vera Cruz in May 1847 as brigadier-general, and in the ensuing campaign showed the native qualities of a born soldier, together with the sagacity of an experienced one. 'Nature has endowed him with a rare elasticity both of mind and body; he springs up from pressure like a well-tempered sword. After the severest toil, a single night's rest does as much for him, in the way of refreshment, as a week would do for most other men.' His conduct on his adventurous

* It is observable, that in physical stature he continued to grow between his twenty-first and twenty-fifth years.

march to the Valley of Mexico—in illustration of which Mr Hawthorne gives some graphic excerpts from his journal—was highly lauded by military critics, among others, by his rival for the presidency, General Scott. At the battle of Contreras, his brigade formed part of a force in which 4000 raw recruits, unable to bring their artillery to bear, contended against 7000 disciplined soldiers, protected by intrenchments, and showering round shot and shell against the enemy *ad—* or, indeed, *ultra—libitum*. In the midst of this fire, General Pierce, being the only mounted officer in the brigade, leaped his horse upon an abrupt eminence, and addressed the colonels and captains of the regiments as they passed in a few stirring words; but in pressing towards the head of the column, his horse fell, and he was taken up stunned and insensible. When partially recovered, an orderly assisted him to reach the shelter of a projecting rock—a shell exploding near them as they went along, and covering them with earth. 'That was a lucky miss,' was Pierce's quiet comment. As soon as he recovered full consciousness, he determined, in spite of his protesting doctor, to proceed to the head of his troops again. With difficulty he was lifted to his saddle, and told that he would not be able to keep his seat there. 'Then you must tie me on,' he rejoined; and some allege that he was tied on. At anyrate, he remained in the saddle till nearly midnight; and, after a few hours spent beneath a torrent of rain, without food or covering, and tormented by the pain of his injuries, he was in the saddle again with dawn of day, taking a gallant share in the victory of Churubusco. His disabled and haggard appearance disposed the commander-in-chief to forbid his advancing with his brigade:—

'My dear fellow,' said Scott, 'you are badly injured: you cannot put your foot to the stirrup.'

'One of them I can,' answered Pierce.

'You are rash, General Pierce,' resumed his chief: 'we shall lose you, and we cannot spare you. It is my duty to order you back to St Augustine.'

'For God's sake, general!' exclaimed Pierce, 'don't say that. This is the last great battle, and I must lead my brigade.'

And he did lead it, through hedges and marshes and standing corn, till he fell, from sheer exhaustion, within full range of the Mexican guns. He was partially revived when some of his soldiers approached to bear him off the field. 'No,' he said, with all the strength he had left, 'don't carry me off; let me lie here!' And there he lay, under the tremendous fire of Churubusco, until the enemy, in total rout, was driven from the field. On Santa Anna's making proposals for peace, our hero was appointed one of the commissioners to arrange the terms. But the truce was of brief duration, and Pierce and his brigade were soon tried again to the uttermost.

During the war, he gained the enthusiastic affection of his men by a hundred instances of tenderness and brotherly sympathy. 'During the passage from America, under the tropics, he would go down into the stifling air of the hold, with a lemon, a cup of tea, and, better and more efficacious than all, a kind word for the sick.' In the hospitals of Mexico, he went among the diseased and wounded soldiers, 'cheering them with his voice and the magic of his kindness, inquiring into their wants, and relieving them to the utmost of his pecuniary means.' He returned home on the conclusion of the war, after nine months of service, crowded full of incidents; and as soon as the treaty of peace was signed, he gave up his commission, and resumed his practice at the bar, again proposing to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family. His native state presented him with a splendid sword, the testimonial of approved valour and chivalrous conduct.

The interval between the Mexican war and Franklin Pierce's nomination to the presidency, 'without his

own purpose and against his wish,' was spent in the laborious exercise of the law, with occasional episodes of political activity, particularly on topics connected with the Fugitive Slave Law and religious tests in civil offices. With an acute intellectual perception of the abortive nature of all intolerant measures, the general is distinguished, according to Mr Hawthorne, by a strong and marked endowment of religious feeling: at no period of his life, 'as is well known to his friends, have the sacred relations of the human soul been a matter of indifference to him. . . . Whether in sorrow or success, he has learned, in his own behalf, the great lesson, that religious faith is the most valuable and most sacred of all possessions.'

In January 1852, a New Hampshire demonstration in his favour elicited from him the assertion, that the use of his name, as a candidate for the presidency, before the meeting of the democratic national convention at Baltimore, would be utterly repugnant to his tastes and wishes. In June, that convention met, and after a somewhat protracted process of balloting, nominated him as the candidate of its choice. 'As quickly as the lightning flash could blazon it abroad, his name was on every tongue. Within an hour, he grew to be illustrious.' When he received the news of his nomination, it affected him, we are told, with no thrill of joy, but a sadness, which for many days was perceptible in his deportment. 'It awoke in his heart the sense of religious dependence—a sentiment that has been growing continually stronger through all the trials and experiences of his life.' That his solicitude on this subject was feigned, or partook of the technical *habeo episcopatus* affectation, it were gratuitous coarseness to suppose.

The result of the presidential election was yet doubtful, when Mr Hawthorne's book was published; the main object of its publication being, in fact, to influence that result. We have sketched Franklin Pierce's career from Mr Hawthorne's point of view, and often in his own words. The memoir is, like Disraeli's political biography of Lord George Bentinck, rather a pamphlet than a life, and contains little of permanent value. It is, however, smoothly and pleasantly written; and the author of *Mosses from an Old Manse* is not the man to merge integrity in partisanship, or to exalt his hero at the expense of self-respect and of reverence for truth. How far his hero will justify his *eloge* remains to be seen.

MORE FRENCH POLITENESS.

Our author—with whose code of modern French politeness* we must now come to a close—is one who thinks no part of his subject unworthy of the most careful attention. He enumerates as reprehensible a number of trivial acts, as, crossing the legs; staring or looking at any one fixedly during conversation or at other times; balancing one's self on one's seat; bending forward with the arms on the lap; clasping the hands upon one knee; putting the feet on the fender; looking at one's self with satisfaction in a mirror, and arranging the hair or dress; taking off your gloves; folding your shawl, 'instead of throwing it off with graceful negligence on a chair'; laughing loud, long, or often; opening the mouth wide; taking one's companion by the collar, sleeve, button; and so forth. The most minute movements are mentioned, and I have no doubt young people are made to commit the list to memory, though they may not always recollect to avoid the habits they are cautioned against. Rolling the eyes is denounced, although almost all Frenchwomen practise it, also the

lifting them up affectedly; sighing; shivering; playing with one's fan, bracelets, or trinkets; jingling one's watch-chain; beating time with the hands or feet; rubbing one's hands; caressing one's chin; twirling the mustaches; shrugging the shoulders; winking the eyes; shaking a neighbour's chair; pirouetting one's own; wetting the lips with the tongue; &c. Notice is taken of a rudeness seldom if ever practised in France, but 'frequent amongst ill brought up young people in England.' Alas! I fear we must add, not very uncommon amongst others who pique themselves upon possessing good manners—namely, 'looking impudently at strangers; talking of them in their presence; answering them negligently or stiffly; neglecting to converse with them; blowing them, as it were, aside, if not known to fame or fashion, and perhaps doubling the insult by chatting all the time familiarly to more favoured acquaintance.' Young *débutantes* are cautioned against indulging in too much timidity, which does away with all grace, makes them appear less sensible, amiable, and clever than they really are by nature, and perhaps giving rise to a suspicion that they are either proud or disdainful. How often have we seen girls answer in an embarrassed manner, avoid acknowledging an acquaintance, neglect expressing the kind and amiable things they feel, from nothing but pure shyness! But even this is better than forwardness and affectation, and not nearly so ridiculous and displeasing as a look of cold, prudish propriety, and awkward stiffness, as though one found fault in one's own mind with whatever was said or done by the company.

The walk of a lady should be neither too fast nor too slow; she should equally avoid rapidity of speed and too much vivacity of motion; her movements should be easy and natural; her look gentle, modest, and intelligent; she should speak without accent or favourite expressions, simply and clearly. She should sit down quietly; avoid facing the light; and without appearing to touch or think about it, let her dress fall amply round, looking interested in all that is going forward, and cheerful. If people are unhappy, and have the mind preoccupied, they should not go into society: for when there, they ought to play their part; contribute their small quota to the general entertainment; appear interested in all that interests others; applaud the attempts of those who, with more good-nature than talent, strive to help on the amusements of the company—for you can always find something kind or courteous to say, even to a young lady who has been execrating your ears by singing out of tune—'What a sweet air!'—'What appropriate words!'—'How well you accompany yourself!'—and so forth; but if the air is frightful, the words silly, the accompaniment quite incorrect, you can yet appear to listen attentively, and say at the conclusion: 'Thank you very much for obliging us.' 'Dance when others dance, talk when others talk, listen when others play or sing, ye stiff *Insulaires*! and don't fancy yourselves superior because you are stupid and ill-bred, ill-natured, or vain; don't be coming Milord Byron over us, and proclaim yourselves uninterested in any thing or person, *Muses*, bored, and broken-hearted! When you have shown the world you possess your countryman's genius, we may perhaps pardon your eccentricities; but to be fastidious, or at least to make it apparent that you are so, is bad taste and bad breeding, if it is not quite what is very generally is—bad feeling.' Looking down on your associates is not the way to induce them to look up to you; and as so many of you evince a preference for France over England by residing in the former country, pray prefer our manners also: try, *Monsieur Jon Boule*, to answer with politeness when spoken to; to be civil to all women, whether old or young, plain or pretty, fashionable or

the reverse, clever or commonplace: you will gain something, and lose nothing, believe me.

Those who desire to please in society, are further requested not to lie, nor expectorate, nor stammer, nor indulge in any peculiarity of language, look, or manner. Bad teeth may possibly be pardoned—dirty teeth, never the first is a misfortune, but the last is a most disagreeable fault—it is almost a certain mark of ignoble birth and low habits. But as every person, in the present state of society, can provide himself with false masticators—which it is indeed a social duty in every one who requires them to do—no one must expect to be forgiven whose mouth is unpleasant to look at. The mouth, moreover, is neither to be opened wide nor primly pinched up—you must keep it reasonably still, not give your lips a trembling, convulsive movement when relating anything sombre or terrible, or laugh much when telling a ludicrous anecdote; whistling, blowing, grinning, grimacing, exclaiming, declaiming, gesticulating, are all pronounced vulgar or inelegant—as are the habits some have of seizing the arm of their chair, twirling their hats, shaking or patting with their feet, putting their hands in their pockets, standing before the fire, and, unrequested and undesired, enacting the part of a screen. Extravagant action ought to be guarded against. You may move the right hand in discourse, in accordance with the subject upon which you are conversing—as to sit or stand immovable, looks almost as bad as too vehement gesture; but the countenance in a lady, at least, is much more gracefully brought into play than the hands and arms.

The art of listening is highly commended as a study worth acquiring, although allowed to be a science of no easy acquisition. You must look, but not too fully, in the face of the person speaking. If he hesitates, take no notice, or gently furnish him with the word he wants. If anything interrupts him, do not wait until he takes up his narrative, but observe: 'You were saying so and so, pray continue.' If two people, in the heat of discussion, begin to speak at the same time, both must stop and request his adversary to lead the way. If any one is relating a tiresome story, which appears to the relater very amusing, be sure to smile; look, on the contrary, sad, if it is one you are supposed or expected to be grieved about. If the person is old, it is brutality to do otherwise; but if your equal in years, or your intimate acquaintance, you may without rudeness say to him, in order to induce him to go on and finish the sooner: 'Well, and so!' Never interrupt a story-teller to ask explanations, or to have names repeated, &c., unless you fear, from not understanding, that your reply may be irrelevant; and then say something in this form: 'I ask many pardons, but fearing to lose the thread of your interesting conversation, &c., will you kindly repeat,' &c. If any one is so ill-advised as to tell stories you are positive cannot be true, you may say: 'If I did not know your veracity—or—Had any one but yourself told me that, I should have had great difficulty in giving credit to it; but never coarsely express your disbelief: the fault of another affords no excuse for yours; even the Apostle Peter, who never dreamed of inculcating hollow politeness, said, *Be courteous*. Indeed, good-manners may be learned from the study of the New Testament and Proverbs, without going to any other source: an *uncourteous Christian* is an anomaly. It is also a sign of the worst breeding, if, when a stupid story-teller is maintaining an anecdote, one more clever than himself takes it out of his mouth. However better he may tell the tale, no one ought to listen to it with attention, from pity for the original narrator, to whom of right it belongs, and whose intentions were to entertain, if he had not the talent to succeed particularly well.

Inferiors are reminded, that it is not etiquette to inquire after the health of persons occupying a much more exalted position than themselves, although they

may, after first ascertaining from a domestic or mutual friend, how these masters stand, begin by expressing themselves: 'Charmed to hear that monsieur is in the enjoyment of perfect health;' or 'grieved, *déolé*' to learn the reverse, should it happen to be so. Ladies are told that they should never inquire after gentlemen, unless they are very old or very ill; and various other little hints are given so exclusively relative to foreign manners, that it is unnecessary to particularise them; but the following are surely applicable to everybody: 'When you relate some adventure in which you were engaged along with another person, and where the circumstances were more particularly honourable for yourself, be silent upon your own part in the transaction, and mention only theirs.'

When any one advances what you know to be false, or, at any rate, do not believe, you must still keep politeness in view—therefore never commit the rudeness of saying: 'If what you say is true'—'If madame is positive as to the truth of what she has just now reported'—but, 'I may be mistaken, although,' &c.—'Excuse my error, but it appears to me that,' &c.—'A thousand pardons, but I was under the impression,' &c.; and so on. We should never pass before any one, or present anything, like a servant handing coffee, straight in face, but go behind, and coming round gently sideways, present it if we can do so easily, and without incommoding others; but if not, beg many pardons.

If any person, more particularly the old or ailing, relates as new an anecdote that you were acquainted with before, never appear to have done so, but listen attentively as though you heard it for the first time, even should it happen to be one of your own especial stories that he is recounting. If memory, however, returns, and the aged person begs your pardon for his forgetfulness, beg him to continue, as 'you tell the story so well, you quite throw a new light upon it.' Should he hesitate, stop, and only appear uncertain, assure him the facts are unknown to you, rather than pain a poor invalid by reminding him of his infirmities. One sometimes meets with those who are so wanting in good manners and good sense, as to place their friends in the position supposed of disgraceful or ridiculous people.—Now if you had done such a mean thing?—Suppose any one was turning you into ridicule?—Imagine yourself doing such a shameful action? or, 'This wretch had a nose exactly like yours'—The poor creature was not unlike your father in feature?—The lady-thief had a figure very like your sister's?—I could not help observing a resemblance between the unfortunate being and yourself—apparently quite unconscious that they are guilty of the slightest breach of politeness. Others are so careless of the feelings of their associates, or so thoughtless, as to observe in the presence of lawyers, doctors, or old ladies: 'Oh, he is as fond of talking as a lawyer'—'As fond of quacking as an old woman'—or, 'Medicine is all humbug.' Abusing any style of looks, language, or manner, before those who possess any of the attributes alluded to, is such brutal rudeness, that one need scarcely glance at such a thing, and insanity alone can excuse it: but I once heard a thoughtless young man, speaking of some one else, say before a pretty little lady, whose hair was unfortunately nearly red: 'Oh, an ugly little dump, with red hair.' The little lady, who was not so amiable as she was pretty, contrived to do the gentleman so much injury in the opinion of a relation of hers, that an employment (place) which he had all but promised to the careless talker, was given away to another, and he was ignorant, till four years later, to what he owed his disappointment. There is a certain set of people who are fortunately rarely met with in good society, but who, when encountered, should be coughed down—people witty, clever, and malignant, who think they may insult with impunity, because, not only do their manners shew a variety of politeness which takes in mere superficial observance, but their

talents enable them to wound in such a manner, that their victim can take no notice without giving an advantage to their mean-spirited and cowardly adversary. Such people never attack with their railway those who can or will retort; and if by chance they make a mistake, and find the tables turned, none are so easily cowed, none find so few to pity, or so many to rejoice in their discomfiture; and it is very right it should be so, for what can shew a worse disposition than to try to wound the feelings of our unoffending neighbours, merely to shew our own smartness in safety? It is needless to remark how odious all personalities are, for in the present day, only very low-bred persons indeed indulge in such gross ill-manners. Very exaggerated compliments are also *mauvais ton*. We must treat the first that is aimed at us, should it ever be our lot to be so attacked, with a look of silent surprise; and the second smilingly, and with perfect good-humour, but coldly, answering: 'If I did not know you to be a very kind-hearted and polite person, I should be apt to suspect you were laughing at me;' or, 'Your indulgence blinds you;' for the defective breeding of others is no excuse for ours; and, indeed, unless anything is advanced which wounds delicacy, it is the part of high-bred persons to take all in good part.

Beware of conversing in a light, gay manner with those whose minds appear preoccupied or unhappy; and try, on the contrary, to enter into the spirit of conversation with the young and happy, not to throw a shade on their mirth. Never dilate upon the advantages of riches before those who are poor, or praise youth and beauty to those who have lost or never possessed those charms; do not extol the blessings of health and strength in the hearing of a valitudinarian, or talk with contempt of people of no family before those who are of humble origin—and so on; we need not lengthen out a subject which, to a kind heart, is so self-evident. Those who aim at supporting a reputation for politeness should endeavour to appear obliging. If a favour is asked, how easy it is to accord it, as if doing so were a real gratification to one's self, or to decline with a seeming sorrow, which takes out the sting of the refusal. A cold heart, an unamiable temper, must learn rules of civility, and practise them, acting a part, as it were; but to a right-minded person the task is very easy, for kindness, forbearance, gentleness, and delicacy, are the foundations upon which it is built. Should one lady borrow from another a shawl, ornament, or piece of dress, the lender should never mention it; and even abstain herself from wearing the things lent for some time after they are returned, lest they should be recognised. If a present is offered, however shabby, or even ridiculous it may be, we ought to receive it as if highly flattered and pleased, and say something of how useful or pretty we think it. In giving advice, much delicacy is required, even should the advice be solicited. Never say: 'In your place I would do so and so'—'You should say such and such a thing,' which is an impertinent, self-sufficient mode of speaking—but rather something in this form: 'I may be mistaken, but I think'—'I am sure I am myself incapable of acting as I venture to advise you,' nevertheless it seems to me that'—Never say: 'You don't understand me,' but, 'I fear I have not explained myself clearly.' Should you see two persons conversing earnestly together, no matter where, withdraw to some distance. If you find a friend occupied, do not disturb him by mixing unasked in whatever he may be about—retire to a window, look at a picture, or some such object, but don't wander about the room, touching things which lie about, reading addresses of letters, names on visiting-cards, &c.; and should the person open closets or drawers, sedulously keep at a distance.

—When a gentleman walks with two ladies, he offers his arm to the eldest, or most distinguished, *near to both*: nothing looks so ill; you will be called by the

passengers in the street, 'the pennier with two handles,' and by the *gamins*, 'the ass with two penniers.' Never walk arm-in-arm in a church, or salute an acquaintance there: these improprieties are rarely if ever practised by Catholics, or really well-bred Protestants; but vulgar persons of the latter persuasion frequently offend without the most distant idea of shewing disrespect, merely from not knowing how wrong both are considered, especially the first named. In public promenades or gardens, neither laugh nor talk loud; nor make remarks, nor look fixedly at the passers-by; nor suffer even children, unless very young, to leap about and make a noise, nor permit them, under any pretence, to eat out of doors: remember, too, that when three persons walk together, the middle is the place of honour; after it, the right hand. When you enter a drawing-room, make a general bow to the company, then to the lady of the house, turning to converse a few minutes with her husband. A lady goes straight up to the hostess; those who are seated answer the gentlemen's salutation with a slight bow, but rise to their own sex. It is considered very rude to speak across any one whom you do not include in your conversation—or to converse about what is interesting only to one of the party—or use a foreign language to any one but a foreigner who expresses himself with difficulty in your own, when it is imperative to do so if you can; never smile, or indeed appear to perceive the most ludicrous mistake he may make, but, on the contrary, encourage him by praising the success of his endeavours, helping him on as unostentatiously as possible. Even a stranger in your county or circle should have attentions paid by all those more at home in it; but this is scarcely necessary to press upon the attention of us French, for our reputation for urbanity to foreigners is universally acknowledged all over Europe, even by those who do not pay us in kind when we visit their shores.* We English must also all feel how true this is, for even well-educated persons sometimes have to struggle with the mirth an error in their language invariably gives rise to when perpetrated by a foreigner. Ladies should never, they are told, touch a newspaper in a restaurant or café, even should it be lying unoccupied on the table next to them; they must ask the waiter to hand it to them; and they are reminded how perfectly *mauvais ton* it is considered to visit theatres unattended by a gentleman. In all public places, we are advised that it is proper to speak low, make no audible remarks upon people; to avoid pushing, or, if unavoidable, always move forward with an apology.

Be very particular in your behaviour to those whose circumstances are reduced. Never refuse their little presents; pay them much attention before company; never seem to be aware of their situation, or allude to it in the most remote way; but if they speak of it themselves, receive their confidence with an air of pitying interest, and, at least in appearance, give them confidence for confidence. At balls, when it is the gentleman who pays for the refreshments, no lady should accept anything but from some one known very intimately both to herself and her family. Smile gently in giving the hand in the *chêne des dames*, with an almost imperceptible bow. No lady can pass from one room to another alone, and none but young women should carry bouquets; it gives an old or middle-aged lady a ridiculous look. No girl should boast of being engaged so many deep to a companion sitting neglected; or ask if 'papa should find a partner for her.' Ask papa secretly to do so, if you please. Kindness is the parent of politeness, and a peasant may be as kind as a peer; the manner only differs, and no good-hearted person will find much difficulty in complying with the rules of civility; but the cold-hearted, proud, ill-tempered man must study them with attention, if he wishes to be liked in society. It is a vulgarish that gives currency to base coin; but when there is pure gold beneath, there is nothing so sure not

only to catch the affections, but retain them; for real politeness is never relaxed with one's most intimate friend or poorest dependent.

A VISIT TO BANWELL CAVERNS.

BANWELL HILL, which contains two caverns, known as the Bone and Stalactite, is situated at the western extremity of the Mendip range, where it gradually slopes to the valley. Its summit commands a magnificent prospect, extending over the vast sweep of the Severn, and the Bristol Channel to its junction with the Atlantic. A variety of tastes may be gratified by a visit to this spot; for when the eye has looked long enough on neighbouring hills and valleys, on the Channel with its sister isles, and the mountains far away, it will be pleasant to wander along the hill-side, and inspect the ancient camp with its fortifications and outworks; and lower down, the site of the monastery overthrown by the Danes; not forgetting the remains of the abbey, which Alfred gave as a Christmas present to his favourite Asser; nor the village church, founded in the fifteenth century, and still remaining one of the most perfect ecclesiastical edifices of the county. Very great is the change, when, leaving behind him the light of day and the transient works of man, the visitor goes down into the caverns of the hill, and views the handiwork of nature in her secret subterraneous abodes.

The mountain limestone, of which the hill is composed, is in many parts intersected by fissures, expanding occasionally into caverns. These form a series of vaulted chambers, having their roof and sides—through which the water continually percolates—lined with stalactites of various forms and hues. But it is not the structure and natural adornments of these caves—of which there are many in the Mendip range—which constitute their chief source of interest; they occasionally contain remains of animals no longer found in these latitudes, some of them, indeed, belonging to species long since extinct. These remains are found on the floors and in the recesses and fissures of the caves, imbedded in a mass of sand, clay, and stones, and exhibiting traces of having been subjected to the action of water ages ago. When it is considered that such deposits of bones have been discovered in remote countries, and associated with similar phenomena, the interest is much augmented.

Many parts of the Mendip range abound with minerals, chiefly lead, calamine, and ochre; and it was owing to the mining operations formerly carried on at Banwell that the caverns were discovered. A tradition, it appears, existed among the miners, towards the end of last century, that, about thirty years before, a large cavern had been discovered at the north-western extremity of the hill, but that the difficulty of obtaining access to it had prevented investigation at the time of discovery. This rumour of a cavern reached the ears of a boy living in the neighbourhood, who, when he grew to man's estate, determined to search for himself after the hidden treasure.* Having, with the aid of

* William Beard, well known to visitors of the caves as 'Professor' Beard, a title bestowed by the late bishop of Bath and Wells, on account of his zeal and enthusiasm in the mystery of bones. Advancing years have led the professor to delegate his office of guide to the caves to other hands, but he still, with much pleasure and courtesy, exhibits his own museum—containing, perhaps, one of the finest private collections of animal remains of this description in the kingdom. Bone Cottage—the apparently named residence of the professor—lies at the foot of the hill.

two miners, ascertained the supposed entrance, he sank a shaft to the depth of about 100 feet, and thus arrived at the first landing-place of the cavern, where were found two pieces of candle, coated over with carbonate of lime. From this landing-place, the fissure rapidly expanded into the cavern—the Stalactite Cavern. In order to improve the access to it, a horizontal opening was made lower down the hill, advantage being taken of a lateral aperture observed in the rock. After working this aperture for the distance of twenty feet, a small chamber was reached, not that which they were endeavouring to approach, but one proving ultimately of far greater interest. This is the Bone Cavern, containing numerous osseous remains of various land-animals.

The Bone Cavern, when originally opened, was filled to the depth of several feet with a confused mass of stones, stiff loam or mud, and gravel, with which the animal remains were intermingled. It has three main branches or fissures—one directly in front of the entrance, another inclining to the right, and the third on the left. The two first branches are on the same level as the floor of the cave, but the third branch or fissure declines steeply for about forty feet. During the descent, which is effected by means of a flight of rough stone steps, we observe on our right hand a bank of stones, mud, and sand, interspersed with small bones, some of them appearing as if bleached or whitened. The two horizontal branches or chambers were, like the principal cave, partially filled with stones, sand, and clay, the bones being intermixed with the rubble. The greater part of them, amounting to several wagon-loads, are now separated, and arranged in various forms round the sides of the cavern and its chambers. The flickering lights carried by the guide, glancing on pillars and pyramids of bones, give the whole the appearance of an irregular and dismal churning-house.

The principal cave is about thirty feet in length, and the eastern branch or chamber extends about the same distance beyond it. Appearances indicate that it had originally three natural entrances—one in the roof, the present entrance through the lateral fissure, and one leading from the south-western branch. The roof, presenting the usual characteristics of calcareous formations, is uneven and full of deep, basin-like cavities, with sharp-pointed edges.

In giving a general view of the bones, which are but little decomposed in respect to their animal nature, we may divide them into those of carnivorous, and those of herbivorous animals. Among the carnivorous, we have remains of the bear, wolf, and fox. The bones of the bear are worthy of particular attention: a large proportion of them belong to an extinct species, supposed to have been one-fourth larger than the present race of bears, and more exclusively carnivorous, inasmuch as the teeth are less worn, and the enamel is more perfect. Bones of the leg are numerous; one specimen of the large bone of the fore-leg (*humerus*) is of immense size, being greater than the corresponding one in any existing species of the ox. There are specimens of the two bones below the humerus (*ulna* and *radius*) on an equally large scale. A fine claw of the bear remains almost entire, the metacarpal bones being in excellent preservation; also portions of the head, which, in one instance, is nearly perfect—the maxilla with the four tusks still remaining, with the palata and cheek bones. Bones of the wolf are numerous, especially those of the fore and hind legs. There are several jaw-bones of this tribe, with well-worn teeth, which had evidently been of great service to their owners. The remains of the fox are more scanty—

they consist chiefly of skulls, bones of the leg, and teeth.

Among the herbivorous tribes, we have remains of the ox or buffalo, which are very noticeable and abundant. We may refer, as objects of special interest, to a number of the vertebra of this tribe, bones of the fore-leg—the humerus, ulna, and radius, of immense size—many of the molars, and a jaw with almost perfect teeth. There are many antlers of the deer or stag; in particular, three very noteworthy specimens, each apparently belonging to a different species.

But having ascertained the tribes and species of animals whose bones so long strewed the floors and fissures of the cave, we are still only on the threshold of the difficulty; for to what epoch is the existence of the living animal to be referred? How did so large and heterogeneous a collection of bones accumulate in so comparatively small a spot?—for appearances are utterly against the supposition of their having been drifted there from other regions, if this were allowed to be possible. Again, how is it that they are found detached, dispersed, often broken, and, for the most part, firmly imbedded in a confused mass of earth? Situated as the cave is within an elevated hill, so high above the level of the sea, how are we to account for the traces which it presents of having been subjected to the powerful action of water? These are inquiries which naturally recur to the mind whilst viewing the phenomena of the cavern, and which continue to press for solution when we have exchanged its moist atmosphere and earthy smell for the pure and pleasant air of the upper regions.

That Banwell Cave was formerly a den of wild animals, is a very natural and probable supposition. It was apparently occupied by bears, wolves, and foxes in succession. The bones of the herbivorous animals, so plentiful at Banwell, would thus have been introduced by these beasts of prey, who, in obedience to their natural instincts, would resort to their den to die, and this would account for their bones being intermingled with those of their victims. That the greater number of the animals met an accidental death in the cavern—having been entrapped by vertical fissures—has been conjectured, but with far less probability, as it supposes a degree of inadvertency contrary to their known instincts and habits, and as there are no traces of a fissure sufficiently large. There are caverns in the neighbouring hills of Hutton and Uphill, which appear, like this of Banwell, to have been tenanted successively by different tribes of wild beasts. Bones of two extinct species of hyenas were found at Hutton; also the principal remains of the elephant and horse. That the Uphill Cave, or rather the upper fissure leading to it, was a hyena's den, may be inferred from the number of the remains of the animal which were found there; many a gnawed and splintered bone, too, remains to testify of hostile teeth and tusks. The teeth found were many of them in a much worn and used condition.

We are thus carried back to a period when the Mendip Hills were inhabited by animals no longer found in England; some of them, indeed, nature has altogether ceased to produce, having in her progress awarded death to the species as well as the individual. We have to imagine a long succession of ages, during which the rhinoceros and elephant, the tiger, hyena, bear, and wolf, roamed over these peaceful and quiet districts; when fierce, gigantic beasts of prey issued from their solitary dens, and prowled through the forests that once covered these hills, lying in wait for their victims, or pursuing and slaughtering them under the impulse of hunger. It is an awful thought that when England was inhabited by these animals—when they grew and multiplied upon it as in their native clime—a far higher temperature must have prevailed; some of the species would have

been incapable of enduring the present climate, with its coldness and frequent vicissitudes. Such a change in the permanent qualities of the temperature of a country must have been the work of ages; we have therefore to travel back to a distant epoch in our inquiries after the period of the living animals whose remains are found entombed in the caves and hollows of the Mendips. Some of the species exhibit a tropical character; and there is no evidence that a climate in any sufficient degree tropical, prevailed in these latitudes subsequent to the introduction of man.

Reference has already been made to the condition in which the bones were found at Banwell. In the high fissure of the Uphill Cave, about eighty feet above the level of the sea, they were firmly imbedded in a stiff calcareous loam; mud and sand formed the base of the floor. The cavern at Hutton—a hill in the Mendip range, about 300 feet above the level of the sea—contained ochreous rubble, with which the animal remains were interspersed. The part of the hill in which it is situated had evidently been a scene of great disturbance; different series of strata having been displaced, creating fissures and chasms through the whole.

In identifying the osseous remains of Banwell as those of certain formidable land-animals; in affirming that these animals were native to the country, and, in particular, that they ranged the Mendip Hills, and tenanted their caves; and also in referring the existence of some of the species to a period in the natural history of the country, when a far higher temperature than the present prevailed—we have been more or less guided by facts and actual phenomena. But if we proceed further, and attempt to ascertain the immediate causes and attendant circumstances of the deposit of the remains, we are left to conjecture and speculation. In vain do we attempt to apprehend the ancient drama once enacted in these hills, though obvious traces still remain in broken and disjointed bones, and their abrupt and strange burial in mud, sand, and earth. Many persons—seeing herein indications of the powerful action of water—have been reminded of the Deluge recorded by Moses; and have, indeed, imagined themselves, in this dim and solitary spot, standing amid the visible debris of the general ruin. An animated picture of the supposed scene is given in Mr W. L. Bowles's poem on *Banwell Hill, or Days Departed*:—

The surge came, and the surge went back, and there
Thore—when the black abyss had ceased to roar,
And waters, shrinking from the rocks and hills,
Slept in the solitary sunshine—There
The bones that strew the inmost cavern lay;
And when forgotten centuries had passed,
And the gray smoke went up from villages,
And cities with their towers and temples shone,
And kingdoms rose and perished—there they lay!

But Geology has hardened her heart against Poetry, and preserves silence now when appealed to for traces of the wonders and terrors of a universal deluge. 'Among well-informed geologists, the opinion is almost universal, that there are no facts in their science which can be clearly referred to the Noachian deluge; that is, no traces in nature of that event.'*

'Banwell' is supposed by some to be compounded of *Baan*, deep, and *Welg*, sea, though the village is now about five miles from the coast. Other local names, and various vestiges—as marine plants and shells—apparently indicate that the waters of the Bristol Channel formerly extended over a part of the adjacent valleys of the Mendips. From natural causes, the sea gradually retired, though we find, so recently as the thirteenth century, that sea walls and dikes were erected for the better security of the district. We do not refer to this

probable variation of sea-level as explaining the phenomena of the caves; in so far as the manner and circumstances of the deposit of the bones are concerned, we know of no theory perfectly satisfactory. We conclude, that it is better to suspend the judgment, and wait in patience for further knowledge; and is not this the ultimate issue of many an earnest inquiry and sincere questioning of nature? We have to retire humbled and abashed, conscious of inability to penetrate the mysteries that surround us on all hands, ever thickening on our path as we proceed. 'The more a man enlarges his circle of light, he sees but the more of the darkness that lies all around; the wider the diameter of light, the larger the circumference of darkness.' Thus whilst the events of life teach patience and humility to the heart, the facts of nature and science are enforcing the same lessons upon the intellect.

The Stalactite Cavern, at which we must glance before leaving the hill, is situated at a greater depth than the Bone Cavern, and the descent is more steep and difficult. Going down about forty feet by means of ladders, we reach a landing-place, where the fissure becomes more roomy; and having descended thence 100 feet by means of a flight of rough and rocky steps, we reach the entrance to the cave. The floor is strewn with huge fragments of rock, covered by stalagmite incrustations—the water having deposited upon them that portion of its carbonate of lime not separated during the formation of the overhanging stalactites. The roof is uneven and rugged, and is full of circular cavities or hollows. The stalactites depending from it are semi-transparent, and when struck, issue clear musical tones. At the extreme end of the cavern, which is about 150 feet in length, is a rough seat formed by a large mass of stalagmite. The spectacle from this point has charms for every eye. The lofty arched roof overhead, with its stalactite adornments; the dense masses of rock, and startling projections thrown into deep relief by the lights; the various forms of the objects, some standing boldly out, others looking dim and unreal in the distance—combine to create a scene of wild grandeur and magnificence. As a final word about these subterranean scenes, we may be allowed to say, that it will be scarcely possible for a reflecting observer to leave them without a heightened sense of mystery and awe, mingled with deep humility, as though the mind had come into the immediate presence of nature, looking upon her lineaments face to face, and gazing on the wonderful works which she carries on, silently and for ever, in her most secret places.

[Caves resembling that described by our correspondent abound in the thick deposits of limestone all over Europe, and are generally believed to have been formed by subterranean runnels of water. There being much obscurity about the whole period of the Superficial Deposits, it is not easy to give a correct geological description of the era to which the occupation of the caves by wild animals is to be referred; but it appears to have been immediately prior to that of the Northern Drift of England and Till of Scotland, but subsequent to the deposition of the Boulder Clay of the latter country, for these are in reality two formations, though the fact is not yet generally known or admitted. The intermediate space is represented by the deposit of the brick clay and associated sands, and this was the time of the cave-inhabiting mammalia. The succeeding time of the Northern Drift and Till—if we are right in putting these into correlation—is one of violent marine action, with which ice was almost certainly connected. This, again, was followed by another tranquil period of sands and clays; after which came another glacial time—that of the erratics. Thus we are tolerably certain, that large portions of the sand have been dipped and raised up again, have been under

* Professor Hitchcock's *Religion of Geology*, chap. iv.

ordinary and under glacial seas, since these caves gave shelter to the progenitors of our present carnivora and ruminants.—*Ed.*

THE RIGHT KIND OF EMIGRANTS.

IN Mr Sidney's work on Australia—"the best of its kind we have yet seen"—there occur some sensible advices and hints respecting the classes of persons whose position and habits adapt them for the rough life of emigrants. At present, large numbers are rushing away to the Australian colonies, without, perhaps, duly considering whether they are prepared to toil with their hands, live on plain fare, dress in coarse apparel, forego many home comforts, and encounter cheerfully various kinds of disagreables.

'Colonisation in the present day,' observes this shrewd writer, 'is as heroic in its immediate results as cultivating a farm or curing a fever; and that is saying enough. When a man becomes a colonist, he should look on the undertaking in the same calm, business-like style as if he were taking a lease of 500 acres in the Lothians or Lancashire, or purchasing a surgeon's practice. There are great things to be done in a colony by force of energetic example; but the practical part comes first; the poetry follows, or ought to follow, with a long interval.' Hard work, economy, sobriety, and self-dependence, are indispensable to success. 'Dreamers of dreams, inventors of ingenious schemes, requiring for their success the labour and the money of other people, had better stay at home.'

Whether persons who have been accustomed to a genteel way of living should hazard the step of emigration, is a question of extreme difficulty; for the best bred men and women are, in many instances, more ready to endure privations, than people of less cultivated minds. Mr Sidney remarks, that gentlefolks 'with little money and much pride, are the least likely to succeed as emigrants;' but to this assertion we respectfully demur. Pride of a proper kind is a most valuable sentiment, and is, in point of fact, that which impels to emigration, as a means of bettering the circumstances. And that such is really the case, Mr Sidney himself shows by the following instance of successful emigration in a poor and proud Highland family:—

'A Scotch gentleman, of ancient lineage and no fortune, afforded a striking instance of what may be done in a colony by industrious hard work, with the help of a large family, without that capital which, according to theorists, it is indispensable that a landowner should possess. He arrived in the colony very early, the owner of a single eighty-acre section, with twelve children, one-half of whom were stout, well-grown lads and lasses: his whole property consisted of a little furniture, a few Highland implements, a gun or two, a very little ready-money, and several barrels of oatmeal and biscuit. His section had been selected for him previous to his arrival. It lay on the other side of a steep range of hills, over which no road had then been made, ten miles from the town. He lost no time and spent no money in refreshing or relaxing in Adelaide; he found out a fellow-countryman who lent him a team of oxen, dragged his goods over the hills to his land, and encamped the first night on the ground, under a few blankets and canvas spread on the brush. The next day, and from day to day, the family worked at cutting trees; there was timber plenty for building a house. This house, situated on the slope of a hill, consisted of one long, low wooden room, surrounded by a dry ditch to drain off the rain, and divided into partitions by blankets. The river lay below; any water needed was fetched in a bucket by one of the young ladies. A garden, in which all manner of vege-

tables, including tobacco, and water-melons, soon grew, was laid almost as soon as the house; an early investment was made in poultry; the poultry required no other food than the grasshoppers and grass-hoppers on the waste-land round. Until the poultry gave a crop of eggs and chickens, the guns of the lads supplied plenty of quail, ducks, and parrots. In due time a crop of maize, of wheat, and of oats, was got in. Before the barrels of oatmeal were exhausted, eggs, chickens, potatoes, kale, and maize, afforded ample sustenance, and something to send to market. Labour cost nothing, fuel nothing, rent nothing, keeping up appearances nothing; no one dressed on week-days in broadcloth except the head of the house. First a few goats, and then a cow, eventually a fair herd of stock, were accumulated. Butter and vegetables found their way to Adelaide; and while the kid-glove gentry were ruining themselves, the bare-legged boys of the Highland gentleman were independent, if not rich. The daughters, who were pretty, proud, and useful, have married well. In another generation, families like this will be among the wealthiest in the colony.'

The kind of pride to be deprecated is that mixture of self-conceit, vanity, and fear of losing caste which disposes its unhappy victims rather to commit any meanness—get into debt, beg, borrow, or live on others—than soil their hands with labour. 'Two instances have come within the personal knowledge of the writer, in which families by birth and education, of the higher class, who have been sent out to two colonies by the charitable subscriptions of friends and strangers, have expended the greater part of the charity-moneys in extravagant, unsuitable outfits, have refused to mess and associate with fellow-passengers of unquestionable respectability, and made enemies of colonists who could have rendered them services they soon had reason to ask for most humbly. In too many instances, young ladies, after disdaining honest industry in a colony, have fallen to utter shame!'

Yet, as Mr Sidney continues, 'there is a numerous class of the "white-handed" who would marvellously increase their mental comfort, or at least decrease their mental anxieties, if they could resign themselves to sacrifice the present for the future, and abandon the luxuries of Europe for the rude independence of a life on the borders of the bush.' As, for example, 'the class who now vegetate in the cheap towns of the continent—fathers with limited means and large families; young widows with a string of girls, narrow jointures, and small portions; superannuated sub-officials, whose children absorb their whole pensions in an expensive, useless kind of education. Such people resort to the continent, tempted by economy, cheap accomplishments, and a more genial climate than foggy England: they form small colonies of grumbling Britons in France, Belgium, and Germany, and raise a race of sons and daughters which is neither British nor foreign, but a union of the worst qualities of both—frivolous, pleasure-devoted, sulky, and suspicious.'

'The sons cultivate mustaches, wear odd shooting-jackets, frequent cafes, wait for commissions in the army or navy, or appointments under government, which never come, because the wrong party is always in power; they speak several languages with more or less skill, and are unfit, by habits, feelings, and acquirements, for the ordinary pursuits of Englishmen of the same means. As for the girls, they are more interesting and more to be pitied, for they cannot enlist for soldiers, or turn cab-drivers or billiard-markers, like their brothers. They learn how to sing, dance divinely; to play on all manner of instruments; to make their own frocks, millinery, and soup maigre; to save soup; to dress daintily in the morning, and divinely in the evening at balls and concerts; to dream of great matches, know the *Peregrine* and the *Almanach de Gotha* by heart; to be discontented with their lot, and unfit

* *The Three Colonies of Australia*. By Samuel Sidney. 1 vol. London: Ingram, Cooke, & Co.

for the wives of poor men, or struggling men, or for any useful employment.

When such parents return to England, forced by revolutions or family affairs, after an absence of ten or fifteen years, they are often surrounded by a family of handsome boys and girls, so educated that each requires the whole fortune that must eventually be divided into eight or ten portions; they return to find themselves forgotten by every useful friend.

Now, if the heads of such families had had courage and self-sacrifice enough to emigrate—if they had planted themselves, while their children were yet young and tractable, out of the sight of the prying eyes of colonial gossip-mongers, avoiding speculations for which their previous habits unfitted them—they would have been able to economise by eating, drinking, and dressing as they could afford, instead of in imitation of their neighbours; they would have given their children a colonial education and colonial experience, which would have stood them instead of many hundreds of pounds of fortune. And the girls, if prepared to be useful, need not, as in Europe, pass their lives in hunting for husbands.

How true is all this! There is perhaps not one of our readers who is unacquainted with families who are leading an idle and useless life—sons waiting on for offices, through some shabby political influence, and daughters making themselves ridiculous by their manoeuvres to get married—yet who, if they only knew it, have a splendid field of usefulness before them in the Australian colonies. 'In a word, to gentlemen with moderate incomes and large families, if they are prudent enough to live within their means, and if their sons and daughters are wise enough or young enough to get their own living, the rural life of Australia affords peace, independence, and prosperity.'

The intelligent writer before us insists strongly on giving a proper education of self-dependence to young men who are sent by parents to shift for themselves in the colonies. 'All the learning, all the accomplishments, all the sciences, from hydrostatics to self-defence, will be of little avail, although coupled with the best letters of introduction, and the most ample capital, if the intended colonist have not a certain independent, self-relying, self-denying tone of mind, which cannot be inculcated too early. Sons of well-educated emigrants arrive in Australia, so nursed, so coddled, that they land men in station, and children in mind, strong in body, but helpless in their many wants. Fathers not unfrequently treat a young man who is about to be left to his own resources with the same misplaced care that they have been exerting all his previous life. They select the district, purchase his outfit, conduct him to the port, place him in the hands of the captain, as if he were a baby, and leave him on board ship in full confidence that, on landing, some friend's friend, to whom he has taken a vague, third-hand letter of introduction, will continue the same care. Probably the young gentleman has never before been trusted with £5 at a time; has been carefully educated at home, or under the care of a clergyman, who "takes a limited number of pupils," has never been consulted even about a tailor's bill; and has been taught as a duty to rely on any one except himself.'

This coddling system will never do for the colonies. 'When a boy of fifteen can lay out a five-pound note on useful matters to the best advantage, and not feel that the balance burns a hole in his pocket—when he does not fear to travel alone from London to Geneva—when he can cook his own dinner, mend his own trousers, and black his own boots—when he has learned to think and feel that he must depend on himself, and not on accidents of fortune, friends, and fathers for success—he is in a fair way to succeed as a colonist, whether seventeen or seven-and-twenty. Courage, constancy, decisive energy, and independence—these are

qualities that, grafted on hereditary and virtuous principles, will, with moderate industry and moderate abilities, succeed where brilliant talents, weighted down by timid, indecisive effeminacy, would often fail.' But as a calm temperament should be chosen for the Church, a glutton at hard work for the bar, and a keen one for an attorney, so there is a stamp despised, of schoolmasters and professors, and feared by country justices, which makes famous emigrants; for, as they say at Oxford: "Pluck has it!"

It need hardly be added, that we warmly recommend Mr Sidney's work to general perusal.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

January 1868.

If the New Year has not brought much that is new, it at least finds us busy in advancing the old, and full of hopes of being able in time to bring everything up to that perfection which shall satisfy all the wants of the age, be they political, moral, or æsthetic. And it will be well for us, amid all our eager endeavours, to remember that what we do should be of the best, seeing that the great pages which Time turns over year by year, are never reopened to give us a chance of amending the record.

Attempts are again being made to use carbonic acid gas as a motive-power; and if successful in keeping that energetic agent under due control, we shall have a means of travel, compared with which steam and caloric engines will be but as coffee-mills. Compressed air, too, has been made to work a locomotive, but as yet without any positive practical results. A hydraulic railway has been talked about—the trains to be driven by the pressure of water in pipes laid under the line, without the aid of a locomotive. On this system it is said the rails might be very light, and consequently cheap, while a profit would be made by supplying water to fields and towns lying on the route. This scheme is probably destined never to advance beyond its prospects. Then we have another, which materially concerns the inhabitants of this great metropolis, as it promises to afford what has so long been desiderated—a river promenade. It is proposed to build a columnar railway from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, at such a distance from the shore as will not interfere with the main channel of the Thames, and will yet permit of free access to the numerous wharfs which occupy nearly the whole distance—trains to run twelve times an hour, and the time of transit to be six minutes. Combined with the rails is to be a footway for pedestrians; and of such there are thousands who will wish success to the scheme, were it only for the sake of a view of the river, now so difficult to obtain except from the bridges. And it will doubtless prove a safer investment of capital than some of those Australian projects which have recently deluded weak-minded people, by a great rise in the price of shares, as sudden as unsubstantial.

Dr Bence Jones has brought an important question before the Royal Society—the dissolution of urinary calculi in the living subject by means of voltaic electricity. Experiment has demonstrated the possibility of effecting this object out of the body; and now there only remains to perfect the instrument, and effect the operation in the body. If, as there is abundant reason to believe, it should answer the purpose, what an improvement it will be on the painful process of lithotomy! The Medico-Chirurgical Society, too, have had their attention called to the subject of transfusion of blood—one which made a great noise two hundred years ago, and has at sundry times since then excited much controversy. It is now asserted that, in certain conditions of bodily weakness, transfusion, when fairly tested, may prove a remedial agent of greater power and efficacy than any we now possess. When the

experiments were tried in the seventeenth century, thoughtful people rejoiced that they failed, on the ground that, if they had succeeded, tyrants would have taken care to live for ever. Perhaps thoughtful people in the nineteenth century, though not expecting any such result, will fear that it may give the rich an undue advantage over the poor, merely in point of health.

Photography is making good progress among artists and amateurs, and those who support them, of which satisfactory evidence is given by the large collection of specimens exhibited by the Society of Arts. From this it appears that the best negative pictures hitherto obtained, whether on paper or collodion, have been obtained by English photographers, and every day suggests some further improvement. By exciting and lodging the paper in an exhausted receiver, its quality becomes such as brings out the pictures with extraordinary accuracy and finish. Some landscape views taken at the foot of the Pyrenees, are superior to anything of the kind yet produced by photography, particularly in the aerial perspective. Mr. Fox Talbot has published a description of a simple and easily portable 'traveller's camera,' which to tourists in search of the picturesque will doubtless avail themselves of. As some of our arctic explorers were provided with photographic apparatus, we shall have an opportunity by and by of seeing what sort of pictures can be produced in the icy latitudes. In Austria, the art is to be applied to a judicial use, for the government has ordered that, in cases of railway collision or casualty, a daguerreotype of the catastrophe shall be taken before any attempt is made to clear the line. What will coroners' juries say to such evidence as this?

The same society has also an exhibition of recent inventions, which shows some of the results of ingenuity for the past year. Among the objects, is a new kind of ventilating bricks for partition walls—a syphon for dairymen, who, by means of it, will be enabled to draw the milk away from the cream, instead of skimming the cream off the milk, glass for church windows in which the ribs that divide the panes are also glass whereby light is not shut out, specimens of leather tanned by a new method, without the use of liquid besides many other articles more or less useful. Is there no one ingenious enough to devise a means of preventing a great waste that takes place at the copper works at Swansea? where, as Mr. J. Napier says, at least 30,000 tons of sulphur, of the value of about £200,000, pass into the atmosphere every year in the compass of a few miles, which somewhat reflects upon our character as practical men, desirous of turning all things to account? Sanitation, very properly, has not been lost sight of by the inventors, but seems doomed to be a slow subject. London will get up at five o'clock, and turn into the streets without breakfast on a raw November morning, to see a Duke buried—but tell London that its infantile population is decimated for want of fresh air and fine drams, and the great city listens with incorrigible apathy. Some people are sanguine enough to believe that the Caxton Tree Library, to be established in Westminster as a memorial of our first printer, will beneficially enlighten at least the royal quarter on this important question.

Something is being done in the artificial production of fish, but it remains to be seen whether with as much success as in France. Salmon have been artificially introduced into a tributary of the Swale, one of our Yorkshire rivers. A brood of spawn was taken from the Tees in December 1851, and from observations made in the following March, it appears they were fully hatched. The spawning-bed was made on a bed of gravel in a part of the stream never frozen, and barriers were erected ten yards on each side of the spot, to exclude other fish, and prevent the too early escape of the young fry. Mr. Fisher, by whom the experiment was undertaken, says, 'We have proved

the fact, that the Swale may be again stocked with salmon, provided we can make arrangements with the proprietor of a mill-wear, twenty-five miles from this place (Richmond), to let the fish, on coming up from the sea, have "free gap" from time to time.' If the Swale can be restocked, why not other rivers, and with other kinds of fish as well as salmon? and thereby add to our alimentary resources. It is known that, for some years past, attempts have been made to stock the rivers of Van Diemen's Land with salmon from the Scottish streams, but hitherto without success. The discovery that spawn may be transported to long distances without injury, will possibly lead to a renewal of the attempts, especially as steam navigation will now be available.

Apres of navigation the Americans are publishing their first Nautical Almanac, and are enlarging their docks and lengthening their piers in the New York river to accommodate our gigantic ocean steamers. They are going to send Commander Lynch, who explored the Dead Sea and wrote an interesting book about it a year or two ago, to make a reconnaissance along the coast of Africa, from Cape Palmas to the river Gaboon, and to push into the interior whenever opportunity shall permit, the object being as may be supposed, to extend trade and colonisation. They are about to despatch another expedition to the arctic regions under Lieutenant Kane to explore the northern extremity of Greenland in boats and sledges, and to reach the pole if possible. Besides this one of their government functionaries tells us in his annual report that a project has been formed for laying down an under sea telegraph from England to the States. 'It is proposed,' he says, 'to commence at the most northerly point of Scotland, run thence to the Orkney Islands, and thence by short water lines to the Shetland and Faroe. From these a water line of from 200 to 300 miles would conduct the telegraph to Iceland and onwards to Kongs Bay on the eastern coast of Greenland. It would then cross the latter country and Davis Strait to Byron's Bay on the coast of Labrador, where it would meet a line extending to Quebec, and to all parts of the American continent. The entire length would be about 2,000 miles of which three fifths are water. Another undertaking of a similar nature, we are informed, is actually commenced. A wire 170 miles long is to be sunk across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Prince Edward Island to Newfoundland across which it is to be carried and terminate at Cape Race—making a total distance from Halifax of about 1500 miles. Then, as Cape Race is not more than five days' voyage from Ireland for a steamer, we shall get news from the other side of the Atlantic before it is a week old, and the governor of Canada need never make mistakes for want of advice from the Colonial Secretary.

Captain Syngé, of the Royal Engineers, has brought a proposal before our Geographical Society, for a rapid communication with the Pacific and the East, and British North America. This is at first sight rather a startling scheme, but its feasibility has been proved by the fact of a few hardy individuals having traversed the whole distance, tempted by the fame of the Californian gold diggings. There are already 1500 miles of unobstructed navigation from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Huron which, as long, will be extended 400 miles further to the head of Lake Superior, as a canal is about to be made to avoid the obstacle hitherto opposed by the Falls of St. Mary. From thence the passage would be by rivers running through a fertile and beautiful region to Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, and others, to Lake Winnipeg, from which a water-communication extends to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Here the pass is by no means steep or difficult, and the highest dividing ridge is not more than 1450 feet above the sea-level. There are lakes, too, on the table-land of the summit, which would facilitate the

passage to the western slope, and so down to Vancouver's Island, where of course a trading port would have to be established.

Considerable organisation would be required for the successful working of this scheme; railways or common roads would have to be made in different places to connect the rivers, or canals would have to be cut to effect the same purpose, before the transit could be speedy. By carrying a telegraph along the whole route, the 8000 miles of distance which it includes would be annihilated in so far as the flashing of intelligence is concerned. The advantages claimed for it are—that it passes through none but British territory; that it is from 1500 to 3000 miles shorter than the other mail-routes from Southampton to Sydney, by way of the Isthmus or the Cape; and that, instead of from 62 to 80 days, not more than from 44 to 52 would be required to travel it. It will be long before this scheme is realised; meantime, the idea may stand on record as a proof of the speculative spirit of the age.

The means taken to establish a southern whale-fishery have not been so successful as was anticipated. The Auckland Islands are to be given up; Mr Enderby, the governor, is coming home; and the depot is to be transferred to Hobart-Town—all of which looks as though the Americans alone can make it worth while to catch whales in the South Pacific; and it is a question, whether it is not cheaper to buy the oil from them than to go so far to collect it? Neither have they been idle in the polar seas, for in 1849-50, 299 of their vessels passed Behring's Strait, employing 8970 seamen, who returned with 17,412,453 dollars' worth of bone and oil. If they attempt the same sea by way of Spitzbergen, their success will probably be greater. While this fact is talked about among speculators, our antiquaries are discussing other facts—namely, Colonel Rawlinson having been compelled to leave Bagdad to recruit his health, has opened mounds at Seleucia, in search of memorials of the past, and is recreating himself, in the intervals of digging, by bringing to light the signification of Babylonish writing. It is said that in running the boundary-line between Turkey and Persia, some heretofore unknown ruins were struck, which answer to the description in the Book of Esther of the ancient palace of Shushan, and in which the remains yet exist of the 'pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble.' It is to be hoped that some enterprising archaeologist will go over and verify the rumour.

Struve of Pulkowa, has brought to a close and published a series of exact micrometrical measurements of Saturn and his rings, a work which commends itself to astronomers everywhere, as it gives them trustworthy data by which to detect and compare future changes. With such observations as we have, it is found that the appearances and dimensions of the objects are not the same now as formerly. Mr Babbage suggests, that the rose-coloured prominences seen during a total eclipse of the sun, and so puzzling to astronomers, are nothing more than the smoke of volcanoes floating in the solar atmosphere. An ingenious attempt has been made to see these prominences on ordinary occasions, by getting a reflection of that portion of the sky immediately surrounding the sun's disk, but as yet without success.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

Most of the family quarrels that I have seen in life spring out of jealousy and envy. Jack and Tom, born of the same family and to the same fortune, live very cordially together, not until Jack is ruined, when Tom deserts him, but until Tom makes a sudden rise in prosperity, which Jack can't forgive. Ten times to one, 'tis the unprosperous man that is angry, not the other who is in fault. 'Tis Mrs Jack, who can only afford a chair, that sickens at Mrs Tom's new coach-and-six, cries out against her sister's airs, and sets her husband against his

brother. 'Tis Jack who sees his brother shaking hands with a lord (with whom Jack would like to exchange snuff-boxes himself), that goes home and tells his wife how poor Tom is spoiled, he fears, and no better than a sneak, a parasite, and beggar on horseback. . . . As, according to the famous maxim of M. de Rochefoucault, 'in our friends' misfortunes there's something secretly pleasant to us;' so, on the other hand, their good-fortune is disagreeable. If 'tis hard for a man to bear his own good-luck, 'tis harder still for his friends to bear it for him; and but few of them ordinarily can stand that trial: whereas one of the 'precious uses' of adversity is, that it is a great reconciler; that it brings back averted kindness, disarms animosity, and causes yesterday's enemy to fling his hatred aside, and hold out a hand to the fallen friend of old days. There's pity and love, as well as envy, in the same heart and towards the same person. The rivalry stops when the competitor tumbles; and, as I view it, we should look at these agreeable and disagreeable qualities of our humanity humbly alike. They are consequent and natural, and our kindness and meanness both mainly.—*Esmond.*

TOUJOURS LA MÊME.

TOUJOURS LA MÊME was on the seal
When last you wrote—'tis years ago :
Toujours la même was on the seal—
I read it, kissed, and kept it so.

Your letter now is worn and dim,
The seal is perfect and the same ;
It burns love-purple with the words,
The changeless words—*Toujours la même.*

But fickle maids will sometimes change,
And lovers fall to calling names;
Not such am I—for all that's past
My heart though wounded never blames.

Yes, doubtless, 'twas a brilliant lure—
I would that I, invisible,
Could see the Eastern state you keep,
It will become your beauty well ;

And when the jewelled cincture lights
The brow that one white rose adorned,
Oh, never come remembrance there
Of him whose simple rose was scorned !

Toujours la même was on the seal
When last you wrote me years ago ;
'Tis well—I only wish that all
Good-fortune from the falsehood flow.—H. I. H. O.

CONJURING MADE EASY.

The celebrated bottle-feat of pouring a great variety of wines and liquors from a common glass-bottle, is both simple and silly. The common glass-bottle, borrowed from the audience, is of course not the one used on such occasions, but is exchanged for another, made of japanned tin, and furnished internally with receptacles for the different kinds of liquors. Each receptacle has a valve; and these valves may be opened or closed at pleasure, by stops on the outside of the bottle, arranged for the fingers like the keys of a musical instrument. The compartments having no connection with the mouth of the bottle, except by the valves, the bottle may at any time be rinsed with water, and more liquor poured out.—*American paper.*

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'A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.'

TOM SMITH is a journeyman painter who makes twenty-three shillings a week. He has a wife and four little children. They live in a mean garret-room, are poorly clad and fed, and sickness is seldom absent from the house. Tom feels the degraded style of his life, but cannot remedy it; the public-house prevents him. Yet Tom has a certain hardy spirit of self-assertion about him, and thinks himself and others of his class entitled to something far better than they get in this world. His favourite expression is, 'A man's a man for a' that.'

'Well, Tom, a man is a man at all times and in all circumstances; but if you pretend to think that you are a capital man, a first-rate man, or even a respectable man, you are in a great mistake. You say, what is there in poverty to make a man less than a man? That was Burns's question, and certainly nothing can be clearer than that poverty *in itself* can unmake no man. A man's a man; that is to say, a man entitled to some regard, notwithstanding *that*. But, my dear Tom, you are not simply a poor man in the sense that Burns contemplated; that is, a virtuous man depressed by indigence. You are a poor man, made so by follies on your own part that deprive you of all title to respect. Therefore, that grand assertion of Burns, which we all sympathise in because it proclaims so stoutly the inherent greatness of a worthy man irrespective of external circumstances, does not apply to you. You are in a delusion about it, my friend; and as there is perhaps something good in you after all, I will endeavour to shew you how the matter really stands.'

'A man's a man for a' that!' again cries Tom, looking round to his companions, as calling them to make a chorus of it. But they all sit silent to hear the *per contra*.

'To go no further than your externals, Tom—I think modesty calls you to let Burns's song alone. You are dirty all over your person; you are ragged; and you are contented to sit in a very nasty place, which you are every minute making nastier. It is not like a man to be and to do this, but more like one of the lower animals. If you were to sing: "A pig's a pig for a' that!" I would have nothing to say; but really as one of the race which God has put over the world, I must protest against your taking the name of man at all. However, this is not the worst of it. You have a wife and little ones at home, and, instead of being kind and beneficent towards them, as the best feelings of humanity call you to be, you keep them in misery. You are harsh to them; you spend on your own basest appetites what should give them comfort;

you leave them in neglect, whenever you have any enjoyment of your own in view. How can you be a man for a' that, think you? But see the irrationality of it all. Your wages are sufficient, if well applied, to keep yourself and your family in comfort. You deliberately prefer misapplying them, although the result is so disastrous. Conduct so contrary to reason is not manlike, for man is pre-eminently a reasonable creature: therefore, again, you are not entitled to use Burns's maxim. In short, there being neither humane feeling nor rationality in your daily life, I am afraid you are hardly entitled to consider yourself as a man at all.

'Stop, now—I am not done with you, Tom. You often boast of your importance as a worker, in contrast with the other classes of society. "What would they all be without us?" you say. True, as to the class of workers—nobody denies it. But consider your own particular conduct as a member of that respectable body. By reason of your low indulgences, your family are in such circumstances as to be glad to take food, clothing, education, and medical aid, from those very people of whom you speak so deifyingly. Were you yourself ill with fever, you would have to go to one of their hospitals. Were you cut off, as you may be any day, your family would be wholly dependent on the charity of the middle classes, for you have not saved a penny to leave them. You are a man in spite of "a' that!" What a delusion! You are a slave, with only the right to do yourself insignificant harm: "Lord of thyself, that heritage of wo." A real slave would be in a more respectable position; for what he receives from the hands of his superiors, is only part of the arrangement understood to exist between him and them, while you at once take the privileges of the independent worker, and accept the charities that mark and are appropriate to bondage.

'Stop, again I say, and let me tell you all I think of you, after which you may speak if you choose. I know, in fact, what you are thinking of, and I will meet it. You consider yourself a clever fellow, a fellow of some *naus*, and that your word should go as far as anybody else's. A pretty story, truly! Why, you can hardly read or sign your name. All the spare hours which so many other working-men have devoted to the cultivation of their minds, you have spent in debasing pleasures. You know hardly anything beyond your own trade. You can sing a foolish song tolerably well over a pot of ale, with a set of nasty fellows like yourself, but you have not the slightest acquaintance either with the laws of the physical world, or with those sciences of experience and reflection by which the interests of great bodies of men are governed. Moreover, you have no refined or elevated feelings—no self-control to enable

you to join or deal with other men in any kind of affairs—no aspirations for a general good, lifting you out of the slough of your own narrow interests and prejudices. I do not say that, in your circumstances, you were to be expected to turn out anything very profound, or wise, or dignified; but you might have been something nearer to all these than you are, and, being so utterly remote from them, what are we to say of you? Why, that, having taken no trouble, and exercised no self-denial to make yourself anything more than an ignorant and reckless animal, we must, in the meantime, just hold you for such. I am sorry for it, my dear Tom; but the fact is, that, taking you in the best light possible, you are not a fellow of any *nous* at all, but a very short-sighted mortal.

"You are as good as your neighbours," you say; but that I entirely deny. A man like you, who does nothing for his family or society, but misguides the one, and is half a burden to the other, is not nearly so good as most other people in the world are. Most happy am I to think that there is nothing in the working-man's position in our country to degrade him, and that so many of them are, in the relation of their circumstances, as respectable as any people on earth. Hear what one eloquent and genial voice says of them, when speaking of the misapprehensions of the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on the condition of the English peasantry: "I wish that such a writer as the authoress of this work could live a little time in the country in England, and really see for herself what these rustic labourers are like. She would find that, under their occasionally stolid appearance, and with their clumsy gait, there is an intelligence, a patience, an aptitude to learn, a capacity for reasonable obedience, and a general gentleness of blood and nature, which would mightily astonish her. She would even find, especially among the women, a grace and sweetness of demeanour which would remind her of the highest breeding. She is evidently perplexed to account to herself for the permission of the existence of slaves, so little do their lives appear to give room for the purposes of humanity: she would have no such doubt whatever in contemplating the life of the British peasant, or the British workman. She would see that his life fulfilled sufficiently the conditions of humanity, to render it a means of attaining to considerable self-culture, of exercising the strictest self-restraint, of appreciating and working out what is most beautiful in the affections and the duties of a free citizen." All this, so beautifully said, is most true, and most pleasant it is to think of. But you, my pot-house haunting friend, singing out "A man's a man for a' that," it is not true of you or of any like you. You must permit me to tell you, that you are a great deal worse than your neighbours. Alas! what would this world have been if all had been like you hitherto, and all were like you now? In the first place, everything made during a week being spent and consumed before Saturday night, there would not have been a house built; not a road or bridge formed; no provision in summer for winter; nothing but the meanest, direst poverty everywhere. In the second place, not a single institution for the benefit of society could have been formed; no discoveries in physics; no advances in the arts, could have been made. There would not have been the slightest progress in refinement or in morals. The truth is, my dear Tom, sitting as you do in self-glorification over this ale, with these worthy gentlemen to keep you up in your delusion, your condition as a member of society precisely represents that of a man at the commencement of society—in short, a savage. You are a dissident from civilisation, living in the enjoyment of many of its advantages, without making a single sacrifice for them. And were it not that there are better people than you in the world, it would still

be a wilderness, as it was when man first set his foot in it.

[Philanthropic lecturer ends, and exits Tom (his bill unpaid), singing, 'A man's a man for a' that!']

SLEEPERS AWAKENED.

THE phenomenon of trance is a subject almost equally interesting to the imaginative and the scientific. The world, when in its infancy, recorded the marvel in the myths of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the hundred years' repose of the Beauty of Fairydom; and as these dreams of imagination faded before the awakening power of knowledge, philosophers and grave physicians took up the tale, and sought to explain a mystery still full of darkness and awe.

Now, although of late the philosophic public have appeared more interested in sending people to sleep than in waking them up—as in mesmerism and electro-biology—it is possible that two or three incidents of the natural resurrection of the supposed dead, may not be void of interest to the general reader. We will begin with a winter's tale, to which we listened, under a most favourable conjunction of domestic and friendly planets, this last Christmas; the narrator being grandson to the heroine, and of course able to vouch for its authenticity.

Once upon a time—somewhere in the reign of George II.—a certain German colonel, in the service of the house of Hanover, married a young English lady of great beauty and little fortune. In accordance with a courteous modern fashion, not common, however, in those days, some noble friends of the bride offered the young couple a home during the honeymoon, in their ancient and splendid castle in the north of England. The hospitality was accepted; and, as at the end of that period the soldier was suddenly compelled to rejoin his regiment, and embark for Germany, then the scene of war, the lady's stay was to be prolonged, at the request of her hostess, till his return. That period never came. He fell in battle a few months after his departure, and his wife did not long survive him. She died after giving birth to a daughter, whom on her death-bed she commended to the guardianship and care of Lady P——.

The trust was accepted. The orphan thus cast upon their protection was reared by Lord and Lady P—— as their own child in all things save one. They were Romanists; but her mother having been of the Church of England, their sense of honour prevailed, and they had her educated in the reformed faith, sending her every Sunday to the clergyman of the parish for religious instruction. She grew up a beautiful woman, accomplished also beyond her sex in those days; and so it chanced that Lord P——'s third son, returning from his continental tour, was struck by the change time had wrought in his heretofore playmate, and forthwith fell in love with the portionless but bewitching little heretic. Now, it might fairly be imagined, that they who had loved and reared the young girl as their own daughter, and who had proved themselves so generous, just, and honourable, would have gladly sanctioned this union; but it was not so. Her religion—albeit she owed it to themselves—was an objection not to be overcome, even although she offered to change her faith, which, taught only at intervals, and contradicted by the habits and tone of thought of her daily associates, had not taken very firm root. Such a conversion, in truth, might justly be suspected under the circumstances, and the usual plan, therefore, was adopted—the lovers were separated. Lord P—— procured a commission for his son in the army of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and sent the young lady on a trip to Portugal, under the care of the English ambassador, who was his intimate friend, trusting that she might meet with somebody abroad who would prove a successful rival to the young soldier.

If worldly prudence was not one of William P——'s virtues, the lack was not apparent in his new position. He was serving a master who was not at all inclined to think discretion the better part of valour, and who watched with admiration through his telescope the desperate and daring courage with which the young Englishman carried a difficult post in his second battle. Turning to one of the officers of his staff when the day was won, Frederick desired him to summon 'that brave English captain' to his presence. He was respectfully reminded that the young soldier did not hold that rank. 'He has done so from the moment I remarked his conduct,' was the reply. In the same summary style of promotion, the king greeted the Englishman at the close of another battle as 'Major P——,' adding a gracious wish to know if there were anything the young officer desired which he, Frederick, could grant. No more unwelcome reply could have been devised than the one made to this royal kindness. Major P—— respectfully requested permission to quit the service! Frederick heard him with as much surprise as displeasure; but after his implied promise to grant the request, he could not refuse. An order of dismissal was therefore drawn out officially, ending, according to the usual form, thus: 'Major P—— is therefore at liberty to go —,' the blank being left for the king to fill in. The angry Frederick added these words, '*au diable*, Frederick Rex.' This curious dismissal and royal autograph are still preserved in Major P——'s family.

The officer did not go in the direction indicated; he merely proceeded to a country, the fends of which are, according to a sailor's proverb, 'too civil by half.' He went to Portugal; and, shortly after his arrival in Lisbon, renewed, as a matter of course, his family intimacy with the English ambassador, who having never heard of the forbidden love-passages between his fair charge and the younger son of the P——s, made him always welcome at the Embassy: and so the days glided happily away, till a letter from the ambassador communicated to Lord P—— the startling intelligence of his son's presence in Lisbon, and his frequent visits to his old friend. The reply to this mislaid was a positive prohibition to the intercourse of the lovers, with which the good-natured envoy was obliged to comply. Their enforced estrangement fell heavily on both, especially on the lady, whose delicate spirits became suddenly and strangely affected. She grew faint and languid, without apparently suffering pain; and finally, to all appearance, died. The ambassador's daughters, young women of her own age, were greatly touched by this tragic catastrophe of the romance. The corpse was kept beyond the usual time in warm countries: and at their earnest and tearful entreaty, the despairing lover was permitted once more to behold his fair betrothed before the grave closed over her. It was the night preceding the intended interment; the coffin, which had already received its cold, still inmate, was placed upon a table covered with a black pall; the chamber was hung with black, and dimly lighted by large wax-tapers, placed at the head of the bier. Tremblingly, the young man raised the veil which covered the face of the dead, and gazed upon the calm, fixed, colourless features in silent agony; then bending down, he kissed the white lips fervently again and again—and oh, strange marvel of nature! the tale of the Sleeping Beauty became a reality;

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt;

the lips trembled slightly, the eyelids moved; and the truth—enough to have turned a weaker head—flashed on him: she was not dead, but in a trance! With wonderful presence of mind, he extinguished the lights, lifted the sleeper from her coffin, and bore her into the next room, thus saving her from perhaps a fatal shock. Gradually the vital powers were restored; but no

commands could now keep William P—— from her whom he had thus restored from the grave.

There had been no possibility of doubting the reality of the trance. The young lady had been insensible, cold, motionless, and, in the judgment of her physicians, dead for more than a week; and a full and faithful account of this strange incident was forwarded by the ambassador—now an intercessor for the lovers—to Lord P——. But, singular and touching as the incident was, it wrought no change in the sternness of the parents' determination; and feeling that he could not again expose his betrothed to such suffering, and hoping that when the deed was irrevocable they should be pardoned, William married the fair sleeper in defiance of all prohibitions, and carried her with him to England.

If happiness were to be estimated by worldly prosperity, it had been better perchance for her to have slept on. They wrote a supplication for pardon to Lord and Lady P—— as soon as they reached London, but no reply was vouchsafed, no pardon ever granted, and the rash young couple found themselves in the great city friendless and destitute, the younger son's allowance having been discontinued by his father. What was to be done? Never were moral courage and energy more needed. But the fair sleeper possessed both; she was, moreover, an excellent artist, painting flowers admirably, and in those days the market for talent was not overstocked; perhaps, also, her story may have been whispered abroad, and the secret interest of the ambassador exerted in her behalf. She sold her paintings and little fancy articles—the fashion of the times—screens, and baskets, and painted fans, successfully, and thus supported her husband and herself. Strange contrast must their life have presented from its earlier years! Instead of the stately of England's homes—the poor obscure lodging; instead of all the luxury and ease, appliances and means to boot of grandeur—the toil and the struggle for daily bread. Yet they were very happy. Both had doubtless learned the insufficiency of wealth and station to confer bliss, and found pleasures undreamed of before in the exercise of talent, in the pretty needful toil, in the thousand little ties of sympathy and mutual hopes and fears, comfortings and encouragements. The fancy loves to dwell upon the interior of that home: the quaint little room with its old-fashioned furniture, the few stiff chairs, the polished table, the worked fire-screen, partially protecting the fair young artist from the blaze of the cheerful fire as she bends over her task, and groups of roses and lilies, and all the sweet old-world flowers, upon her paper, or on the velvet or tiffany destined for her lady-employers; whilst her husband, seated at her side, beguiles the incessant toil of its weariness by reading to her in a low sweet voice, or telling her of the great Frederick, and of the battles fought beneath the Prussian eagle. This is the fairest side of the picture. Many a real care and harassing anxiety must, nevertheless, have haunted the mind of the sleeper awakened, especially when the birth of her child, a daughter, demanded greater exertion and larger means. But there was no end to the ups and downs in the life of the Honourable William P——. About this time, a distant relative, who had been interested by the romance of his love, died, and left him a large fortune—a greater trial than poverty to many a spirit. For a time, however, they enjoyed this sunshine of fortune—the more, indeed, from recent privation and poverty; but William was not—as his story thus far has shewn—gifted with any great store of worldly prudence. There were numerous bubbles afloat in that day, marvellous contrivances for making—or, more cynically, marrying—fortunes in an incredibly short space of time; and he was seized with the prevailing mania, entered into a wild speculation, and lost nearly all the wealth that had been so opportunely sent.

Once more the gaunt spectre, poverty, stood in the

death of the sleeper, at a time, too, when the energy and spirit of youth had fled; and this time it forced the separation which nothing had been able to effect before. William P—— resolved to return to Prussia, and re-enter the service of Frederick; whilst his wife and their only daughter established a school for young ladies, with the money still remaining from their recent wealth. And thus years rolled by. The patient, industrious mother succeeded in retrieving some portion of their losses; the rash, eager, but generous husband, won laurels and wounds in still quicker succession. The daughter married, and became ultimately the grandmother of the narrator of the story; and, finally, General William P—— returned a few limbs minus, and very gray, but still fondly beloved, to his home, and died, full of years and honours, in the arms of his awakened sleeper.

Let us next introduce our reader to a small chamber in a country parsonage, a little later in the same century. The room presented a perfect picture of neatness, quiet, and repose. It was very plainly furnished, but manifested a certain elegance and refinement in the arrangement of the few simple ornaments on the chimney-piece, the flowers and books, and the old china cup of cooling drink that stood on a small round table by the open window, through which the warm air of summer stole softly, laden with perfume from the mignonette and stocks that flourished in the little garden beneath it. The sun's rays, broken by the fresh green leaves of a large walnut-tree, cast a clear, pleasant light through the snowy dainty-curtains of the bed on the face of an invalid who lay there, gazing, with the listlessness of weakness, on the glimpse of blue sky visible from the open casement. It was a countenance that sunlight might be imagined to love, so good and gentle was it. Nor did its expression belie the heart within. A holy, charitable, unselfish man was that village pastor; but with the resemblance he bore—and it was a strong one—to Goldsmith's portrait of his brother, there mingled much of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of the poet himself; and the consequence of his boundless charities, and of his ignorance of money-matters, had led him into embarrassments, from which he saw no escape. He would have cared little had his difficulties affected his own comfort only; but they felt likewise on those dearest to him, and anxiety for their sakes preying on his affectionate and rather timid spirit, the probable shame of an execution in his house, and the nervous horror he felt at the idea of being consigned to a prison, had brought on his present illness, and haunted his thoughts as he lay there in solitude after many restless nights of agonised and perplexed reflection, listening to the church-bells ringing for Sunday service, at which a stranger was to fill his place. From the days of Whittington to the present, the imagination has frequently given a language to those airy voices; and the poor pastor, as he lay overpowered and exhausted by long hours of painful and fruitless meditation, felt the nightmare, like a load of care which oppressed him, pass off as he listened, and a childlike faith in the goodness of Providence once more dawning on his mind. We do not pretend to interpret what they whispered, but it is certain that, soothed by the chimes, he yielded to a gentle and profound slumber, in which his wife found him shortly afterwards.

Care was at first taken not to break this desired repose; but as noon, evening, night, nay, a second day passed, and still it continued, his family became alarmed, and tried to rouse him. In vain! The awful slumber was as inexorable as that of death itself. It bound his senses in an iron forgetfulness. He could not be awakened by sound or touch. Sun after sun rose and set, and still the deep sleep continued. Meantime the evils he had dreaded gathered round his family. His

physical condition preserved his personal freedom; but an execution was put in his house, and his wife and daughters were exposed to the direct evils of poverty. The rumour, however, of his trance-like slumber was noised abroad, and reached the lordly dwelling of a nobleman who resided near the spot, though he was not one of the clergyman's parishioners. Being much given to the study of physical science, he visited the parsonage to request permission to see the sleeper, and thus learned the varied sorrow that had fallen on its gentle inmates. With equal delicacy and generosity, he proffered as a loan the means of paying the harsh creditors, assuring the poor wife that if her husband should ever wake, he would give him the means of repaying the pecuniary obligation. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the debt discharged. For the following two days, Lord E—— was a regular visitor at the parsonage.

Sunday morning again dawned—once more the sunlight fell on the sleeper's pillow, and the bells called men to pray. Beside the couch were seated the miserable wife and her noble friend. The faint, regular breathing of the trance-chained man deepened, and to her anxious ear the difference was perceptible, though Lord E—— shook his head, as she told him of it. She bent eagerly over the pillow: there was a slight flutter of the eyelids; she held her breath, and clasped her hands in an agony of expectation and dawning hope. The hand so long motionless, stirred; the eyes opened: she could not speak for overpowering joy. The sleeper raised his head, slightly smiled on her, and observed: 'I thought I had slept longer—the bell has not yet ceased ringing!'

He was unconscious that a whole week had elapsed since its tones had soothed him to rest. The wife fainted, and was conveyed from the chamber. The doctor was summoned; he found his patient weak, but not otherwise ill. A still more extraordinary mental cure had been effected by the genius of sleep: he had totally forgotten his threatened difficulties, and from that hour recovered rapidly. Lord E—— conferred a living of some value on him; and when he was strong enough to bear the disclosure, his wife informed him of the loan so nobly bestowed on them, and the suffering from which he had been so marvellously preserved. The lesson was not lost. The new rector henceforward strove to unite prudence with generosity; and a career of worldly prosperity, as well as the far greater blessing of an implicit and cheerful faith in Providence, attended the renewed life of the sleeper awakened.

In both these instances, the sleep or trance was dreamless and unconscious. But there is one remarkable case on record,* in which the body only of the sleeper was subject to this deathlike thralldom of slumber, the mind remaining awake; and the account given by the individual who endured this interval of life in death, is very singular and interesting. She was an attendant on a German princess; and, after being confined to her bed for a great length of time, with a nervous disorder, to all appearance died. She was laid in a coffin, and the day fixed for her interment arrived. In accordance with the custom of the place, funeral songs and hymns were sung outside the door of the chamber in which the fair corpse lay. Within they were preparing to nail on the lid of the coffin, when a slight moisture was observed on the brow of the dead. The supposed corpse was of course immediately removed to a different couch, and every means used to restore suspended vitality. She recovered, and gave the following singular account of her sensations:—

'She was perfectly conscious of all that passed around her; she distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death; she felt them clothe her in the

* In an old magazine, dating 1798; and also in Dr Orlington's Essay.

garments of the grave, and place her in the coffin. This knowledge produced a mental anxiety she could not describe. She tried to speak or cry, but vainly—she had no power of utterance; it was equally impossible for her to raise her hand or open her eyes, as she vainly endeavoured to do. She felt as if she were imprisoned in a dead body. But when she heard them talk of nailing the lid on her, and the mournful music of the funeral-hymns reached her ear, the anguish of her mind attained its height, and agony, mastering that awful spell of unnatural slumber, produced the moisture on her brow, which saved her from being entombed alive.

One more little anecdote of a somewhat similar kind, which was related to us on the authority of a Hastings fisherman, and we will close our paper. It occurred during the cholera. The people of England have an especial horror of this terrible scourge, and nothing will induce them to believe that the infection is in the air, and not in the person affected by the complaint; consequently it was difficult, in some places, to persuade them to perform the last offices for the dead, and they hurried the interment of the victims of the pestilence with unseemly precipitation. A poor seafaring man, who had been long absent from his native land, returning home at the time it was raging, found that his wife had been dead about three days, and that her coffin had been placed in a room with those of others, who, lodging in the same dwelling, had also perished of the disease. Greatly afflicted, the sailor insisted on seeing his dead wife. The neighbours would have dissuaded him, but his affection and grief disdained all fear, and he rushed into the chamber of death. There, forcing open the lid of the coffin, and bending over the beloved corpse, the rude mariner shed tears, which fell fast upon the pallid face, when suddenly a sound, something like a sigh, was emitted from the white lips, and the next instant the exhausted and deathlike sleeper opened her eyes, and gazed up in his face! The joy of the poor fellow may be imagined.

We might multiply instances of this phenomenon, but as they would probably be familiar to the reader, or have at least been told before, we shall but add a wish that the old adage, 'Too much of a good thing,' may not be found a practical truth with regard to his sleep; and wish

To all and each a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.

THE 'UNCLE TOM' EXCITEMENT— SUMNER'S ORATION.

It seems to be generally admitted, that the movement against slavery in America has been immensely aided by the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. A fiction, certainly, cannot give an authoritative view of any subject. It may, however, be legitimately useful in drawing attention to one. It strikes us, that the apologists of southern slavery take a poor and inefficient method of meeting Uncle Tom, by publishing fictions on the other side of the question. It is a mere chance that any of these has one-tenth part of the artistic excellence and effective eloquence of Mrs Stowe's far-famed work. Their better course, and that which the Abolitionists, indeed, very justly demand of them, is to bring forward an authoritative report—a *Blue Book*—showing the actual condition of the slaves generally, with whatever else is incidental to the institution. They have a precedent in what the British parliament did with respect to West Indian slavery. In that case, there were repeated parliamentary investigations, allowing of course free scope to the dissemination of all the facts connected with the subject. While they abstain from that course,

it will very fairly be believed, that they have not a cause which will stand inquiry.

In the meantime, the friends of human freedom do not need to take their views of slavery solely from a clever novel. The southern newspapers supply facts stronger than most fictions—advertisements of men, women, and children for sale; notices of runaway negroes—for negroes do run away from bondage, notwithstanding the pleasantness of the institution. Are not these a regular staple of the daily press? Credit-worthy travellers likewise mention cases which do not admit of disbelief. In the recently published work of Mr Edward Sullivan, the following, for example, occurs:—

'I heard a painful case that happened at Memphis some short time before I was there. . . . A slave-dealer bought a slave from a plantation in Kentucky; the man was a first-rate mechanic and blacksmith, and his master only parted with him because he was "hard up," with the proviso that his wife, to whom he was much attached, should not be separated from him. The sum paid for him was 1000 dollars (£200). After the sale, the slaves were taken as usual to the jail to be lodged for the night the negro being satisfied by the promise that his wife should accompany him the next day. The following morning, however, when the gang of slaves was brought out, chained two and two together by the wrists, preparatory to commencing their journey, the blacksmith looked in vain for his wife, and on inquiring where she was, the slave-driver laughed at him, and said: "Oh, you don't suppose that I am going to drag your wife about to please you, do you? That was only a blind to get you from your master." The slave said nothing, but soon after drew his chain-companion to where there was a hatchet, and taking it up in his left hand, which was free, he deliberately chopped his right hand off at the wrist, and holding up the stump to the slave-driver, said: "There, you gave 1000 dollars for me yesterday, what will you get now?" This case created rather a feeling even in Kentucky, and a subscription was got up to buy the negro back, and restore him to his wife; but the demon in human shape, his master, refused to part with him at any price, saying: "That he would not, for 10,000 dollars, lose his revenge for having been made such a fool of; that as the man chose to cut his own hand off, he should learn to pick cotton with the other, and he would take care he lived long enough to repent of what he had done." There was no law to interfere, not even to control his brutality, and in a few days the slave was marched off south.'

The last number of the *Westminster Review*, in a temperate article on this subject, further verifies accounts of this nature. 'The following letter,' proceeds the writer of the article, 'extracted from the *North Star*, will serve as an illustration of these assertions:—A coloured woman, a Mrs Nancy Cartwright, who had purchased her own freedom, and redeemed a part of her children from slavery by her own industry, aided by the liberality of her friends, while at New York heard from her daughter that she, "with Aunt Sally and all her children, and Aunt Hagar and all her children," were in Bruin's Jail, in Alexandria, expecting to go away very shortly. The heart-broken mother applied to Mr Harried, the editor of the *North Star*, who wrote to Mr Bruin, asking him "at what price he would sell Emily Russell to her mother, and how long he would give her to make up the amount; also, at what price he holds her sisters and their children." To this Mr Bruin thus replies:—"ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 31, 1850.—DEAR SIR.—When I received your letter, I had not bought the negroes you spoke of, but since that time I have bought them. All I have to say about the matter is, that we paid very high for the negroes, and cannot afford to sell the girl, Emily, for less than *eighteen hundred dollars*. This may seem a high price to you; but cotton being very high,

consequently slaves are high. We have two or three offers for Emily from gentlemen from the south. She is said to be the finest-looking woman in this country. As for Hagar and her seven children, we will take 2500 dollars; Sally and her four children, we will take for them 2800 dollars. You may seem a little surprised at the difference in prices, but the difference in the negroes makes the difference in price. We expect to start south with the negroes on the 8th of February, and if you intend to do anything, you had better do it soon.—Yours respectfully, BRUN AND HILL."

WILLIAM HARNED, Esq., New York.

We are already familiarised by Mrs Stowe, with the defences adduced by southern divines from Scripture for the 'domestic institution.' That they are not exaggerated or burlesqued, fully appears from an opposition novel, entitled *The Cabin and Parlour*, where the scriptural sanction is thus coolly put forward in a conversation between Mr Sharpe, an Abolitionist, and Mr Walworth, a slave proprietor.

"Is not slavery a sin?" asked Mr Sharpe.

"To reply in the affirmative," said Walworth, "would be to condemn some of the best men who have ever lived. Slavery has been known among all nations and in every age of the world. The patriarchs held slaves. Hagar was a bondwoman. There were slaves among the Jews. Nor did the laws of Moses repudiate such property *per se*. Slaves were common in the days of the apostles, yet we find them nowhere assailing slavery as wrong in itself. Cruelty, covetousness, brutality, want of human feeling, extortion, and all the catalogue of vices that, exercised by the rich, oppress the poor, or, exercised by the master, tyrannise over the slave, are denounced again and again, and in terms terrific in their severity, by Christ and his apostles. . . . All the fanaticism, injustice, abuse, and miniature action which has exhibited itself in reference to this subject, is to be traced to the false assumption, that to own a slave is to commit a deadly sin. Paul would never have sent Onesimus back to his master if that had been the case. As for the *ad captivandum* argument, so generally employed to prove slavery, *per se*, sinful, it may be brought forward, with equal force, against the right to hold property of any kind. . . . The occasional cruelty of masters, the hereditary taint of blood, and the separation of families, thrust themselves forward to challenge sympathy. But the kind care of the master, the sacrifices made to keep mother and children together, and all that is really ameliorating and lovely in the institution, lies deep in its heart, and shuns ostentatious display."

Sharpe hints as to the possibility of emancipation.

"When the time really comes," said Walworth solemnly, "there will be no uncertainty as to what is to follow. What is to be done with the negro after being freed will not then have to be asked, as it is now, without hope of an answer. That abolitionism cannot solve that question, is to me conclusive proof that it is not of God. He never cuts loose the anchor and sends us adrift till the port is in sight. . . . Meanwhile we must do our duty. God will provide the rest," &c.

The *Cabin and Parlour*, we fear, only proves the debasing effect of the institution upon the human judgment and moral feelings. On the same grounds, polygamy might be defended, and witches still burnt at the stake.

From such effusions it is pleasant to turn to the generous eloquence of Charles Sumner, in his speech in August last on the Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act. Painfully convinced, Mr Sumner says, of the unutterable wrongs and woes of slavery, he wastes no time in the attempt to reach the feelings, but goes at once to the business in hand. His object is to shew, by fact and logical deduction, that slavery never was, is not, and cannot be a national institution; and that such being

the case, the national legislature of the United States is not entitled to sanction or support it in any way whatever. The Declaration of Independence gave no support to distinctions of rank or colour, but spoke of all men being born equal. If negroes are men, then they have just as good a claim in this respect as the whites who assume to be their superiors.

It was a special provision of the newly-formed constitution, that 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.' 'Under thisegis,' says Mr Sumner, 'the liberty of every person within the national jurisdiction is unequivocally placed. The natural meaning of the clause is clear, but a single fact of its history places it in the broad light of noon. As originally recommended by North Carolina and Virginia, it was restricted to the *freeman*. Its language was: "No *freeman* ought to be deprived of his life, liberty, or property, but by the law of the land." In rejecting this limitation, the authors of the amendment revealed their purpose—that no person, under the national government, of whatever character, shall be deprived of liberty without due process of law; that is, without due presentment, indictment, or other judicial proceedings. Here, by this amendment, is an express guarantee of a personal liberty, and an express prohibition against its invasion anywhere, at least within the national jurisdiction.'

'Sir,' continues the speaker, 'apply these principles, and slavery will again be as when Washington took his first oath as president. The Union flag of the republic will become once more the flag of freedom, and at all points within the national jurisdiction will refuse to cover a slave.'

'In all national territories, slavery will be impossible. On the high seas, under the national flag, slavery will be impossible. In the District of Columbia, slavery will instantly cease. Inspired by these principles, Congress can give no sanction to slavery by the admission of new slave states. Nowhere under the constitution can the nation, by legislation or otherwise, support slavery, hunt slaves, or hold property in man. Such, sir, are my sincere convictions. According to the constitution, as I understand it, in the light of the past and of its true principles, there is no other conclusion which is rational or tenable; which does not defy the authoritative rules of interpretation; which does not falsify indisputable facts of history; which does not affront the public opinion in which it had its birth; and which does not dishonour the memory of the fathers. And yet these convictions are now placed under formal ban by politicians of the hour. The generous sentiments which filled the early patriots, and which impressed upon the government they founded, as upon the coin they circulated, the image and superscription of Liberty, have lost their power. The slave-masters, few in number, amounting to about 300,000, according to the recent census, have succeeded in dictating the policy of the national government, and have written Slavery on its front.'

Desirous of bringing back the nation to first principles, Mr Sumner draws a precedent for their guidance from English history. He refers to the time, not yet very remote, when, by a decision of Lord Mansfield, 'more than fifteen thousand persons, held as slaves in English air—four times as many as are now found in this District [of Columbia]—stepped forth in the happiness and dignity of freemen. With this guiding example, let us not despair. The time will yet come when the boast of our fathers will be made a practical verity also, and court or Congress, in the spirit of this British judgment, will proudly declare, that nowhere under the constitution can man hold property in man. For the republic, such a decree will be the way of peace and safety. As slavery is banished from the national jurisdiction, it will cease to vex our national politics. It may linger in the States as a local

institution, but it will no longer engender national animosities, when it no longer demands national support.

Brought now to a consideration of the provision for the surrender of fugitives from labour, passed by an act of Congress in 1850, Mr Sumner regards it as an infingement of the constitution: 'As I read this statute, I am filled with painful emotions. The masterly subtilty with which it is drawn might challenge admiration, if exerted for a benevolent purpose; but in the age of sensibility and refinement, a machine of torture, however skilful and apt, cannot be regarded without horror. Sir, in the name of the constitution, which it violates; of my country, which it dishonours; of humanity, which it degrades; of Christianity, which it offends—I arraign this enactment, and now hold it up to the judgment of the senate and the world. Again, I shrink from no responsibility. I may seem to stand alone; but all the patriots and martyrs of history, all the fathers of the republic, are with me. Sir, there is no attribute of God which does not unite against this Act.'

Besides being unconstitutional, and a practical denial of the writ of Habeas Corpus, the act in question, contrary to the purposes of the framers of the constitution, sends the fugitive back at the public expense. The nation in its aggregate capacity pays for what belongs to individual states. 'Adding meanness to the violation of the constitution, it bribes the commissioner by a double stipend to pronounce against freedom. If he dooms a man to slavery, the reward is ten dollars; but, saving him to freedom, his dole is five dollars.' Further—'The constitution expressly secures the "free exercise of religion;" but this Act visits with unrelenting penalties the faithful men and women who may render to the fugitive that countenance, succour, and shelter, which in their conscience religion seems to require.'

It is not necessary for us to follow the accomplished speaker through a variety of legal pleadings which close his course of argument; and we pass to a few of his concluding passages touching on the moral aspects of the question. 'The good citizen, as he thinks of the shivering fugitive, guilty of no crime, pursued, hunted down like a beast, while praying for Christian help and deliverance, and as he reads the requirements of this Act, is filled with horror. Here is a despotic mandate, "to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law." Again let me speak frankly. Not rashly would I set myself against any provision of law. This grave responsibility I would not lightly assume; but here the path of duty is clear. By the Supreme Law, which commands me to do no injurious; by the comprehensive Christian law of brotherhood; by the constitution, which I have sworn to support—I AM BOUND TO DISOBEY THIS ACT. Never, in any capacity, can I render voluntary aid in its execution. Pains and penalties I will endure, but this great wrong I will not do. "I cannot obey, but I can suffer," was the exclamation of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, when imprisoned for disobedience to an earthly statute. Better suffer injustice than do it. Better be the victim than the instrument of wrong. Better be even the poor slave returned to bondage, than the unhappy commissioner. Finally, sir, for the sake of peace and tranquillity, cease to shock the public conscience; for the sake of the constitution, cease to exercise a power which is nowhere granted, and which violates inviolable rights expressly secured. Leave this question where it was left by our fathers at the formation of our national government—in the absolute control of the States, the appointed guardians of personal liberty. Repeal this enactment. Let its terrors no longer rage through the land.' Mindful of the lowly whom it pursues; mindful of the good men perplexed by its requirements; in the name of charity, in the name of the constitution, repeal

this enactment, totally and without delay. Be inspired by the example of Washington. Be admonished by those words of Oriental piety: "Beware of the groans of the wounded soul. Oppress not to the utmost a single heart; for a solitary sigh has power to upset a whole world."

From every sound which reaches us, it would appear as if this question cannot rest long in its present position. The number of human beings held in slavery in the different states amounts to upwards of three millions, and the magnitude of this palpitating mass becomes in itself a subject of consternation. Setting out of view, therefore, every moral, religious, and legal aspect in which the institution presents itself, the question of how this enormous mass of illiterate and impulsive humanity is to be dealt with, is confessedly one of fearful import. Like all evils, however, the institution of slavery may be most safely treated by being looked distinctly in the face—not shirked, palliated, and put off 'till a more convenient season,' which season never will arrive. It will, we think, be generally allowed, that Mr Sumner's view of the subject is a sound one; and that, as a measure of justice and prudence, the first thing to be done is to abolish the Fugitive Slave Act, and thenceforth leave slavery, in all its details, to be treated exclusively as a local arrangement within the states in which it happens to subsist. What means the respective slave states will, in the course of time, adopt to abate the virulence of the institution, do not require discussion. We may be at least permitted to hope that, as a beginning in the right direction, the marriage of slaves will receive the sanction of law; and that husband and wife, and parents and children, shall not be separated except with their own consent. Liberty to acquire secular and religious instruction ought, of course, to follow as a rightful privilege.

With these concessions, the slavery in the States would subside to a condition of serfdom, out of which, as in every country in Europe, a free peasantry, by birth, manumission, and purchase, might be expected gradually to arise. We have ventured to suggest what may be called the easiest way of getting rid of the difficulty. Nor, are we convinced, is it the least prudent. To allow things to go on, and do nothing, is to sleep on a volcano, which may possibly burst with overwhelming violence on the first occasion of the nation involving itself in any serious warlike difficulty. These remarks will not be mistaken. Long may the United States be exempted from internal disorders or external aggression; and long may they remain linked in brotherly association with Old England, shoulder to shoulder in the cause of civilisation and progress! A country so great and so prosperous can afford to follow our example, and free itself from the single stain that taints its fair fame.

PARIS AFTER WATERLOO.

MR STURGES, who so nobly led the way a few years ago in those lectures by gentlemen to the working-classes, which are now so much in fashion, had an earlier life as a man of letters, in a walk having nothing to do with education. He was the first to gratify the public with any description of the field of Waterloo, or any detailed account of the battle; and the thin volume in which these appeared, had a sale almost unexampled, nine editions appearing in the course of a few months. We yet remember the thrilling interest with which this work was read, while the wounded of Waterloo were walking the streets with their arms slung, and the public beneficence was being distributed among its new-made widows and orphans. It raised an unassuming Edinburgh barrister for the time into a popular author. After an interval of thirty-seven years, we have seen the feelings and associations of those days revived by the death of the illustrious Wellington and

the course of affairs in France; and it does not, therefore, surprise us that Mr Simpson should have thought of reverting to that remarkable era, and shewing to a new generation the state of matters at the close of the reign of Napoleon I. He does so in a felicitous manner, not merely by reproducing his Visit to the Field of Waterloo, but by drawing upon a very rich note-book, which he kept regarding his subsequent residence in Paris.* We there see painted in the most lively colours the whole circumstances of the Occupation, the cheerfulness of the Parisian population under conquest, the savage dissatisfaction of the relics of the Bonaparte army, the strange commixture of the soldiery of so many foreign nations with the ordinary figures of the streets, and the singular scenes presented at the Louvre, on the occasion of the upbreak of that collection of works of art, which France had condescended to form by rapine at the expense of all other nations.

Mr Simpson's volume being one which pleases rather by the general effect of the whole narrative, than by the special force of any particular passages, we find it no easy matter to make a selection from its pages. It is only after considerable hesitation that we pitch upon two passages, the first being from the description of the battle:—

‘No part of the field was more fertile in associations than the ground of the 30th, to which the Irish officer already mentioned belonged, and, I believe, the 73d regiments, brigaded under our gallant countryman, severely wounded in the battle, Sir Colin Halket. I had already heard much of the firmness of these brave troops, and was to hear still more. To no square did the artillery, and particularly the cuirassiers, pay more frequent visits, but without ever shaking them for a moment. Their almost intimacy with these death-bringing visitants increased so much as the day advanced, that they began to recognise their faces. Their boldness piqued the soldiers. Some of them galloped up to the bayonet points, where their horses made a full stop. They then rode round and round the bulwark, and, in all the confidence of panoply, often coolly walked their horses, to have more time to search for some chasm in the ranks where they might ride in. The balls absolutely rang upon their mail; and nothing incommoded the rider but bringing down his horse, which at last became the general order. In that event, he surrendered himself, and was received within the square, till he could be sent prisoner to the rear. Truth obliges us, however unwillingly, to record, that the French spared very few lives which it was in their power to take. We state this to deplore it; for it is an aggravation of the horrors of war, as uncalled for as it is atrocious. . . .

‘The cuirassiers were repeatedly driven off by the 30th and their comrade regiment, themselves routed by painful degrees. Lane was again formed with unwearied alacrity: no complaint escaped the patient soldiers’ lips, if we except an occasional cry to be led on. The storm was seen again gathering and rolling onwards. The command, “Re-form square—prepare to receive cavalry,” was promptly and accurately obeyed. The whole were prostrate on their breasts, to let the iron shower of artillery fly over—and erect in an instant when the artillery ceased and the cavalry charged. Such were “the MEN of Waterloo.”

‘Unable to break in upon the square by open force, a commanding-officer of cuirassiers tried a ruse: he lowered his sword to General Halket; several of the officers called out: “Sir, they surrender.” “Be firm, and fire!” was the promptly obeyed answer. The

general justly suspected an offer of surrender to infantry, fixed to the spot in a defensive position, by cavalry, who had the option of galloping off with all the plain open behind them. The volley sent the colonel and his cuirassiers, as usual, about, with a laugh of derision from the men he had meant to cut in pieces, and many a ring from their balls upon the back-pieces of their mail.

‘This gallant brigade was honoured with several visits from the illustrious chief. In one, he inquired “how they were.” The answer was, that two-thirds of their numbers were down, and that the rest were so exhausted, that leave to retire, even for a short time, was most desirable—some of the foreign corps, who had not suffered, to take their place. General Halket was told that the issue depended on the steady, unflinching front of the British troops, and that even a change of place was hazardous in the extreme. “Enough, my lord,” he replied; “we stand here till the last man falls.”

‘One anecdote more of this gallant brigade I cannot withhold. A gleam of the gentler affections is hailed with tenfold sympathy when for a moment it glids an interval of the empire of the sterner virtues in the warrior’s bosom. It is like the breathing of the softest flute after the clang of trumpets, or the downy contact of the halcyon’s breast which stills the stormy sea. In the midst of their dangers, this band of heroes had their attention called to a very affecting scene of private friendship. Two of the officers were the more closely attached to each other, that they were not on terms of perfect good understanding with the rest of the mess, owing to their having opposed some arrangements which the rest thought expedient, but which it was expected would be attended with expense. They concealed, most honourably, the real grounds of their opposition to the general voice, that, besides their own families, they had each two sisters to support—a consideration which assuredly they could not have pleaded in vain. The similarity of their circumstances naturally cemented their friendship, which was a by-word in the regiment. After doing their duty calmly through nearly the whole of the murderous day, they found themselves both unhurt in the evening; when one of them playfully called to the other, who stood at a little distance: “I always told you they never would hit me. They never did it in Spain, and they have not done it to-day.” He had hardly spoken, when he was shot dead on the spot! His friend stood for a few moments motionless, then burst into tears, flew to the body, threw himself down beside it, and sobbed over it, inarticulately repeating several times: “My only friend!” The officer who related the affecting story told me, that so completely did the scene overcome every one who witnessed it, that there was not a dry eye among them.

Our second extract is a bit of Paris life, containing a few characteristic touches: ‘We dined at a *table-d’hôte*—the company all French but ourselves; and found that, instead of looks and signs of insult, which we had been led to expect, we were treated by our neighbours at table with much civility. They engaged among themselves in keen political discussion; but, on the whole, seemed rather friendly to the king. With one exception—an old gentleman with powdered hair and well-dressed frills, a relic of the old school—they were examples of that coarseness, and not soldierly ferocity, which the Revolution has stamped so extensively upon the present generation of the French people. I had not yet seen a single individual of whom we should say, in England, “There is a gentlemanlike man!”

‘We went to the *Théâtre de Variétés*, on the Boulevard Italien; and, in passing along the latter, saw the Parisian gentlemen and ladies assembling in the coffee-houses, and sitting on chairs under the trees, “in

* Paris after Waterloo. Notes taken at the time, and hitherto unpublished; including a revised edition, *The Truth of a Fast to France and the Field*. By James Simpson, Esq., Advocate, author of *The Philosophy of Education, Lectures to the Working Classes*, &c. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1832.

pass the evening?" This last custom I was not till then aware of. We were not much gratified with the Varieties. There were no less than four short pieces; and as they profess to be a living picture of the follies or laughabilities of the day, they cannot be supposed to have much dramatic merit. It was here that "Jean Boole" was so much caricatured last year. He was invariably represented as very angry. Nothing amuses a Frenchman more than an Englishman's constant passion; for the French are remarkable for a calm and often provoking preservation of temper. "Enter Jean Boole angry," is a common scenic announcement; and certain unlucky expletives by which an Englishman gives notice of an access of rage, like a dog by snarling, are not spared, to the great delight of the French audience. It happened, on our night, that some more respect was paid to John Bull than last year. It was among the first proofs I had met with of candid acknowledgment by the French of how much they owe to English generosity. It was a kind of pantomimic representation of processions in honour of the white flag and *fleur-de-lis*. The characters were chiefly National Guards; and the females decorated then with white cockades, and danced with them, as they do on occasions of public fetes in the Tuileries and other public gardens. When the flags displayed the word "Paix," the applause was enthusiastic. A scene truly French now occurred. Nothing was wanting but the accession of some of the real soldiers to this avowal of loyalty. Several fine-looking grenadiers in the soiled, and even tattered, uniforms of the campaign, entered, presenting various proofs of having suffered at Waterloo. Loud and repeated shouts from the audience! All the other performers exert themselves to induce the veterans to exchange the tricolor for the white cockade, to which they shew great reluctance. At last the ladies prevail, and pin the white cockade on their breasts; the National Guards embrace them, and the whole house rings with "Vive le Roi!" Considering the kind of attachment which the one cockade or the other has proved itself to indicate, the scene was anything but pleasing to us. Indeed, it recalled to me that indiscreet policy of last year, which received, with embraces, into the king's service that very soldiery which hesitated not to betray him when the man reappeared who suited better their own views and interests. I could not help hoping, that receiving again into confidence the soldiers of Bonaparte would never go further than the theatre. A scene followed more gratifying to English national feeling. On seeing the wounded soldiers, one of the female characters runs to them, and by very eager signs seems to be inquiring the fate of a soldier in whom she had a very warm interest. She is answered by signs, which spoke too plainly that he had fallen on the field of battle. The lady faints away. On her recovery, she finds that an English officer has entered, and with him a wounded French officer, whose steps he is very carefully aiding. The maid recognises her lover, or brother, in the wounded Frenchman, and is almost wild with joy. She asks, by signs, how he was preserved, when the officer points gratefully to the young Englishman, and presses his hand to his heart. The transported fair, one falls on her knees to the English officer, and fervidly kisses his hand, while he gallantly raises her, and resigns his wounded charge to her care. The whole was well performed, and excited the loudest applause, with a cry which was gratifying, for the moment, to hear: "Vive les Anglais! Ils sont les plus généreux du monde." One circumstance aids the reality of this feeling in the French, and perhaps still more calls forth its expression—namely, the daily contrast between the conduct of the other allied troops, particularly of the Prussians, and that of the English. The Prussians have reaped a harvest of vengeance much more ample than was expected, although forbearance

itself compared to what the French inflicted for ten years on them. After all, the conduct of the Prussians is much exaggerated, and a few instances of outrage are extended as if they were of hourly occurrence. Making the French feel a little is plainly winked at by the Prussian commanders; and it is even said that Blücher answered, to a remonstrance of Lord Wellington's on the subject, that the French never were in England. The French find it more difficult to submit to the dominion of an enemy whom they have so long despised; while that very circumstance induces the Prussians to carry matters with a higher hand. In the cafés, they dominate over every Frenchman who enters; and I have seen the latter turn away when they saw Prussian officers sitting in the coffee-room before them. The Austrians are not at all complacent of, except for the practice, equally harmless and foolish, of wearing laurel leaves in their caps.

On coming out of the theatre, we were surprised to see the immense numbers of chairs still occupied by multitudes of dressed ladies and gentlemen, under the light of reflected lamps, seemingly doing nothing but idling away the night. This scene I witnessed continually, besides seeing the cafés, ice-houses, and tea-gardens full of ladies. In truth, *home* is a word and a thing unknown in France, at least in Paris. Domestic pleasure was never heard of. All the virtues, public as well as private, which an English home founds and rears, exist not in that volatile city. Children are put out to nurse, and then sent from home *on pension*—that is, to boarding-schools, where the girls are fitted for the coffee-houses and the trees of the Boulevards, and unfitted for everything else. The moment a Frenchwoman has dined, if she does not also dine in a café, she looks anywhere but to home for her evening's enjoyment. She goes to some public place, or at once to a café—most likely not to the same with her husband—and there, or in the Boulevards, lounges out the evening. It is difficult to imagine anything so comfortless, to say nothing of disreputable, as such habits. A French family has no notion of what we call a fire-side, and associate therewith so much of domestic delight. I really was never more convinced of the advantage, *morally*, of having actual fireplaces—an accommodation rare in French houses.

CLIMATE AND HEALTH IN AUSTRALIA.

It is no wonder that there are conflicting accounts of a region where everything in nature is so wildly different from what we are accustomed to elsewhere; where most of the quadrupeds come into this breathing world not half made up, and grow the rest in an outside pouch; where the swans are black, and the eagles white; where the jay laughs like a jackass, the magpie breathes like an Eolian harp, and other birds flutter about, cracking whips, grinding knives, and ringing chimings of bells; where the cuckoo's note startles the dull ear of night, and the owl's hoarse screech mocks the light of day; where the mole and the platypus lay eggs, and, when they are hatched, suckle their young; where maggots five inches long are eaten like macaroni; where the bees are without sting, many of the most beautiful flowers without smell, and most of the trees without shade, shedding their bark instead of leaves; where the north winds are hot, the south winds cold, and the east wind healthy; where the mountain-tops are warm, the valleys cool, and the rivers dwindle as they run, and are lost before they reach the sea. It is no wonder, we say, that a good deal of misapprehension still exists respecting a region like this. We must not be accustomed to the oddities it presents; the European eye must cease to wonder as it follows the sun travelling northward, and the European ear to be startled by hearing the word July associated with mid-winter, and the word January with mid-summer,

before a true estimate can be formed even of ordinary facts. Books are not usually written by old residents in Australia; new-comers, surprised by the novelties around them, pour their feelings into print, and each man receives and promulgates an impression corresponding with his idiosyncrasy. Even in the greatest question of all, a variety of opinions has been formed, which cannot all be right; and we think we shall be doing a service to our readers, by disseminating among them the statements relating to Climate and Health made by a gentleman who himself traversed the most important provinces in pursuit of health, and whose information is derived either from personal observation or from the communications of old colonists.*

Spring begins early in September, and a genial warmth goes on increasing as the rain diminishes, till about the middle of November, when summer commences. The warmth is by this time heat, which waxes and waxes, till by the end of the month the rivers have disappeared, vegetation ceased, and the whole country is an arid desert. At the close of February, the temperature begins to sink; by the middle of March, autumn has begun; and in early April, as at home—the April of the poets—showers and sunshine alternate, the ground is covered with a carpeting of verdure, the air is clear, bracing, and buoyant. In June, winter comes, if that can be called winter which is distinguished only by torrents of rain, and ‘the river roaring like the sea.’ During this time, and till the middle or end of August, there are delightful days and even weeks between the rains, more beautiful and exhilarating than the finest spring weather in England. The average of good and bad throughout the year is twenty-five extremely hot days, sixty wet or cold days, and the rest ‘indescribably pleasant,’ with the air bright and balmy, and the deep-blue sky unstained by a cloud. In this region the charms of sunrise and sunset have an Australian wildness and exaggeration. The curtain-clouds of the former, of purple and vermillion, are thrown wide open over mountain and plain, till their gorgeous hues melt away in a deep golden colour as the glowing orb rises into the heavens. In the evening, the scene is still richer. The sun waxes in splendour as he nears the goal of his career, where clouds rise up in billowy masses, and of every glorious hue, to receive him; the hill-tops blaze with crimson and gold, fringed with dazzling silver; the sky looks like a vast rainbow paling from the west, and the plains below are dyed in their whole extent with pink. Even the towns and lonely dwellings add poetry to the picture, shining in the rich and varied colouring, and their windows flashing back to the setting sun a farewell illumination.

But this gorgeous period is short: it wants the charm of lingering twilight. Day and night are of nearly equal length throughout the year; and they melt so suddenly into each other, that the beholder feels a sensation of disappointment. Presently, however, he finds that the scene has merely changed, not closed. Those dark, hard, severe heavens that have succeeded the rainbow sky, are studded with constellations that are as brilliant as they are strange to the European observer; and the moon pours down such a flood of radiance upon the whole face of the earth from horizon to horizon as he never beheld before. The light of both sun and moon is far more intense in Australia than in Britain: Mr. Lancelott considers the difference to be as five to three.

In winter, the thermometer rarely ranges lower than 46 degrees Fahrenheit, and ice is rarely or never seen; but in summer, in the latitude of Sydney and Melbourne, the mercury frequently indicates 90 or 100

degrees, or even more. The variations in the temperature are sudden and extraordinary. At noon, it is frequently higher by 20 degrees than in the morning or evening; and the average heat of one day is greater by 15 degrees than that of the next. This difference is frequently caused by the mere change of wind. The north wind is always dry, and often violent; in winter, moderately warm, in summer, intensely hot, raising the thermometer in the shade sometimes to 130 degrees, drying up grass and fruit, and filling the air with so dense a cloud of sand and dust, that the sun is obscured, and Milton's idea of darkness visible realised. Sometimes this wind rushes upwards, sometimes downwards, sometimes horizontally, sometimes in circles. Occasionally it travels so slowly, that its movement is scarcely perceptible; and then the earth, exposed to the unobscured rays of the sun, and the scorching but almost motionless wind, becomes so hot that a thermometer, over another sunk just below the surface, stood at 161 degrees! During these siroccos, sheet-lightning sweeps through the atmosphere at night.

During the prevalence of such winds, nearly all weakly persons suffer from lassitude and depression; but the robust continue to toil on, seeming to feel nothing disagreeable but the dust. They begin in the latter part of November, and recur at intervals till the end of February. When these are over, there comes a boisterous wind from the south, battling but unsuccessfully with the austral blasts, and obscuring the light of the sun with clouds of dust, earth, and sand. When sight returns, on looking northward, a most imposing scene presents itself; a distinctly defined perpendicular wall of dust, which I can only liken to a mighty battlement, dividing the universe, extends eastward and westward to the horizon, and reaching into the heavens, beyond the limits of vision, recedes from view.

All these, however, are like accidental circumstances interrupting the harmony of nature. During the greater part of the year, the country is refreshed, morning and evening, by the exhilarating breezes of the Pacific. On the eastern coast, these delightful breezes occur daily during summer, and at Melbourne and Adelaide, for about 230 days in the year. I noticed that perpendicular whirlwinds were of common occurrence during the prevalence of southerly winds. These spiral currents are usually from about fifteen to thirty feet in diameter; they carry up the dust and fine sand to an immense height, and look like dirty brown-coloured moving columns; sometimes they travel on singly; at others, they are in companies of three, four, or more. After a time, they lose their perpendicular, and gracefully descend to the earth, when they look like falling towers; as soon as the upper ends of the columns near the earth, the rotatory motion ceases, the dust falls to the ground, and the pillars vanish into thin air. Occasionally, a whirlwind will spring up in a moment, carry a cloud of dust into mid-air, and then suddenly cease.

In the mountain ravines, the climate is almost British, the thermometer rarely ranging above 85, and never above 90 degrees. In the winter, frosty nights and snow-storms are common, but the frost usually disappears before the rays of the morning sun. In these districts, colds and rheumatic affections are occasional, as with us. So completely do the meteoric phenomena depend upon local circumstances, that our author, while sitting on one of these mountains in South Australia, enjoying the balmy breeze, with the thermometer at 81 degrees, beheld beneath him the city of Adelaide, and the surrounding country, smoking in the dust of a scorching wind, with the thermometer at 107 degrees in the shade. In the mountain districts, a greater quantity of rain falls than in the plains; the air is elastic and bracing, and so clear, that remote objects look sharp and crisp, and the forests in the

* *Australia as It is, its Settlements, Farms, and Gold-fields.* By F. Lancelott, Esq. Mineralogical Surveyor in the Australian Colonies. 2 vols. London: Colburn, 1832.

distance seem painted on the horizon. On the plains, there is little humidity in the atmosphere but when it rains. Dews, however, are not uncommon, and are not so innocuous as the colonists suppose. Thunderstorms are not very unfrequent, and sometimes their violence is terrific—tearing down trees, breaking through the windows of houses, carrying away portions of the building, and filling the air with dust and sand. The deep black heavens are in the meantime torn by lightning in every direction, the rain sweeps down in floods, and the earth is shaken with bursts of thunder. These phenomena last from one hour to thirty-six, and are instantly succeeded by calm and sunshine. Hail-storms, too, occasionally occur; and, more rarely, columns of water walk among the hills, and when they burst, inundate the country for miles around.

That such climatic changes should be without effect upon the health of man, is incredible; but as yet the conflicting statements are so numerous, and the statistical returns so limited and inaccurate, that the subject is involved in considerable obscurity. Mr Lancelotti—neither an interested colonist nor a disappointed adventurer—conceives himself to be entitled to some credit; and this may be accorded, rather than his inquiries were not made solely from scientific curiosity, but likewise from motives of self-preservation, as he was himself in bad health. That the climate requires the counteracting cares of civilisation, is obvious from the condition of the natives. The constitution of the Australian black is delicate in the extreme. He shoots up to manhood like a reed; withers while yet in youth; at thirty, is in the decline of life; and at forty, in old age. The white colonists are differently situated; yet it is necessary for them to consider and prepare for the peculiarities of the climate. When they arrive in Australia, they perhaps find the unaccustomed clearness of the air, the dazzling brightness of the daylight, and the constant sunshine, monotonous and wearisome. But this feeling speedily goes off, and their bodies become so injured to the high temperature, that at length they suffer more from cold than heat. But if they have been accustomed at home to enjoy our cold moist winters and springs, and feel lassitude in summer, they will find their acclimation more difficult, if not impossible; extreme dryness and heat, the main characteristics of the atmosphere, being unfavourable alike to men and plants that flourish in a temperate climate. The dryness of the atmosphere checks the tendency to consumption, and perhaps consumption itself in its incipient stages; but the violent changes are injurious when the disease is fully developed, or when the patient is far advanced in decay.* This throws light upon what has been a vexed question, more particularly with us, owing to a somewhat loosely-worded statement in the *Papers for the People*. To say broadly, that the Australian climate is either favourable or unfavourable to consumptive patients, without classifying the cases, is erroneous; although, as the disease when far advanced would in all probability prove fatal at home, there can be no great harm in trying a change of air.

The colonists live a very exposed life, yet they suffer little from cough, or cold at the chest; and cold in the head, face-ache, and rheumatism, are not more common than in England. The climate is unhesitatingly said to cure dyspepsy; but the opposite diseases of diarrhoea and dysentery are induced, more especially at the close of spring and the beginning of autumn, by the sudden changes of temperature. These maladies, however, are seldom fatal. During summer, ophthalmia, sore lips and mouths, and bilious and intermittent

fevers, occur; but the fevers are neither so frequent nor so fatal as in other hot countries where malarial miasma abounds. Derangement of the liver is induced occasionally by the climate; which, on the contrary, exercises a curative influence in disorders of the kidneys. It is hurtful to the scrofulous, and beneficial to the gouty. With the exception of influenza, no cases of pestilential epidemic have ever occurred in any of the provinces. The nervous system, however, is severely tried. Nervous debility is increased; the latent seeds of insanity, to all appearance, developed; and *delirium tremens* is frequently hurried by the heat to a fatal termination.

In some of the towns the mortality among the infants is great; while in the country districts it is less than in Britain. Children born in Australia, or transported thither in early infancy, arrive at maturity earlier than with us, more especially the females. Hastened into development by the genial climate, a girl of fifteen has all the charms, and many of the graces of womanhood.

We come now to two statements, which, taken in conjunction, are somewhat extraordinary; and we are the rather inclined to notice them in a special manner, that we have before met with them in private letters from well-informed colonists. We give them in the words of our author:—Healthy natives of the British isles, of both sexes, who arrive in Australia in the heyday of life, and settle there, may expect to die about ten years sooner than they would had they remained at home. Natives of Great Britain, either male or female, who have passed the meridian of life, will in all probability add ten or twenty years to their existence by going to either of the colonies, and ending their days there.

These two statements would appear to be inconsistent. In the heyday—*which*, we presume, means the full maturity—of life, we are at our strongest; and if we cannot then bear well the change of climate, how can we expect to do so when our decline has commenced? Yet we have no doubt the statistics of death in Australia would bear out our author in the opinion he has expressed—and we have a little doubt that the opinion is entirely erroneous. The condition of the savage native proves, as we have already hinted, that the climate is not healthy *per se*—that its vicissitudes and extravagances require to be met by the appliances of civilisation. Now, the man exulting in his youthful strength, is just the person to neglect precaution of every kind. It is he who is the victim of that dissipation of which our author himself gives a sad picture; it is he who vaunts of exposing himself to atmospheric changes unharmed—who, in fact, feels and acts as if his noon of manhood were immortal. After a certain number of years, the fatal mistake is discovered. His constitution has been irreparably, although silently injured; he dies before his time, and leaves behind as a mourner that senior who had found the necessity, before leaving Europe at all, of intrenching himself against the assaults of climate and the pestilence of excess. Temperance, flannel next the skin, the avoidance of crude vegetables and fruits, abstinence from colonial ale and from water that has not been boiled, attention to the digestion, and care as to exposure to heat and the night-air—these are nearly everything our author recommends to the young settler as the means of preserving health.

These conditions, it must be owned, are few and easy; and even if otherwise, they would be well worth observing for the sake of enjoying health in a country where 280 days out of the 365 are 'indecisibly pleasant,' and the remainder, with only a few exceptions, much less disagreeable than our average weather in England. In a country where the cold of winter is 14 degrees above the freezing-point, and where the acclimated inhabitant is able to work hard in the greatest heats of summer. In the short Australian winter, a gale of wind or a deluge of rain is a variety lasting

* It is proper to say, that Mr Lancelotti attributes this not to the climate, but to the excessive heat, and the check to 'climate' generally.

for an hour or a day; at home, as we know by recent experience, we may be subject to the visitation for a quarter of a year together, with all its attendant disturbance of the health and spirits.

We ought to add, that the subjects of climate and health occupy only two chapters of Mr Lancelott's book, which appears in other respects to be a well-considered and useful manual. The reader will observe that the descriptions do not apply to North or Tropical Australia, where the attempts at colonisation have hitherto been abortive.

MUSTAPHA THE LUCKY.

AN APOLOGUE.

MUSTAPHA began the world with little of its goods; but having health, strength, a clear intellect, and indomitable will, he gradually attained wealth and respectability. At the same time, he was fortunate in his domestic circumstances; for his wife, besides being handsome and accomplished, was gentle and affectionate; and his children, being endowed with sound constitutions, and reared in healthy circumstances, thrived continually, and gave no trouble. Everybody said that Mustapha was a prodigy of prosperity in all respects, for nothing ever went wrong with him. He himself acknowledged the goodness of Providence with a grateful heart; and being of a benevolent disposition, he dealt largely of the fruits of his industry to the many less fortunate people who came under his notice, particularly to those whom he had known in his early days. At the same time he maintained, under all his prosperity, a humble mind; and his manners, which had originally been unassuming, never underwent the least change.

The world concluded that Mustapha was a happy man; but where is happiness below? He had to confess to himself, though he never spoke of such subjects to others, that the many external blessings which he enjoyed, had failed to give him true ease and peace of mind. Always, as these blessings had increased, he had found himself more and more removed, as it were, from the sympathies of his fellow-creatures. It was not that he was not courted and flattered, as rich men usually are, or that the world generally failed to acknowledge his merits and his virtues. It was that no one now seemed to enter into his feelings on a footing of brotherly equality. It appeared to be felt, that a man such as he is all-sufficient to himself. No one was much concerned about him. Those who were nearest to an equality with him, and with whom he came most in contact, were the most jealous of him, and the coldest in their demeanour. Even the affections of his nearest relatives withered under the shadow of his growing importance. They thought him proud, merely because he had been raised above them; and when any great man gave him his friendship, they would say, he was ambitious of the notice of his superiors, though that was a thing which he never made the least effort to obtain. He would try, by putting on a manner more familiar than would otherwise have been necessary, and which accordingly was of a forced character, to assure them that he was unchanged in heart, and this went some little way in convincing them; but he found no great satisfaction in so partial a success, and one which was to be gained only by a sacrifice of sincerity.

At length the tide of fortune turned with Mustapha. Some barks of his were lost at sea, and his business was about the same time broken into, and robbed of goods to a large amount. The plague coming at that time to Constantinople, his wife and three of his children were swept off by it in the course of a few days. Mustapha regarded his calamities with a firm and collected mind; but he could not console himself that he was now too old to repair the loss of his wealth, and that nothing which this

world can give would ever make up for the removal of his dear children. He had been taught a sort of stoicism by the isolation in which he had lived so long during his prosperous days, and he now prepared himself to bear these distresses in solitude and secrecy. 'The world,' he said, 'has been little troubled with me or my concerns hitherto, and I shall not begin now to call its attention, when I can present myself only as a distressing spectacle of misfortune.' But he speedily found that the world would not allow him to bear the burden of calamity alone. All kinds of people, even those who had been most envious of him in his better days, came about him with expressions of condolence. Many offered him assistance to begin business anew. Kinsfolk who had deserted his house for years, now flocked to it, to grieve with him for the loss of his children. It might almost be said, there was a general movement in society to console and cheer the unfortunate Mustapha. He was at first surprised and somewhat embarrassed, but then pleased. The voice of kindness found its way into and softened his heart. For the first time he wept; but his tears were expressive as much of happiness as of sorrow.

Calling his remaining children around him, he said: 'My beloved ones, God is great. He maketh joy out of sorrow, and giveth the victory to weakness. Once I was wealthy and great, and the only consequence was, that I became an object of the malignant feelings of my fellow-creatures. I never was happy then; and perhaps it was but right that I should thus pay for the many advantages I enjoyed over others in a scene where all are equal in the eye of God. Now my wealth is gone, and I have lost greater treasures still; but behold, calamity has restored to me the hearts of my neighbours and kinsfolk. I am once more simply a man amongst men. They give me their sympathies, as one exposed like themselves to the hardships and difficulties of life. And in their kindness I feel a delight beyond all that this world can give under any circumstances whatever. Rejoice, then, with me, that WE HAVE SURVIVED.'

The remainder of Mustapha's life was spent in comparatively humble circumstances; but he never had occasion to regret the loss of fortune. There was even a happiness in store for him beyond all he had yet felt, for his children, who in the days of prosperity had thought only of their own indulgences, and were often wayward and disobedient, now concentrated their best feelings on their amiable parent; and in their exertions for his benefit, their generous self-denial, and their kind attention to his comfort, formed a guard around him, within which he felt a security such as mere wealth cannot give.

BADGES.

THE French knight, who, in his metrical chronicle—now accepted as an authoritative historical record—has left us such an interesting account of the sudden and tragical downfall of the second Richard, one of the most unfortunate of England's monarchs, relates that when the king's only attendants were 'sorrows, sadness, afflictions, mournings, weepings, and lamentations, there was one Jenico, a Gascon squire, who shewed well the true love that he had for King Richard; for never for threats, nor for any entreaty whatever, would he put off the badge of his lord the king—to wit, the hart, saying: "Now God forbid that for mortal man I should put off the order of my rightful lord." So that at last it came to the knowledge of the Duke of Lancaster, who caused him to be shamefully and basely led to the castle of Chester, where he expected day by day to lose his head.' The chronicler proceeds to state, that he could not ascertain whether Jenico was executed or not. It is gratifying to us to know, however, that the loyalty and fidelity of the Gascons did not

cost him his life. During the three subsequent reigns, he can be occasionally espyed through the dim mists which envelop the by-ways and out-of-the-way places of history. At one time, we read of him defeating with great slaughter the *Magnmns*, and other wild *friskry*, in Ulster; at another, in conjunction with the Bishop of Down, making treaties with the redoubtable Donald of the Isles, and otherwise comporting himself as an approved good soldier and servant of the state. The white hart was Richard's favourite cognizance: he wore it in honour and remembrance of his mother, the beautiful Joan Holland, the renowned Fair Maid of Kent.

The coat-armour of a royal or noble family being considered of far too sacred a character to be worn as a personal ornament or distinction by a retainer of inferior rank, unless a herald, the Badge, Cognizance, or Sign of Company, as it was variously termed, worn by all, from king or baron down to the menial, served as a recognition and distinction of party, of feudal allegiance and dependency, to both friends and foes. It was worn on the arm or cap; the minstrel was distinguished by wearing his suspended round the neck by a silver chain. Unlike the device, which was assumed at pleasure, and merely expressed the peculiar design, sentiment, or inclination of the person who bore it, the badge was invariably considered hereditary, and was assumed in commemoration of daring feats of arms, or family alliances, as an emblem of territorial tenure and possessions; and, in some instances, even indicated the name or title of the chief by whom it was worn. Nor was it worn on the person alone: the mansions of the great, the ecclesiastical edifices they founded or endowed, their tombs, furniture, armour, vassals, all were marked by the distinguishing badge. Yet, like the device, it was not recognised by the heralds, though in course of time it has surreptitiously crept into coat-armour as a heraldic charge.

The two most ancient badges in English history are the White and Red Roses of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. The white rose of York was the territorial distinction and tenure of the Castle and Honour of Clifford, a possession of that royal house. It is difficult to say why it is more particularly mentioned as their war-badge during the devastating civil war; probably it was selected, as such, from the other badges of the family, merely in contradistinction and opposition to the red rose of Lancaster. Shakspeare, in his historical dramas, closely follows the text of the old chroniclers; yet we have not been able to find, among any of those old black-letter historians, any allusion to the famous scene in the Temple Garden; but a tradition of such an occurrence might have been extant in the great poet's day, nor does it seem at all improbable that Richard Plantagenet said:

'Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.'

And that Somerset replied:

'Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.'

Theobald IV., King of Navarre, and Count of Champagne and Brie, the famous troubadour, poet, patron of poets, song-maker and song-singer, as the old writers term him, returning from the Holy Land, brought with him the first Damascus rose ever seen in Western Europe. Planted in a congenial climate and soil at Theobald's city of Provins, the new and beautiful flower flourished and multiplied, attracting great attention, and receiving the high honour of being used in the grandest and most solemn religious

ceremonies of the day. Some years subsequently, Edmund, surnamed Crouchback, the second son of Henry III., married Blanche of Navarre, a descendant of Theobald. Provins, at that time, was famous for its woollen manufactures; and Philip le Hardi, king of France, eager to raise funds, to prosecute an unjust war, heavily taxed the master manufacturers, who declared their unwillingness and inability to submit to such exaction. William of Pentecost, the mayor of Provins, wishing to obtain the king's favour, proposed to the masters, that if they would pay the increased tax, he would cause the bell which announced the hours of labour to be rung an hour later than the usual time every evening, thus giving the masters an hour's extra work from each man. This proposition was accepted, and the consequence was, that the workmen broke out in open insurrection, during which the mayor was killed. The king, enraged at this proceeding, sent Edmund Crouchback to reduce the citizens to order, which he did in a fearfully cruel manner, and also broke the bell to pieces, declaring that, for the future, the will of the master alone should regulate the hours of labour. In commemoration of these events, Crouchback assumed as a badge the red rose for which Provins had already become famous; and the king gave him the titles of Champagne and Brie. We may just add, as a sequel to this specimen of feudal times, that after some years, and many petitions, letters-patent were granted, permitting the town to have another bell, named Guillemette, in honour of the murdered mayor, and bearing an inscription humiliating to the citizens; but Provins never after regained its manufacturing importance. Crouchback subsequently became Earl of Lancaster: his descendant Henry, surnamed Wryneck, was the first duke of that title. John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III., marrying Blanche of Artois, sole heiress of Wryneck, assumed the badge of the red rose, and shortly after was, by parliament, granted the dukedom of Lancaster. As the Lancastrian party defended their usurpation, by asserting that Crouchback was the eldest son of Henry III., but had been set aside on account of his deformity, and that consequently, through Blanche of Artois, they were the legitimate heirs to the throne, the red rose of Provins derived from Crouchback had a strong political signification, as well as being the badge of a powerful party in the state. The importance of badges as the insignia of political partisans must not be underrated. The white hart of the deposed Richard was a continual source of inquietude to the usurper Henry; statutes were enacted forbidding its being worn; and though Richard had been long dead, leaving no direct heirs, yet Harry Percy, 'the hare-brained Hotspur,' raised the north, and fought the battle of Shrewsbury under the badge and banner of the white hart. Even so late as Queen Elizabeth's time, an act was passed, by which a severe penalty was laid on 'all phantastical prophecies, upon or by the occasion of any badges, cognizances, or like things.'

The origin of the well-known badge worn by the Princes of Wales, has long been an unsettled question amongst antiquaries. The common version—that it was the crest of the king of Bohemia, who was slain at the battle of Cressy, and first assumed by the Black Prince in commemoration of that conflict—is now considered to be merely a mediæval myth. The king of Bohemia's crest was the wings of a vulture, but he wore as his device the representation of an ostrich eating a spike, to imply how little he dreaded the perils of cold iron. This ostrich, then, it is supposed, supplied the three feathers for the prince's 'cap of fame.' On the other hand, there is clear evidence that Edward III., and most of his sons, wore the ostrich feathers as well as the Black Prince. The famous herald and antiquary, Randle Holme, ascribes a totally different origin to this badge. He asserts that the ostrich

badges were the ensigns of the Princes of Wales during the independence of their country, long prior to its conquest by the English; and after that event, the eldest sons of the kings of England, as Princes of Wales, continued to wear them, adding the motto, *Ich Dien* (I serve); to express that, though of paramount importance in Wales, they yet owed allegiance to the crown of England. Even at the risk of being tedious, it would be unfair to omit the Welsh tradition respecting this motto. They maintain that it is a corruption of the Welsh, *Eich Dyn* (Behold the man), and was applied to Edward of Carnarvon, in consequence of his royal father having learned and exclaimed these words when he presented the infant prince to the assembled tribes, in fulfilment of his equivocal promise that he would give them a prince 'who could speak no word of English.' Camden's explanation of *Ich Dien* is worthy of notice. He states that it alludes to the words of the Apostle, Gal. iv. 1: 'The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all.' There is great probability that Camden is correct. Formerly, the children of the highest rank not only waited at table, and performed other menial duties for their parents and seniors, but also wore blue gowns, the distinguishing dress of domestic servants. The last relic of that garb is still to be seen in the long blue coat worn by the scholars of Christ's School, London; and we may add, that the last relic of the badge still clings to the arms of a few of the London watermen and firemen.

Beside the white rose, the house of York had several other badges—as a falcon confined by a fetterlock—a white lion, representing the Earldom of March—a black bull, for the Honour of Clare—a white boar, for the Honour of Windsor. Edmund Langley, son of Edward III., first assumed the falcon in the fetterlock, thereby, as it is supposed, implying that 'the aspiring blood of York' was debarred from mounting to the throne. Edward IV. when the fortunes of his family were in the ascendant, commanded his son to wear this badge, but with the fetterlock open; and said, that when Edmund Langley first wore it, he asked his children if they knew the Latin for fetterlock; not receiving an immediate answer, he thus proceeded: 'Well, if you cannot tell me, I will you. It is *hic, hinc, hoc, tacetis*—that is: Be silent and quiet, for God knows what may come to pass hereafter.' The white boar was the favourite badge of Richard III.; 13,000, worked in fustian, were distributed at his coronation. The swan and the antelope were well-known cognizances of the house of Lancaster. They derived the swan through the Bohuns, from Godfrey of Bouillon, and he from the famous, or rather fabulous, knight of the Swan, so celebrated in ancient romance. A portcullis was the badge of the Beaufort branch of the Lancaster family; it was worn by our Tudor kings, and also by James I. of Scotland and his descendants, in commemoration of his marriage with the courageous and devoted lady Jane Beaufort.

An old political poem, not long since discovered among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, is particularly curious for its enumeration of the badges worn by the Yorkist leaders at the sanguinary battle of Towton, in 1461, which proved so fatal to the Lancastrians: 40,000 of that party, it is said, were left lifeless on the field. This dreadful conflict is unparalleled in the history of warfare; it commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued until the afternoon of the next day, snow falling heavily all the time. The poem, if it is really worthy of the name, is an exulting psalm on the great victory, and is composed in honour of Edward IV., who is designated in it as 'the white rose of Honour' the flower alluded to at the end of each verse, he having been born in that city. Being of considerable interest as an early English political allusion, we give a short extract from it, premising that

we have been compelled to modernise the spelling, to make it intelligible to the generality of readers:

The greyhound and the hart's head, they quit them well that day;

So did the harrow of Canterbury, and Clinton with his key;
The white ship of Bristol, he feared not that fray;
The black ram of Coventry, he said not one nay.
Blessed be the time that ever God spread that flower.

The falcon and the fetterlock were there that tide;
The black bull also himself he would not bide;
The dolphin came through Wales, three carps by his side;
The proud leopard of Salisbury he gaped his gums wide.
Blessed be the time that ever God spread that flower.

The boar's head from Windsor, with tusches sharp and keen;
The ostrich feather was in the field, that many men might see;

The wild rat from Northampton, with her broad nose;
There was many a fair pennon waiting on the rose.
Blessed be the time that ever God spread that flower.

The favourite badge of Henry VII., still to be seen in great profusion in the beautiful chapel which bears his name at Westminster, was a crown in a hawthorn, assumed on account of the royal crown having been found concealed in one of those trees after the battle of Bosworth. The Tudor rose, half white and half red, was also first worn in his reign, as a memento of the union of the two rival houses, whose unhappy contentions had caused such misery to the English people.

A curious and not inappropriate method of displaying the royal badges formerly prevailed—they were painted on the smaller vessels of the navy, and each ship was known by the name of its respective decoration. In the Pepysian Collection, in the library of Magdalen College, Oxford, there is a large folio manuscript, on vellum, bearing the following superscription, in the veritable handwriting of that most garrulous of egotists and prince of diary-keepers, the renowned Sam. Pepys:—'A declaration of the royal navy of England, composed by Anthony Anthony, one of the officers of the ordinance, and by him presented to King Henry VIII., A.D. 1546.'

The vessels in this 'declaration' are divided into three classes: shippes, galliasses, and roo-barges and pynasses. The shippes are mostly named after the more prominent political personages of the period; but among the other classes we find the *Hart*, *Antelope*, *Falcon*, *in-the-fetterlock*, *Portcullis*, *Hawthorn*, *Ostrich Feathers*, *Rose-in-the-sun*, *Double-rose*, and *Harp*.

The badge that, as we believe, possesses the greatest local notoriety at the present day, is the Pelham buckle, so well known on the estates of the Earl of Chichester, in the eastern districts of the county of Sussex. It may be found on nearly if not quite a dozen churches, on the old mansions of the noble family, and on their tenant-farmers' houses. We pass by it as the sign of an inn, to find it again on the milestones by the roadside; we look over the hedge, and see it marked on the broad haunches of flocks of genuine South-Downs. John de Pelham, an ancestor of the Earl of Chichester, assumed this cognizance in commemoration of his having been present at the capture of the French king at the battle of Poitiers. Another badge, assumed from the same event, is that of the Earl of Delaware. It represents the cramp of a scabbard—the ornament at the end, which prevents the point of the sword from protruding—first borne by Sir Roger de la Warr. There can be little doubt that these two badges were originally the actual objects which they now pictorially represent, and had been part of the king's trappings torn from him in the desperate struggle of the different persons who claimed him as their prize.

A peculiar description of badges worn by a few noble families were termed knots, being merely threads of

gold or silver lace, and party-coloured silk, twisted and knotted into certain fantastic but distinct forms. When carried on stone, this ornament frequently formed a continuous line of fretwork round a building. The Stafford, Wake, and Bouchier knots are well known to antiquarians.

Sometimes objects were chosen as badges which, from their designations bearing the desired sound, represented the name of the wearer. These symbolical puns upon surnames were known as rebuses. The caparisons of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, were embroidered with mulberries on that memorable occasion when he appeared in the lists.

At Coventry, upon St Lambert's Day.

The badge of Arundel was a swallow—in French, *hirondelle*; that of Harrison, a hedgehog—in French, *herisson*. The rebus, however, was mostly used by ecclesiastics; almost every bishop and abbot having one with which, carved on stone or painted on glass, they adorned their dwellings, and the churches, colleges, or other edifices that they erected, endowed, or repaired. Many of these are still to be seen. The abbey-church of St Albans displays in many places the rebus of Abbot Hambridge—the representation of a *ram* standing on a rocky ridge. In Abbot Islip's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, his name is represented in three different modes—an eye and a *slip* of a plant; a man slipping from the branch of a tree, and exclaiming, *I slip*; and the capital letter *I* beside the slip of a plant. The rebus of Prior Bolton of St Bartholomews, in London, was a bird bolt (an arrow) inserted in a *ton*; that of Bishop Middleton, the letter *M* in the *middle* of a *ton*; Alcock, Bishop of Ely, and founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, covered the most conspicuous parts of that building with the representation of a *cock* standing on a terrestrial globe, the latter being considered symbolical of *all*! At the University of Oxford, a curious custom, derived from the rebus, is still maintained. Every New Year's Day, the bursar of Queen's College presents a needle and thread to each student, saying: 'Take this, and be thrifty.' The needle and thread—*aiguille et fils*—being the rebus of Robert de Eglesfeld, the chaplain of Philippa of Hainault, and founder of the college, which he named Queen's in honour of his royal mistress.

Several of the early English printers displayed their rebus on the title-pages of their works. That of Hewe Goes, the first printer in York, represented a *goose* beside the letter *H*; but the most far-fetched one of the many we have met with was that of Gerard Dews, which represented two persons in a *garret* playing at dice, one of them having just thrown *deuce*!

Rare Ben Jonson, in his play of *The Alchemist*, takes an opportunity of ridiculing the rebus, among the other follies of his day which he so trenchantly satirises. When Abel Drugger, the simple tobacconist, applies to the impostor Subtle to invent for him a sign-board that will magically attract customers to his shop, the cheat says to his confederate, in presence of their admiring dupe:

'I will have his name
Formed in some mystic character, whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers-by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections
That may result upon the party owns it.
As thus: He first shall have a *bell*—that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose name is *Der*,
In a *rug* gown; there's *D* and *rug*—that's *Drug*;
And right anent him, a dog snarling *er*—
There's *Drugger*. Abel Drugger, that's his sign,
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic.'

We ought not to conclude without noticing the marks used by the traders of the olden time, principally on their seals and goods. Many instances of these merchants' marks, as they are termed, may still

be found on tombstones and old houses in the eastern coast of England. Public notaries, also, used distinctive marks, which were publicly registered. Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk*, complains that 'they use no mark at all now, but only add N.P. at the end of their names.' Indeed, from the inspection of old documents, it appears, that when few could write, almost every illiterate person who had to sign his name used a distinctive hieroglyphic—not the simple cross that is used now-a-days, with John Nokes, his mark. The peculiar mark of a notary would insure to the ignorant that that official had examined or executed the document to which it was attached, in the same manner as the mark of the merchant afforded a guarantee for the quality of the goods. The reader may have smiled at the silly conceits of the rebus; yet it is most probable that it was purposely adopted to convey to the illiterate the name of their pious benefactor. The last merchant's mark that we have seen in actual use, was on the merchandise of the East India Company, previous to that corporation ceasing to trade. As an example of the use of such marks among illiterate people and foreigners, we may observe, that bales of valuable cloths passed from hand to hand from Canton to Peking, Tibet, or Japan, without ever being opened—the well-known mark of the Company being a sufficient guarantee for the quality and quantity of their contents.

MORAL SCOTLAND.

In forty cities and towns in Scotland, every 140 of the population supports a drap-shop, while it requires 381 to keep a baker, 1067 to support a butcher, and 2281 to sustain a bookseller. In Ayr, the rate is one public-house for every 98 of the population; in Campbelltown, one for every 91; in Dundee (sad pre-eminence!), one for every 80. These are agricultural towns. It is rather remarkable, that in towns containing a large infusion of manufacturing people, the proportion is more favourable—Edinburgh and Glasgow, for instance, having one public-house for so many as 164 and 163 of the people, and Paisley one for every 222. Among counties, the proportion of public-houses to population is not so alarming as in the towns generally—the worst being Fifeshire, which has one public-house for every 166 people.—*Abridged from the Edinburgh News, Jan. 8, 1873.*

A farm-servant describes in the *Banffshire Journal* (January 11, 1873), the manner in which the unmarried country labourers of Scotland pretty generally live in what are called *bothies*—detached cottages—to which they are assigned by their employers:—'I have been for five years a bothie-man, and I have no good to say of these places. The last bothie I was an inmate of, was a horrid dirty den. There were five men and a boy in this pigsty. We had two pecks of oatmeal weekly, and one pint of milk each day. A pot, a bench, a alt box, a lamp, one water-pail, and two rough stools made up the whole of the useful furniture allowed us by the farmer. We had meal-chests, wooden bowls, and spoons of our own. None of the servant-girls ever looked near our beds but on a Sabbath morning, before we were all up, or to put clean sheets on them at the end of every six weeks. Such were our physical comforts, but what shall I say of our moral comforts? If I were to point out all that I have seen done and said, I would not be believed. Cursing, singing of profane songs, cursing, uttering unseemly jests, bawling, or as we call it, "ramming" an offender on the sole of the foot with the back of an axe (and verily the poor ploughman who refused to submit to us who were his accusers, judges, and punishers, came off second best), annoying or venting at any one who might bring forward anything useful; purchasing whisky, and drinking the same in the bothie: such conduct as the above occupied almost the whole of our time; and if there was one day in which we were more vicious than another, it was the Sabbath.

'I don't say every bothie is as bad as the one I have described, but the majority of them are somewhat the same. In fact, these places have a natural tendency to

draw out all our evil propensities. . . . Speaking in round numbers, we have in Aberdeen, Banff, and Morayshire, about 200 of these places, inhabited by about 1000 bottle-men. . . . Masters and servants have been gradually receding from each other for seventy or eighty years past. Education has been favourable to the former, while the mind of the latter has been left to fash and starve. The masters have become so polished in their manners and conversation, that they will not hold intercourse with their servants. They not only neglected to "order well their household," but they have driven us from under the family roof as a nuisance, and assigned us a bothie, where we can without restraint indulge to excess in those humiliating practices for which many of us are notorious, alike to our own disgrace and to the misfortune of others.'

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

One cold, bleak November morning, when the sky, the air, and all nature wore that sullen and desponding look so peculiar to our climate at this season, a lady, who for the first time had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so un congenial a situation, she watched its movements and operations. As the sun came out for a bright brief space, it fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick-room an air of cheerfulness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature drooped its wings, the lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantel-piece. During the night, hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning, the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and breathing upon it, perceived it give signs of returning animation: she then once more placed it in its glass-house on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many-coloured wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By and by, the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet again, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success. This alternation of life and death went on for many days, till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window, and held out her finger, it would, of its own accord, hop upon it, sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or neck, when she was reading or writing. Its food consisted of honey; a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would uncurl its sucker, and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped up a drop of water in the same way. The feeding took place only once in three or four days. In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter, and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career, its wings became quite transparent, and its spirit apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in its 'crystal palace' even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and at last, one morning in April, it was found dead—quite dead.

NEW STOVE-GRATE.

This invention relates to a novel construction of stove-grates and stoves, whereby the heat from the burning fuel may be greatly intensified and conducted into the apartment, and, by radiating from a metallic plate or metallic surfaces, made to warm the air in the room. The novel arrangement consists principally in making or casting, in one piece, the front bars of the grate with a metallic plate or plates or surfaces, which extend therefrom into the room. The patentee prefers to make or construct the front bars in such a manner that they shall overhang and partially cover the fire, which, consequently, lies under and in contact with them; and the heat which they receive from the fire will be conducted from the bars to the metallic plate or surfaces to which the front bars are connected; and from

the metallic plate or surfaces the heat will be diffused in the room by radiation. The ash-pan is placed below, and may be taken out through an opening in the radiating metallic plate or surfaces, when it is desired to remove the ashes; and after the ash-pan has been emptied and replaced, this opening is covered up by a light casting, which can be moved with facility; thereby obviating the necessity of removing bodily the heavy casting of which the radiating metallic plate or plates or surfaces in front of the grate is composed.—*Newton's London Journal of Inventions.*

LINES TO A FRIEND:

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

My friend, dear friend, I would thou wert beside me herep
this eve,
To dash from off my heart the thoughts that cannot choose
but grieve;
My soul is as a desert, where the lonely night-wind raves
Like voices of the past amid the silence of its graves.

And so I rest alone, my friend—alone, and dream of thee,
With all thy life and earnestness, thy spirit bright and free;
For thou art as a fair broad stream, o'erhanging with flowery
wreath,

The dancing spray of hope above, the strong dark wave
beneath.

Oh, it were well if thou wert here! for, gazing on thy face,
My spirit's cloud would fade before its eloquence and grace;
And as the sacred calm of eve, when stars begin to shine,
So were it with me if this hand, sweet friend, were clasped
in thine.

And thou shouldst tell me fairy tales of happy early days,
And my touch'd heart would give thee back a blessing and
a praise;

Or thou shouldst read with deep clear voice some lofty
chant of old,
From rich illumined story-book, with massive clasp of gold.

Or some old German legend of the Rhine-stream rushing
free;

Or snatch of graceful song, as Uhland's 'Castle by the Sea,'
Some tale like that which Hoffmann tells of lovers fond and
true,

The Student and Veronica with eyes of dusky blue.

Or we would lay the books aside, and muse on statues fair,
On Art and sweetest Italy, with its enchanted air;
On classic, holy ground, where'er thy pilgrim-feet have trod:
Or we would talk of graver things—of Nature and of God.

We! rather thou—so great and good, so wise and yet so
mild,

And I would listen at thy feet, a simple earnest child;
Thy voice would sound amid this cabin like chiming of the
sea,

Bearing a freight of jewels bright and lofty thought to
me.

Or thou shouldst thrill my bosom's chords with music
pure and high,

And steep my very soul in floods of holy harmony;
With breathings of the Infinite, most passionate and strong,
Ruling my inmost being with the solemn voice of song.

Oh, it were well if thou wert here!—I should be glad,
instead

Of weeping at my lattice-pane, the sweet stars overhead:
My soul is like a desert, where the lonely night-wind raves
Like voices of the past amid the silence of its graves.

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AN OLD-FASHIONED SWEDISH WEDDING.

ST STEPHEN'S DAY—Boxing-day as it is sometimes rudely called in England, to the infinite perplexity of foreigners, some of whom want to persuade me that it is among us made the festival of our great national art—St Stephen's Day is, in Sweden, in one sense, a greater holiday than its predecessor; it is observed in a less religious but more festive manner than Christmas. Shops and offices of all descriptions are closed; visiting, meeting, congratulating, eating, drinking, walking, sledge-driving, smoking, and talking, may well fill up a short winter-day. My post of observation is my window, looking over my favourite Place—Carl trefors Torg. What a scene I look down upon now! the whole street, the whole Place, covered with black figures moving over the snowy ground. Everybody is going out to dinner. You may know that such is the intention of these good people, for it is between two and three o'clock, and the women wear black hoods or black silk kerchiefs on their heads. Among true Swedes, no lady, young or old, goes out to a party or public place without a hood or kerchief, which is taken off on entering. Maid-servants, and decent women of the lower ranks, wear the kerchief at all times when abroad—a bonnet would be thought by them an impropriety, a 'setting up for something above them.' Their entire costume is still appropriate and distinctive. May they long retain their own fashions, and scorn the tawdry bonnets, flowers, and imitative modes of a similar class among ourselves! To look out of my window on this bright day, and over this charmingly clear and snowy prospect, one might fancy that the whole of Stockholm was moving out to a great funeral. Festivities in Sweden are solemn-looking things. Black is the state-costume in every sense: only black or white can be worn at court, and black is still the state-dress of the plain and lower ranks. Formerly, it was used at every ceremonial or visit of importance; and to-day, the crowds of black figures moving in the bright sunshine, together with the always grave and quiet demeanour of the Swedes when out of doors, give one the idea of anything rather than the festive meetings to which all are hastening.

But are there no mourners left behind, no sick, no sorrowing? Are there no hidden mourners moving among them? Is the festivity of St Stephen's Day undarkened by a memory, unalloyed by a gnawing heart-pang? Why ask the question? They look happy, speak happily, walk along contentedly, looking as if the world were satisfied with them, and they were satisfied with the world. They are not thinking whether I, perched at the double window over their heads, make

an atom of that world or not; but instead of pursuing reflections which might make the good tender heart of my kind friend Frederika Brenner to ache, I will put on my cloak and a bonnet, to shew I am not going out to dinner; and then I will take a walk, and distract myself, as my French friends would say, in the only way I can.

The winter air of Sweden is very exhilarating out of doors; within, it is quite the contrary: the rooms are so warm, the walls and windows so thick, the closed-up stoves so oppressively hot, that they make me stupid, heavy, indolent as a native. Now, I am on Norrbrö, gazing at a scene that never tires. Here, looking at this beautiful Malm, in its undressed part, sweeping between snowy boundaries, to cast itself into the Baltic, and at the widely-extended and brilliantly-white scene on either side, I get into a better humour than I was in my air-tight rooms, and forget to feel spiteful when I see fur-clad men pulling off their hats, and perhaps exposing a bald crown to the biting air, while they bow, and bow, and bow—three times is the mode—as if they were presented for the first time to the friends they salute; and then grasp them by the hand, clap them on the shoulder, or perhaps, on occasions, hug them in the arms, with all the warmth of brotherhood. And I forbear to envy the hooded women, who are constantly stopping on their way to courtesy down to the ground, and then to pull a hand from the inevitable muff, and extend it with a certain formal heartiness to meet another hand. I never have to pull out my hand from the wide sleeves of my furred cloak, which I try to persuade the Swedes answer for the muff, into which all classes, even without bonnets on their heads, must insert their hands. Voices are buzzing round me in congratulation or hopeful wishes. Perhaps even now some airy voice may syllable my name, but it does not reach me. Well, what matter? If I had to shake many hands, mine would be frozen; and if I had to say: 'Hur står det till?' to all the friends I met, my breath would be congealed, as it is on the countless mustaches and beards around me.

I returned alone, as I had gone out, and alone I was to be. There was no dinner dressed in the house this day; every creature had left the immense building, servants and all: a poor old woman was, I believe, in some remote corner, sent in just to see that no one ran away with it. I was alone, and had to make the best of my solitude. My respected and kind friends at the British Embassy had illness in their family, and no one else thought of the solitary stranger on that day of reunions; but there was good in this, too, for it taught me just to do the contrary if ever it

lay in my way. Well, darkness came on, the people were all housed; within some doors, all were jocund, hearty—I daresay, sufficiently noisy, for within and without makes a vast difference in Swedish manners; but everything outside was still, and having nothing to look at but the snow, with the lights here and there glittering over it; and nothing to hear, for all traffic and even motion were at an end, save the chance tinkle of a stray sledge-bell—I found it was necessary to open the mental safety-valve, and therefore I took up my pen, when, as if to reward a good child, there came a ring to our door-bell, and I heard a voice outside asking the portress if the English Fruntinimer had gone out. I ran out on the bitterly cold stone passage, and called out 'Nay!'—a word which is as good in Swedish as in English, and then I had the pleasure of at last saying, 'How do you do?' on St Stephen's Day of visiting in Sweden.

'I have come, madame,' said this good Swede, with the usual number of bows, 'to bring you to a wedding. You said you would like to see a wedding in the old style—a real Swedish wedding. It is to be in the country, about four miles off. The house was once a pleasure-house of Queen Christina's; it is thought she walks there still. The sledge is at the door, if you will come.'

A Swedish wedding, and Queen Christina's ghost! I threw my pen away, ran into the next room, changed my dress, put on my cloak, pulled its hood over my head, and said 'I am ready,' before my Swede had had time enough to finish his bows. The sledge was waiting, and this was to be my first night-sledding; the horse was very large for a Swedish one, the carriage small and low; the driver stood on the board behind, holding the long reins, like a Hansom cabman, only the Swede never sits. In the clear twilight of that northern evening he looked strikingly picturesque, and quite in keeping with the white background of the *comp dail* we had in descending. A huge cape of black wolf or dog fur descended almost to his knees; a very high cap of the same, a sort of shako, surmounted his head, and was pulled down to his eyebrows; the fur-collar rose over his mouth, so that the vacant space left by the black fur revealed only the projection of a long turned-up nose, and a pair of small, vividly black eyes, the soft members exposed to sight or to frost.

I was dressed for a covered sledge, and found this was an open one. No matter: I preferred braving the keen air to returning up those dark, ice-cold stone stairs for more muffling. We got in; pulled the fur apron over us; I said 'Go on' in English, and my companion said 'Go on' in Swedish; the bells jingled; and we were off. The white ground, the clear calm air, the sparkling lights, were accessories to enjoyment. The sledge-bells sounded softly musical in the still air. 'They are quite jingling,' I said; 'they would incline one to sleep on a journey.'

'Yes,' said my Swede; 'I can assure you, madame, that our ladies in the country are often lulled to sleep by them when they are coming home at night, perhaps twenty or thirty miles—that is, of your miles—from the balls. But that is dangerous, oh, very dangerous indeed, to sleep at night in an open sledge; and then when they awake, they may also find themselves in the ditch.'

'And do your ladies travel at night in open sledges?' 'That they must certainly do if they go to country balls: but they muffle themselves well up.'

We were soon ascending the heights of Södor, or Södornåln, the south suburb of Stockholm. It was so beautiful! The lights from the many-windowed and unevenly-situated houses, the effects of which are an unceasing pleasure to me from my windows, were now sparkling out on the snow around, before, behind us; the palace was all lighted up; the old queen-dowager, I believe, entertained her royal and most

amiable son that day. We passed the water, or what was the water, where now the frost-bound ships and boats stood motionless and silent; the streets were as quiet as in the dead of night, yet it was scarcely six o'clock: only the half-frozen sentinels, and a strangely isolated-looking passenger, were to be seen. We got beyond the town. I beheld, for the first time in Sweden, a winter country-scene by night. My companion, assuring me that it did not always look so dreary, thought me very polite to him or his country, while all the time the admiration and pleasure expressed were real and heartfelt. The scenery was so new and picturesque to my eyes. The snow just then lay deep, the ground was abruptly broken into hills and hollows, the moon had not risen, yet all was distinctly visible in the clear twilight, and the large stars spangled the lofty sky: our tinkling bells warned a few walkers of our otherwise noiseless approach; but no decent woman in Sweden goes without a lantern, and the only one we met had hers in a curious fashion. I thought it was a moving lamp-post at a distance; but I found she had her lantern fastened like a great brooch to her person, in order that her hands should not be benumbed by holding it. At last, we left the public road, and ascended a hilly avenue to a very retired old house, which had once been a favourite villa of that famous, and perhaps still little understood personage, Queen Christina. The Swedes, who certainly relish a bit of scandal as much as any other of their national dishes, tell all sorts of stories about the origin of this retreat, which was then further removed from what was the fashionable side of Stockholm; but if this now common-place and dilapidated old house was really the scene of such adventures as they hunt at, it is no wonder that the ghost of poor Queen Christina returns to visit, by the glimpses of the moon, the theatre of earthly and perhaps repented folly.

And when we got into this old house, it appeared as strange a place for a modern wedding, as for old-fashioned royal love. The hall was dark as well as ancient; and the doubting, half-frightened look of the man who opened the door, might lead us to the idea of some mystery, but to none akin to any ideas I could form of either of such circumstances. He led us about as if he did not in the least know where to take us or what to do with us. At last, we got into a small and quite unfurnished den; and he held a long thin candle for our service, but seemed afraid to act as Swedish servants always do, in pulling off and on boots and shoes, and stockings and cloaks, &c. Off this naked den was a gloomy closet, from whence a faint light issued. I penetrated its recess, in hopes of meeting the shade of Queen Christina, but I only startled that of a miserable-looking old man, who, without a chair, was leaning over the top of a high chest, using it as a table to read his psalm-book. But for that book I might have been frightened, and fancied I had been led wrong, and was to be made the heroine of my own romance, and to meet with all sorts of adventures. But the Swedish psalm-book has nothing to do with romance; and as few people read a good book when meditating a bad action, I dismissed all fear of robbers. At last, a young woman of my acquaintance ran into the room, exclaiming and scolding at my having been taken there. Then the facts of the case came out. The house and its premises were now a manufactory: the men I had seen were workmen, who had nothing at all to say to the wedding, poor fellows; and hearing me speak English to my companion, they never imagined that he could speak Swedish, or I either, and so let us do just as we liked. Another point which I began to understand was, that the house was lent only for the celebration of this wedding. As the bridegroom had to come a distance of fifty English miles on one side, and the bride about thirty on the other, they had agreed to begin a good rule in married life at the starting-post, and to meet

half-way even at the altar; the man, whose greatness, we think, consists in yielding, giving up nearly half the distance in honour of the weaker vessel.

Leaving the young woman of the house to complete the toilet we had suspended, I made my way alone to a large low-ceiled apartment, called in barbarised Swedish-French, *salong*, where an abundant supply of wooden logs was burning in an immense old stove, covered with what we call Dutch tiles. In the centre of this large, bare unfurnished room, and just under the glass chandelier, which hung from the low beam-supported ceiling, was placed a curious-looking object, like a small ottoman, covered with a great pall of cotton velvet, edged with gold lace, which had that sort of suspicious look that goods hired out on stated occasions generally acquire. Two small hassocks for kneeling on stood before it. At the upper end of the apartment, a handsome youth of one-and-twenty was standing beside a robed and solemn-looking priest, who, with snuff-box in hand, was applying to it, and speaking to him alternately. What affinity has a marriage and an execution? I do not know; but certainly I entered that room expecting to see the one, and I immediately thought of the other—the block, the culprit, the priest, I saw—the executioner alone was wanting; but perhaps the priest was to be his proxy. However it was, the effect on me was anything but suitable to either occasion, for I burst into a laugh. That the singular-looking block in the centre of the floor was designed to represent the altar, never entered my thoughts until, very soon after my entrance, I heard the clergyman observe, that the low-hung chandelier might set the bride's crown on fire. 'The crown! the crown!' was uttered by some voices at the door; and a few persons who were entering came forward, and, with the help of the young bridegroom, who had been standing beside the priest, removed the altar a little to one side.

This ceremony, I had been told, would take place at six o'clock, and at six I had come; but an hour or two in Swedish time makes not quite so much difference as a minute or two does in English. I spent such extra hour or two in as stupid and comfortless a manner as possible. The few persons who were in the room seemed to be awe-struck; the bridegroom behaved very properly, and showed less impatience than the priest, whose looks would have threatened a premature matrimonial reprimand if he had been the chosen spouse of the dilatory bride; the restless eyes and nervous movements of the snuff-box were indicative of impatience. At length, a crowd of guests came trooping in; the women all in large white shawls, and nearly all in black silk dresses. Then soon after, there was a low murmur, and the priest started up, took a large pinch of snuff, used a coloured handkerchief, and, returning it to his pocket, drew out a very large clean white one, and rolled one corner round his forefinger, allowing the rest to hang down to his feet. The officiating clergy of Sweden always carry a white handkerchief thus; but as it is not, I suppose, a prescribed part of the Lutheran clerical habit, its purpose is quite puzzling to me. A slight movement on the part of the bridegroom turned my eyes to the door; it opened; a large party entered; the leader was a young, slight, rather delicate-looking girl, dressed in black, with a long sash of white ribbon round her waist, and a crown of the natural narrow-leaved myrtle on her head. Next to her came three young girls in white and coloured dresses; and then the relatives of the bride. The young man came forward, took the hand of the girl in black with the myrtle-crown, and silently led her up to the ottoman. The priest was already behind it, with open book and pendent handkerchief: a few minutes, and all was over. The most solemn silence prevailed. The matrons appeared to me universally to look upon their young sister with compassion, and the unaffiliated

girls to behold her with something like envy: the former at least began to weep, but Swedish tears flow readily. As soon as the ceremony was over, the bride had to bestow about 150 kisses, which was the number of persons present. And then—just when, as children say, she might seem to have given all her kisses away, she suddenly turned round, and with a look of recollection, murmured: 'Ack! my Alfred!' and threw herself into the bridegroom's arms. The embrace was momentary; and as I had just been presented to her, she looked at me, saying, by way, I suppose, of apology: 'I have not seen him for three months—never since we were betrothed.'

The company adjourned to the inner room, where a general feeling of solemnity seemed to prevail. At last, the usual libation of bud white German wine appeared, to drink the health of the young couple, and at the same time entered the clergyman, whose office was not yet over: he carried a glass of wine in one hand, and the insignia of office, the white handkerchief, hanging from his finger. He made a long speech, extolling the state of matrimony in general, and its peculiar blessedness in this particular instance, ending with advice and religious exhortation, which drew forth a renewal of tears from the married ladies. When this was ended, I began to think a Swedish wedding was about as dull a thing as an English one, and a little discontented, I strolled back again to the *salong*. A lady was at the piano, and I asked her if there would be any dancing, saying, I had understood it was to be such a wedding as I wanted to see—a real old-fashioned Swedish one.

'Ah!' she replied, 'there is no one disposed for dancing; they think too seriously for that. Yes, it is a serious thing to be married; and the priest's talk was so good! No, they will not dance to-night.' All the time, her fingers were moving the keys. The bride and her husband appeared at the open folding door; his arm was round her waist—her hand rested on his shoulder. Under the circumstances, such an attitude did not strike me as remarkable; but they flew from their post in a waltz; and in a moment almost every one but myself was whirling round the room. To understand the real labour of dancing, one should dance as the Swedes do. The English, beside them, would seem to dance in their sleep. As for the polka and gallopade, the men almost lifted their partners from the ground; and I should have thought it impossible that such slight, weak-looking creatures could sustain movements so violent, especially in airless rooms, and throughout a long winter, when dancing is almost all the amusement and life of all classes. One poor young man was a singular evidence of the excitement of the dancing mania. He came from the borders of Dalecarlia; his long light hair was worn as the men there wear it, hanging straight down the sides of his face, not two features of which seemed to have the least connection with each other; his legs were as little akin, one being some inches shorter than the other. The bridegroom good-naturedly tried to get him to dance, but for some time ineffectually. Finally, he yielded; and when once set in motion, there seemed no probability that he would ever stop of himself: the long hair flew wildly up and down, the heterogeneous features breathed the strongest excitement, the short leg pounced on the floor; one would have thought he had got Terpsichore herself for his partner.

At eleven o'clock my sledge had been ordered; and at eleven I was about to retire, when the bridegroom's men, who had the charge of the entertainment, beset me with entreaties to remain to supper. Every one said they 'hoped the sweet Fruntimmer would not go away;' and when the bride told me that after supper her crown was to be danced off, and she hoped I would do her the honour to stay and look at her, I felt glad to consent to do what I wished. My open sledge was dismissed, and a covered one placed at my disposal.

This real desire to please and gratify a stranger was shewn throughout the evening. To the whole party I was quite unknown; and I now believe that much of what was performed on that evening was performed for my gratification, such weddings being now seldom seen. As soon as an enormous supper was hastily despatched, the salong was again cleared; a grave judge sat down to the piano, and struck up the wildest, most random-sounding music; all the unmarried people caught hands; all the married ones hastened to the furthest of the three rooms, which in Swedish are almost always *en suite*. Before I knew what was to be done, I found myself drawn along in a line, singing and moving to this wild music, through the open doors; while another band, formed at the further extremity, passed us, singing also, and capering in the same fashion. The bride and bridegroom were still in the band of the blessed single, and to keep them so there was to be a struggle. For my part, I would have let them go, if I had not wished to see the dancing fight. The poor little bride was now placed in the middle of the room, just under the chandelier; it was well she was so little; a handkerchief was tied over her eyes, and we women danced in a circle round her, while she in turns caught one and another in her arms, and swung her round and round with desperate energy; then the crown-loosened, shaking and tottering on her head—was to fall off on that of the girl who was to be next married. This movement was supposed to be accidental, the bride being blindfolded; but I happened to ask her sister beforehand if she hoped to get the crown, to which the girl rather sulkily answered: 'No, it must go to the other bride-maid, who is betrothed.' And so, on the head of the betrothed the myrtle-crown came down; and the choice it made was applauded by the men, who stood in an outer circle looking on, and clapped their hands when the *Finstade* (betrothed) looked innocently confused at such an apropos accident. When her crown was off, I thought the play was over, but now came the struggle. The matrons made a dancing attack on the ranks of the single sisters, who enclosed the bride. The former were to take, the latter, to retain her, if possible. For my part, knowing we formed a forlorn hope, and believing that the object of our defence was a traitor in the camp, I should, perhaps, had I thought about it, have done just what I did; but I did not think, for in the confusion I mistook one party for the other, and getting my arms round the passive bride, fairly drew her into the circle of matrons; and I daresay the captured one thanked me for putting an end to the contest.

Then the same thing was acted with the bridegroom, who had stood calmly looking on at his young wife's troubles, only his treatment was rougher and sooner over. The married men having got him, the single brethren seized him in their arms, and gave him a farewell fling towards the ceiling, which the interposition of the chandelier prevented his reaching. The horror of our poor hostess on this occasion formed the most laughable part of the scene: unable either to make herself heard or seen by the actors in it, and equally unable, I suppose, to resist the influence of the wild rattling music, she capered round the group, who were tossing the recreant, to the imminent peril of her chandelier, her arms and hands stretched out towards it, as if she vainly would shelter it within them; her mouth wide open, and her eyes as full of terror as if she saw the royal ghost rattling the glass pendants, that shook and jingled at every heave of the bridegroom. At last, having fairly turned the soles of his feet to the ceiling, they turned them downward again, and set him on them, looking just as equable and pleasant as ever.

It was now three o'clock in the morning; the covered sledge was waiting, the great man of the party—there

is a great man at all parties—was to leave me at home. I endeavoured to express my thanks, but was met with expressions of great thankfulness for the honour I had conferred; and so I came away. I do not think that anything could give me a more favourable idea of the manners of the Swedish people than the conduct I saw on this occasion.

The company, with the exception of the one great man in a civil uniform, were all of the lower rank of the trading classes. The handsome young bridegroom was, I think, foreman to a distiller; but, so far as a foreigner could judge, their manners were as unexceptionable as any I have met in the highest circles of their country; no word, look, or movement could offend the most delicate taste. Together with the absence of all awkward restraint, there was an evidently unassumed and all-pervading observance of the strictest decorum and politeness; and with the exception of that abominable practice of spitting—in which the priest was most proficient—in the corners of the room, there was not the least appearance of coarseness or vulgarity to be observed. Their politeness and good-will to myself I shall not readily forget.

At three o'clock precisely on that December morning, we walked down the snow-covered hill to meet the sledge which waited at its foot. The poor horses would have been the better for a share in the wild dance. The driver was a powerful man, so swathed in gray fur that not a bit even of his nose was visible; an English sportsman might have shot him in mistake for a bear. But the moon was now up, and such a moon as the Swedish one is! hanging between heaven and earth, distinct in the clear atmosphere, so large, so bright, and shedding that pale white light by which I have read a psalm in my prayer-book without spectacles.

The great man of the party insisted on leaving me at home, although he passed his own house, and I had my friend still with me; and as he unhappily heard me express a dislike to cigars, he insisted on sitting beside the driver, leaving the whole of the inside of his sledge to us. These things are of not the least consequence in themselves, but they are of consequence in indicating the manners of a people.

The lantern always accompanies carriages, whether the moon shines or not, and walkers too; but the streets of Stockholm are not lighted when the almanac says the moon ought to shine. There is no gas, and oil is better spared than spent. The windows of the queen-dowager's apartments were still lighted as we passed the palace; shutters are not used in Stockholm, nor blinds commonly. They say her majesty sits up all night, but does not lie in bed all day, so that her old maids of honour have rather a waking life; they tell you she breakfasts at six in the evening, and dines at eleven at night.

I had brought a wax-taper in my pocket, and the key of the court-door. I lighted my taper at the judge's lantern, locked the court-door when he had ended his farewell bows; and having dismissed both him and the Swedish friend who had taken me to see the wedding, I mounted the hideous, dark stone stairs, and applied the key to the house-door where I lived; but, alas! it had been St Stephen's Day, and some of the other dwellers there having come home long before me, had bolted the door inside! The idea of finishing the night of St Stephen's Day sitting on the cold, dark, terrible-looking stone stairs, set me, I suppose, into a state of desperation; and the violent bodily exercise to which I had been subjected stimulated my powers, so that I applied to the door in a manner that caused no little terror to my ancient hostess. Not even my voice would persuade her it was I, until she examined my rooms and found them empty. 'Why, madame,' said she, when she let me in, 'how could I think you were not sleeping, when I know that in England no one goes out on St Stephen's Day?' and as

she thinks she knows more of my country fashions than I do myself, I only replied: 'Well, for once I did go out on St Stephen's Day to see an old-fashioned Swedish wedding.'

GOLD-DIGGING COMPANIES.

It will be observed, that the marvellous success which attends the operations of individual gold-diggers, has induced a spirit of speculation in getting up joint-stock companies for the purpose of employing capital and machinery in the grand process of gold-seeking. Every one who reflected at all on the subject, knew that these companies could not possibly do any good; in fact, it was certain they could not be put in practical operation; and warnings to that effect were given by the daily press. Nevertheless, companies were formed in London, and bodies of officers and labourers, with all fitting apparatus, were despatched to Australia. Late accounts shew the entire fallacy of such undertakings, and those who have ventured their money on the results, will regret their credulity and precipitation.

It might have been foreseen from the very first, that no labouring man would continue to work for a stipulated wage, as the servant of a company, when he had the prospect of making ten times more money, by depending on his own independent exertions. In the region of the diggings, hired labour is out of the question. There the labourer finds it most profitable, as well as most pleasant, to be his own master; and it is a piece of egregious folly to expect, that in such circumstances men will accept of wages and work to the order of superiors. Englishmen would seem to be slow in apprehending the force of this principle. Accustomed to see great things effected by a union of capital, skill, and the most ingenious machinery, they think that this systematised combination will do anywhere; and so they rush into the most frantic speculations. They forget that their system will apply only to an old country overcrowded with people, who are glad to get a living by hiring themselves as subordinate agents. Remove these necessary assistants, thin the population, and capital, science, and machinery will prove next to useless.

All this of course is called *theory*, and theory is abhorrent to the practical-minded Englishman. He must see the thing proved in a business sort of way, before he will give it full credit. If so, let him peruse the report sent home from Melbourne by Mr Webb, the manager, and Mr Holland, the engineer, of a concern designated the Australian Gold Mining Company (London newspapers, January 13). Serious as this report really is—and no laughing matter is it to many—there is something comical in the clear way in which the writers describe the hopelessness of keeping together on day-wages a party of English operatives they had brought with them. We may be allowed to extract a few passages; for so fine a practical example of the theory we have been alluding to, should not be lost.

The reporters proceed to state 'the utter impracticability of a public company carrying on the operations of gold-washing in the colony of Victoria under the existing state of affairs.' They say, 'in the first place, every party of three or four men who proceed to the diggings on their own account, are all of them most certain of getting an ounce [worth L.3, 10s.] per day each, and therefore the temptation would be too great for our men, working in the vicinity of the free diggers, and hearing the daily accounts of their astonishing success, not to wish to try for themselves in the same independent manner; and the great obstacle we should have to contend with, after going to the enormous expense of taking them up there, with the necessary implements, would be their desertion, although bound to the company by agreements which are perfectly legal

in this colony, and which, at the same time, would prevent them obtaining a licence from the government commissioner if they could be traced out. But, then, where there are upwards of 80,000 people dispersed about at the various diggings, and where a man may change his name as often as he pleases, it would be almost impossible, by a mere personal description, for the few policemen that are there to find him out; and therefore the conclusion naturally to be drawn from this is, that after we had got the men at work, and they found themselves in the gold-fields without having gone to any expense, and had got sufficient money in hand to purchase a few provisions, they would desert in parties of three and four, and work on their own account.'

Other difficulties are referred to. Licences are granted only to individuals, not to companies; the machinery, if put up, would be attacked by the independent workers; the local executive is too feeble to enforce the law; the cost of inland transport is enormous; in short, the establishment of a great joint-stock concern at the diggings is pronounced to be an impossibility. Incidentally, a statement is made respecting the wages paid in Melbourne to artisans and others; and these payments in themselves would baffle the attempt to hire the labour which would be remunerative to a company. 'The price of labour here,' say the reporters, 'is almost incredible: Blacksmiths, L.3 per week; carpenters and masons, from L.8 to L.10 per week; and draymen, with fetching water, &c., are making about L.4, 10s. per day.' Such an extraordinary statement, we verily believe, was never made before. Assuredly, Australia is the paradise of manual labourers; and with these accounts before them, the wonder is, how any able-bodied operatives remain in this country. Ignorance of the true nature of the facts, together with inability to raise the few pounds requisite to carry them off, can alone explain the phenomenon.

Will the foregoing particulars respecting the abortive attempts of the Australian Gold Mining Company be sufficient to arrest the mania for throwing away money in this class of undertakings? We scarcely expect that they will. It is long before all the world becomes wise; and while there are simpletons, there will be no lack of adventurers to take advantage of their simplicity. We accordingly expect still to see the columns of the newspapers crowded with seductive advertisements of Great Gold-Digging, Nugget-Excavating, and Quartz-Crushing Companies. When a proper sum of money has been lost, the delusion may possibly vanish.

WORDSWORTH'S PICTORIAL GREECE.

NEW EDITION.*

THIS, in its exterior, is one of the most elegant volumes of our age. The capabilities of cloth-binding were never before so triumphantly displayed, because the simple material was never before adorned with so chaste and graceful a fancy. The mechanical part of the book is in admirable keeping with its classical subject; and this subject is rendered, in the present edition, to some extent complete, by the addition of a department devoted to the characteristics of Greek art. The whole work is so profusely illustrated, that there is hardly a page without an engraving either on steel or wood; and many of the latter kind are quite equal, in beauty and effect, to the best specimens of the former. The wood-engravings, it may be added, have all, even the most minute, that recently-invented ground which imitates India paper exactly, and gives an uncommonly rich appearance to the page. We

* *Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. A new edition, carefully revised, with numerous Engravings, and a History of the Characteristics of Greek Art. Illustrated by George Scharf, Junr., Esq. Imperial 8vo. London: Orr. 1851.

Consider it our duty to draw attention to these external matters, the besetting sin of the time being tawdriness in ornamentation; and we heartily sympathise with the honourable pride which closes the preface in these words:—'It may not be unbecoming in the publishers here to express their belief, that by the aid of the author, artists, and engravers, and of the more humble but indispensable powers of the press, they have been enabled to erect a Pæcile and Lyceum, in remembrance of Greece, such as Hadrian, in all the imperial power of Rome, would have attempted in vain.*'

In the preliminary chapter, even the general reader will be struck with the sudden development acquired by Greek art, and its as sudden decline. Before the building of the temple of Theseus in 466 B.C., the few good artists held the same place in merit, when compared with their successors, as the Italian artists before the time of Raphael did with theirs. From that period, through the reign of Pericles, and till the accession of Alexander in 336 B.C., art advanced triumphantly to its culminating point; when, falling gradually from the station of a mistress into the servility and adulation of a slave, it at length sunk into absolute barbarism. An instructive essay might be written on these striking facts—an essay, however, for which Mr Scharf had no room, and which is out of our scope in these pages.

It is hardly necessary to characterise a volume so well known; but we may say, that its peculiar merit consists in the life-like manner in which it blends the description of actual localities, drawn from personal observation, with the ancient associations. We say 'life-like,' because the author, in passing from place to place, does not content himself with history or tradition. He rebuilds and repopulates every ruin he surveys, till he does for all Greece what one of the artists has done for Athens—representing the city as it appeared to the eyes of Pausanias. As an example of this we may give the following:—'If the eye passes,' says Dr Wordsworth, 'to the south-west from the Theseum, over the small mound of Colonus, not that outside the walls, but the tumulus which stands at the northern entrance of the Agora, it will rest on a low hill sloping down to the north at the western verge of the city, and at a quarter of a mile to the west of the Acropolis.' Having thus fixed the locality, he conducts the spectator to a large semicircular area, bounded at the base or diameter by a wall of limestone rock, from which projects a solid pedestal—carved out of the rock—ascended by steps. This area is the Pnyx—the place of public assembly for the people of Athens; and there they stood in the open air, in no house made by art, nothing but the hewn wall in front, and behind, bounding the semicircular curve, another wall of polygonal blocks. 'To form an idea of an Athenian assembly in the flourishing times of the republic, we must imagine this open space, consisting of about twelve thousand square yards, occupied by nearly six thousand citizens seated in groups within it. In the presence of this vast multitude, one man arises: he ascends the stone steps, and takes his station on the pedestal, which is called the Bema, at the centre of the perpendicular rock. He has before him not merely these six thousand Athenians, but the city of Athens. Lying at a little distance beneath him, he beholds the Agora, filled with statues, and altars, and temples; and he is thus brought into the presence of the great men of old, the heroes and the deities of Athens. Beyond it he sees the Areopagus, the most ancient and venerable tribunal of Greece; above it, on the right, is the Acropolis, presenting to his eyes the wings, the portico, and pediment of the

noble Propylæe; towering above them in the air, and looking towards him, is the bronze colossus of Minerva Promachus, armed with helmet, spear, and shield, appearing from her proud eminence to challenge the world in defence of Athens; rising in severe and stately splendour to the right, is the Parthenon, exhibiting its front of eight huge marble columns, surmounted with sculptured metopes and pediment, filled with marble figures of horses, men, and gods, dazzling the eye with painting and with gold. Visible to the north, beyond the city and its walls, are the plains and villages of Attica, its corn-fields, its olive-grounds, and its vineyards, lying in rural quietness, made more peaceful by its contrast with this stirring scene: further in the distance are the castellated passes of Phyle and Deceleæ; and in the horizon, the high mountain-ridges of Parnes, Brilessus, and Pentelicus.

'Such are the objects which the Athenian orator sees before him from this pedestal of stone. To his left is the road to Eleusis, the Sacred Way, which, passing through the beautiful suburb of the Cerameicus, and by the groves of the Academy, and crossing the stream of the Cephissus, climbs over the western heights of Mount Agræus; visible in the rear are the two long lines of wall, which, running along the plain for nearly five miles, unite the city with the Piræus. There are the masts of vessels riding in the harbour, merchantmen bound for Pontus, Ægypt, or for Sicily; fleets which have gained for Athens empire and glory in distant lands—in the islands of the Ægean, in the peninsula of Thrace, and on the coast of the Euxine. Further to the left is the glorious Gulf of Salamis; on one side of it is the hill on which Xerxes sat to view the battle fought beneath him; and on the other is the Cape, where stands the trophy of Themistocles.

'Such is the scenery of the Pnyx; such are the objects which surround the Athenian orator as he stands on its Bema. In their presence, he speaks. In dread, therefore, mixed with delight, inspired by such a spectacle, he proceeds to address his vast audience, like a general going to a battle, when he sees the flags and banners of his country's glory unfurled and streaming before his eyes.

'These objects are to the Athenian statesman and orator, standing on the rostra of the Pnyx, what his brave Epirots were, in after-ages, to Pyrrhus upon the plains of Italy. They are the wings which waft him to glory. They are also, if we may so speak, the levers by which he uplifts his audience—for they stir their hearts as well as his own. Let no one, therefore, wonder that in such a soil as this eloquence flourished with a vigour elsewhere unknown.

'Not alone to their natural genius, though in that they stood pre-eminent; nor to rules of art, though ingeniously contrived and elaborately studied; nor to frequency of rhetorical exercises, nor to the skill of their teachers, though they were well disciplined by both; nor yet to the sagacity of their audience, though in that they enjoyed a high privilege, was Athens indebted for the thunders and lightnings of oratory in Pericles, for the torrents of eloquence in Demosthenes, but also, and especially to these objects, which elevated their thoughts, moved their affections, and fired their imagination, as they stood upon this spot. The school of Athenian oratory was the Pnyx.'

In the same spirit our author accounts for the enthusiasm with which scenic representations were viewed by the people of Athens.

'From the combination of artificial and natural scenery which the Athenian theatre supplied, the imaginary elements of its drama became real, and the real became idealised. For example, if the subject treated by the poet was the story of the house of Atreus, the spectator saw in the distance the hills of the Peloponnesus, beneath which the hero of the tragedy dwelt, and whither the audience could transport itself.

* Alluding to the emperor's villa of memorials at Tivoli, in which an imitative Vale of Tempe was watered by a new Peneus, and adorned with a Pæcile, a Lyceum, and an Academic Grove.

by an easy effort of imagination; if the adventures of Hippolytus invited their attention, the city and shore of Troas, where he abode, were still nearer to their eyes; if the acts of Medea, the lofty summit of the Acrocorinth, beneath which they were performed, gave them a local and historical reality: if the exploits of their own ancestors at Salamis, the bay itself was before them in which those deeds were achieved; if the deities of heaven or earth or sea took part in the action of the drama, the elements themselves were at hand, from which they had stepped to visit the dwellings of men. Thus the spectators and the spectacles which they witnessed were blended together in unity, and were received into the heart of things.'

The influences which consecrated the Olympic Games in the imagination of the Greeks, are described with great spirit:—'The Olympic Games were celebrated once in four years. They lasted for five days, and terminated on the full-moon which succeeded the summer-solstice. Contrasted with the particular era which served for the chronological arrangement of events in distinct provinces of Greece, the epoch supplied by their celebration to all the inhabitants of the Hellenic soil deserves peculiar attention. While the succession of priestesses of Juno at Argos, and the Ephors at Sparta, and the Archons at Athens, furnished to those states respectively the bases of their chronological systems, it was not a personage invested with a civil or sacerdotal character who gave his name to the quinquennial periods observed as measures of time by the whole of Greece; it was he who was proclaimed victor, not in the chariot-race of the Hippodrome, but as having outrun his rivals in the stadium at Olympia. A reflection on the rapid course of time, that great racer in the stadium of the world, might well have suggested such a practice; and it is very remarkable as illustrating the regard paid, by the unanimous consent of the states of Greece, to those exercises of physical force that preserved them so long from the corruptions of luxury and effeminacy, into which, through their growing opulence and familiarity with Oriental habits, they would very soon otherwise have fallen. Olympia was the *Palestra* of Greece. The simplicity of the prizes, the antiquity of their institution, the sacred ceremonies with which they were connected; the glory which attached not merely to the victor, but to his parents, his friends, and country. His canonisation in the Greek calendar; the concourse of rival tribes from every quarter of the Greek continent and peninsula, to behold the contests and to applaud the conqueror; the lyric songs of Pindar or Simonides; the garlands showered upon his head by the hands of friends, of strangers, and of Greece herself; the statue erected to him in the precincts of the consecrated grove, by the side of princes, of heroes, and of gods; the very rareness of the celebration, and the glories of the season of the year at which it took place, when all the charms of summer were poured upon the earth by day, and the full orb of the moon streamed upon the olive groves and the broad flood of the Alpheus by night. These were influences which, while they seemed to raise the individual to an elevation more than human, produced a far more noble and useful result than this—that of maintaining in the nation a general respect for a manly and intrepid character, and of supporting that moral dignity and independence which so long resisted the aggressions of force from without, and were proof against the contagion of weak and licentious principles within.'

We conclude with an interesting incident in the history of Messenia. The capital of that state was taken by the Spartans, 200,000 of its inhabitants reduced to slavery, and the rest chased beyond the sea. Many generations passed away; but at length the descendants of the Messenians returned, in the year 370 B.C., to the ruins of their ancient homes, where they proceeded 'with

the sound of flutes and pipes and vocal melody, and with the sacred pomp of procession and of sacrifices, to rebuild on the ridges of Mount Ithome their city which had so long lain desolate. That day was the return to them from a captivity of near three centuries. The responses of the augurs, who were consulted whether the new city would prosper, were favourable. The victims were propitious. Everything bore the aspect of hope and joy. Artificers of every kind were present, materials flowing in from all quarters, temples rising, and streets stretching along the vacant space; a new Messene grew up on the site of the old, like a fabled city charmed into life by the sound of the Orphean lyre. In order to connect themselves with their progenitors, and with the powers of heaven, they invited to come and dwell among them, by special invocations, their own heroes of ancient time—Eurytus, Aphareus, Cresphontes, Apytus, and, above all, with the unanimous voice of the whole city, the great Aristomenes, and those deities who were believed to wish well to the Messenian state. The work of building was carried on, as it had begun, with the sound of the Argive and Boeotian flute.'

STORM PHENOMENA: CYCLONES.

THE present year has been so remarkable for storms, as to multiply suddenly and largely the data by which meteorologists are endeavouring to account for the phenomena which attend, and the causes which produce them. Before long, the observations which have been made in different parts of the country will be reduced and discussed, and compared with those noted in other countries, and the facts that come out will go to increase our knowledge of the subject. Meanwhile, use is being made of the storms of past years for the furtherance of the inquiry; and a sketch of some of the results may prove interesting.

Hitherto the investigations have helped to confirm the theory of the rotation of storms; the direction of the rotatory movement being the same as that of the atmosphere generally about the pole in either hemisphere: from right to left, or left-handed, as sailors say, in the northern, and from left to right in the southern. The effects produced are, as is well known, most marked in intertropical latitudes; such opportunities for observation, however, as occur in temperate climates, are found to come within the same law of explanation. In June of 1851, at the close of a hot day, Mr Cooper of the Observatory at Markree, near Sligo, noticed a flash of lightning, and calculated the thunder to be at six miles' distance. Some people were playing at quoits under one of his windows, and, as he relates, 'perceiving that there was scarcely any wind, I told them that they need not be afraid of the storm, as the lightning was so distant. A quarter of an hour later, and in an instant of time, a strong breeze arose, followed almost immediately and as instantaneously by a most extraordinary shower of rain, with hail. In five minutes, the road under the window was a sheet of water; the quantity was so great, that the rain penetrated through the ceilings of two stories of the house. It lasted for fifteen minutes, during which time there fell one and a half inch depth of rain. This singular phenomenon moved in a direction nearly at right angles with the magnetic meridian, from south-west towards north-east. A lady who was in a room with a southern aspect, saw the rain approaching, and described it as appearing like a dark sheet.' There was a storm at the same place in August 1846, when rain fell averaging forty-two inches for the day—an amount which, great as it is, becomes insignificant when compared with the fall in the brief storm of June, above mentioned, which was at the rate of twelve feet per diem. 'I think,' adds Mr Cooper, 'that this last shower may have enabled us to form some idea of the Deluge; for, had it lasted forty days and

nights, the depth of water would have been 480 feet! without the breaking up of the waters of the great deep.'

No observations of this storm appear to have been made at other places, and we are in ignorance as to its further course; but in the sudden burst of wind, and impetuous discharge of rain, we see some of the recognised leading phenomena. In another instance, which also occurred in Ireland, they are more distinctly traceable: the storm of November 1850, which began about midnight on the 18th, and continued till 2 p.m. of the following day. It was preceded and accompanied by the usual signs, which are, as stated by the Rev. Dr Lloyd in his account of the storm, laid before the Royal Irish Academy—'the moving of the wind through an angle, varying from 0 degrees to 180 degrees at a given place, its magnitude depending on the proximity of the centre of the cyclone; the gradual increase and subsequent decrease of its force; and the fall and rise of the barometer.' The rotatory character of this storm was fully observed and established; and it afforded complete and satisfactory illustration of what takes place at such atmospheric disturbances. 'The centre of the vortex,' we are told, 'had a progressive motion from west-south-west to east-north-east, and reached the western shores of Ireland about 3 a.m. of the 19th, and quitted the north-eastern about 3 p.m. of the same day.' Its course may be readily followed on the map. At nine in the morning of the 19th, the wind was blowing from the north at Killybegs from south at Donaghadee, south-east at Portrush, north-west at Castletownsend, south-south-east at Armagh, and north-north-west at Markree: from these data, the position of the central point somewhere between these stations becomes manifest. Wherever the centre passes, there is a lull of wind, with a reversal of its direction; and at this juncture occurs the minimum pressure of the barometer.

In this period of calm and of minimum pressure, two means are found for ascertaining the rate of motion. At seven in the morning, the lull took place at Markree; at Armagh, at half-past eleven; and at Donaghadee, at one in the afternoon: these places consequently shew the line of direction. The same facts would be ascertained by noting the time of minimum pressure, but not so satisfactorily. The rate of progression was fourteen miles an hour. With the given data, it is possible also to ascertain the dimensions of the vortex. As Dr Lloyd observes: 'The interval between the commencement of the storm, and the passage of the centre, at Armagh, was 16½ hours; and, the velocity being fourteen miles an hour, the distance between the front of the vortex and the centre was 230 miles. We have grounds for believing that the posterior portion of the vortex was more considerable, and, consequently, that it deviated from a circular form; but the gradually diminished force of the gale in the latter portion, renders it impossible to fix its close with precision. The total diameter in the direction of the progressive movement probably exceeded 500 miles. The magnitude of the nearly quiescent portion of air in the centre of the vortex is better defined. At Armagh, the lull lasted from three to four hours; at Markree, three hours; and at Donaghadee, four hours. The diameter of the quiescent central portion was therefore about fifty miles.' Among the irregularities, or inexplicable effects, which more or less accompany all natural phenomena, it was noticed that the force of this storm was far greater south of the line of passage of its centre, than on the north, the highest speed of the wind being fifty-five miles an hour for the former, and thirty miles for the latter. The causes of these apparent anomalies, as well as of other phenomena that occur in storms, have yet to be sought for and explained; and there is reason to hope that the subject, before long, will be cleared of some

of its difficulties. From the description given above, many persons would be able to understand and account for the effects produced; and if these are noted down carefully, they may always serve as data for the philosopher. Ireland will do its share of the work, for a meteorological survey has been established in that country under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy; and the men of the coast-guard service are employed to make daily observations and readings of instruments. In a communication read at the last meeting of the British Association, which may be considered as the first-fruits of this arrangement, Dr Lloyd stated, that the observations gave evidence 'of the frequent occurrence of cyclonic movements in the atmosphere. . . . The rotatory movement of the air, which constitutes a cyclone, is by no means confined to the more violent currents, but may be traced even to the gentlest breeze.'

As before observed, the phenomena of cyclones are most remarkable in the equatorial regions; and now that our authorities are better impressed than formerly with the value of scientific research, many of the officers, civil and military, employed at distant stations, are men qualified to take note of passing phenomena. By this means our knowledge of facts is largely increased from all quarters every year. Among the latest observations are those of Dr Baddeley, of the Bengal artillery, published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. This gentleman had long watched the dust-storms which are of such frequent occurrence in India, presenting themselves generally as a broad wall of dust, composed of a number of separate columns, all advancing rapidly and in regular rank, and accompanied during their passage by sudden and violent gusts of wind. While moving forwards, they have also a rotatory movement around an axis within themselves; and Dr Baddeley considers them to be cyclones on a small scale. After repeated observation of these locomotive masses of sand, and following them on horseback, he frequently saw that they diminished from five or six feet diameter to a single band or column not more than a foot in diameter, rotating on a conical point which touched the earth. It had what appeared to be a vernicular spiral motion; and in one instance, at the height of fifty or sixty feet, there was a twist or bend, similar to what sailors call a *kink* in the cable. It ceases gradually to rotate from above downwards, the cone being the last portion that whirls; and when this stops, the whole ascends and disappears.

On the supposition of a dust-storm being a cyclone in miniature, this 'band seems to indicate the ultimate thread of the electrical spiral mass of which the whirlwinds are composed;' and Dr Baddeley believes that all rotatory storms are produced by the rotation of electrical spiral threads, either singly or in bundles. He finds the electric tension to be at its maximum during their passage, and that the electric fluid streams furiously down the insulated wire in proportion to the strength of the gust. It would appear from this, that electricity is the motive-power of a cyclone; a whirling zone, outside of which blow centripetal winds with more or less of violence, the rotation being, as above stated, for either hemisphere. As the earth spins round, it is only at the equator that the motion is equable in its effect on surrounding matter, but becoming less and less as it approaches the poles; hence the rotation of matter on either side of the equator in a spiral and not a parallel line, and one of the causes for the peculiar movement of storms.

As regards the origin of these phenomena, Dr Baddeley says: 'The mass of electrical matter of which the body of the cyclone is composed, descends, I presume, as in the case of the small whirlwinds, from the sky to the earth, in the form of a spiral, working downwards; and its subsequent movements and the track may depend in a great measure on causes connected with

the earth's rotation, and upon the prevailing surface winds.

'To illustrate,' he continues, 'this idea of the progression and rotation of a cyclone in a definite course, spin a tee-totum, provided with a glass tube drawn out to a fine point, containing ink, on paper laid perfectly flat.

'When the tee-totum is what boys call asleep, give it a slight puff with the breath, horizontally; this will cause an obliquity of the axis of rotation, and at once induce a revolving motion, and also a progressive one in some particular direction; and the toy will be found to describe exactly the peculiar motions of the cyclone, both rotatory and progressive; and by spinning it one way or the other, familiar illustrations may be afforded of the manner in which a rotatory storm works in the northern and southern hemispheres.'

Evidence confirmatory of electrical influence is not wanting. In the summer of 1847, Captain Gastrell was experimenting with an electro-magnetic machine at Cawnpore; the wire coil being about two hundred yards in length, and the battery of twelve or sixteen pairs. The whole was in action, and sparks passing freely, when a dust-storm came up from the west, and passed directly over the house. As it approached, 'the action of the magnet decreased gradually, until, in the dead lull or calm that usually precedes such storms, it ceased revolving.' But precisely in proportion to this decrease, the battery increased in intensity of action; and to leave no room for doubt, certain changes of the apparatus were made to verify the fact. 'No sooner, however, had the storm of dust passed, and light rain begun to fall, than the action of the battery became quieter, until the hissing sound ceased, and the magnet again began to revolve. Sparks of course passed, and shortly the magnet revolved as quickly as it did previous to the storm.' The explanation given for this phenomenon is, that there is some point in a storm which, passing over a magnet, deprives it for the time of its polarity; but this is a question to be decided by future observation.

Captain Gastrell adds, that once, when on a march in the Punjab, his regiment was 'caught in a dust-storm, followed by very heavy rain and vivid lightning. When the rain fell, the points of the men's bayonets, and the peaks of the officers' caps, were seen tipped with that well-known electrical appearance called St Elmo's Light; and this appearance continued for some minutes—a quarter of an hour perhaps.' This fact proves the presence of electricity, if nothing more; and strengthens Dr Baddeley's view, that 'the electric spirals are the exciting cause of wind in all storms, and of the gusts or squalls in particular; and of wind generally during the daytime in tropical climates.'

Perhaps the difference in the rate of speed of opposite sides of a storm, may be caused by a difference in the amount of electrical charge at various parts of the revolving zone; and the fall of the barometer which precedes the approach, is probably to be accounted for by the upward whirling motion which takes place in the air, and lightens the pressure at the surface of the earth. As this upward movement is such a mighty agent in raising prodigious quantities of dust into the atmosphere, it may be well to give Dr Baddeley's account of its mode of operation. 'The electrical spiral,' he says, 'rotating and working like a screw, from above downwards, sets in motion, by its centrifugal action, a stratum of air immediately surrounding it. Outside this, again, another circle of winds will be found blowing centripetally; and the two meeting will, by their mutual action and reaction, continuous throughout, form an ascending spiral current of air, working a reversed spiral upwards, the two motions being well represented by two coils of wire wound in opposite directions laid one over the other.'

If dust can be raised in this way, so can water; in

which view, it is as easy to explain the cause of water-spouts as of whirlwinds. As regards the dust, the quantity taken up is inconceivable; it rises to a height of some thousand feet, until its whirling clouds ascend beyond the reach of vision. It is a curious question: What becomes of it all? The fall of dust-showers will account but for a small portion. Is the remainder the cause of luminous appearances seen in the atmosphere; and does it accumulate until, acted on in some way, it falls as *aérolites*? These are questions for the future to answer.

Again, are these electric spirals in any way the cause of the aurora? Sixty years ago, Dalton suggested that 'we are under the necessity of considering the beams of the *aurora borealis* of a ferruginous nature, because nothing else is known to be magnetic; and consequently, that there exists in the higher region of the atmosphere an electric fluid partaking of the properties of iron, or rather of magnetic steel; and that this fluid, doubtless from its magnetic property, assumes the form of cylindrical beams.' This view gains considerable weight from the opinion expressed by Mr Faraday, that if we could succeed in condensing the gaseous constituents of our atmosphere, some of them would be found to be metallic. The theory of storms is therefore connected with more than one class of natural phenomena, and with the profoundest questions now occupying the attention of scientific investigators. While waiting the results of further inquiry, we may test the value of an explanation by Dr Baddeley: 'Cyclones,' he says, 'may be the means by which accumulated electricity in the atmosphere is gradually discharged, and they may thus become powerful means by which evaporation on a large scale is effected, and rain produced; and the electro-magnetic spirals, having discharged their electricity and water, may be again lifted up to the higher regions of the atmosphere.'

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HAUTCŒUR.

SOME miles from Rouen, in one of the loveliest and most romantic spots in Normandy, arose the towers of the Château Hautcœur. Sheltered from the north by a noble range of darkly-wooded hills, but commanding the open country upon all other sides, its terraced gardens and stately avenues were in full enjoyment of the sunshine from morning to night, from the rising to the setting, and were spread with especial favour for the reception of all pleasant and kindly breezes from the south.

The first sight which met the bright eyes and impressed the incipient fancy of little Pierre Duverne, when he was able to toddle from his father's cottage-door, was the Château Hautcœur, rising in beauty and grandeur amidst the trees far away, the sunlight gleaming on the domes of its two towers and upon the cupola in the midst. His earliest walks extended to the great gates of the grand avenue, through which, up a long straight vista of noble trees and fresh green-sward, he could see the fine old mansion reposing in state—the fountains playing in the flowery parterre, and now and then gallant companies of gentlemen and youths and beautiful ladies walking hither and thither in graceful leisure, now crossing the avenue near at hand, so that their talk and laughter could be softly heard, and by and by recrossing it far up, like blessed inhabitants of an enchanted region, only to be seen by mortal eyes at rare intervals, and then but for a moment. It seemed to the peasant's little son a delicious privilege to be allowed to stand by the mighty gates, and look between their massive bars into this fairy-land. The Château Hautcœur, its towers, trees,

gardens, flowers, and fountains, and its lords and ladies promenading, were all in the mind of little Pierre one noble piece of actual, embodied poetry.

The first stories to which he listened, as he sat at his mother's feet by their cottage-door, when neighbourly peasants came to sit and gossip with his father in the evening, were stories of the high and noble house of Hautcœur, from old times to the present living descendants. They were histories of heroism and nobility of character, told in homely words; of the honour and bravery of knights and warriors; of the beauty and virtues of high-born ladies. Not a peasant in the whole district who had not his own traditions, descended from generations long back, of the noble house of Hautcœur; not a household for miles round but had some good cause to hold high in esteem and gratitude the noble house of Hautcœur. Outward influences thus chiming with innate predisposition, little Pierre learned to associate the house of Hautcœur with all that was grand and beautiful, both materially and spiritually; to look upon its high estate as the very topmost altitude of worldly rank and fortune; and upon its reputation for chivalric spirit, noble virtues, and personal beauty, as comprising all that was fine and estimable in the human character. As he grew from infancy to youth, the feeling grew also, and increased in strength, until it became almost a part of his nature, a sentiment continually active and participant in all his embryo aspirations and theories of life. Every sort of excellence bore, in his fancy, some affinity to the house of Hautcœur. All the little stories which charmed the lonely hours of his boyhood—telling of the valour and devotion of knights-errant—of the bravery of great warriors in the battle-field—of the magnanimity of mighty conquerors, even in the hour and flush of victory—of lovely princesses delivered from the snarls of geni and enchanters by indomitable lovers—of broken hearts shrinking from the world, and hiding their sorrows beneath cowl of monk and veil of nun—of beautiful ladies going continually amongst the poor and wretched, and working miracles of beneficence—and all the romance that could fall within the reading of a peasant's child, were made to minister to the same devoted faith.

By and by, when the château happened to be open to the inspection of the curious, as the family of the marquis were spending some time in Paris, and little Pierre was taken by his father to behold the wonders of the interior, his reverential respect took a new turn; and now, in place of the house of Hautcœur having to do with armies in battle-array, giants, enchanters, monasteries, and convents, he began to associate it with the true, actual geni of the world—with inspired painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and men of learning and science. The picture-gallery; the sculpture-gallery; the museum, where were two small collections of remains carefully classified after the systems of Buffon and Cuvier; the conservatory and herbarium; the beautiful oratory, where the light was subdued and a holy tranquillity reigned, and the odour of the sacred incense was still perceptible, and where, by the side of the solemn organ, were ranged the grand masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini: all this was as the entry into a new world to the reverent little visitor, and transported his dreams from the ideality of romance to the idealism of art and talent. Oh! what could Pierre do with all the thoughts that possessed him about the house of Hautcœur? what path in life, what study, what occupation could he follow, that should harmonise with his dreams? The time for geni, enchanters, knights-errant, and so on, was altogether gone past; but he might become a great painter, sculptor, architect, musician, naturalist, or botanist, if he had talent for any one of these pursuits. These were in their heyday in the world, and the successful mastery of them was bringing men fame and fortune

still. But, then, he was poor. What artist would teach or make a protégé of a mere peasant's son, who had not money to pay for a single lesson? 'Alas!' sighed Pierre, 'I shall never become worthy the notice of the noble house of Hautcœur!'

'Ah, what sort of grumbling is that!' exclaimed Jean Duverne one day as he happened to hear the oft-repeated plaint. 'Why do you not set to work, my little son, instead of dreaming there? Look here, now. Are not these beautiful seedlings for the herbarium of my lord, the Marquis d'Hautcœur—and have I not been four years in bringing them to perfection, in order that they may be worthy of the château? Whatever is rare and exquisite, is sure to afford pleasure to his lordship.'

The hint was sufficient. Little Pierre, who, in chivalric emulation of the house of Hautcœur, was in the habit of giving some half of his breakfast, dinner, or supper, and all stray sours which, few and far between, fell into his possession, to the children of wandering vagrants, determined now to produce something which, on the next fête-day, when the peasantry were allowed to enjoy themselves in the grounds of the château, should be worthy of presentation to my lord or my lady. Our first productions are generally imitations, and for the present, Pierre could think of nothing but his father's seedlings, and their future place of honour in the herbarium of the château. He resolved to gather together an assortment of rare wild-flowers, of the most delicate and beautiful species that he could find. All the waysides, dells, and coppices of the country round, were ransacked by his eager eyes, and several fine and uncommon specimens of the myosotis, convolvulus, and other sorts of wild-flowers, collected and placed in his little garden, and there tended and nursed with as much care as if they had been priceless exotics. Pierre had a talent for carving with his knife too—not merely dogs' heads, or grotesque monsters on the knobs of sticks, but forms and simple designs of real grace and elegance, out of small blocks of wood. This talent he determined to press into the service of the present enterprise, and accordingly set about constructing a wooden pot or vessel, of some size, wherein to place the mould for his botanical specimens. Out of a block of pine, Pierre made a very handsome vase—with carved handles at either end, and bouquets of flowers and grapes at the sides.

The fête-day duly arrived. The peasantry of the neighbourhood flocked in their holiday attire to the grounds of the Château Hautcœur; along with them came Jean Duverne, with his rare and laboriously-raised seedlings in a large wooden box, and behind him his little son Pierre, with his pretty wild-flowers in the tastefully-carved vase. Now, you may be sure, the Marquis d'Hautcœur was no stranger to this sort of presentation: every fête-day, from time immemorial, had witnessed similar testimonials of respect from the children of the peasantry to the lord of the manor; and on the present occasion, little Pierre was not alone in his idea. There were models of castles, cathedrals, ships, &c., presented by other peasants' sons, all seeking the honour of a spare corner in the museum of the château. Such presentations had become so much a matter of course, that their acceptance, although always distinguished by the kindest good-will, was, indeed, a somewhat formal affair, like an ever-recurring ceremony. But Pierre was highly gratified and very proud—although he was but one amongst many, and though his interview with the grand people was short, and the words addressed to him few. He saw that his plants, and his carved handles, and groups of flowers, were admired, and was more than satisfied; and after playing and romping in the grounds with his little neighbours throughout the livelong day, went home in the evening to project great plans of future enterprise, in the way of objects for presentation to the

Marquis d'Hautecœur. To make matters short: when the next five-day arrived, young Pierre, now grown a handsome lad, carried on his shoulders to the château a noble vase, carved all over with such extraordinary skill, and with such elegance of conception and design, that all who beheld it shouted: 'Bravo, Pierre Duverne!' and the marquis exhibited it to his lady with words of admiration, and to his sons and daughters, in the presence of the assembled peasantry. Pierre's heart leaped with pride and joy; a great ambition had found its proper culmination and reward. But when little Verienne d'Hautecœur, the youngest daughter of the marquis, with the golden hair and bright blue eyes, inspected the vase, and clapped her hands with delight, his heart leaped higher still; he blushed with rapture, and fell in love, poor boy, with a daughter of the noble house of Hautecœur upon the spot. And now he could not join his playmates as he had been wont to do, but sauntered listlessly here and there, seeking in the paths of the parterre, in the avenues through the wood, and at the windows of the château, another glimpse of the beautiful Verienne—a lover once and for ever.

As Pierre was now quite old enough to begin learning some vocation by which he could maintain himself, his father determined to send him forth from home, and had him placed with a relative in Paris, a sculptor, on account of the native talent which the lad evinced for that art. So Pierre proceeded to Paris, pondering whether he should persevere and become a great artist in his uncle's studio, or whether it would not be a finer thing to die shortly, all for the love of Verienne d'Hautecœur. A romantic death, however, is not always an easy affair; many a love-lorn youth and maiden has found that the heart is frequently stronger than the intellect, and will not break, however much the mind may be set upon it. Pierre was very much in love, but not exactly 'to the death;' and stimulated by change of scene, and the bustle and mental exercise involved in Parisian life, he resolutely embraced the first of the above alternatives, and resolved to become a great sculptor, like Canova or Thorwaldsen, and then to see if the Lady Verienne would listen to his suit. 'I will study and toil,' exclaimed he, 'till all the secrets of the sculptor's art are at my finger-ends. And these secrets I will marry to the secrets of my soul, for I will never rest till I can write in marble what I cannot speak in words—till I can produce works such as shall make the heart to leap, the tears to flow, the blood to tingle, or the brain to dance, of whoever beholds them. My saintly heads shall bid men turn and pray; my figures of joy, of grief, of rapture, of horror, shall strike their souls with kindred feeling, and play upon them as lightning plays on steel! Oh! Heaven help me to copy well its glorious works! I feel that they are graven on my heart, faithful and true—their life, their spirit, their splendour, their poetry—and if I can but teach my hand obedience to my mind, my dear ambition will be fully reached!'

So Pierre studied and toiled, early and late, with deep and proud devotion. His heart was in his work; and that being the case, rapid progress was not to be wondered at. But Paul Duverne, his uncle, did wonder much; and many a time, patting the young enthusiast's head, he bade him *bon voyage* to the summit of the high mountain, Art—which, declared Paul, he would reach if he did but persevere. And, indeed, Pierre did persevere, not with the dogged intensity of one merely determined to accomplish a certain thing, but with a fine, festal, rapturous energy, which triumphed and gloried in its strength and progress, with a true poet's ecstasy. Old Paul was at first surprised at the sort of being he discovered in his new pupil, and surprised by and by gave place to delight and pride. He had expected to discover in his peasant-brother's son a young dunce, whose boasted native

talent might possibly consist in an aptitude for cutting barbarous devices on sticks and blocks, and all which cleverness Paul would have to unteach him before he could enter the sacred portals of true art; but the country-boy had actually come to him a true *genie*, in healthy embryo, with a poet's soul already, and only wanting practical initiation and experience to enable him to exemplify the beautiful. And Paul beheld in the first crude offspring of his nephew's chisel, so daintily wielded by the small white hand, fine germs of promise—bright, unmistakable indications of a truly artistic mind, plain as the golden spangles in a block of quartz.

The hopeful, loving perseverance of a year may accomplish a great deal. Pierre proved it in his own case; for twelve months' experience with the chisel he had scarcely seen, ere he was at work upon a group of ideal figures of a description so pretentious, that in ordinary cases years of practice would have been consumed ere an artist would have dared so high a flight. For, all this time, Pierre had nursed his reverent feeling for the noble house of Hautecœur, and this was a work for presentation, and was wrought under the full inspiration of the sentiment which had dwelt in his inmost soul from his earliest years upwards, poetical and harmonious. In time, the group was finished; and proud Uncle Paul declared, with clasped hands, that it was a veritable *chef-d'œuvre*. Pierre had resolved to convey it himself to the Château Hautecœur. All preparations being made, driving a light cart, wherein the packing-case containing his grand work, all carefully wadded and swathed, was judiciously disposed, Pierre set out from Paris, and in a couple of days stood before his old home, receiving his father's welcome and returning his mother's kisses.

But, alas! there was sad news for the poor youth. The noble house of Hautecœur was ruined! the marquis, and all the members of his family, were separated, and dispersed no one knew whither; the château and gardens were closed; and all the splendid furniture, pictures, statuary, library, &c., were to be shortly sold off! Very little correspondence had passed betwixt Pierre and his parents, and the latter did not think it worth while to distress him by sending this bad news; so he received all the bitterness and disappointment of it at one choking gulp, just as he had arrived at the scene of his life-long dreams, full of the olden enthusiasm and a thousand new hopes. It was some time before he could credit the story; but he soon found it was all too true. Where were the marquis, the marquise, and the Lady Verienne? No one could tell him; all were gone away, and whither nobody knew. To find suddenly that one has been hoping in vain, and working fruitlessly for a long time—to know that the heart has been upheld, and the energies taxed to their highest power, by that which no longer exists, is bitter enough; but to lose the heart's true love, the mainspring of life, the inspiration of the present and the hope of the future, all at once, is quite a crushing calamity. A despair, which looked almost like dull and stupid idioey, possessed poor Pierre, when he found the miserable tale was true; and he neither ate nor drank, nor wept nor laughed, and indeed barely spoke, before he started back for Paris, like one distracted, leaving his beautiful sculpture behind him, as if it were now not worth taking care of, or of no use to any one. Madame Duverne, who knew the secret of her poor boy, clasped him to her breast, with many tears, as he departed, and bade him take heart, for some day the affairs of the house of Hautecœur might be set to rights, and then the marquis and all his people would come back again.

Returned to Paris, Pierre remained for some weeks in a state of the profoundest dejection. Uncle Paul was quite grieved and heart-sore to find the boy so stricken by his disappointment, and, surprised at the

long continuance of his despondency, began to think that the ruin of the noble house of Hautecœur would also prove the ruin of his promising young pupil. Growing out of patience at last, he endeavoured to reason with Pierre, and told him it was preposterous to expend so unreasonable an amount of sympathy upon people who had not been able to manage their own affairs, and who of course could care nothing about him. 'Bah!' cried the old man; 'the house of Hautecœur does not engross all the goodness of the world. Thank Heaven, they were not the only patrons of the arts, or I had starved long ago. Arouse ye, Pierre, and set to work! There are hundreds of connoisseurs and diletanti waiting, impatiently, the advent of a new genius. Arouse ye, boy, and be that genius!'

But for the present, Pierre, the sentimental, spiritual lover and dreamer, was heart-broken, and had no mind, nor will, nor power to work. At length he fell ill of a violent fever, and lay for months in a most precarious state. His mother came up from the country to nurse and watch over him. Thanks to her constant care, notwithstanding the rudeness with which an unusually delicate and sensitive organisation had been assailed, he at length began to mend, and slowly returned to complete existence. By and by, a poor shadow of a youth crept, leaning upon his parent's faithful arm, forth from his close chamber into the fresh air.

'Pierre, poor boy, I begin to lose faith in thee!' said Uncle Paul, mournfully, one evening, as he sat beside the youth, shortly after the latter had risen from his sick-bed. 'I thought at one time that thou hadst the soul of a true artist; but I fear, boy, thou wert only inspired by the poor hope of pleasing a patron. And now thou hast found thy patron to be an absolute phantom, all thy thoughts of art leave thee, and thou sickenest almost to the death.'

Pierre's pale cheek flushed: it was not true. He was an artist in his very soul—but what did it matter, now *she* was gone! He answered not; but tears filled his eyes and trickled down his thin face, for his heart throbbed almost to bursting at the thought of all the grand hopes and ambitions, and the bright, happy enthusiasm lost to him for ever.

Uncle Paul, however, knew not the secret of the youth's malady, and continued to reproach him, mostly in a kindly manner, but oftentimes bitterly, for his apathy and waste of time and talent. These kindly scoldings were not without good effect; and the gradual return of health, and the softening influence of time, allayed the poignancy of his sufferings, and Pierre sadly entered the *atelier* again, to recommence work. One day, the bright thought occurred to him (strange it had not done so before, but such is the waywardness of youthful feeling), that it was by no means impossible that he might behold the Lady Verienne again some day, even should the house of Hautecœur never be reinstated. The hope took root; and with firm, settled and stern determination, in place of his once buoyant, fantastic fervour, he resumed his art-work.

In two years, the name of Pierre Duverne became well known. He had worked sedulously and successfully. Two of his productions, a couple of figures, 'Despair' and 'Hope,' had been admitted to the Louvre, and had attracted much attention by their poetical beauty and exquisite truth. By the time the young sculptor had attained his twenty-first year, he had accomplished several *chef-d'œuvres*—had become known, even to a degree of celebrity—was intrusted with commissions of a high and important character—was growing wealthy—and, as is usually the case with fortunate men, was much courted and flattered. With a gay company of careless, high-spirited young artists at his heels, and with this accession of wealth and honour in the heyday of life, Pierre had many strong temptations to a career of insouciance and dissipation; but the early sentiments of purity and refinement,

so curiously instilled into his nature by his romantic estimation of the house of Hautecœur, interfered to prevent any degeneracy of this description, and kept him to his onward course—a gentleman and an artist.

A new direction was shortly given to all his thoughts by a most unexpected occurrence. There entered his studio one day a lady and gentleman, who had gained admission by application to Uncle Paul. Pierre happened to be intently occupied at the moment—engaged, indeed, in perfecting a peculiar shade of expression upon a face—and with a slight and vague feeling of irritation at a prospect of interruption, he continued his work. The visitors, ushered in by the proud and reverent Uncle Paul, looked on in silence. Presently, Pierre, with a low sigh of satisfaction at having accomplished an intention, and transferred to enduring stone the conception of the moment, raised his head, turned round, and stood rooted to the spot in amazement and confusion. There stood the Marquis d'Hautecœur and his daughter Verienne. Both were altered since he had seen them years ago, but there was no mistaking them. The marquis had grown gray, and a deep shade of anxiety and thought overspread his once hearty features; the Lady Verienne was now a woman of a fine and elegant presence—her face matured into superlative beauty, and her once golden hair a sunny brown.

'Art thou really the same Pierre Duverne,' said the marquis, holding out his hand to Pierre, and surveying him curiously but respectfully, 'the son of Jean, once a tenant of our own upon the estate Hautecœur, whom I remember to have presented me some clover pieces of wood-carving?'

'The same,' said Pierre much agitated.

'Receive, then, my warmest congratulations, and my best wishes for your future. Things are not with me as they once were,' he continued sadly, 'or I might have given you some more satisfactory testimony of my admiration of your genius and sympathy with your fortunes. As it is, you must take my bare word, young friend. I was anxious to see you, for I have not forgotten the time that is past, and the circumstances that are no more—there is not one of all who were once around me in whom I do not feel an interest; and I am much gratified in being able to see you, and assure you of my respect and regard, though probably these are not much worth to him who has won fame and fortune by the splendid labours of his own hands.'

How beautifully the dignified modesty and frankness of these few words chimed in with Pierre's old dreams! No reverses of fortune could injure the fine spirit of the house of Hautecœur. With much emotion he expressed his heartfelt thanks.

Meanwhile, the Lady Verienne was looking round the studio at Pierre's works and fragments. The artist saw that her cheek glowed and her eyes flashed with delight. It was no wonder, for Pierre had extraordinary power in reaching and touching the heart. The marquis himself inspected with much attention the objects around him. 'Well?' said he to Verienne, significantly glancing round the place, as he took her hand to lead her to the door.

'Beautiful! exquisite!' said she softly, as if in reply to his look; 'I could look at them the whole day!'

They had been gone some time before Pierre completely recovered his presence of mind, and then he began to regret that he had not endeavoured to discover where they were living. But they were gone now, and he could only trust to the future. With renewed energy, and a certain in-rushing of glorious thoughts and hopes, he returned to his work. But the Lady Verienne—did she not seem like a queen in his *atelier*? and was she not a daughter of a long and proud lineage? while he, rich and famous as he might be, was still but a peasant's son. The gulf to be passed was wide and perilous.

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Paul one morning, as he entered the studio; "the house of Hautecœur will soon be set to rights again! There is a grand marriage this morning at St Roch—the Duc de Varre to Mademoiselle, the daughter of the good old marquis! The duc has an ocean of money, and soon the Château Hautecœur will open its gates again!"

Without a word, Pierre seized his hat, and rushed from the house. A few minutes brought him to the church of St Roch, in the Rue Honoré. The marriage was just consummated. A large crowd had gathered round the doors. In indescribable agitation, Pierre mingled in the motley group, and awaited the coming forth of the bridal-party. A long line of handsome equipages was drawn up before the great door, which presently was thrown wide open, and a gallant party immediately came forth. "Voilà l'épousée!"—"Voilà la nouvelle-mariée!"—"Voilà l'époux!" murmured many voices in the throng, as a nobly handsome couple appeared. "Thank God!" It was not the Lady Verienne! She walked behind her sister, more lovely than ever, clad in white satin, and wearing roses in her beautiful hair, leaning upon the arm of the venerable marquis.

"What! Pierre Duverne?" The duc stopped suddenly as he was entering his carriage, his newly-wedded wife having just ascended. With one foot resting upon the step, he paused, raised his hat, and extended his hand towards Pierre. The latter approached, grasped the proffered palm, and in a few simple but impressive words, congratulated the bridegroom upon the occasion, and wished him many years of happiness.

"Even in this moment, which at anyrate ought to be one of unalloyed delight," said the Duc de Varre, "a pang seizes me to think how thou hast been forgotten, glorious Duverne! Thank Heaven for this opportune meeting, for you shall be the lustre of my wedding-breakfast. Our friends have already disposed of the carriage-room; but—enter here! for thou shalt sit by the side of me, as Jove said to the poet! I am very proud to know thee, Duverne, as I ought to be, and would fain honour myself by having thee near me."

Pierre hurriedly endeavoured to excuse himself: he was not in fit apparel—he had but just quitted his studio—it would not be becoming; but the duc, who had long been one of Pierre's warmest admirers, and had given him the heartiest encouragement at the commencement of his career, shook his hand with an undeniable grace, told him his protestations were vain, handed him into the carriage, and followed himself. In this fashion was Pierre introduced to the Duchess de Varre, the eldest daughter of the noble house of Hautecœur, and brought into actual social contact with the members of that high-born family, his own finely-toned idea of whose virtues and genius had exercised a talismanic and beautiful influence upon his life, and had mainly contributed to stimulate him to the attainment of his present honourable position.

At the grand wedding-breakfast of the Duc de Varre, he who was there by accident, who was not in bridal-array, the son of that peasant Duverne, who still lived in his humble cottage far away in pleasant Normandy—he was the observed of all observers, the 'lucky stranger' whose acquaintance all were proud to make—who was greeted with epithets of eulogy and congratulation—who sat at the right hand of the venerable Marquis d'Hautecœur, at whose left, all radiant and angelic, was the bright spirit of many a grand dream, of many an artist's rhapsody—the Lady Verienne.

"The good duc is worthy to be mated with a daughter of the house of Hautecœur," thought Pierre. "One needs but to have done something well, to have exerted one's utmost powers, to secure the honour of his generous friendship. All who come within the pale of this morally august family, seem to be gifted with true nobility of soul!"

When Pierre discovered how, for some years, the marquis had been living in Paris upon limited means preserved from the wreck of his fortunes—a wreck brought about by a series of untoward occurrences, which had been out of his power to control, and for which he was by no means accountable—living, himself and his two daughters, in strict privacy and humble economy, and yet preserving throughout all the profoundest esteem and consideration of every grade of society, from the highest aristocracy in France to the humblest *boutiquier* who supplied their wants, Pierre's heart burned to see him restored to his old position of honour and competence. Thanks to the Duc de Varre, Pierre henceforth enjoyed the friendship, and shortly the intimacy of the marquis, whose family was now limited to himself and Verienne. Meanwhile, save to them he was but rarely seen abroad, for he was engaged upon a great work. This by and by was completed; and all the dilettanti of France, and many from abroad, crowded to his studio, to inspect the fruits of his industry. Four magnificent groups of statuary, of exquisitely beautiful conception and marvellous workmanship, were there—all the work of Pierre's soul and hand. These, valuable almost beyond price, Pierre presented to the Marquis d'Hautecœur.

"Duverne! Duverne!" exclaimed the marquis with tears in his eyes, "what can I do with these? I have no longer château or museum, and these priceless gifts so sharply chide my poor lot, it were a mockery to accept them. I cannot, must not!"

"They are works of some repute," said Pierre modestly; "the nation will be glad to possess them for some of the palaces of the Louvre. You must accept them for my sake, but if you cannot keep them, I shall be pleased to see them in some great collection."

A short time afterwards, a deputation of officers connected with the Louvre waited upon the marquis, and very cautiously asked some questions respecting the *Œufs-d'œuvres* of the sculptor Duverne. A negotiation of some delicacy followed, which ended in the purchase of the group for the Louvre at a sum of many thousand francs.

"Well done!" exclaimed the marquis. "Here, princely Duverne, are the proceeds of thy wondrous labours!"

"Monsieur," answered Duverne, stepping up to the marquis, and addressing him with impressive emphasis, "I offered the groups to you, and I understood you had done me the honour to accept them; but if I have misapprehended you, I will immediately recall them to my studio, and reduce them to fragments!"

"Recall them, and break them to pieces!" exclaimed the marquis apprehensively, and taken off his guard. "Thou canst not do that rash mischief, Duverne; they have passed out of thy hands. Having done thy best upon them, thou canst not do thy worst, for they are no longer thine."

"I am content!" exclaimed the happy Duverne; and he hurried from the house.

The merit of these groups procured Pierre a cross of the Legion of Honour. Having now attained a position which would save him from any imputation of presumption, he began earnestly to prosecute his suit with the Lady Verienne; and wooed her as successfully as he had wooed the goddess—Art. In the chapel of the Château Hautecœur, now repurchased by the aged marquis, and reappointed in something like the olden splendour, the famous artist Duverne espoused the Lady Verienne; and in that château he resided, happy and honoured, to the end of his days.

O that every young genius might catch some such master-thought as did Pierre Duverne! "Practical men" may pooh-pooh; but it is not "all nonsense." However the lights and sentiments may arise, by whatever singular and apparently far-fetched associations they may be prompted, it is a fine thing to find an æsthetic key-note toning the mind and heart to exalted

thoughts, fancies, ideas of life, and duty. The grandest attribute of manhood—under the power to entertain a conception of deity, and to worship—is the ability to set the mind upon some fine degree of perfection, upon some idea beyond one's self, and towards that to work truthfully and loyally throughout life.

SECRET SERVICE-MONEY.

By a recent publication of the Camden Society, many interesting particulars are added to our knowledge of certain royal and official proceedings that took place some two centuries ago. The volume, of which the title appears below,* is edited by Mr Akerman, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries. He tells us, that it 'contains an account of moneys received and expended for what are termed "the secret services" of King Charles II. and King James II., from the 30th March 1679 to the 25th December 1688.' It thus embraces a portion of three reigns, rendered famous by a variety of circumstances, and reveals a few secrets not without value to the present race of readers.

During the period in question—nine years and three-quarters—the keeper of the accounts received the sum of £565,573, 15s. 5½d., the whole of which was expended, except a balance of £341, 5s. 6½d., when he gave in his statement to the government of William III. The bulk of the expenditure was on behalf of the monarchs, and comprised 'payments and allowances to private persons, for services rendered to the crown.' There are not fewer than twenty-eight entries of payments to Titus Oates, who received £48 per month, 'for dyet,' besides larger and smaller sums occasionally 'as of free gift and royal bounty;' from all of which we may infer that his *plot* paid him pretty well. Indeed, the conspiracy and 'discoveries' and 'apprehensions' arising out of it, cost altogether a good round sum. One William Bedloe got £150 'for maintaining witnesses in town about the plot,' and Stephen Dugdale £200 for similar service; and connected with the same subject, the entries against the name of Millicent Hanson embody a significant *morceau* of history. First she gets £10 'for her relief, till her pretences be examined at Whitebread;' presently £10 more 'in full for services in discovering priests;' then £20 'in full, for taking of Jesuits;' and last, £15 'to Mary Collingham, for charges of keeping and burying Millicent Hanson, who was wounded by Papists.' After a time occurs the name of John Hanson, perhaps her brother; he was paid £20, and there the history ends. But it is not obscure individuals alone whose names appear in the list, there are many that have won either an honourable or dishonourable notoriety—Kirke, Dangerfield, Verrio, Lee, Rochester, Gwynn, Shaftesbury, Howard of Ealingham, Pepys, &c.

Some of the entries are curious: Mary Simp-on, keeper of Bridewell, received divers sums 'for keeping a Frenchman in her custody who will own no name,' besides an extra 'for phisick, nurses, and washing his cloaths for about 3 years.' Mary Heathley, 'whose husband blew up Whitley Fort at Tanger, and lost his life there,' had an indemnity of £60; and a similar sum was paid to the bishop of London 'for transportation of three chaplains to the Leward Islands.' The 'fees and carriage of four brace of bucks, presented to the city,' amounted to £6, 15s. 6½d.; and Thomas Cheek, Esq., received £18 'for the bargemen that carried the late Viscount Stafford seven times from the Tower to Westminster Hall;' and on April 30, 1681, an item appears: 'To John Dryden, poet-laureate, on his anniversary, due at Lady-day 1679—£50. Oates and

Chiffinch got their money more regularly than the poet did. The expedition to Tanger seems to have produced a host of claimants; and one entry reminds us of the stirring strife that went on from time to time with the Dutch: more than £1400 was paid to Francis Durrington for the 'shipp Leister, sunk for his said Majesty's service at Blackwall, on approach of the Dutch fleet in June 1667.' In another, we see the Speaker's pay: William Williams, Esq., got 'a free gift, in consideration of his dyett, at the rate of 5½ p. diem, as Speaker to the late House of Comons, for 8 dayes—£40;' in contrast with whom we may place Simon Lauresten, who, 'for bringing hawkes from the Duke of Curlande,' got £50; and the £100 to John Cottareau 'for roots and flowers for his said Majesty's use.'

Among what may be considered as unexceptionable items are, 'To William Morgan, cosmographer, bounty, for his encouragement in taking an actual survey of the cities of London and Westminster, and describing the same in a map—£200;' also the fee of £8 for copying and engraving the documents relative to the 'ground and houses bought by his said late Majesty to enlarge St James' Park;' and perhaps the £100 'toward ye paving of the town of Windsor.' There are four entries of clocks and clock-work—one for the Treasury Chambers, another for Whitehall Chapel, and a third, £215 'paid Saml Watson, for a clock he sold his late Ma'tie wch shewes the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and many other motions.' The enlargement, levelling, and laying out of St James' Park form the subject of numerous disbursements; as also 'the repaying the Pall Mall,' and for keeping up the 'duquoy' and 'volary' within the same park. There are also £200 paid 'to Mr Shish for a yatch,' Ellen Ogilthorpe, 'sempstress and laundress' to Charles II., it appears, had to wait for her money as well as Dryden, for in January 1683 she received £375, 10s., 'at the rate of 15 p. diem for 670 daies.' In the following year, £100 was given to the bishop of London, to be distributed among the poor of the metropolis, 'in respect of the extreme hard weather;' followed soon after by £200 more. Many entries occur of rewards paid for information concerning 'coyners and clippers,' who at that time appear to have been a numerous and daring class; and a certain John Edwards for giving 'evidence agst Thomas Row, of Dover, who with others had exported several packs of wool out of the kingdom,' was recompensed with £20; and for 'charge and service in prosecuting dissenters,' Benja Cranmer received a bounty of £100.

Wycherley, the poet and dramatist, figures in the list as the recipient of a bounty of £200, 'to enable him to pay his debts, to redeem him out of prison.' A few pages further, we find £34, 12s. down 'to Henry Furell, for so much money by him disbursed and craved for providing and setting up an organ in the abbey-church of Westminster for the solemnity of the coronation, and for the removing the same, and other services performed in his said Ma'tie's chapel.' Literature is mentioned more than once; £25 were paid to Claudius Burdon, 'which King Charles the Second intended to give him as an encouragement for compiling, engraving, and printing a book, entituled, the Treasury of Arithmetick;' and among other entries of similar character, £215 were paid to the king's stationer 'for Church Bibles, Common Prayer-books, and other books delivered to Sir Richd Dutton, Governor of Barbados, for the use of the island, and to others, governors of the forreigne plantations,' and £15 for the 'anthems, with symphonies, for King Charles the 2d's use in his chapel royal.' A few pages further, £130 are paid to the joiner and plumber 'for involving in lead the corps of King Charles the Second, and for making the inside and outside coffins, and providing the rich furniture for the same.' And then come the important entries: 'To Anthony Thorold and Samuel

* *Moneys Received and Paid for Secret Services of Charles II. and James II., from 30th March 1679 to 25th December 1688.* Edited from a Manuscript in the possession of William Selby Lowndes, Esq., by John Younge Akerman, Esq. Printed for the Camden Society. 1851.

Dassell, that came from Lyme, in Dorsetshire, to bring tidings that the Duke of Monmouth was there landed in hostile manner, each L.20 'free gift'; 'an express from the army' was rewarded with L.10, and L.100 each was paid to two other individuals 'for bringing an account that the late Duke of Monmouth was taken'; another, who brought 'the colours of the late duke,' got L.10. Several other sums are down on account of the rebellion, the greatest being L.5644 'to Richard Lord Lumley.'

The colonies in the West Indies and North America are frequently mentioned, the sums entered against them being for the 'transportation'—as the passage was then called—of chaplains or other officials to the new settlements. Some of the amounts, however, appear to have been paid to needy or importunate individuals to enable them to pass over sea, as perhaps the most effectual way of shaking them off. In the then recent domestic convulsions, many persons, doubtless, found an excuse for pressing a claim. The sums paid to the Duchess of Portsmouth were enormous; in the year 1681 alone, they amounted to L.136,668, 10s.; Mistress Ellinor Gwynn, however, appears in the list but four times—the last entry being L.375 for her funeral.

Several of the items show that the events of the civil war had not been forgotten. A bounty of L.10 was paid yearly to Richard Yates, whose father 'conducted his said late Majesty from Worcester to White Ladies after the battle there, and suffered death under the usurper Cromwell.' The Pendrells, too, had no reason to repent of the part they took in promoting the monarch's escape, as L.1428, 6s. 8d. was paid on different occasions to several members and connections of the family, besides annuities of L.100 to the principal actors in the adventure. So far as can be judged, the Pendrells were plain, practical people, who employed usefully the sums granted to them. Thus, Jane, the widow of John, had L.60, 'to put forth apprentices her 4 children'; and a grandson L.20, 'to sett him up to his trade of a shoemaker'; and William Pendrell L.200, 'to enable him to set up his trade of a goldsmith.'

Apart from political considerations, it is pleasing to know that services rendered by the Worcestershire peasant at so critical a period of Charles's fortunes, were afterwards gratefully remembered and recompensed; the figures which record them stand out in agreeable relief among the sums lavished on less worthy objects. We close our brief notice of the Camden Society's interesting publication by remarking, that the political economist, the philosopher, and moralist, will each find in it valuable information and food for reflection.

GLASS-WALLS.

Of the many difficulties with which gardening has to contend in Britain, our ungenial climate offers the most formidable; indeed gardening in this country may be regarded as a perpetual war against climate. In an especial manner is this the case in the northern parts of our island, where cold and fog conspire to blast the opening buds of spring and the ripening fruits of autumn. This has the effect of whetting the wits of our gardeners; they seek by all the appliances of their art to make up for the badness of the climate; and when fortune leads them to a more genial atmosphere, they carry with them an amount of skill, as well as habits of persevering industry, which the inhabitant of the sunny south is never called upon to exercise on the teeming fields that require little care or culture: hence the success of our northern gardeners, whose professional excellence is proverbial throughout the world.

While many excellent fruits are freely cultivated in the open air, there are many more which require the protection of the hothouse to be grown to perfection—such are pine-apples, grapes, peaches, figs, &c. Even

the French pear, and other fine varieties of fruit-trees usually deemed hardy, require to be trained under the protection of a wall, in order to ripen their fruit and fully develop their rich aroma. The protection afforded by a brick or stone wall, however, is not to be depended upon; after a warm dry day it gives out by radiation a sufficiency of heat to prevent the chill air of night from affecting the fruit; but when the blossom-buds are on the trees, if a sharp spring frost should follow, as it frequently does, a day of cold and wet, then the whole crop is destroyed. Even if this precarious stage should be got over safely, a moist, sunless autumn is apt to prevent the ripening of the fruit; added to which, the ravages of wasps and other insects, and the devastations of birds—not to speak of children and nursery-maids—all tend to lead the gardener's care and attention to a fruitless end. Various means have been devised to ward off such casualties. Nettings of various kinds have been tried, and in many cases with advantage, to protect the trees. Walls have been built of stone, of bricks, and of other materials; they have been placed at all inclinations at which brick and mortar will hold together, and have even been laid flat on their backs on banks facing the sun; they have been placed in various aspects—to catch the rising sun, to catch the noon-day sun, and to catch the setting sun; they have been painted of various colours, as well as made of various materials; even wood-walls have been tried—but all with trifling result; none have proved equal to the object aimed at. Walls, heated internally with fire-flues, were once the rage, and they may still be seen in many good old gardens; walls with overhanging copings, of varied breadth, in various positions, and at various inclinations, have all had their day, and are in their turn giving way to other improvements. No system of horticultural protection, save that of complete hothouses, has been found sufficient to provide security to the gardener against the influences of our ever-varying climate.

The attention of horticulturists, however, has recently been called to a modification of the hothouse as applicable to outdoor gardening, or rather to the successful and sure culture of the less hardy fruits which do not require fire-heat. Ewing's patent glass-walls are henceforth to secure the cultivator against untidly frosts, and to facilitate the ripening of his tender fruits. These walls are constructed of a double framework, glazed, and of an ornamental character. The fruit-trees are trained inside of the hollow wall; and the sashes are made to open like sliding-doors, in order that access may be readily had to the trees. The whole is very portable, and may be put up and taken down as required; and therefore the invention seems to be well fitted for those who are not proprietors of the gardens they cultivate. Now that glass is cheap, we may almost hope that such a contrivance as this will enable the workman to indulge in the luxury of cultivating for his family a little vineyard or peach-house in his humble cottage-garden. In its present form, however, the glass-wall is intended for gardens of a different class. It will serve to displace those ugly brick-walls which intersect many of our best gardens, at once marring their beauty, and rendering much of the soil unproductive; and more than this, it will enable the gardener to produce crops of fruit superior to any that could be ripened on the common wall. The efficiency of glass-walls is thus spoken of by a practical man, in the *Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette*:—'Having heard many remarks passed upon glass walls, I determined to see and judge for myself. Being informed that there was one erected, and in full operation, at Bodorgan Hall, Anglesea, I paid three visits to those celebrated gardens. The first was in April last; but the trees had been so recently planted, and some of them very large ones, I could not form any idea of their utility, but the appearance was truly magnificent. I accordingly

visited them again in July, when I was astonished at the progress the trees had made: they consisted of peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, &c. I measured some of the leaves of the peach-trees, and found them to be a foot in length, and in a very healthy state: but then I had some misgivings whether the wood would get sufficiently ripened—perhaps mere preconceived notions, for the trees presented indications of such results. Be that as it may, however, this induced a third visit a few weeks ago, when I found the trees quite bare of foliage, the wood was solid and well ripened to the extremity of the shoot, and not a gross or unfruitful branch to be perceived. I may add another advantage connected with holly glass-walls—namely, that the border on the north side of such walls, whose aspect is north and south, is equally productive with any other part of the garden. This is a considerable item where a great extent of wall is erected.

Glass-walls are manifestly unsuitable as boundaries to gardens; and that they should ever have been suggested for this purpose, can be accounted for only by the scarcity of building materials in many parts of England. Hollow glass-walls—as now understood—can never make a good fence: and the sooner the idea is abandoned by our horticultural theorists, the better. It has been shown, however, how boundary-walls of stone or brick may have a glass covering, so as to adapt them for the culture of tender fruit-trees equally well with glass-walls; and as existing brick-walls may be covered with glass at a much less expense than the erection of independent glass-walls would cost, it may be the prudent way in most gardens to adopt this plan.

The Crystal Palace has had a wonderful effect of extending the use of glass in connection with horticulture, and glass-walls are no doubt to be regarded as one of the many improvements which it suggested.

GOOD ADVICE.

A jeweller, writing to the *Times*, suggests that to prevent the fraudulent sale of 'gold' chains and jewels whenever a purchase is made, of any article of jewellery purporting to be gold, the purchaser should request a bill to be made out, and see that it is properly described as solid gold, or solid standard gold, &c. &c. The shopkeeper hesitates and talks instead of giving a bill, they may be sure that fraud is intended. In the purchase of watches with gold dials, the purchaser should insist on that being specified in the bill. If the shopkeeper demurs, or acknowledges that it is only a gilt or silver-gilt dial, the public may rest assured that the watch altogether is of a very inferior quality, more particularly if the inner bottom, where you wind the watch up, is also of polished metal to resemble gold.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea—about twice the height of St Paul's in London, or the height of Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh—and these 800 feet in its long course, the water requires less than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; the commencement of the 1000 miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The great Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been greatly lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.—*Arnott's Physics.*

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

BENEATH the budding lilacs

A little maiden sighed—
The first flower in her garden
That very morn had died.

A primrose tuft, transplanted,
And watered every day,
One yellow bud had opened,
And then it pined away.

I thought, as that child's sorrow
Rose walling on the air,
My heart gave forth an echo,
Long bound in silence there.

For though time brings us roses,
And golden fruits beside,
We've all some desert garden
Where Life's first primrose died!

ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

ICEBERGS.

As many icebergs were seen, as the ships lay motionless in the water: and as they appeared to run together on a distant horizon, an idea arose that they were so close, that no ships could pass between them. Some of them were in the form of large square cubes, with flat and horizontal tops: others, again, presented every variety of form—now resembling cities and villages, now ruins; and again, you might imagine one to be a solitary country church, in the modest Gothic style, rising beautifully above the level plain, on the distant horizon, and adding a sacred charm to everything around it: some appeared to be encased with huge boulders and mud, shortly to be precipitated into the sea which bore them along; while others were yielding themselves submissively to the wasting influence of the sea, and the powerful rays of the sun. There was one iceberg which was particularly noticed, because it never shifted its position, when others, of rather larger size, were drifting to and fro with the tides. It was about 200 feet in height above the surface of the sea, and its perpendicular sides, which were nearly equal, were not less than two miles in length. The upper surface was horizontal, but very irregular, appearing as if it had been planted over with rough and irregularly conical eminences, packed closely together, and varying in height from twelve to twenty or thirty feet. The water-level at the level of the ice around it were also horizontal. There seemed to be no reason for any other opinion than this, that it had never changed its centre of gravity since it descended into the sea, and had become detached from the glacier which gave it birth. The cubic contents and weight of such a floating world are truly astonishing. This berg displaced upwards of eighteen thousand millions of cubic feet of water, while its contents must have been nearly twenty-three thousand millions of cubic feet, and its weight nearly five hundred and forty millions of tons!—*Dr Sutherland's Journal.*

HUMAN BODIES FOUND IN GUANO.

From the ship *Brandiscompt*, unloading Peruvian guano at Leith, there were exhumed the remains of three persons, evidently Peruvians, buried in the guano, and which had apparently not been disturbed in the process of loading the ship. The remains illustrate a curious property in the guano in preserving bones, hair, and clothes, while completely decomposing flesh. It is not known when the bodies were originally interred, but the bones were all found as entire as if they had been preserved in a museum, the hair remained upon the skull, and the clothes were very little decayed.—*North British Mail.*

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THE AMERICAN ROLAND FOR THE BRITISH OLIVER.

A PARTY of English ladies, as is well known, having sent a remonstrance to the ladies of America on the condition of the slaves of that country, and particularly with regard to the denial of education and the occasional severance of the holiest ties of relationship, a party of American ladies, or at least speaking for them, has sent in return, but without expressed reference to the above document, a similar remonstrance on the abject and benighted state of large portions of the working-classes of England. It is as foolish as to say, 'You are as bad yourselves,' which every one admits to be a bad style of defence; but, what is worse than this, it is not an effective attack on the social evils of England. The writer has not understood them. England, with its usual heroic candour, could make a far better attack on itself.

The vulnerable point for the Americans to have assailed, is the *quasi* slavery of large portions of our populace. It might have been pointed out that, while every one is master of his own actions here, and no class is inferior to another in the eye of the law, many, from one cause and another, are virtually slaves or worse. It might have been shewn that to many it would be a positive promotion, in comfort and morality, to be taken into the care and under the rule of a man to having the obligations of a slave-owner towards them. After all this was done, however, a reply would have been ready--that the evils in question are all of them casual and remediable, the effect of transient conditions of society, or of ignorant legislation, and that the people are at this time in the way of advancing out of them, and must in good time throw them wholly into the rear.

When we speak of slavery, or *quasi* slavery in England, we allude to the stipendiary condition in which about one-tenth of the people used contentedly to live, giving up their household rights and independent course of action, in order to be supported in idleness by rates contributed by the remainder of the community. It was believed that so many helpless people there must always be, and it was felt that they must be supported. And such was the condition of the industrious classes generally, that the tone of literature, of society, and of legislation, has for years been a kind of harping upon one string--the duty of the rich towards the poor, the thousands of things to be done for them, the care to be taken of them in all imaginable ways. It seemed as if the upper and middle classes felt themselves under a sacred obligation to relieve their humbler neighbours of almost every duty they owed towards themselves. We see the feeling taking outward expression, not merely

in such big facts as the raising of six millions per annum of poor-rates, and the existence of 191 charitable institutions in London, spending each year £1,765,000, but in the numberless efforts by association to provide for the working-classes dwellings, washing-houses, baths, reading-rooms, lectures, and schools. Not a country family but has one or two ladies keeping schools, or distributing tracts and pamphlets, getting up coal-societies, and manifesting interest in a thousand ways for poor neighbours, who seem remarkably indifferent all the time to the evils of their own state. We have even seen in Edinburgh, rival establishments offering shelter to the houseless, and at this time sectarian differences cause a similar competition between two classes of Ragged Schools. One could almost suppose, that the comfortable had discovered it as a new source of amusement for their leisure hours, and the occupation of the idle members of their families, to get hold of a lot of poor people and pet them. It was done, however, under a motive which, on the whole, was honourable to the upper and middle classes--namely, a desire to raise their less fortunate brethren out of the abject state in which they lived. They felt it was impossible for them to enjoy their own blessings in any peace, while intemperance, raved and misery proaned beside their very gates. One can imagine, on the other hand, how some of the more acute among the humbler classes would have their own sly reflections about all this officious charity. How some of a political turn would be saying, 'Yes, anything but a vote,' while others might think, 'All this is but the unavoidable compensation you must give us for enhancing the price of our bread;' others, again, muttering that, with absolute freedom to their industry, they would need nothing from any man but his good-will. Certainly, the symptoms of gratitude from the neglected classes have not been violent; and all who have had anything to do with the associations for enlightening the minds and improving the habits of the operatives, must have felt what an unwilling soil they were working upon.

The mischief was traceable to a variety of immediate causes, all of which could easily be resolved into the defective intelligence and morality of the great bulk of the people. There is a condition of society, primitive and simple, such as existed among the natives of Scotland eighty years ago, which a rigid morality has little to complain of. The people are few, and much under each other's observation; masters, little raised above their servants, exercise a wholesome influence over them; additions all which, temptations are not many. A formal or dogmatic religion pervades a society like this; and if it does not do much to elevate or warm, it exercises a certain degree of control. But when

manufactures bring great clusters of working-people together, and wealth raises masters above their workers, these old institutions, domestic and public, lose their hold and their power; and no adequate substitute being provided, the masses are left to temptations which they cannot resist. Thus it happens that, while a country may be, on the whole, advancing in civilisation, as is the case of England, a considerable portion of the community may be found rather further back than the corresponding class three generations ago. They make more money, but they use it worse; and while a clergyman with eighty pounds a year lives in a tolerable house, and clothes his wife and children neatly—there are examples—the equal-stipended artisan will be found in a vile garret or cellar, with his family in rags. A fatal spell is on a vast proportion of the class, leading them to spend as they gain, and to spend on the most debasing indulgences, heedless of all that makes life beautiful and dignified—content with no resource for evil days but that public charity which reduces them practically to slavery. Now, the grand difference between the poor clergyman or small shopkeeper, who lives decently, and the workman of equal income, who lives in vileness and on the borders of misery, is just in their education. The one has been trained to a love of cleanly and elegant things, and the other not. The one has been taught to find his pleasures in innocent and improving things, the other in the opposite. In the one, self-respect has been cultivated; in the other, it has never been developed. It must, at the same time, be admitted, that the upper classes are in no small degree to blame for the results, for by their prejudices they have prevented an expanded education, suitable to the new circumstances, from being realised; their legislation, sometimes glaringly selfish, often ignorant, has not been favourable to the humbler classes; and it might even be said that, in their very benevolences, they have done not a little to foster in those classes the abject principles which give them the virtual position and the vices of slaves.

We make these confessions to our American brethren with very little regret; partly because they are true—and we hold it well that the truth should not be concealed—and partly because we have the consolation of thinking, that the *quasi* slavery of England is a doomed thing. The increase of the national intelligence on all points of social philosophy has been very marked during the last few years, and the right kind of public measures are now beginning to be adopted. It is already very manifest, that the doing of simple justice to the people in allowing them untaxed food, and taking away restrictions on their industry, is doing them much better for all parties, than to grind them down with one hand and uphold them with the other. Instruction by all difficulties, is spreading abroad amongst them. Temperance manifestly does not increase: there is great reason to believe that it declines. There are a few things which the industrious masses must soon thoroughly see and understand; after which, their rapid improvement is certain. One is, that money is always a form of power, and poverty a cause of subjection. Another is, that to become possessed of money is not beyond the scope of a working-man's fortune. They have hitherto been accustomed to think of money as an exclusive attribute of the other classes, and as a thing which they have nothing to do with. But they must in time discover their mistake. The great bulk of the money of the country comes, not to the masters, but the men; and for one hundred pounds which the middle classes could save, the working-classes could save a thousand, if they chose. Had they for forty years past hoarded in proportion to their masters, the wealth of England would have been by this time something stupendous. Mr Porter calculated the annual expenditure of the whole people, 'chiefly of the working-classes,' on vicious indulgences, at fifty-seven millions

annually. What a vast amount of power have they thus been recklessly dissipating! It may be asked, what could they have done with their saved money? The question is partly answered, and well answered, by what many who did save have done with the result. They have become masters and capitalists. If, as is expected, we shall soon have a limitation of responsibility in partnerships, there will be nothing to prevent workmen from investing savings in the factories where they work, and in mercantile concerns; they will rise in physical comfort, the honest pride of possession will be fostered in them, and they will be totally different beings from what they used to be. The great change to be expected, is to a system under which a spirit of independence will take possession of the industrious orders. They will despise that patronising language which is now so often employed towards them—not ill meant, perhaps, but undoubtedly disgusting. They will refuse to be held as in pupilage under any other class. They will not submit, as they do now, to have it assumed that they are liable to be coddled, cajoled, proselytised, and rebuked by every person who may choose, from whatever motive, to go amongst them. All this, we must see, is in accordance with the grand decree of Providence—that men must help themselves, and work out their own good. Until it is done, there can be no manner of doubt—and the Americans may make the most of the admission—that there is no small amount of slavery in England.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

NEVER had the ancient and quiet village of Westford been so flustered, mystified, and altogether put out within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—and folk, as the grave-stones testify, live to a great age there—as during the spring of last year. From time immemorial, everybody had known everybody in Westford—their pedigree, birth, parentage, education, past, present, and probable fortunes and condition; and now a family whom nobody knew, had ever heard of, or could obtain any information about, had settled down in the heart of the place, under venerable Dr Irwin's very nose, as it were, for Laurel Villa was but a stone's throw from the vicarage. The house had been taken by a London solicitor, well known to its proprietor, dear old Mr Digby, who had not very distinctly heard, or at all events, did not clearly recollect even the name of his new tenants—a widow lady and her daughter, it was supposed. His attention was no doubt engrossed at the moment by the six months' rent paid down in advance—for Laurel Villa had been empty for a long time. Digby, however, had a dim notion that the name had an outlandish sound with it; and this was more than likely, inasmuch as the two servants, a man and wife, were strange olive-coloured creatures, hardly capable of speaking a word of honest English. This circumstance it was, I believe, which caused one of ours—a serious young gentleman, melancholy, gentlemanlike, and pale as a turnip from overstudy of philosophy, it was said—Sawkins by name, and of perfect respectability—to hint in his dark, oracular way, that the strangers were possibly Jesuits in disguise—a suggestion which sent a thrill through Westford, that is, the spinster and wedded portion of it; for the bachelors of the place, among whom I still unhappily count myself, stoutly affirmed, after but one or two brief glimpses of the younger lady, that she was far more like an angel than one of the dreadful people alluded to by Sawkins. The discovery of how charming a youthful face and figure had dropped suddenly among us—out of the skies, as it were—added of course greatly to the excitement, and in the eyes of numerous dames and damsels, invested the event with a highly dangerous character, as affecting the peace of Westford. They foreboded rightly, as we shall presently see, through it

did not at first strike me that the lady's beauty was of that perfect and dazzling kind which such mischievous Helens are usually supposed to possess: certainly, as was soon too manifest, one of the most lovable faces ever seen, taken altogether. One might call it a sunny face, gaily lit up and tinted as it was by the dancing lights of the soft brown eyes; but I doubt whether the complexion, clear and exquisitely fair as it was, would be pronounced decidedly brilliant; or whether the nose—a rather small, but charming one, nevertheless, ever so slightly turned up, *retroussé*, as the French say—was of orthodox mould or symmetry. The mouth, to be sure, was unexceptionable, if a rosebud fresh with dew and fragrant with perfume be unexceptionable; and the hair, of the colour of the eyes, was glossy, soft, and entangling. Her figure— But I had better not proceed further: I will only say, that one of our damsels, who stands five feet ten inches in her satin slippers, pronounced her decidedly short; and another, whose favourite apophthegm is, that very precious things are wrapped in very small parcels, as confidently declared her to be far too tall.

This is the best sketch, poor and imperfect as it is, which I can give of the youthful, elegantly-attired, and graceful lady who, on the first Sunday morning after her arrival in Westford, walked up the aisle of the parish church just as the service was about to commence, and asked the gray-haired sexton to place her in a seat. He was about to do so, when the stranger said softly, and with some hesitation: 'Lady Greville and family are not, I believe, at home, and you will perhaps allow me to sit in their pew?'

Now, this was altogether an astounding proposition. The seat in question was emphatically the pew of the church—an enclosure sacred for centuries to the use of the great patrician family of the neighbourhood, the Grevilles, who were and are baronets, lords of the manor, and of thousands of fertile acres. Lady Greville, a very stately personage, and her two daughters, were indeed absent on the continent, and not expected to return for some weeks; and her son, Sir Henry Greville, when he attended church, always, in the absence of his own relatives, sat with the family of his intimate friend, Arthur Raymond, the only son of a retired merchant-prince, who, a few years before, had purchased a large estate in the neighbourhood, and was now second only to the Grevilles in local rank and importance. The pew was consequently unoccupied; but one of the aborigines of Westford would as soon have dreamed of mounting the pulpit, and asking permission to preach in the place of the Rev. Dr Irwin, as of entering it. The surprise of the sexton was, it may be supposed, extreme. He hesitated, and repeated what the stranger had said, as if in doubt that he could have heard aright. The request was again made, and with so charming, so graceful a tone and manner, that the ancient servitor, before he had time to comprehend perfectly what he was about, unlocked the seat-door, and, to the indescribable astonishment of the congregation, admitted the audacious intruder! This was not all—very far, indeed, from being all, as the Misses Dorothea and Jane Austin, who sat in an adjoining pew, and who had unquestionably the sharpest eyes and longest necks in Westford, saw the stranger, after hastily drawing a curtain, which, however, but partially concealed her from the two ladies I have named, stoop down towards a lidded oak receptacle containing the Greville books of devotion, as if she had been familiar with it all her life, seize upon an old family Bible, undo its silver clasps, turn at once to the fly-leaf, where, as it seemed, she hastily perused some lines in a female hand, whilst tears, unmistakable tears, filled her eyes! What on earth could be the meaning of it? asked all Westford, especially when, on coming out of church, they positively beheld the strange lady drive off to Laurel Villa in Sir Henry's carriage, placed at her service by that gentleman in consequence of a heavy

shower of rain which had suddenly come on, and from which the umbrella, brought by the olive-headed servant, would hardly have effectually shielded her. The perfect ease, too, with which the offer was accepted, and the gracious smile that she bestowed upon the handsome young baronet, who, with his friend, Arthur Haymond, remained behind in the damp church-porch till the carriage should return! 'Did you ever?' asked matrons and maidens of each other in blank wonderment; but nobody ever did, and that was all that could be said on the matter.

On the following evening, the Misses Austin, Miss Rawson—all three spinsters of an uncertain age—and Miss Mary Foster, a slim young lady in short curls and very low tucker, contracted, it was said, to Mr Richard Austin, the brother of the first-named ladies, were seated at tea—self-invited, by the way—with the vicar's lady. The truth was, it had become known that the Rev. Dr Irwin was paying a visit to Laurel Villa—a very lengthened one—and the company assembled were waiting with almost desperate impatience for his return.

'Quite a foreign name,' remarked Miss Rawson: 'Mal something; but I could not quite hear what the dark-looking servant said.'

'Mal!' said Miss Dorothea Austin—'Mal! that is French—one of the words of the motto on the Queen's — - h-e-e-m!' This pause of the fair Dorothea was occasioned by the sudden entrance of Mr Sawkins.

'The Queen's garter!' suggested the young lady in curls. The other ladies, with the exception of Mrs Irwin, seemed quite scared, and looked steadily out of the window at the vicar's carved yew-trees. 'Bold thing!' they appeared to be thinking; 'but then what can be expected after a year in a London boarding-school!'

'I think,' said Mr Sawkins, resuming the conversation which he had partially overheard—'I think the name of the strangers is Malleville: at least it is so given by the servants.'

'That is simply a mispronunciation of the English name of Melville. A Mrs Melville it is who has taken Laurel Villa,' observed the vicar's lady.

'Melville!'

'Yes. I was just thinking,' continued Mrs Irwin, as she poured out the tea, 'that this is not the first time a strange mystery, or interest rather, has attached to Laurel Villa. You, my dear Dorothea, no doubt remember that about five-and-twenty years ago—'

If Miss Dorothea's violent start at this shocking insinuation escaped Mrs Irwin's lips, had caused her to let fall the cup she held in her hand, instead of only spilling a portion of its contents on the carpet, the merry twinkle in the venerable lady's bright gray eyes would have been properly punished, for it belonged to her best Dresden set. The eloquent blood flamed in Dorothea's cheeks, and her voice quavered with indignation as she burst out with: 'I remember nothing about Laurel Villa, and desire to remember nothing about it or its inmates!'

'Well, well, don't be angry. I remember,' continued Mrs Irwin, with an accent of sadness—'I remember well Major Conway, who once dwelt there, and his marriage with Rosamond Tarleton, Lady Greville's sister.'

'They went abroad soon afterwards, did they not?' asked Miss Rawson.

'Yes. Lady Greville was bitterly opposed to the connection, and would never afterwards hold any communication with her sister, by letter or otherwise. Yet her death, about four years ago, greatly affected her; and she would give much, the vicar thinks, to recall the past.'

'Is Major Conway yet living?'

'I do not know. Nothing, I believe, has been heard of him at Greville House since his lady's death.'

The entrance of the vicar—a silver-haired, but still bluff, hearty gentleman—interrupted the conversation.

The expression of sober gladness, so to speak, which beamed in his eyes, caused Mrs Irwin to say quickly in an under-tone: 'It is as I supposed?'

'Yes, Mr Sawkins,' added the vicar, as he seated himself at the tea-table, 'can you tell me if the intention of Arthur Raymond and Sir Henry Greville still holds as to their continental trip?'

'Up till yesterday morning it certainly did; but I heard a hint dropped about an hour since, that the impatience of one if not of both the gentlemen to be gone has suddenly cooled.'

'Ah! I hoped so!' The reverend doctor looked pleased, and instantly and pertinaciously turned the conversation to other subjects. Vainly did his visitors strive to extract something relative to the tantalising mystery over the way: the vicar was inflexible; and they at length gave over the effort in despair, took grimly-ferocious leave, and departed homewards.

The information imparted by the reverend gentleman to Mrs Irwin, as soon as they were alone, was in substance as follows: The young lady, as they had surmised, was Gertrude Conway, the only surviving child of Major and Rosamond Conway. Mrs Melville was a widowed sister of the major, who had died about two years before in the south of France, where he had long resided. Mrs Melville's income—not a large one—would die with her; and as her health also was declining, she had determined upon making one more attempt at placing Gertrude under Lady Greville's protection. 'She had a fixed idea, that the only mode likely to effect this object was to introduce her suddenly, and without notice, into the presence of her stately aunt, when her great resemblance to her mother would, Mrs Melville trusted, soften the obdurate lady's heart in her favour. Mrs Melville also believed, that if warned of what was intended, Lady Greville would peremptorily refuse to see her; and moreover, could not be reasoned out of her belief, that Sir Henry Greville must have been prejudiced by his mother against the Conway family. Her plan then was—and the vicar, though somewhat contrary to his own judgment, for he hated plots and concealments, yielded his assent, and promised his assistance—that, during the five or six weeks still expected to elapse before Lady Greville's return, the cousins, Gertrude and Sir Henry, should be permitted, encouraged rather, in habits of friendly intimacy, by meeting occasionally at the vicarage, Mrs Melville shrewdly concluding that Gertrude's remarkable style of beauty, and the grace and elegance of her manners, would at least make such an impression upon her cousin as to insure her his powerful intercession when the decisive moment should arrive. In the meantime, she would be known as Gertrude Melville only. The vicar promised inviolable secrecy; and the very next evening contrived a meeting with the young people at his house. After this, there were few evenings that Sir Henry and his inseparable friend and companion, Arthur Raymond—whose family, by the way, were also absent from their seat near Westford—did not pass in the reverend doctor's drawing-room. It soon, consequently, became a settled conviction in every person's mind, that Dr and Mrs Irwin were bent on helping the young and obscure stranger to perhaps the best match, both as regarded wealth and birth, to be found in the county.

If this were so, the worthy gentleman must have been a good deal startled by a brief scene which occurred one evening a day or so only before Lady Greville was expected home. When the vicar entered the drawing-room, the young lady was seated at the pianoforte, trying over a number of songs, at the suggestion of Sir Henry, who turned the leaves assiduously. The aspect of the two—the admiration visible upon the gentleman's countenance, and the bright joyousness of the lady's features—was satisfactory enough, until a sound, faint as a sigh, sad as a groan, caught her ear

—her ear, not Sir Henry's—when the tone of the rich, silver voice faltered, and the time of the song was increased to a gallop. The baronet made no remark, but continued to turn the music-leaves as delightedly as before. The vicar had looked in the direction of the singer's momentary furtive glance, but would scarcely have recognised Arthur Raymond, in the obscure corner where he sat, but for his dark flashing eyes. Dr Irwin was about to speak, when Gertrude suddenly rose from the piano, complained of headache, and asked Mrs Irwin to accompany her over to Laurel Villa, and stay supper there. This request, at a sign from the vicar, was immediately complied with, and in a few moments they were gone.

Sir Henry continued to turn over the songs that had been sung, humming as he did so a few favourite bars now and then; and Arthur Raymond remained in the same motionless attitude, and with the same fierce expression flashing from his singularly expressive eyes. The worthy doctor was at a loss what to do or say. He felt a presentiment that something was wrong; that an unfortunate, perhaps perilous game of cross-purposes was in progress; and how had it happened, was his painful self-question, that this palpable danger had never before struck him? The two friends, though both of about the same age—in their twenty-sixth year—of similar tastes and pursuits in many respects, were the very opposites of each other in temperament and original cast of mind. Sir Henry, always perfectly master of himself, calm, reflective, unimpassioned, lively and gallant in female society, greatly resembled his lady-mother in decision and firmness of disposition. Arthur Raymond, on the contrary, was of an impulsive, enthusiastic temperament, and impressionable in a high degree.

'Come, Raymond,' said Sir Henry, suddenly breaking in upon the vicar's reverie, 'it is time we were off.' His friend rose, and after exchanging brief adieus with the agitated doctor, they left the house. The reverend gentleman, after a few minutes' cogitation, took up his hat with the intention of following them, though with scarcely any defined purpose in doing so; but by the time he reached the outer gate, they were already out of sight; and he, sadly perturbed and apprehensive, walked slowly over to Laurel Villa.

I do not remember if I have before remarked, that Westford is a beautifully situated village; but if not, in now stating that it lies contiguous to an abbey at present in ruins, but rich and flourishing in the olden time, the reader will at once understand that it was exquisitely so. The good monks were gifted with unerring instinct for searching out pleasant pastures by abounding rivers, and sunny-sheltered aspects. It was along such a river, winding in the moonlight like a silver ribbon through copse and meadow, that, after exchanging one or two sharp, stranger sentences, the young men strode quickly in the direction of the abbey ruins.

These sentences were overheard by Richard Austin, whose name has been mentioned before. He was a person of some property, the only encumbrance on which were his two sisters, who lived with him. Austin was a sort of country buck, one of the vainest coxcombs alive, and mischievous and spiteful as a monkey. People said he was contracted to Mary Foster; but if this were so, the charms of Gertrude Melville had rendered him, temporarily at least, unfaithful; and he had made shy, blundering, awkward advances towards that lady, so contemptuously repulsed as to excite in him the deadliest animosity and spite. The words he had overheard, and the excited demeanour of Arthur Raymond, determined him to follow and watch what might be the upshot.

He had walked about half a mile, when he observed them turn, and he presently perceived that they were walking arm-in-arm, and that it was probable, there-

fore, that the cause of disagreement had passed away. Austin, however, walked on, shielded from their observation by intervening copsewood. Just as he drew near, they stood still, as if about to separate, and Austin came stealthily within earshot.

Something was said by Sir Henry Greville about the beauty of the night, and then the full, manly, but now somewhat tremulous tones of Arthur Raymond, were heard.

'You have made me strangely happy, Greville; and yet may not you be deceived?'

'My life upon it, no! I am a keen student of the hidden meanings of women.'

'I was so differently impressed: and so wonderful too,' continued Raymond, in a half-abstracted manner, as if recalling some fresh, delightful dream, and uttering it aloud—'so wonderful that you should have been so often in Gertrude Melville's society, and felt towards her merely as a brother—as an affectionate relative.'

'Nothing more, I assure you; besides, from some half-words dropped by the good vicar's lady, I had early reason to believe that— But we will speak further on the matter hereafter. It is getting late; and it is quite possible Lady Greville and my sisters have arrived—if so, will you look in and dine with us to-morrow?'

'I hardly know how I can, for my father has brought down with him half a regiment of male friends. But shall we have a run with the hounds in the morning?'

'I cannot promise, as I have some business to arrange to-morrow; but I will send you an early note; and if not, I daresay I shall be able to spare time to come over and breakfast with you. If I do, I shall bring Collier with me; he will be glad to see your father.'

'Do. Good-by!' and the friends parted.

All this was poison to the skulking, envious man who overheard it. A cruel, dastardly thought shot through his mind and gleamed across his sallow face. 'I think I could,' he muttered, 'let down the strings that make this music, as the man says in the play. Sir Henry is, I am sure, mistaken in the lady's sentiments; but he, it is plain, would not marry her. Now, if she could be made to believe that the young baronet had sent a proposal for her hand, the secret of her preference would be betrayed, herself exposed to the bitterest mortification, and all chance of her entering the wealthy family of the Raymonds destroyed. By Jove! I see how it could be easily managed, for his writing I can imitate to a nicety.' Thus musing, the man went slowly wended his way homewards; and it was late that night before his self-imposed task was completed to his satisfaction—assisted, as it has always been said he was, by his sisters; but this, I hope, for the honour of womanhood, is an error, though in Westford a prevalent one.

The next morning, Richard Austin was early at Greville House. The porter who admitted him was desired to ask if Sir Henry hunted that day, and he left the hall for that purpose. The moment his back was turned, Austin placed a letter quickly in the wired box on the table, in which there were already several others. He had scarcely done so when the servant, whose duty it was to take the letters to their several addressees entered the hall, placed them in his leather-bag, and forthwith departed. Sir Henry's answer, that he did not hunt that day, quickly followed; and Austin, in high glee, rode off.

Arthur Raymond had been still earlier abroad; he had not, indeed, slept at all during the night. Not yet could he yield to sleep—oblivion—a moment of the new and rapturous life beating at his heart! But he could not remain in even bodily repose. In the abbey woods he could run, leap, shout—give physical play to the joyous tumult in his throbbing veins. And when had morn risen radiant and glorious as now, even upon Westford, so calmly, beautifully bright? When before had the air been so exhilarating, the flowers exhaled such perfume, the birds warbled such music? When had the

silver river so leaped and sparkled to meet the golden kisses of the sun? Never, in his remembrance—never! It was a changed world! Thus raved the fond madman, still, as he did so, drawing nearer and nearer to the magnet which compelled his steps. The inmates of Laurel Villa were, he well knew, early risers. He should perhaps obtain a glimpse of Gertrude in the front flower-garden, screened from the public path by flower-bushes and a light iron fence. He was right. Although it was scarcely eight o'clock, she was there watering some plants. The lady must have read aright the expression of his excited features, for her eyes fell timidly before his, and the fair cheek glowed with a deeper crimson than before, whilst the smile about the charming mouth, as she invited him to walk in, had, he thought, a character of archness about it never previously observed.

He would walk in; but the liveried letter-carrier from Greville House was coming towards them; he, Arthur Raymond, expected a note from Sir Henry, and the man had doubtless recognised him. The messenger quickly approached, drew up at the gate, placed in Arthur Raymond's hand two letters, and then rode over to the vicarage. Has a serpent stung Arthur Raymond, that he starts so wildly? 'For you—for you,' he gasped, 'and from Sir Henry Greville!'

The lady, divining with woman's quickness the cause of his agitation, said instantly: 'A letter for me, from your friend Sir Henry! Pray open it, then, and read me its purport; for my hands, you see, are full.' Arthur Raymond did not require to be twice told. He tore off the envelope, and, confusedly running over the contents, shrieked out the following fragments of sentences: 'Beloved Gertrude—the rapturous conviction that—that mutual sympathy—Raymond's scarcely concealed advances—compel me to hesitate no longer'—

'Ah God!'

The suddenness of the blow paralysed the unhappy young man, and he sank down as if smitten with sudden death. Terribly alarmed, the lady called loudly for assistance, which soon arrived in the shape of the two foreign servants. Leaving him to their care, she seized the astounding letter, and hastened to seek Mrs Melville; but before they could return to where Gertrude had left Arthur Raymond, he had not only been restored to consciousness, but had burst away with a wild passionate cry from his attendants, and at so fierce a speed that he was already out of sight.

Dr Irwin was immediately sent for; and on being shown the letter, he instantly pronounced it—from internal evidence of the style, matter, mode of expression, admirably as the handwriting had been imitated—to be a malicious forgery. The result of the conference was, that the reverend gentleman's four-wheeled chaise was got ready with all possible dispatch, and the two ladies with himself, set off at once for Greville House, where, as the vicar heard, Lady Greville and family had arrived late the previous evening. It was felt to be of the last importance to prevent a meeting of the young men whilst one of them laboured under so exasperating a delusion.

Whilst this was passing, Arthur Raymond was down upon his face in the dark wood. He had just strength to reach it, to feel that he was alone, concealed from all the world, and the next moment fell prone on the dank grass, totally insensible. How long he thus remained, he knew not. The cold dew helped at length to revive him; and as the agonising memory of what had occurred came darkly back, a fierce, unreasoning aspiration for immediate vengeance usurped and dominated every function of his mind. An unopened letter was by his side. It was torn open, and read eagerly: 'My mother and sisters arrived late last evening, and Collier and I intend taking an early gallop by Somerton, reaching Marston Hall, through the abbey wood, in time for breakfast.' One loud, vengeful shout burst

from the maniac, and he went off at headlong speed towards home.

He was not long in reaching Marston Hall, in hurriedly acquainting Lieutenant Barlow—a young dashing officer of dragoons, who had arrived the day before on a visit—with the deceit and insulting treachery of Sir Henry Greville; and then, provided with a case of duelling pistols, powder, ball, and so on, they both left the house, and hastened towards the abbey wood. Lieutenant Barlow, so incoherent and wild were Arthur Raymond's words, could only understand that his companion had been grossly and insultingly betrayed by the person they were going to meet; and he was beginning to think whether it might not be as well to have a clearer, more distinct idea of the cause of quarrel, before he irretrievably engaged himself in it, when Sir Henry Greville and Major Collier, an old Indian veteran, came in view, leisurely (entering along. A yell of passion burst from Arthur Raymond, and he was springing madly forward, but was forcibly restrained by Lieutenant Barlow. 'Stay here, my dear fellow; I must first speak to these gentlemen.'

The two horsemen reined quickly up as they came near enough to read the expression of the lieutenant's face. 'What is the matter?' asked Sir Henry.

'You had better dismount, sir. We must speak together: here, throw the bridle over this branch. Your services also, major, will, I fear, be required.'

'Arthur,' exclaimed Sir Henry quickly, as the infuriated young man, unable to restrain himself, came fiercely up—'what is the meaning of this?'

'Damnable, treacherous scoundrel!' broke in Raymond.

'Ha!'

'You had no thought, not you, of Gertrude Melville—villain! traitor!'

'I neither had nor have,' rejoined Sir Henry, who plainly perceived that some terrible misapprehension existed.

'Liar, too, as well as villain!' shouted Raymond, beside himself with rage. 'A coward too, perhaps. Well, then, take that!' and he struck the baronet a violent blow on the face.

Sir Henry appeared about to return it, when Major Collier arrested his arm: 'A blow, Sir Henry, cannot be avenged in that way. Barlow, since this must be, give me the pistols, and do you measure the distance—twelve steps, and place your man: we stand here.'

Little further was said: the pistols were loaded, the ground paced off, and the young men placed opposite each other.

'Hark!' said Lieutenant Barlow; 'there is a sound of carriage-wheels approaching.'

'No, no, no!' cried Raymond, with frantic vehemence, observing the seconds hesitate. 'One of you give the word as agreed; and quick.'

The sound had ceased. Either their ears had deceived them, or the grass deadened the noise of the wheels.

'I will give the word,' said the veteran. 'Greville,' he added, in a low tone to his friend, 'do not throw away a chance; your antagonist, I see, means mischief. Now then,' he continued, 'ready—present—fire!'

The reports of the pistols were simultaneous; and now, plainly enough mingling with the ringing echo of the explosion, was heard the gallop of horses, and the sound of wheels, intermingled with the screams of women. In another moment, Lady Greville's carriage, in which were her ladyship, Mrs Melville, Gertrude Conway, and the reverend vicar, came in sight. The smoke had whirled off, and both the combatants were standing. Arthur Raymond had dropped his pistol on the ground, once convulsively tossed his arms in the air, and was now gazing, as if fascinated, in the direction of the open carriage, which rapidly approached. For a few moments only did he so gaze; the, for a time,

will-constrained muscles, suddenly relaxed, and he fell to the ground, to all appearance wounded to death.

It did not, happily, prove so; though the passage of the rash young man through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, was long and painful. The bullet, which had lodged in the right side, was extracted without difficulty; but brain fever subsequently came on, and nothing, it was all along plain, but a remarkably vigorous constitution, could have brought him through.

There are a few brief points to notice, and one act of scanty justice to record, and I have done. Lady Greville had received her niece with the greatest cordiality; and Mrs Melville was fain to admit, that her cautious plotting and contriving had been productive only of confusion, sorrow, and danger. Just as frankly and heartily did Arthur Raymond confess the rash violence of which he had been guilty towards his old friend and companion; the injustice of his doubts of Gertrude's preference, which the cooler and more clear-headed Sir Henry had assured him of—a preference confirmed and sealed beyond question on New-Year's Day last past, at one of the most magnificent weddings our county has ever witnessed; the lady being given away by the baronet, and her cousins, the Misses Greville, assisting as bridesmaids. It really seemed that his long illness must have improved the bridegroom's health, for assuredly Arthur Raymond never, everybody said, looked half so handsome and happy before. As to the bride's appearance— But there—it's of no use trying.

Richard Austin's authorship of the forged letter was fully established, partly in consequence of flurried words that had fallen from Miss Dorothea at the time of the supposed fatal termination of the duel. No legal punishment could, however, be inflicted; and except one of the soundest horse-whippings administered by Sir Henry which ever man had, and a capital ducking in the horse-pond by one of the most unumous of small mobs I have ever seen, the fellow skulked out of Wexford scot-free, and was soon afterwards followed by his sisters. The young lady with the brief curls did not share his fortunes. She remains with us; and it is but common justice to say, is greatly improved in all respects—partly owing to the quiet steady examples by which, since her return from London, she has been surrounded, and partly, no doubt, to a thumping legacy devised to her some seven or eight months ago by an octogenarian aunt. So entirely am I, for one, convinced of this, that—that— But no; I merely took up my pen to relate what I knew concerning 'An Offer of Marriage'; and that which Mary Foster must have received full a quarter of an hour ago, is undoubtedly a genuine one.

THE QUEEN'S MONEY-MAKERS.

FAMILIAR as we all are, or wish to be, with money, it is noteworthy how little is generally known concerning the manufacture of it—the actual processes whereby a nugget, or an ingot, or a bar, is converted into coin; and very little more is known concerning the persons by whom the manufacture is carried on. Who makes the money? Is it the Sovereign, or the House of Commons, or the Bank of England, or the Mint? If the latter, what relation is borne between it and the other three powers? As certain important organic changes have lately been made at the Mint, this will be a convenient time for giving a general sketch of Mint operations, and their relation to the crown on the one hand, and the public on the other.

In the early Saxon and Norman times, there were several mints in various parts of the country; each king, prelate, or noble stamping his name on the coins minted by him, in token of his individual responsibility for its genuineness. At the close of the twelfth century, many of these royal mints were consolidated, and a warden of the mints appointed; further consolidations

afterwards took place; and at length, in 1879, there was permitted one Royal Mint only, of which the warden was individually responsible to the sovereign for all the coin made. The bullion-dealer who sent gold or silver to be coined, was to pay the warden a fee for mintage expenses, and a seignorage or royalty to the sovereign. After this, the officers of the Mint became a corporation, with very extensive powers. About the time of Elizabeth, in the attempt to retrieve the extreme debasement of the coinage by Henry VIII., the crown resumed into its own hands the mint contract, and farmed its own mint; but it soon reverted to the old system.

As to the coins issued, Henry VII. was the king who originated our present coinage or currency, having in 1489 first ordered the striking of a new piece, double the value of a ryal or ryal-noble, and to be called a *sovereign*, current for twenty shillings; in 1504, followed the striking of shillings and half-shillings, in addition to the previously-current groats and half-groats. He was the first, also, to cause an inscription to be made round the circumference of the coin, to lessen the nefarious practice of clipping. The coin, when made, was always put into a strong box, *pyx* or *piu*, before being delivered, or at least that portion of it which was destined to undergo the scrutiny called the 'trial of the pix.' In early times, the pix had two keys; but a third was afterwards added, that there might be as complete a check as possible on the officers concerned. The debasement of coin mentioned in the last paragraph was one among many immoral acts which stain the name of Henry VIII. He cheated his subjects by making bad coin, and compelling them to take it as if it were good. This went on by degrees, until at length the silver coin contained only one-fourth pure silver to three-fourths copper. Mary partly restored the former honesty of the coinage, and Elizabeth completed it. Mary made standard silver and gold similar in this respect, that each consisted of eleven parts pure metal to one of alloy—an arrangement attended by two advantages: one was, that the poundweight of standard silver was divided into sixty shillings, so that every crown-piece was exactly an ounce in weight, and every coin an aliquot part of an ounce or lb.; the other was, that the poundweight of gold was coined into 86 sovereigns, so that three sovereigns weighed exactly an ounce. There has never, since Mary's reign, been so convenient a ratio between coins and weights; the whole of our present coins bear very clumsy numerical relations to our weights, whether troy or avoirdupois, as the following will sufficiently illustrate:—Sovereign, 5 dwt. 3½ gr.; crown, 15 dwt. 4½ gr.; shilling, 3 dwt. 15½ gr.; sixpence, 1 dwt. 19½ gr. Even this is only an approximation: the exact weights would give still more minute fractions.

Down to the time of Charles II., a piece of coin was always worth more *as coin*, than if melted down as bullion. This was done, not necessarily from a dishonest motive, but to remove all pecuniary ground for melting down the coinage; a man would not melt down his crown-piece, because the resulting silver would not then be worth quite five shillings. Charles II., however, in order to bring into his own exchequer a larger coinage-duty, made the value of coin equal to that of bullion; the consequence was, that money-jobbers, on every rise in the market-price of the precious metals, melted down the coin into bullion, which was, under those circumstances, of more value. There were thus constant meltings and recoinings, attended with loss in many ways to the general community. At the present time, gold coins, weight for weight, are worth as much as bullion; but silver coins are worth a little less than standard silver in bars or ingots: thus the shilling is intrinsically worth only about 11½d.

By degrees, the Mint became established as an office of the crown, in order that no coin should be issued

without government sanction. For a long period, down to the present century, the coining was conducted in the Tower; but the present Mint was finished in 1811, at an expense of a quarter of a million sterling; and here the coining has been since conducted.

The ground-plan of the Mint shews, more clearly than a brief glance at the building itself, how extensive were the arrangements involved. The ground-floor contained residences for the following officials:—clerk of the irons, master's first-clerk, melter, and refiner, deputy-comptroller and Queen's clerk of copper coinage, chief-medalist, chief-engraver, Queen's assay-master, deputy-master, Queen's clerk and clerk of the papers, assistant-clerk, moneyers, provost of the moneyers, master's assay-master, bullion-porter, surveyor of the money-presses, office-keeper, surveyor of the melting, resident carpenter, foreman of the gas-works, engineer, mechanic, millwright, foreman of the sinking shop, head-foreman of Queen's assay. Then the working-rooms, as we may term them, comprised engine-houses and boiler-houses, several strongholds, cutting-out room, milling-room, annealing-room, grinding-room, gold-melting house, silver-melting house, refiners-room, die-forging, refinery, melting furnaces, copper foundry, adjusting-roller room, lathe-room, copper store-room, shaking-room, picking and blanching room, coining-press room, moneyers-hall, laboratory, assay-offices, pix-office, copper refinery, copper-melting furnaces, &c. Several of these rooms were of considerable size—thus, the silver-melting house is 50 feet by 34, the coining-press room is 72 feet by 26, the annealing-room is 48 feet by 34, the copper refinery is 50 feet by 26; and the copper foundry 50 feet by 40.

The above-named officers and rooms apply to the Mint in the state in which its operations were carried on until very recently; but changes have occurred, and are occurring. In 1848, the government appointed a commission to inquire into the whole conduct and arrangements of the Mint. Before noticing the reforms suggested, it may be well to describe the organisation of the establishment.

The Mint may be considered in its three departments—the governmental, the operative, and the check.

The governmental department comprised the master, the deputy-master, and a Board, consisting of some of the other officers. The master, until the recent appointment of Sir John Herschel, was usually a politician put in by a friendly government; he drew the salary, but did very little work for it. The deputy-master was the effective head of the establishment. The Board was a kind of bench of magistrates, controlling minor matters within the sphere of the little republic at the Mint.

The operative department comprised all the officers engaged in superintending or executing the actual coining processes. Among them were the master's assayer, the melter and refiner, the company of moneyers, the chief-engraver, the superintendent of machinery. Formerly, the master, who was also called *worker* of the Mint, had been partly paid by a percentage on the bullion coined; but this was commuted for a fixed salary. The master's assayer determined the fineness and value of the bullion brought to the Mint, and directed the proper mixture or alloy to form the standard gold and silver. The melter and refiner brought this standard metal into the proper form of bars for the coiners. The moneyers executed all the work of converting the bullion into coin. The chief-engraver designed and executed the dies requisite for the impression of the various coins. The superintendent of machinery had the general charge of the machines, dies, and other apparatus.

The check department comprised a few officers, whose duties were to check the operations of the others. They consisted of the comptroller, the Queen's assay-master, the Queen's clerk, the surveyor of the meltings, the surveyor of the money-presses, and the clerk of the irons. The comptroller had a general power of supervision, but

with very little power of enforcing any protest which he might make. The Queen's assay-master had chemically to examine the metal, both during and after the coining processes; and he possessed full power to order the remelting of any which might not be of the right standard. The Queen's clerk was a sort of sub-controller. The surveyor of the meltings attended the operations of the melter, and exercised some kind of control over his proceedings. The surveyor of the money-presses filled an analogous office in relation to the moneyers. The clerk of the irons had the especial care of the dies, and checked any surreptitious or irregular use of them.

There is here, certainly, a formidable array of officials; enough, one would think, to do the work well, and to check each other's proceedings—unless, indeed, Tom should have been doing nothing, and Jack helping Tom. The extreme importance of keeping the coinage correct and honest seems to have led to the retention of many old usages, for fear of change or its possible consequences.

Nothing can be more anomalous than the mode, or rather modes, in which the Mint officers were paid for their services. The master was paid a salary, instead of receiving part salary and part percentage, as in former times. The master's assayer was paid partly by salary and partly by fees. The melter and refiner made a written agreement with the master, defining the rate at which he should do his work; retaining the privilege, at the same time, of refining and melting on his own personal account, with the Mint machinery and the Mint workmen; and so snug an office had this become, that the melter and refiner has the same terms now (or had in 1851) as he had in 1815, although the cost of the processes has diminished 30 per cent. out of doors.

But it is in respect to the company of moneyers that the arrangements are the most absurd and provoking—absurd in themselves, and provoking in the extent to which the public were made to overpay for services rendered. The moneyers comprised a provost, four members, and two apprentices or probationers. Their office was an exceedingly remarkable one, differing in character from all others in the kingdom. It was not that of officers acting wholly in the interest of the crown, neither were they ordinary mercantile contractors; they held a kind of intermediate place, being officially intrusted with their operations, and commercially paid for executing them. The moneyers were not appointed by any public authority, but formed a body continued by self-election, assuming to possess legal corporate rights, and claiming the exclusive privilege of executing that part of the coinage-work belonging to them. These operations, they alleged, could not be transferred to other hands without a violation of their rights. Curiously enough, while they thus claimed the sole right of doing the work, they depended upon three months' agreement as to the rate or terms at which they would do it. But notwithstanding various mechanical and other improvements which facilitated their labours, they received nearly the same prices as they had done eighty years ago. There was also a Treasury order, more than a century old, which gave them an extra allowance of L.40 each in any year when the coin made might not have amounted to L.500,000, in order that 'they may not be too far exposed to temptation by their necessities.' Poor fellows! their necessities must have been wondrously great. The moneyers took apprentices for seven years, with a fee of L.1000 for each, and from these apprentices they elected new members into their body as the old ones died off. When the commissioners made their inquiry, they found the moneyers very tough antagonists. They (the moneyers) claimed privileged and exclusive rights, and they possessed both freehold and personal property as a corporation; yet the cash-book, which professed to contain an account of the receipts and disbursements of the company, they

would not and did not show. And when the commissioners asked each one individually, what was the amount of his official receipts from the Mint, the whole were suddenly struck with a most astonishing and unanimous loss of memory; no moneyer could tell how much he received, or how much any of the others received; no moneyer kept a private account. This phenomenon of official loss of memory, or loss of official memory, does occasionally present itself, as all newspaper readers are aware. It was by other evidence the commissioners found that the net profits of the refiner and melter, from 1837 to 1847, amounted to nearly L.40,000; and that the net profits of the moneyers, for the same years, amounted to L.127,000. In the six years, 1842-47, they actually received L.17,500 per annum, on an average, net. Three out of these poverty-stricken individuals have official-residences in the Mint.

Towards the close of 1850, the Treasury applied to the master of the Mint (the late Mr. Sheil), to obtain his opinion respecting the changes in the Mint proposed by the commissioners. He recommended that the moneyers' contract should wholly cease, and that the coining should be let to eminent firms by public tender; that the assayer, if a salaried officer, should not also assay on his own account; that the melter and refiner should, in like manner, be debarred from mixing up the two kinds of business in this singular manner; and that analogous changes should be made in the offices of the engraver and medalist; in short, that the Mint operations should be so conducted as to open the door for talent in other quarters. Within a few weeks afterwards, Mr. Sheil accepted another government appointment, and Sir J. E. W. Herschel became master of the Mint. The Treasury asked Sir John's opinion on the whole matter, and he recommended a gradual adoption of Mr. Sheil's suggestions. Early in 1851, the government assented to the changes; and nearly the whole of that year was taken up in negotiations with the assayers, moneyers, melters, refiners, engravers, and others, who did not forget to ask largely when compensation was talked about. Some of their demands were quite outrageous; and Sir John Herschel had no little difficulty in acting between them on the one hand, and the Treasury on the other; but all the obstacles were removed one by one, and the new order of things was entered upon. In the first instance, coiners will be employed by the master, until experience shall show how best to enter into contracts with eminent firms out of doors. Sir John began this system in August 1851; and by January 1852, he had coined eight million pieces, without the aid of the old moneyers' corporation.

One of the changes involved the abandonment of the refinery within the Mint; the refining being hereafter to be done by contract, out of the building. Sir Anthony Rothschild has leased the refinery for ten years, at a rent of L.500 per annum; the building is to be severed from the other Mint buildings, and the lessee is bound to refine gold and silver for the government at so much per pound; the government being at liberty to employ other refiners also, and the lessee to refine for other persons also, at pleasure.

All our above details, therefore, in respect to the Mint, its officers, and its operations, must be taken as applicable to a state of things which is now receiving much modification. Still, the building itself remains, and most of the coining processes will continue to be conducted within its walls, under the control of a master whose high scientific character seems eminently to fit him for such an office.

The actual relation existing between the Mint, the Bank of England, and the public, is somewhat as follows:—the Mint is bound to receive and convert into coin, at the public expense, all gold bullion, nearly of standard fineness, which may be brought to the building

for this purpose. Any one may thus bring bullion; but, practically, the Bank of England is nearly the only employer of the Mint for gold coinage—owing to the delay which takes place in the conversion into coin, and the regulations under which the Bank purchases gold bullion. In respect to silver, the case is different. The Mint officers purchase from time to time such quantities of silver bullion, and of worn silver coins, as may be necessary to maintain the silver currency of the country in a proper state. The same is the case in respect to copper. In this operation, the loss from the abrasion of the coins, and the cost of recoinage, are charged as part of the expenses of the Mint, which are provided for by an annual vote in the House of Commons. The gold coins are sent back to the Bank, in exchange for the gold bullion; but the silver and copper ones are issued to the public in exchange for gold or notes. For new gold-coins, therefore, we must go to the Bank; for new silver and copper coins, we may apply to the Mint. The Mint is also required, on demand from the Treasury, to supply such descriptions and quantities of coins as may be necessary for the service of the military-chests of the different colonies; the coins for the colonies being often very different from these for home use. The Mint is also to provide such honorary medals as the government may require.

This subject of the medals leads us to notice the delicate and important office of making the dies. The coin-dies and the medal-dies have been hitherto made by two parties; but on the death or retirement of Mr Pistrucci, the two offices will be consolidated.

The late Mr Wyon attained a high reputation as engraver to the Mint; but no skill can produce a good die, unless the steel be prepared with extraordinary care. The steel is well selected in the first place; it is forged roughly to the shape of the die; it is heated, and cooled again slowly, to soften it; it is turned, and shaped, and smoothed, to the exact size and shape required; it is engraved with the required device; it is heated, and cooled quickly, to harden it; it is further hardened, and strengthened by other processes; and it is finally cleaned and polished. But a yet more remarkable process is to follow. This die would stamp the coin well; but so great has been the expenditure of time and labour in producing it, that it becomes desirable to shield it from casualties. It is therefore employed as a *matrix*, instead of a *die*; that is, it is employed to produce other dies, instead of serving as a die itself—or rather, it produces a *punch*, which punch produces dies. A block of soft steel is very carefully prepared, and is pressed into or upon the matrix with immense force, being annealed and pressed, annealed and pressed, over and over again, until the soft steel has taken an exact, but of course reverse, impression of the hard steel. How watchful must be the care in this difficult and delicate process may be conceived. The punch thus made, when hardened, is used to procure any number of dies, by a similar pressure against softened pieces of steel.

The office of Mr Wyon, who died in October 1851, was to engrave the matrices for the coins; and he has been succeeded by his son. The engraving of the dies or matrices for medals is chiefly the work, as we have stated, of Mr Pistrucci, who is called the medalist to the Royal Mint. The engraving is wrought out by small hardened steel tools, and is an extremely slow and precarious process: one flaw, or one slight error, may destroy the product of long-continued labour. Under the ordinary circumstances of coining, a die gives away, or becomes deteriorated, after striking 80,000 or 40,000 coins; but as a hundred punches or more could be made from one matrix, and an equal number of dies from one punch, the engraving of one matrix would suffice for an immense amount of mintage. Every punch is, however, touched up by the engraver, to give it sharpness, so that the services of a Wyon or a

Pistrucci are in frequent requisition. The engraver of such dies is essentially an artist in the highest sense of the term; and commissioners wished to view the office in that light, in the various recommendations which are now being carried into practice.

Reverting to the Bank, we must observe that the Bank authorities frequently melt gold coin into bars. They make up the coin into parcels of £70,000 worth, and divide this into 100 bags. A clerk and a porter take them to a melter's in the city, and wait while the gold is melted, each bagful being formed into one bar. The melters charge 3*l.* per lb. for the melting. The bars are taken back to the Bank, and a small piece cut off each; this piece is sent to the Mint, to be assayed by the assay-master. The gold coins may have been from different countries, and of different standards, and it is necessary to have the metal assayed to determine its quality. It will then, in all probability, be sent to the Mint to be coined; but the Mint will not coin bullion which deviates much from the standard—the trouble to bring it to the standard being in such case too great.

It is satisfactory to find that great public advantage seems likely to result from the reform in the Mint. Sir John Herschel, in a report to the Treasury a few months ago, said: 'The working of the new establishment fully justifies the recommendations of the Mint Commissioners and Mr Sheil. Not only is the expense diminished by the extraordinary profits of the moneyers and melter, but the expense of the fixed establishment is also reduced, and the whole department simplified and brought under the direction of one executive head. The annual saving, with an average amount of coinage, calculated from previous years, may fairly be estimated at £11,000; subject for a time to the deduction of the compensation allowances payable to persons removed or injured by the changes.' If the influx of Californian and Australian gold should lead to more coinage, the saving is estimated at £3000 on every additional million.

These details concerning the general management and organization of the Mint, will prepare us to understand the actual operation of coining—one of the most curious of our metallic manufactures.

A LITERARY OFFENDER.

THE crusade of professional critics against a certain book, neither very important in itself, nor professing to be so, is a highly curious and suggestive circumstance. The book in question is not ignored with editorial contempt, or even classed humanely among the heap of insignificants. It is dragged forward among the more considerable works, and assailed with a violence that might be ascribed rather to personal than literary feeling; yet the book presents itself modestly, as merely a handful of adieu to a former work; and its author is not only a woman, but an earl's daughter to boot.

Why is this? It is by no means an important book, as we have said; but it exhibits good sense upon most common topics, and good feeling on all; it is distinguished by shrewd observation, some originality of thought, and a generous, womanly spirit. What can there be in its pages to rouse the indignation of the masculines? Thereby hangs a tale.

We live in fast days, when railways laugh at the old ten-mile-an-hour gallop, and when literature, in like manner, looks back with contempt upon such slow coaches in style as Addison and Goldsmith. Criticism itself is fast, and applauds the high-pressure speed of contemporary authors; but poor Lady Emmeline Wortley applauds more than all, and rushes, with the enthusiasm of her character, into so outrageous an imitation, as to

scandalise the whole fashionable press. Among the peculiarities of that style—which is of recent origin—is a strange fancy for treating all sorts of subjects in a jocular and in some degree unintelligible fashion—a proceeding, to say the least of it, beneath the dignity of literature, and anything but respectful to that not inconsiderable part of the world who desire at least common-sense for their money. Now, just at the moment when people are beginning to sicken of these interminable doses of misplaced fun, out comes our titled authoress with a whole bucketful of it—double distilled.* Her book, therefore, is, in many passages, a practical burlesque upon the faith of her censors; they are terrified at her profanity; they tremble for their own infallibility, and would 'beat the rogue for making them afraid.' If the reader will turn to our author's diatribe against wall-papers, he will see at once that she differs from the modern fast school only in outstripping it a little. Imagining that the reader goes to bed in a chamber so decorated, she proceeds: 'Before you actually dropped off to sleep, you were cherishing—unwittingly taking the hint of the stale; unprofitable, heterogeneous hieroglyphics on the walls—all sorts of zig-zagging hopes and Vandyked anticipations, and dwelling on a host of lozage-shaped memories; or perhaps those reminiscences might seem artfully cut into innumerable small octagon forms; and you were indulging in countless crinkum-crankum, cork-screwing, curled-up little fantasies, all fitting into one another, like the pieces of a child's map; and complacently pondering over divers scalloped and priggled, and skewered sentimentalities; and forming little running resolutions of the exact fiddle-faddling pattern before mentioned, frittering away into all kinds of odds and ends, and crochets and quavers; and entertaining sharp-elbowed, triangular ambitions, remarkably clear and well defined; and so, instead of fair visions of this beautiful world, hill and dale, or sea or forest, you are haunted in your first dozy, dreamy hours of sleep by the most unmeaning of sippets, and scallops, and swallow-tails, and sprigs, and sprays, and shoots, and specks, and stripes, and sprouts, and shreds, and snip-snaps, adorned with borders prim as those of an old maid's night-cap, and flourishes that look like pig-tails galvanised, and jags, and tags, and flum-flaums, and semiquavers standing on their heads, and bodkins on three legs, and demented-looking clothes-pegs, and broken-backed toothpicks, and nondescript of all shapes and no shapes. I have seen some of these precious imaginative papers, apparently producing a most abundant crop of cocked-hats and tweezers alternately—the cocked-hats somewhat collapsed—and agreeably diversified by something bearing a strong resemblance to a deformed tadpole on tiptoes. Of course, this improving and interesting design was repeated over and over again—myriads of collapsed cocked-hats alternated with countless hosts of uncompromising, rigid-looking tweezers, and innumerable armies of humpbacked tadpoles; in another room overwhelming multitudes of boot-jacks, literally placed on tenter-hooks, nevertheless seemed dodging round and round the room, thousands of families of unpleasant-looking pill-boxes—at least, such appearances they dimly bore; while, instinctively, my bothered brain laboured hard to attach

some purport to the bewildering, cabalistic signs of those most mystical of mystics—paper-stainers.'

Is not this deliciously overdone? Or take an Arab lady dancing:—'One woman, who was said to be a Bedouin Arab, and who was thickly tattooed, so that she was a mass of stars, figures, arrows, suns, moons, and all kinds of ingenious devices, danced most indefatigably; but such extraordinary dancing! Now she figured about clumsily like a peewit with the gout, now like a hippopotamus prancing on hot irons (she was remarkable for *embonpoint*), and now she looked like an elderly porpoise dancing on the tight-rope.' Another sketch of *embonpoint* is more refined in its absurdity, for we cannot say more subdued:—'I saw one enormously fat woman while at Tunis (not the one of many-chin notoriety); she was dressed of course in the Moorish fashion, her upper garments being loose and light, of a pale-pink colour. She seemed like a constellation of feather-beds, and gave one the idea of being lost in her own immensity; and when she spoke, her choked, suffocated voice seemed to come from the centre of the earth almost; her eyes appeared buried in vast protuberances of plumpness; and she must have had incessantly a fine prospect of gently-undulating hills of cheeks before her. Methought she could see a great deal of her vasty face without the help and instrumentality of any looking-glass—a pleasant privilege would this be to many, peradventure.'

In a description of the delights of travelling by a public vehicle, her ladyship gets again into her altitudes. 'You will undergo,' she says, 'almost as many transformations as the lover of a certain wicked enchantress in the *Arabian Nights*. Now you will appear changed into a remarkably flat flounder, now into a twisting oel, and now into a nondescript thing, with the head growing under the arm, and the limbs in general, nowhere in particular—a terrific bang and crash takes place; again another—a double-barrelled bang that, for your rumbling vehicle, on a rather abrupt descent, has shot in and out of two small neighbouring caves or pits (apparently on an impromptu mining expedition), performing a sort of diving on dry land, which is more wonderful than pleasing; and you felt as though you were shut up suddenly like a telescope, by a terrible rap on the head, proceeding from you know not what: but yet it may be anything, from the heels of one of the mules, whose traces may have given way, and itself, poor thing! sent plunging out of a hole half into the now dipping and now rising window; or it might be the off-wheel (doubly off, then), driven by dexterous chance right through the side of the coach; or the coach-box detached, and hurled through the roof; or a too close *tête-à-tête* with your opposite neighbour; a very detestable one—not the poor neighbour, who is as much to be pitied as you, but the *tête-à-tête*—if it was one. Your costume is transmogrified too. Look at that gentleman, whose waistcoat-pockets are turned into stocks, not for the neck, but the feet, which members of his companion are there fixed, to their joint discomfort. In the meantime, now acting the part of a balloon, and now of a diving-bell, the unfortunate big coach proceeds pleasantly, soaring, sinking, jolting, bolting, jarring, tumbling, thundering, staggering, wrestling, shooting, diving, dipping, plunging, bumping, thumping, quaking, quivering, struggling, straining, spinning, pitching, rolling, bounding, rooking, twirling, heaving, throbbing, swaying, creaking, groaning, leaping, flying, shivering, shuddering, splitting, crackling, hopping, jumping, starting, tottering, reeling, stumbling, tossing, jostling, scrambling, jerking, clattering, and rattling, sometimes separately, sometimes apparently all together, putting the "water" that "comes down" at Lahore to utter shame.'

Here, it will be seen, Lady Emmeline's imagination has once more run away with her; her vaulting ambition

* &c. By the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. London: Newnham. 1853.

has overstepped itself, and fallen on the other side; and her imitation of the new school almost deserves the name of originality. We must say, however, that we blame the mannerism in question only as a school—as something affecting, or designed to affect, the whole surface of literature, and in a certain degree influencing the turn of thought. We may be amused with the very extravagance of the style in its originators; for in them it comes naturally; they do not strive after it with the painful efforts obvious in the above passages—it runs away with them, and we look on at their gambols with a sympathising feeling. But the spread of this extravagance over a wide area of literature is somewhat portentous, and we therefore look upon the appearance of *gc.* at the crisis to which we have arrived, and the consequent alarm and indignation of the critics, as important facts. Indeed, we cannot conceal that we have now some hope of the whole affair blowing gradually over. A similar crisis occurred, our readers may remember, after the publication of the *Sentimental Journey*. Nothing was seen or heard of for a time but sentimental journeys, tales, essays, histories, sermons; till at length the public turned away from the dose with sickness and disgust; and when we look back at the period now not one of the imitations is visible—the *Sentimental Journey* itself standing proudly and alone, a landmark in the literature of the country.

The mischief that may accrue from this senseless spirit of imitation, is very visible in the volume before us; which shews distinctly, that if the author would only trust to her own genius, she is very capable of commanding attention and respect. For proof of this, we refer our readers to the book itself, which they will observe, even from the burlesque extracts we have given, is amusing. Let us just mention, however, that little anecdote of our author's visit to Tunis, when a resident English family were alarmed by the visit of a wild cat—a more terrifying apparition there than a hyena or even a lioness. When the uninvited guest was dislodged, a brave little boy, ashamed of the terror he had exhibited, thought it incumbent on him to enter into a slight explanation of his conduct and feelings. This very engaging little gentleman was about five years old, and as, besides his prettily imperfect pronunciation of his mother-tongue, he had the habit of constantly translating literally from the Arabic (in which he chattered away most fluently), his discourse was often exceedingly amusing and original; on this occasion, he began by suddenly exclaiming with considerable emphasis: "Me wish it had been lion; if it had been lion, me would have broken him. Me like lions, tigers, and big hyenas (with great dignity and earnestness). Tigers, lions, and hyenas very good, but—but—me afraid from saints and cats!"

The conjunction seemed a singular one rather, but the saints thus alluded to were the fascinating marabout before mentioned; and impressively he repeated, as the image of the yelling fury of the previous day rose to his fancy, accompanied by that night's terrible visitor: "Yea, me very afraid from saints and cats!"

It was pretty, by the way, to hear those charming children jabbering away the rich Arabic to one another, and to their old Jewish nurse, Marsala; and interesting to observe how they translated Arabic idioms and expressions into English. Their mother told me she heard one of the little ones contradicting the other one day with the most pompous and stately Arabic gravity and solemnity, thus: "By the beard of my father—no!" "In the name of the Prophet, why not?"

The connection established by Lady Emmeline between Ireland and Tunis is very curious. One afternoon, at Tunis, as we were walking in the warm sunshine before the house, I heard a woman, as I thought, in an unmistakable Irish accent, calling to her little boy: "Daly—Daly!" Hearing this, and on

looking at them, I remarked to my amiable hostess, that I could have easily taken this little Moor and his mother for two southern Hibernians had they been a little less dark. In reply, she assured me she had often been greatly struck herself with the resemblance of the names, the countenances, many of the habits and customs, and the manners of these people to those of the southern Irish. If the latter are descended, as some think, from the Phœnicians (and there was a colony of them at Tunis), the only extraordinary feature of this similarity is, the fact of its surviving through so many centuries, so many vicissitudes, such differences of climate, religion, government, and country. A very common name here, my friend informed me, is "Killaney," which has certainly a thoroughly Irish sound. She also told me, that very frequently the same extraordinary resemblance in their novels has attracted her observation in her visits to the poor in the vicinity. She declared that sometimes she could positively fancy herself in Green Erin; and she had been a good deal in Ireland, I believe, in her life.

We cannot refrain from a glimpse of American steam-life. 'All the largest class of steamers are capable of running twenty-two miles in the hour, and they average twenty miles with ease. You may thus, if you choose, be conveyed in a perfect palace of the waters, environed with all imaginable comforts, luxuries, and conveniences, on the bosom of the beautiful Hudson, with a succession of enchanting views to delight and interest, and without the slightest trouble on your part, at the average rate of twenty and twenty-two miles an hour, for actually a less sum than one-sixth of a penny per mile. Does not this seem a tolerably moderate charge? So sensible are the Americans of the advantages possessed by these superb steamers, that in the summer, frequently individuals establish themselves on board for a lengthened period, as they would do at hotels on *terra firma*, preferring those locomotive lodgings, with all the agreeable additional variety of view, generally equally pleasant society, and perpetual change of air, to the stationary places of temporary abode on the banks of the noble stream: so for awhile they become in a way "Ancient Mariners" of the Hudson, perpetually tracking and retracking its liquid thoroughfare. For board, lodging, very good attendance, and being transported about 150 miles, at upwards of twenty miles an hour, their total daily expense is 10s. 10d. The state-cabin in which they sleep is fitted up as beautifully as the most richly-furnished apartment in one of their own superb hotels, and is far superior to any room of the kind in the very largest class of packet-ships. . . . It is not at all uncommon for happy couples to spend the honeymoon on board these splendid boats; and there are in many of them most superb bridal apartments, decorated in the most lavish and costly style of *recherche* magnificence. There was on board the *Hastonia* a luxuriously-furnished apartment of this description. Those who saw it said it was a complete mass of elaborate gilding and painting, and of satin, velvet, ribbons, and lace in a thousand festoons and fringes, and loops and tassels. It seemed a perfect fairy bower of art: the force of upholstery and haberdashery could no further go. An amiable and recently-united couple came on board at one of the large towns, in all the gaiety of their bridal array, accompanied by a large train of friends and acquaintances, who, before taking leave of the "happy pair," went to inspect the fairy, palace-like suite of rooms that was destined for them. The newly-married couple honeymooned on to New Orleans; of course, except as far as regarded a few incursive persons, "the observed of all observers." This, however, seemed far from displeasing to the parties most implicated; so all on board the fair steamer alluded to, pretty literally "went merry as a marriage-bell."

The hotels are as wonderful as the steamers. . . . If

they go on spreading at the rate they have lately done, the traveller will find himself shewn into a complete covered New York, or an entire roofed-and-glazed Philadelphia, and will require a topographical map to direct his wandering footsteps. The following is the prospectus of a new hotel that is intended to be erected at a favourite watering-place: the Crystal Palace must keep a bright look-out, or it will be quite beaten. "This new hotel is to be of the most colossal dimensions" (in 1854, I make no doubt, it will appear a rather small country inn), "and will be the wonder and admiration of the age" (of the quarter of a year, read instead). "It is to be 500 feet on Circular Street, 2500 feet on Putnam Street, with a broad piazza 4000 feet long in the inside, extending the whole length of all the buildings. The front part of the hotel will be conducted in the ordinary mode, where the charges will range from two to five dollars per week. The north wing will be appropriated to those who wish to occupy rooms and board themselves; and the west wing will constitute a large and commodious 'water-cure' establishment. The whole establishment will accommodate about 2500 persons: it will be a hotel, in fact, for the million. The estimated cost of grounds and buildings is 530,000 dollars; cost of furniture, 220,000 dollars. It is to be lighted with gas, furnished by the projector himself. The Badydt Farm, of 200 acres, which is only two miles distant, is to be connected with the establishment, where the inmates can, if they wish, be employed in the exercise of farming and gardening" (this will save them doctors' bills, no doubt); "and thus they may pay a portion, or the whole of their expenses, as well as improve their health."

This is the manner in which our observant and intelligent author invites her countrymen to see and judge of America for themselves; and with this we must conclude; expressing, in parting, a hope that at some future time we may meet the same writer arrayed in her own good sense, and minus the efforts at nonsense we have pointed out, which are the only ridiculous things in her present production:—"How I wish that every one in my own dear country, who still entertains any lingering and unworthy prejudices or dislikes against our enterprising transatlantic relations, would put him or herself into one of the magnificent Cunarders or Collinses, and come over the "big ferry," to judge for themselves on the spot; taking especial care to leave behind them, with any other inconvenient lumber and heavy baggage, those same useless encumbrances of prejudices, antiquated jealousies, and unfounded dislikes—let them come and see with their own eyes (without the help or hindrance of anybody else's green, or blue, or jaundiced-yellow spectacles) our noble-hearted, wonder-working cousins, in their own gigantic and glorious country. They may, perchance, hear themselves called "strangers," when addressed by some son of green Columbia; but those who so call them would, in all probability, treat them as hospitably as though they were friends of long standing, and would take, if any opportunity presented itself, more care of the stranger's life than they would of their own—though, sooth to say, that is not saying a very great deal! after all, for a people more careless of existence, and more hail-fellow-well-met with grim death, it is not easy to conceive. I fully believe my traveller, if he will but take the preliminary precautions I have insisted upon, and leave at home his routine old opinions, and mistaken, second-hand, bolstered-up, ignorant, antediluvian antipathies and ideas, will be delighted, as I am, with American society; and he will be rewarded for his exertions, not only by getting rid of that moral jaundice—that dull culture prejudice, feeding on the liver of his mind—not only by finding a delightful set of relations new to him (a sort of family reconciliation), but by the additional attractions of a sublime scenery, in many portions a splendid climate, an atmosphere, like

that of golden Ausonia; and if he stay during that season of enchantment, the sight of an autumnal display of splendour, surpassing every imagination of glory and magnificence that shines forth in tale of faerie or fytte of poetry."

THE GRAPE BLIGHT.

DURING the last few years, the vine mildew has spread devastation over the vineyards of Western Europe. Although the British cultivator is not apt to regard the grape-vine as a crop of national importance, it is otherwise with the agriculturist of the south of continental Europe, where the vineyard takes the place of the corn-field. Originally a native, perhaps, of the north of Africa, the *Vitis vinifera* has been cultivated in Europe from remote antiquity; and at the present time, it is the chief agricultural crop over a large extent of the continent. It has been carried to the New World; and notwithstanding its comparatively recent introduction into the North American states, it is already one of their important agricultural plants, although there are several kinds of native vines which likewise yield fruit. An instance of the extent of cultivation in one locality is given in the American *Gardeners' Chronicle*, from which we learn, that the vineyards around Cincinnati alone cover at least 1200 acres of land, the cultivation of which gives employment to 600 efficient labourers, at an annual cost of 20,000 dollars. These vineyards produce, in moderately favourable seasons, 240,000 gallons of wine. It is stated, that the wine interest in Hamilton County affords subsistence, directly and indirectly, to 10,000 'industrious and sober' people, most of the labourers having families to support.

The new epidemic threatens to be as detrimental to the wine countries as the potato disease has been to Ireland; for whatever its ultimate results may be on agriculture and commerce, its immediate evils have fallen upon those engaged in this department of rural industry: many of the vine-growers have had their crops completely destroyed, and large numbers of the industrial population have in consequence been reduced to misery. Britain, although not a wine country, is a vine-growing country—producing the finest hothouse grapes in the world—and our crops have by no means escaped the blight; happily in most parts of our island, the loss will fall upon those who are able to bear it, and merely deprive our lords and ladies of one of the choicest dishes of fruit which their gardens produce. Our first introduction to the grape mildew took place in the garden of the Horticultural Society of London, in the summer of 1851. In walking through the garden, we were surprised to find that the whole of the grapes out of doors, of which there was an abundant crop, were completely covered with the mildew fungus (*Oidium Tuckeri*, Berk.), which had arrested the growth of the berries, prevented their ripening, and rendered them quite unfit for any purpose whatever; scarcely a sound cluster was to be seen in the garden, except under glass, where the application of powdered sulphur and other expedients (explained to us by Mr Thomson) had been successfully adopted to ward off the malady. This special instance is alluded to as having first come under our own observation, and at a time when little was heard of the ravages of the disease; but it may be regarded as an illustration of the influence of the blight on the grape crops of England generally—for during the last two years, there have been few sound grapes produced in the open air in Britain. In fact, the blight first manifested itself at Margate, in England, and gradually spread into France, appearing at Versailles in 1848, at Paris in 1849, and finally extending to the south of France in 1851; at the same time, it rapidly travelled 'the whole length of Italy, from the coast of Liguria to Naples; then, as autumn approached, taking

retrograde course through the Tyrol as far as Botzen, overrunning nearly the whole of Switzerland northwards to Winterthur, and at last trespassing on certain isolated points of Germany at the Harzgebirge, in Baden at Salem, and in Württemberg at Stuttgart and Cannstadt.*

It is a remarkable fact, that the mildew made its first appearance on vines under glass, those in the open air becoming subsequently affected. Mohl observes, that in Switzerland and Württemberg, where grapes are cultivated exclusively in the open air, those vines trained to walls suffered much more than the vineyards in the open field. 'I was convinced,' observes he, 'that in particular spots, where the malady was at present much confined, it had passed from the trellises to the neighbouring vineyards.' It reached the greatest height on those trellises which stand under the wide-spreading roofs of the Swiss houses, and by which they are protected from rain.

In Italy and France, the disease, in its first attacks, is said to have fallen with greatest effect on the finest vines—namely, 'on those that are sheltered, planted in good soil; also, those on trellises placed against houses, in courts and gardens: those, in short, which are in the most vigorous condition, although they may have been well syringed and manured, are the most attacked.' Vines growing freely, and which had been neglected to be pruned, produced bunches of fruit entirely free from blight, despite their close neighbourhood to infected plants. Even the wild vines rambling in the hedges around the blighted vineyards, were free from disease, except in a very few cases in bad soil and unfavourable localities.

The grape mildew is in all cases accompanied by the fungus (*Oidium Tuckeri*, Berk.) to which allusion has already been made. This fungus consists of delicate cobweb-like threads, which spread over the surface of the young shoots, leaves, and fruit of the vine, decomposing its juices, and thus destroying the vitality of the superficial cells of its tissues. Its effect upon the fruit is very remarkable. The filaments of the parasite spread over the whole surface of the fruit, but act detrimentally only upon the skin, with which they are in contact. The soft fleshy interior of the fruit goes on expanding in vigorous growth; but the infected skin loses its vigour, and ceases to expand in proportion, so that the berry becomes ruptured, and either dries up or rots. The fruit is safe if it escapes attack until it has arrived at nearly its full size.

The fruit is not the first part affected. Even when the berries are quite sound, an inspection of the shoots of the vine is sufficient to shew that the disease is at work in the tissues of the plant. Its presence may be ascertained by the appearance on the shoots of dark and reddish specks, formed by a longitudinal series of small dots, which indicates a diseased state of the sap. The affected shoots are also much more brittle than those in health. These marks precede by several days the appearance of the mildew on the fruit; and M. Guérin Meneville observes: 'When I saw, on apparently very healthy and vigorous shoots, a series of dark specks, arranged longitudinally, and following the course of the vessels, I could announce, to the great astonishment of the peasants, that their vines would be mildewed in a few days.' He shews an inclination to adopt the opinion, that the mildew is, in fact, the consequence of a disease in the vine itself, which he likens to inflammation proceeding from an excess of vitality. This view seems to derive encouragement from the fact, that many vine-growers have benefited the health of their vines, or entirely warded off the disease, by pruning them after the swelling of the buds, thus causing them to give off a large quantity

of their sap by 'bleeding.' Root-pruning has produced similar results.

Valuable practical observations on the subject have been published by M. Guérin Meneville in the *Comptes Rendus*—a translation of which has appeared in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. All the facts which he has observed in the course of his journey in quest of information—in Piedmont, Italy, and the south of France—lead him to think, 'that there is a deeply-seated cause of disease in the disorganisation of the vines, as well as in that of the potato, and in silkworms, in countries where these are extensively reared. This cause appears to consist in a want of equilibrium in the functions—whether it be from an excess of vitality, or too rapid vital movement—or from a deficiency of vitality, atony, excessive weakness. Probably both these causes lead to the same result—a disease terminating in mildew under certain conditions.' Mohl, on the other hand, thinks it 'probable that the fungus first affects the plant on which it grows, by decomposing the juices of the superficial cells, and impeding their growth in the same way in which *Achyly* proliferans injures the aquatic animals in which it grows, and as *Merulius destructor* [dry-rot] produces decay in deadwood. Many experiments also seem to prove, that the cause of the disease is to be found in the fungus, according to which the further diffusion of the evil is greatly repressed by the removal of the first affected shoots on a wall, the destruction of the fungus through washing, &c.

The malady seems to be more prevalent on some particular varieties of grape than upon others; but information is wanted on this point. Mohl even regards it as an unsolved question, whether this fungus is confined to the vine, as it has been asserted to infect many other plants; but we have the authority of the translator of Mohl's paper (Rev. M. J. Berkeley?), that it at least extends to the Chinese chrysanthemum when grown in a vinery.

It appears that in the Jardin des Plantes, the vine mildew has not attacked vine-like plants growing near the common grape-vine in a state of disease; and such facts have led Dr Lindley to recommend the grafting of the fine varieties of grape-vine upon the American vine (*Vitis Labrusca*), as a remedy for the disease. That plant being of very robust habit, and better suited to a cold climate than *Vitis vinifera*, there can be no doubt that the use of it as a stock for grafting would lead to more successful cultivation generally in Britain—for even in the south of England, the climate is too severe for the proper development and complete ripening of the grape-vine in the open air. The suggestion is therefore worthy of trial, independent of its value in respect to the vine mildew.

It has been stated, however, that the fruit of the fox-grape, or common wild grape-vine of the United States, is also attacked by a parasitic mould, which Mr Berkeley supposes may be synonymous with our mildew, although that disease has not manifested itself on American vines in Europe. 'A nearly allied fungus is most destructive in Pennsylvania to gooseberries; inasmuch that in some districts, except in very propitious years, no fruit comes to perfection. The berries, before they arrive at maturity, are completely invested with the sterile flocci; and in consequence, become perfectly dry and juiceless, so as to be quite uneatable. Schweinitz, indeed, informs us, that at Bethlehem he had for many years found scarcely a single berry uninjured.'

Is the use of diseased grapes injurious to health? This is an important question. Many statements have appeared in the continental papers of colic and vomiting having been caused by the eating of blighted grapes. Mohl regards them as not injurious. He says, that

* Hugo v. Mohl in *Journal of the Horticultural Society of London* (translated from the *Botanische Zeitung*).

* Rev. M. J. Berkeley in *Gardeners' Chronicle*, 1862. No. 14, page 212.

'Many express experiments' to that effect have been communicated to him, and that 'the extent to which the malady has lately reached in France, could not fail to have afforded a number of well-established examples, if the diseased grapes were really injurious, for they were frequently eaten by children.' It may be unnecessary to remind the reader, that in the wine countries fresh grapes are eaten extensively by the inhabitants as an article of food.

No efficient remedy applicable to the vineyards has as yet been suggested for this blight, but those whose vines are confined to the hothouse have sufficient and practicable remedies. Dusting with sulphur, fumigation with the smoke of tobacco or tobacco paper washing with solutions of lime, sulphuret of lime, alum, soap, and other substances, have all been suggested, and most of them have been attended with good effects, especially, we believe, the dusting with sulphur after the plants are syringed slightly with water.

E T N A

WHATEVER may be the comparative claims of Etna and Vesuvius to attention, it seems certain that the latter is the more intimately entwined with our associations, and the more vividly present to our mind. Its nearer position, its oft repeated delineation by the artist, and, more than all, the classic reputation it has earned by its overthrow of Herculaneum and Pompeii, have each, no doubt, its share in bringing about this result. And when, on actual inspection, we observe the remarkable form of the mountain—its complete isolation, its association with some of the most lovely scenery in Europe, and the manner in which, with the ruined cities of old at its feet, it looks, stern and solemn, across the still waters upon the gay and lively Naples of to-day—we find our impressions deepened and heightened as they pass from anticipation to experience. It is then, somewhat fortunate for its reputation, that in respect of magnitude, Vesuvius is not compelled by juxtaposition, to a contrast with the higher Italian mountains—for such a contrast, even in figures, is sufficiently unfavourable. Vesuvius boasts but 3500 feet of altitude, whilst the Gran Sasso, a Calabrian mountain in fact, the loftiest of the Apennines, reckons 1400 feet. Still more fortunate then, that it is not next door neighbour to Etna, its rival in fiery power which attains a threefold elevation, its summit being 10,574 feet above the level of the sea and crowned with everlasting snows. Indeed, if Vesuvius is to be counted among things sublime, it is certainly somewhat owing to the gathering around of circumstances, whilst Etna finds place in the list by the force of its own independent majesty. When you look around you from the Milan domo, the mountain masses which close in the Lombardy plain, though many miles away, appear stupendous, and so, when you gaze upon Etna afar off—say from Syracuse—it will seem as though some solitary Alp had been plucked up from more northern regions, and planted here in the south.

Its extent as well as its height is something enormous, and the former of these attributes is well sketched by Gally Knight, in describing his impressions on first seeing it from the sea between Messina and Catania. He says 'As we advanced, the immensity of Etna was gradually disclosed—the immensity rather than the height, for it spreads over such an extent, that its real altitude is lost in the expanse of its base. It is a country rather than a mountain, rising alone, stretching far and wide, and coming down to the sea, bare and barren above, but green and fertile below, with regions of forests and vineyards, edged, next the sea, with a black and rough trunning of the lava, which successive eruptions have sent down.' Indeed, the idea of Etna's extent is not difficult to seize.

Most of us have formed in our minds a standard of a great and a small in mere surface dimensions. There are few persons of us who have not a considerable respect for a walk of twenty miles, and fewer still who would not desire to be excused one of forty, but the round of Etna's base would be one of ninety! Let us not, however, in estimating the vastness of its area, fail to grasp an adequate idea of the greatness of its elevation. It is true, indeed, that for those who have travelled in mountainous countries, it is quite sufficient to state, that the height is two miles—they single out the recollections of some equally elevated mass, and so form as once a mental picture, but this is not the case with those unfamiliar with such scenes. Two miles measured along the ground is intelligible to every one, but two miles of perpendicular rise is quite another thing. How, then, convey the idea? It may at least be some assistance to state, that from the summit of Etna, with no atmospheric causes to obstruct, the eye enjoys a sweep in every direction of 127 miles, so that, by a mere turn of the head, it is possible to behold two points on the horizon distant one from the other 250 miles! And hence it may be inferred, that if the mountain were at the western instead of the eastern extremity of the island, the coast of Africa itself would become visible, seeing that the distance between its more advanced headland and the wine establishments of Marsala does not exceed 100 miles. To us, it appears that considerations of this nature convey a stronger impression of great altitudes than any bare exhibition of their direct magnitude in yards or feet.

The view from the summit of Etna is admitted by all who have actually witnessed it, to be glorious in the extreme. But it was not our own good fortune to experience this enjoyment. Attempting the ascent at a too advanced period of the year—namely, towards the latter end of October—we were prevented, by a combination of snow and wind, from getting further than to the foot of the crater, or about 9500 feet above the level of the sea.

Catania, the point from whence the ascent is usually made, is situated in a large bay, at about the middle of the eastern side of triangular Sicily. From hence to the summit, a distance of twenty-four miles has to be passed, and yet, owing to the vastness of the mountain's spread, the city may be said to stand at the commencement of the upward slopes. To see Etna from this place is indeed a grand thing—it looks near and overwhelming. At times, its snow-capped summit will stand out in dazzling whiteness, and sharp outline upon the blue ground of sky, at other times, it will be altogether shrouded under cloud and mist, so that if brought suddenly, and for the first time to the spot at such a moment, you would be quite in ignorance of the vicinity of the giant.

It is usual to divide Etna into three belts or districts—namely, the cultivated, the woody, and the barren, corresponding respectively to the lowest, middle, and highest portions—an arrangement which serves, indeed, to assist the memory, though it will not thoroughly bear an examination in detail. The upper part of the cultivated region is about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, terminating at Nicolosi, the last inhabited village. And up to this point, it is difficult indeed to realise that you are on the sides of a volcanic mountain. Fruits of varied species are in rich exuberance around you, every ten minutes your mule bears you through a small town or *passo*, as the Italians call it, and the road is lively with the hum of a busy population. 'We are not to be surprised,' writes Brydson, 'at the obstinate attachment of the people to this mountain, and that all his terrors have not been able to drive them away from him; for though he sometimes chastises, yet, like an indulgent parent, he mingles such blessings with his chastisements, that their affections can never be estranged; for, at the same time that he

threatens with a rod of iron, he pours down upon them all the benefits of an age of gold."

Beyond Nicolosi, a tedious tract of barren land, in spite of the theoretical division, is passed over, and then comes the woody region—beautiful indeed. At times, you find yourself in the depths of the most romantic valleys, rejoicing in the rich clothing of forest foliage, and every idea of a volcano seems banished from the mind: but no dwelling is here; and with the exception of the busy denizens of the insect world, life is met with only in the herds of cattle, and those few peasants who may be required to tend them. And now the real barren region is entered upon: here there is no dwelling, no foliage, no life—not even insect-life—save only the solitary traveller with his guide and mules. Now, indeed, you feel that you are on Etna: you have to pick your way, or rather the mule does so for you, through masses of jagged lava; the cold increases every moment, and if there is wind, becomes next to unbearable; soon patches, then large tracts, and finally an uninterrupted surface of snow is arrived at; and so the explorer is introduced to the foot of the crater, where he may awhile enjoy the repose so much needed in a small stone-house, or rather hut, built many years ago by some English officers, and thence called the Casa Inglese. This Casa Inglese met with in any civilised place, would be considered as nothing more than a wretched hovel, but come upon after such fatigue, at such an elevation, and in such a temperature, verily it is to be counted as nothing less than a palace! There is a striking peculiarity of the mountain encountered in ascending so far, the mention of which must not be omitted. It has, at various epochs, thrown up from many points of its sides baby mountains of considerable absolute, though very small relative size. The lowermost of them is just above Nicolosi; and from thence to the crater, they are met with scattered about in all directions. They are generally in the form of a cone; and in the woody region, having become covered with trees, which occasionally grow almost perpendicular to their steeply-sloping sides, tend much to vary and beautify the scenery. In the barren region, however, where they, too, are barren, they add much to the dreariness of the effect, and materially heighten the volcanic impression.

On our return to Nicolosi, we discovered that a party of six Prussians—one of them a young lady—had just, before our attempt, been twice driven back from the foot of the crater to the village, but, with a much-to-be lauded perseverance, had actually girded themselves a third time for the attack, and, favoured by a few hours' cessation of wind, and the clearing away of the heavy mist, were privileged to enjoy that splendid view from the summit of the crater, which surely must constitute the main ambition of the traveller in Sicily.

A feat like this, performed in the darkness of the night, and during intense cold, while it told of no weak bodies, could hardly have been prompted by other than ardent minds. It seems, from an entry in the visitors-book, that one of the party was a professor of chemistry, and another of mineralogy—a fact which at least may go some way to explain their endurance. As for their fair comrade, our guide assured us that she encountered and went through every difficulty like a very "diavolo"—a remark intended, no doubt, as a compliment.

Perhaps that which, even more than its stupendousness, invests Etna with interest, is the mysterious agency that has been going on within from the earliest times. In this respect it presents a singular contrast to Vesuvius, whose history presents no record of an eruption prior to the Christian era. As to Etna, more than a thousand years before that date, it is said that a whole people—the Sicani—fled terrified before its desolations; and even now, after the lapse of three thousand years, there come anew the roarings of its

thunder and the rushing of its lava. The existence of Etna is the grand proclaimer of the volcanic nature of the surrounding region; but minor evidences are not wanting. Just as Vesuvius reckons, or has reckoned, for its allies, the eruptions of Iachia, the Solfatara of Puzzuoli, and the development of the Monte Nuovo, so we find, with reference to the giant of Sicily, that the Lipari Islands are all volcanic; that sulphur is abundantly produced near Girgenti; that all kinds of hot-springs are found in various parts; that strange noises are not unfrequently heard; that many an earthquake comes to spread, always fear, and often desolation, through the land; and, finally, that one fine day, about twenty years ago, just off the coast of Sciacca, up sprang a nice island, adorned with a volcano in the centre, which spouted forth all manner of things fiery; and just as people began to think of finding for it a name, and perhaps were planning how they might make their fortunes upon it, down it plunged to the bottom again, and has never been heard of since.

LETTER FROM AN AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT.

THE following copy of a letter from a steerage-passenger to Australia, describing his voyage and what he encountered on landing, has been handed to us for publication. The few particulars he gives do not differ from those in ordinary accounts. His notice of the discomforts of the voyage, affords another proof of the almost total disregard to promises on the part of shipping-agents; and the absence of any practical remedy on this point, is a real disgrace to those who are appointed to superintend the shipping of emigrants:—

MELBOURNE, PORT-PHILIP, Sept. 18, 1852.

We wrote to you on the 3d August last, per the *Coriolanus*, off the Cape of Good Hope, informing you that we were all in good health. We have since arrived here safely, after a most favourable passage of ninety-five days. We have had no sickness on board, excepting two cases; but we lost a young man, named George Johnson, overboard during a rather stormy night, the worst we had during the voyage. As the vessel was rolling tremendously, and sailing at the rate of twelve knots an hour, no attempt could be made to rescue him: he therefore perished.

The life on board an emigrant vessel, especially when crowded to excess as we were, is miserable in the extreme, and ought not to be undergone by any one who is well to do in England, otherwise they are certain to rue it bitterly. We had not much sea-sickness, the weather being fine; but the air between decks being impure from so many passengers on board, appeared to take away our appetites; we could never relish the ship's beef or pork during the entire voyage. We had therefore to buy from our fellow-passengers ham, cheese, flour, &c., as we could not get any of these articles from the captain, although a printed list was given to us at Liverpool, stating they were to be had on board the ship. Going a long sea-voyage is like going into an hospital; and you should take with you all the nice things you can get stowed away, to serve the whole time. Our voyage was a most wearisome and miserable affair, and we shall not readily undertake it a second time.

We landed last Saturday, but could get no house, rooms, nor lodgings; in fact, they are not at present to be obtained for love or money. Single men may obtain board and lodgings at very high rates, but married people and children cannot find any place to go to, except after a search for several days, and then they must pay 10s. to 30s. per week for one or two rooms like pitmen's cottages at home.

Mr Jacob Wood kindly came to our assistance, and

gave us lodgings at his own and a friend's house until we got a room, which was not before three days after landing—our luggage, bedding, &c., lying in an open yard. We have hired a large wood-shed, called a weather-board house, at 15s. per week, and were glad to get it; we are all stowed in it excepting Margaret, who remains with Mrs Wood for the present. I write those particulars to show you the present state of affairs at Melbourne; the fact is, people are arriving too quickly from England, and there is scarcely any buildings going forward. Mechanics and labourers can obtain immediate employment at high wages, say 10s., 25s., per day; but clerks and fine gentlemen cannot get situations. Nothing but work or trading will do here. It is impossible to describe the place until I have been longer in it: it seems a kind of cut-and-run, take-it or let-it-alone sort of place. There is no chattering in business; all is done in the Yankee go-ahead style, every one considering himself as good as his neighbour. The strangest mortals imaginable are galloping about the streets on badly-groomed, but well-bred horses: there is no trotting on horseback. The streets being neither flagged nor paved, are in rainy weather ankle-deep in mud.

You will be thinking that I am a long time in writing something about the all-important topic of the gold-diggings. In the first place, I must tell you it is not a very easy matter to get the desired information, although I am in Melbourne. I have seen several parties who have been at the diggings who have lost money, whilst others have done well; amongst the latter number is Mr Wood, who, along with his brother, dug 45 pounds of gold out of one hole—which amounts to about 1,900 each—after doing little or nothing for several weeks: it therefore appears to be quite a lottery. There is, besides, a great deal of hardship to undergo in searching for the precious metal. The nights now are as cold as winter, and the days like summer in England: it is consequently no joke sleeping under a thin tent in such weather.

From what I see at present, I do not like the colony, and will probably return to Old England after a time.

We intend starting on Monday first to try our luck at the diggings; you must therefore not expect to hear from us for some months after, as it is like commencing a campaign: you have no time to write letters, for by all accounts it is no child's play. There is no means of getting there at present except by walking: horses are scarce, and selling at L. 60, L. 90, and L. 100 each. Robberies are frequent on the road and at the diggings: all parties are going armed, and exorbitant prices are being paid for pistols, guns being too heavy to carry.

Publicans are reaping immense harvests, as the successful diggers spend their money as freely as they get it. The sum of L. 10,000 has been offered for the good-will of one house.

The dearest thing after house-rent is wood for fuel, which sells at 1.2 per hundredweight, and water is 7s. per hogshead.—Yours, &c., C H

While on the subject of Australia, we may take the opportunity of giving publicity to the following passage from a letter of Mr William Howitt to a friend in this country. He writes from Melbourne:—'PORT-PHILL, September 26, 1852.—Be so good as to place the fact which I now state in a prominent part of your paper, that it may be copied as widely as possible. Up to the time of my quitting England for this place, on the 10th of June last, I never saw it published anywhere, either in the newspaper correspondence from the Australian gold-fields, or in any of the books or pamphlets on these gold-fields, that Bank-of-England notes are held to be no legal tender in these colonies. Such, however, is the case. They are utterly refused here, even by the bankers, except at a discount of 20 per cent. Numbers of persons are coming out daily. There are a thousand arriving at this port per diem, and not ten men out of each thousand are aware of this fact. In the ship in which I came—the *Kent*—there were numbers struck with consternation at the news. Some lost from L.40 to L.100 by their Bank-of-England notes; others arrived with nothing more or less.'

A SKETCH.

'Emelia, that fayrer was to seeene
Than is the lilye on hyr stalks greene.'
'Uprose the sunne, and uprose Emelia.'

CHAUCER.

Dost thou thus love me, O thou beautiful?
So beautiful, that beside thee I seem
Like a great dusky cloud beside a star;
Yet thou creep'st near its edges, and it rests
On its dun path, the slow, deep-hearted cloud—
Then opes a rift and lets thee enter in,
And with thy beauty quivering in its breast,
Feels no more its own blackness—*thou art fair.*

Dost thou so love me, O thou all-beloved,
In whose large store the very meanest coin
Would outbuy my whole wealth?—yet here thou com'st
Like a kind heiress from her purple and down
Uprising, who for pity cannot sleep,
But goes forth to the stranger at her gate—
The beggar'd stranger at her beauteous gate—
And clothes, and feeds; scarce blest, till she has blest.

Dost thou thus love me, O thou pure of heart,
Whose very looks are prayers? What couldst thou see
In this lone troubled pool by the yew-wood's side,
That thou sat'st by its marge and dipped thy hand,
Saying: 'It is so clear.' And lo, ere long
The black pool caught the shimmer of thy wings,
Its slimes slid downward from thy stainless hand,
Its depths grew calm that there thy form might rise.

O beautiful!—O well-beloved!—O rich
In all that make my need!—I lay me down
In the shadow of thy love and feel no pain.
The cloud floats on, thou shining in its heart,
The beggar wears thy purple as his own,
The noisome waves, made pure, creep to thy feet,
Rejoicing that they yet can image thee,
And beyond thee, God's heaven, thick sown with stars.

HOW TO TOAST BREAD.

Chestnut brown will be far too deep a colour for good toast; the nearer you can keep it to a straw-colour, the more delicious to the taste, and the more wholesome it will be. If you would have a slice of bread so toasted as to be pleasant to the palate and wholesome to the stomach, never let one particle of the surface be charred. To effect this is very obvious. It consists in keeping the bread at the proper distance from the fire, and exposing it to a proper heat for a due length of time. By this means the whole of the water may be evaporated out of it, and it may be changed from dough—which has always a tendency to undergo acetous fermentation, whether in the stomach or out of it—to the pure farina wheat, which is in itself one of the most wholesome species of food, not only for the strong and healthy, but for the delicate and diseased. As it is turned to farina, it is disintegrated, the tough and gluey nature is gone, every part can be penetrated, it is equally warm all over, and not so hot as to turn the butter into oil, which, even in the case of the best butter, is invariably turning a wholesome substance into a poison. The properly-toasted slice of bread absorbs the butter, but does not convert it into oil; and both butter and farina are in a state of very minute division, the one serving to expose the other to the free action of the gastric fluid in the stomach; so that when a slice of toast is rightly prepared, there is not a lighter article in the whole vocabulary of cookery.—*Household Almanac for 1853.*

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THE BOURSE BALL OF STOCKHOLM.

THE last night of the year is always a solemn, and sometimes a melancholy time; and the first day of the new year is one which memory ever seems to make her own. But the past must not exercise its spell over me. Alone, in a foreign land, for the first time in my life, on a New-Year's Day, its magic would carry me I know not whither, but somewhere out of Sweden, at all events; and dreary would be the consequence if I were to sit down quietly, and let that mesmeric spell enthral me. Away, then, must I resolutely rush from a trance that would drift me, not into the future, but into the past. The lights are gleaming brightly in the churches, the snow shines white in the darkness, the storm-clouds are between us and the moon; one little star looks out from heaven, and seems to sing its silent song of hope and love and constancy to the children of time and earth.

It is half-past six o'clock on New-Year's morning. My cloak and hood and long boots are put on, and—tell it not in the streets of Stockholm!—I steal out alone, quite unattended even by a lantern or a servant. In three hours' time, the sun, if we have any to-day, may be expected to appear, and daylight to dispel the present gloom; but Stockholm is economical in oil, and the street-lamps are not lighted when the moon is expected to shine. When her large, beautiful orb hangs suspended in the clear atmosphere, I admire exceedingly the economical principle; but when the Queen of Night is unable to fulfil the engagements made for her by the almanac, it is rather awkward to find her deputies also absent from their posts. It was dark now—at least as dark as northern nights usually are, for the sky was laden with snow-clouds: the cold was the most intense I had yet felt; the keen wind made it almost intolerable; but lanterns carried by servants were moving, with ladies, to morning-song at the fashionable church, the brilliant lights from which guided me onward; behind, from the headless but snow-covered trees, there gleamed long, straight lines of light where all else was dark; the snow was knee-deep at the sides of the streets, but as hard as iron under foot on the ground. The coachmen, or rather the sledge-drivers, wrapped in fur, walked with folded hands and faces buried in their great capes, beside their patient, drooping, evidently frozen horses. The crowd at the church was already nearly as great as on Christmas-morn, but the number of children was far less. The piercing cold made me anxious to get in; but when I effected an entrance, the icy feel of the floor I stood on seemed to penetrate throughout my whole frame. The floor was a wooden one, too; but the Swedish churches are never warmed: they say they

cannot be warmed. I suppose the difficulty is merely one of cost. The consequence is, that unless on great occasions, or when a pet preacher is to be heard, they are left nearly empty in winter. One Swede told me his life was too valuable to be thrown away by going to church. When I got in, the priest, as every clergyman of this Lutheran land is called, even when conversing with him, was in the pulpit. New-Year's Day being a holiday, he was attired in the full and gorgeous robes worn on particular occasions. The dress differs little from that used by the clergy of the Roman Church, except that it is more splendid than we ordinarily see among the latter. The chasuble, of rich crimson velvet, is nearly covered by an immense gold cross, which, when the priest officiates at the altar with his back to the people, is seen extending from his neck nearly to his feet, and across from shoulder to shoulder. The church of Sweden, however, is exclusively, and even bitterly Protestant; so much so, that a Swede is exiled for ever from his country if he forsakes that faith. But they retain many of the old practices and opinions together with the new ones, which assimilate more nearly to those of Presbyterianism. A Swedish church-yard is generally covered with rows of crosses, often only of wood, for no one thinks of being buried without a cross on the tomb.

But the morning-song is over, and I shall stay no longer to make remarks on the Swedish church, for I feel, as that good man said, that my life is too valuable to be thrown away.

New-Year's Day is the season for ceremonial visiting in Sweden; St Stephen's Day, as I mentioned in my last, is devoted to friendly, family, or social entertainments. A short time ago, it was the custom for members of the diplomatic corps, government-officers, and other officials, professional men, &c., to go in the uniforms of their rank or guilds, to wait on their superior, and offer the compliments of a new year. Old customs are dying out with amazing rapidity everywhere; and even here, only a few out-of-the-world folk, who move in the past more than in the present, keep up this old-fashioned custom, and present themselves, duly equipped, on the 1st of January, at the houses of their chiefs; but now they are only laughed at for their pains. Still, every one goes to call on every one on New-Year's Day. The crossings and recrossings must be numerous; and as—independently of the fact, that if every one were out, no one can be at home—morning visitors are rarely received in a capital where every winter evening is spent in balls or receptions, I should think the number of cards exchanged on New-Year's Day in Sweden must come to a curious amount.

Whatever old customs may die out, one, of a rather

singular nature, still gives a sort of éclat to this day in Stockholm. It is that of the Bourse Ball, or, as we speak in English, the Exchange Ball—an annual festival for the king and royal family, given by the burghers or corporation of Stockholm to their majesties. To this ball they are invited by the towns-people; and to it all who are able to pay one rik-daler, or 1s. 2d. English money, are at liberty to go, provided only that they are not exactly outcasts from decent society.

As I naturally felt desirous to share the honour, or curious to see the sight, I very willingly paid my rik-daler, and attired myself in my best black dress. Only black and white are permitted where their majesties are present; and if the two state colours were worn on the same person, the magpie aspect of a court ball-room would be complete. But this is not so. A white dress says you are young, or wish to dance; a black, that you are old, or not a dancer. I took the black; the two fair Swedes I chaperoned took white, and we set off together to the Stockholm Exchange.

Now, as it is no trifling honour to be for once in one's life in society with royalty, to see the king's sons dance, and even to have a chance of dancing with them, you may fancy what a gathering there was in the great ball-room. For my part, I had lived on hope almost all day, for that New-Year's Day was a dreary one to me. The only English friend I had to think of me in Stockholm, was our highly-respected British minister, and his sweet and estimable lady; and he was the only one of the foreign ministers absent from this curious assembly, for a domestic trial secluded him in the Embassy, which at other times was made the scene of hospitality and kindness. Any little distraction was accepted by me with pleasure. We left the house at six o'clock; the royal party were not expected till nine; but Swedish zeal, in all cases of sight-seeing, especially in royal sights, is most enduring. The ball-room was more than half-full when we got in. The ladies were all ranged in tiers on benches placed round the walls of the room; the men stood in the centre. The separation both of sex and age is a general peculiarity of Swedish society; but in this case, the first part of the distinction only was preserved. Young and old ladies had to sit together; the men were obliged, whether they liked it or not, to stand grouped in a mass. As they always escape as soon as possible from the ladies' society, it was rather pleasant to feel that, for the sake of a seat, some of them would now be glad to come into it. But this was not allowed; and there we sat, awfully stupid, it must be confessed, for the space of nearly three hours of this mortal life. As the room filled, the confined and heated air became oppressive; my courage was giving way, when, lo! at once I saw that the throne—erected on a dais beneath a crimson canopy exactly opposite to me—was filling. King Oscar was standing before it, with his amiable smile and gentle bow; the graceful queen, her sweet young daughter, and three sons—Gustaf, Oscar, and Auguste; and to crown all, the dashing and splendid crown-prince, the eldest of the charming family, and his young Dutch wife—all were there. The king and queen used to dance at this ball with their good towns-people, but they have now abdicated in favour of their children, whose duty this night was no very easy one.

The royal chamberlains were immediately sent about with invitations. The queen, the granddaughter of graceful Josephine, with a pretty movement of her hand, laid her royal commands on her youthful sons, who instantly rose with submissive alacrity, unbuckled their sword-belts, and descended the throne steps to receive the citizen partners allotted to them. The two young princesses set off in a waltz with two portly merchants, and the usual furious dance instantly began; down the entire length of that long room, round the centre group of standers, and up again. A lady falls under their feet; but the eye cannot take in the

prostrate form before it sees it again circling away, half-borne up in the strong arms that certainly must lighten the exertions of the fragile-looking creatures, who, night after night, through the winter season, keep up this violent dancing. The black head of the handsome crown-prince looks soon as if he had come out of a vapour-bath; but he has only time to mop it up with his handkerchief, and set off in a whirl with a fat lady in black velvet. And his young wife, whose infant is little more than a month old, is dancing too, but more quietly, for her partner is a grave burgomaster.

This ball, I suppose, is meant to be on the principle of liberty, equality, and fraternity; and, indeed, I suppose that principle is as much carried out at the Bourse Ball of Stockholm as it is anywhere else. The humblest tradesman's wife or daughter says she has as good a chance of dancing with one of the princes as any one else. So it may be, but somehow the chance does not come. 'The eleven old men' of Stockholm—that is, I believe, the heads of the corporation—settle all that.

After about two hours of most vehement exercise on the part of some of the assembly, of absolute stillness and wearisome dullness, as I should call it, on the part of the rest—that is, of the half-withered and closely-packed wall-flowers—the royal guests (who had sustained their parts admirably, the queen in beating time and nodding her head, the king in bestowing grave smiles of approval) were invited to supper, and all the assembly partook of refreshments: ices, bishops (not mitred ones), and cakes, being abundantly supplied.

As soon as this was over, a curious progress was made by each of the royal guests separately round the room. It was commenced by the crown-princess, instead of by the queen; why, I know not, unless a suspicion may arise that a retirement from equal duty at the annual Bourse Ball is contemplated by the reigning powers of Sweden. The Crown-princess Louise, conducted by her chamberlains, began the circuit of the room, along the avenue lately occupied by the dancers, and now left vacant between the centre group of male standers, and the ladies sitting in rows against the wall. Every one now had as equal a chance of speaking to royalty as they had had before of dancing with royalty; but somehow the chances seemed to run all in the same line, for whoever had danced with the princes, the princess stopped and spoke to. The chamberlains informed her of the identity, or good-naturedly told her who was who among the eager aspirants for a word.

The task of talking, bowing, and smiling was evidently no easy one to her royal highness—her handkerchief rolled into a ball, and constantly applied to her face, together with an uneasy writhing of the person, seemed indicative of a still more anxious state of mind than that of the citizen-ladies before her, who regarded her with that sort of expression which I have not seen any but a Swedish countenance to wear—an expression of what one must call pity, and yet of admiration, wonder, and respect: they always wear it when looking at a bride, and generally when gazing at royalty. Next came the queen, in crimson velvet and tiara of diamonds; all smiles and graciousness—so very gracious, that it recalled to my mind what a very old lady, who was maid of honour to the queen of the murdered Gustavus III., told me a poor Swedish soldier, with a wooden leg, said of Bernadotte, his majesty's father, when he gave him an addition to his pension at her request: 'Madame, his majesty is inexpressably good.' She had a word for some, a bow and smile for all.

Then the young Princess Eugénie made her rounds; affable and desirous to please, as she always is, more by nature than by study. Seldom has a more simple and amiable girl borne the title of princess.

But the jewel of all was the little old queen-dowager, the widow of the renowned Bernadotte. On she comes, nodding the white plumes of her turban, and looking

so unutterably self-content; glancing through her eye-glass, and holding it up to her chamberlain, while she asks: Who is that? and who is that? without ever caring to hear the answer; but nods and smiles in her lithe French manner; and goes on, taking all the amusement of whatever is to be seen or done, and leaving the other part of the business to any one else—for she has never learned to speak Swedish, and her own dear French is spoken only to herself and to her chamberlain. After the royal ladies had made their rounds, King Oscar made his. To his majesty, this talking promenade must be one of the heaviest burdens of his regal state. He is not formed by nature to shine in such a thing; he is nervous and embarrassed in mere chit-chat, although in quiet conversation, or in literary or scientific company, he can converse well. But at all times his amiable manner and benevolent smile speak for him. The young princes followed their father's example most sedulously; took notes from their attendants of all the persons he spoke to, and spoke to them also. I seldom have seen altogether a prettier pantomime than was enacted, especially when the king and queen sat in their throne-chairs, nodding approbation to each other while their subjects danced, beating time to the music, or beckoning the young princes, who sprang with reverent alacrity up the royal steps, received gracefully a royal command, bowed, and hastened to gladden some loyal heart by its performance.

Shortly after midnight, their majesties retired. We were then at liberty to do so likewise; and after sitting motionless for six hours, a change would not have been unwelcome, to me at least. But all were not of my mind: my white-robed companion, with pink roses in her hair, most ardently longed to dance at the Bourse Ball, while her humility made her think the hope was quite a forlorn one. My eye, however, discerned a very fine young English officer, a really bold dragoon, who had quartered himself in Stockholm. He saw me; and came up to our bench, told me he had come to the North in search of a wife, and asked me to recommend him one; and I—not foreseeing the penalty of an attempt at match-making—at once introduced him to my fair Swede: she was a little brunette, however. The Englishman, perhaps not supposing that I meant in this off-hand manner to give him a partner for life, merely requested her to be his partner in a waltz, which the Swedes affirm no Englishman can dance. Nothing can be more reserved and proper than a Swedish lady's demeanour, and of course more so in the middle ranks than in the higher; yet it would have been a thousand pities if that pretty white dress had been put on for nothing; and whether it was for that reason, or that the saucy look and handsome face and outstretched hand of the young Englishman, with the only intelligible word he could speak—'Come'—were quite irresistible, I do not clearly understand, but the result of all was, that she did give him her hand. And really, if he had promised to keep it for life, I should have been quite willing to leave them dancing there, and go home to my own solitude, and sleep; for dance, dance, dance they did; and my head ached, and my heavy eyelids almost closed, and two o'clock sounded from the Stockholm bells, and I had sat on that seat for eight long hours; and I resolved, whatever else I did, never again to chaperone a Swede in a white dress to a Bourse Ball.

More pleasant to me, I must confess—as I do not wear white dresses, the sign of a dancing lady at a court-ball—was the solitary walk I took to revive myself the next day, after having been up from six o'clock on New-Year's morn, to three o'clock on the morning after it.

The Bourse Ball was a curious spectacle, as a national institution of very ancient origin; but nature has ever been my friend—almost my best friend; and from

artificial life how gladly the spirit rebounds to her who has blessed our childhood, cheered our youth, and consoles our age! The day, the 2d of January, was one of the finest and brightest imaginable; the sun was warm and clear—the temperature in the shade was low. The snow lay deep, and sparkled in the clear light. I walked over Skeppsholmen, or the Isle of Ships, where the Admiralty offices and naval institutions are situated; a pretty island and walk it is. I crossed the bridge of boats, which in winter supplies the place of the movable ones that ply between the capital and the charming royal park called Djurgården; but I did not see the boats, or perceive that any bridge was there, or any water either; that branch of the Baltic was now all ice, ice hard and immovable as any road, so that I did not know I walked on water. And then I was in a beautiful place, where dark tall pines rose amid snow-covered rocks, that glittered in the sunshine; and I trod nearly knee-deep in snow to avoid a beaten path; and I enjoyed myself exceedingly. Beautiful were those rocky heights and dark fir-trees, rising in snow and sunshine; beautiful the wide-spread landscape round about; still and calm and bright was the whole scene; the frost-king and sun-king were each triumphant, and each seemed equally secure of his reign.

Alas for such expectations! Talk of the instability of England if you will, Mr Swede, but what will you say to this?—1st January—Bitterly cold and dark. 2d January—Warm and bright, and very calm. 4th January—Blowing a hurricane—piercingly cold; and so on, says my note-book. It is curious to an English person to be made sensible of a storm only by hearing the reports of those who have been out of doors, or by seeing, not feeling, its violence. The day following my walk, the cold was again extreme; and the day after that, the wind rose to a gale, but without shaking the immensely thick walls and firm-set windows of my dwelling. Remembering the groaning, creaking, rattling of an English house in a storm, I felt amazed at seeing the effects of the wind from my window, without feeling the least movement or breath of air around me. Certainly our English walls, doors, and windows do us no credit; and I wish we could borrow a hint from a nation that is admitted to be a century behind us in the arts and manufactures and conveniences of life.

This gale subsided, not into snow, but rain, such rain as even this wet autumn had not produced; and for twenty-four hours it continued incessantly. Not a trace of snow remained on my favourite Place, only patches of it lay still on the heights of Söder. The sledges were put up, the carts began to rattle; I lost my temper, and the Swedes lost their spirits. The snow had melted from the Place, and its unbroken surface looked like a lake. But to my no small perplexity, I saw boys sliding on what appeared to me to be merely a sheet of water formed by the melted snow. They cut figures and capers, they threw parcels before them, slid after them, and took them up without stopping. What can it be? are they running over water? Three o'clock came: it was dark; the lamps in the streets and in the houses were lighted; the lights sparkled here, there, everywhere, up and down and around my Place. I went to the window, and uttered a cry of delight—my whole Place was a sheet of glittering crystal, reflecting in its polished mirror a treble row of sparkling lights. No; words cannot tell how beautiful it looked. The snow had melted off and left the ice wet underneath; in the day it looked like water, in the night it was hard, clear, shining glass. The only thing I ever saw at all resembling it, but on a smaller scale, was an underground lake in one of the Austrian salt-mines, which was encircled with small lamps: the white heaps of salt around it might look in the gloom like the snow of Sweden.

And so it remained, a nightly delight to my eyes for some time. Then came the snow again—a regular

snow-storm, the first I had seen in the North. It drove along in a white moving cloud. The ever-changing aspect of my Place was now most singular: my crystal lake, indeed, was gone; but through the white driving mist, rapidly-driven sledges were seen traversing the road that lay between it and the water where the vessels were laid up; and all was seen as if through a white veil. The tall bare masts of the ships, and the formal lines of trees, were curiously mystified. The wild and angry storm had something so strong and cruel in its breath, it lifted the snow, and whirled it round and round, and up like a spray-cloud to the dark sky; but still the snow came again, and grew deep and deeper, and would rest there still when the storm-fit was over, like Patience beneath the assaults of a tyrant.

'Now, then,' said my old countess-housekeeper, smiling widely, and rubbing her hands—'now, then, you begin to see our winter; you never saw anything like that before. You have no snow in England—I know that: no sun either—nothing but fog.'

As I never contradict the good woman's assertions, knowing it would be impossible, when they are once made, to change their character, I let judgment go by default, and her verdict against English snow and sunshine was unquestioned by her hearers. I only looked from the window of her great *saloon*, and said: 'How frightful!'

'Frightful! not at all; we shall have it good now: that is beginning. The snow will rest on the ice now, and then it will freeze and become hard, and so we shall have a good winter, and the industry will go on. Yes, madame, that is better than the fog of England. We can travel on sledges here, and we have warm stoves, which you never could learn to make or use in England; so that one of our ministers who went to London was all roasted—yes, roasted—on one side, and frozen on the other. Yes, that is true; he never recovered it, and has the liver-complaint to this day.'

'Was that the overdone or underdone side?' I inquired, very gravely; but my hostess was pouring forth such a volume of information to the rest of her auditory on England and the English, that my query remained unanswered.*

THE WATER-BUTT.

THE sanitary value of good water, and of a plentiful supply of it, has become so generally understood, or rather admitted, that the surface of our island is being bored and welled, piped and drained, in all directions, in search of the precious liquid. But the subject is far from being, even yet, generally understood: people are willing to admit the facts stated by our sanitary reformers and Boards of Health, but they do not quite understand the reasonings which are supported by the facts. Does one kind of water wash clothes as well, and make tea as well, and boil meat as well as another; and if not, why not?

The chemistry involved in the differences between different kinds of water is not very complex. Absolutely pure water is never, perhaps, found in nature; for, being a powerful solvent, it is pretty certain to contain some foreign ingredient. Very clean snow yields the purest water, except that which has been distilled. Distilled water is rapid and tasteless as a beverage, and is not in favour in its simple state, but it is invaluable in medicines; and it would, if it could be procured with less trouble, be much employed for washing and cleaning, as it dissolves soap better than any other water. Rain-water, if caught before it has had time to become defiled by dirty roofs and smoky chimneys, is very nearly pure, especially if filtered to

remove any merely mechanical impurities; it is useful for all domestic purposes, and is, moreover, rendered drinkable by the air which comes in contact with the drops as they fall. Spring-water, derived from rain which has flowed over or through mineral beds, absorbs carbonate and sulphate of lime and other salts, and becomes thereby 'hard.' In soft water, soap dissolves without curdling, and washes with a lather; whereas hard water curdles the soap. Spring-water that contains carbonate of lime may be rendered soft by boiling, which throws down the carbonate in a solid state, forming the *furr*, which so often lines our tea-kettles. If the water contains sulphate of lime, the separation cannot be made by simple boiling; but on adding a little soda, the sulphuric acid leaves the lime and seizes on the soda, allowing the lime to fall as a white sediment. Well-water and river-water, like spring-water, are derived originally from rain, and acquire their mineral qualities from the surfaces over which, or the strata through which they flow: they become hard or soft, pure or impure, therefore, according to circumstances.

The curious action of hard water on soap cannot be understood without paying a little attention to the chemistry of soap itself. What is soap? It is a chemical union of a fat and an alkali; the fat may be oil, or tallow, or grease, and the alkali may be soda, or potash, or ammonia; but there must be one of each kind. Fat will not dissolve in water; but when previously combined with alkali, it readily dissolves, and the three together form the well-known lather or suds. So much for the soap, then; but still this does not explain the action of soap in washing. The skin and the linen, when dirty, have always a certain amount of greasiness, which water will not remove, because it has so little affinity for greasy or oily substances; but if a little soda or potash be used, this at once forms a compound, a soap, with the grease, and the newly-formed soap becomes soluble in water. Every person who washes his hands with the aid of a bit of soda, becomes a soap-maker at that instant, without being conscious of his dignity. If soda or potash alone were used in washing, the caustic action of the alkali would corrode the skin and burn or destroy the linen; and it is on this account that soap is made previously. The alkali is the real detergent or washing agent, while the oil or tallow softens and mellows the causticity. All soap is made with less fat than will fully saturate the alkali, so that the latter still retains power enough to saponify the grease upon which it is required to act. When soap and soft water, then, are used in washing, the alkali of the soap combines with the grease or dirt to form a still richer soap, which becomes easily soluble in the water; but when the water is hardened by containing sulphate of lime—which is the case with much of our spring-water—a perplexity arises. The sulphuric acid of the sulphate has a strong affinity for the alkali of the soap: the two unite to form sulphate of soda or of potash, while the lime of the one and the fat of the other, having nothing else to do, unite to form the curd; so that the soap becomes no soap, and the washing can only be half effected. But though the enemy cannot be conquered, he can be neutralised: throw in a little more alkali, in the familiar forms of soda or potash, and the acid of the sulphate, feasting on this spare alkali, will leave the soap to do its own work in its own way. Perhaps this little bit of chemistry will suffice to shew the philosophy of hard water in washing.

In the much-entangled question respecting the supply of water to the metropolis, many of the reasonings have been founded on the fact, that Thames water contains rather a large percentage of lime, and is to that extent hard. Some of the well-water is still harder; but the water from the surface-drainage of wide districts like Bagshot, is found to be much softer; and some of the recent plans have been based on this

* Since this article was in type, we have learned that a modified version of it has recently appeared in a religious periodical, to which it was sent by the author a year ago.—Ed. C. E. J.

fact. The laundress is closely interested in this question. Some attention was excited about three years ago by an estimate from Mr Bullar, that the washing-bills of the metropolis reach £5,000,000 annually; that is, that the actual cost of washing clothes amounts to this vast sum. The estimate was the result of five or six years' investigation. Mr Bullar inquired of labouring-men and their families; of the superintendents of the various public wash-houses; of single men in the humbler grades of life; of small tradesmen and shopkeepers; of servants in wealthier families; and of the wealthier families themselves; and grouping society into classes, and putting down a certain average per head to each, he arrived at the above result in round numbers. The numbers are given with a full acknowledgment of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of obtaining a correct result; but, like many other estimates, this may be useful until a better is obtained. The soap-and-water question thus rises to one of some magnitude.

Professor Clark has adduced a remarkable fact, illustrative of the wear and tear of linen by the use of hard water. Two young men, brothers, in Glasgow, were put into counting-houses, one in London, and the other in Glasgow. They had a similar assortment of shirts given to each. Some time after, when the brother in London came back on a visit to Glasgow, the lady of the house pointed out, to the wonder of her female friends, the difference observable in the wear of the shirts of the two brothers; those that had undergone the London washing being so much more worn than the others which had been washed at Glasgow. So far as regards the soot or 'blacks' resulting from factories and ironworks, and dwellings in a district where coals are cheap, it is not improbable that linen becomes soiled by the air of Glasgow quite as much as by that of London; indeed, Professor Clark places it before London in this respect. The truth of the matter is, that so much soda and pearl-ash are required to neutralise the lime in London water, that textile materials suffer thereby.

Thirty pounds of soap are consumed by every 100 gallons of Thames water, before it forms a lather fitted for detergent purposes. So says Dr Lyon Playfair; and a serious statement it is. According to competent authorities, the soap consumed in Great Britain averages about seven and a half pounds per head per annum, which, at 50s. per hundredweight, or £50 per ton, would give about 3s. 4d. for each person. The London consumption is estimated at double this average, or fifteen pounds per head: about 1000 tons of soap per month, and 250 tons of soda additional for washing alone, costing altogether about £630,000 per annum for soap and soda for washing in the metropolis alone. What portion of this is absorbed by the lime which so unluckily finds a home in Thames water, we could not know, unless it were known how much Thames water is used annually for detergent purposes; but it must amount to a pretty severe water-rate, which Father Thames will not remit.

So close are the links of the social chain, that even a basin of water may affect both the ethics and the æsthetics of the multitude, when the basin is multiplied by millions. Thoughtful men have built up a structure of reasoning by the following steps: Thames water (taking this as an example) contains more lime, irrespective of impurities, than is desirable; it is hard; it requires much soap and soda to make it wash well; this soda injures the clothes, and the additional soap is expensive; this expense tends to discourage the washing of clothes among poor families; this discouragement tends to the use of dark colours in dresses, as a means of concealing dirt; and this concealment by means of a dusky hue cannot fail to have some effect, however slight, on the decent self-respect of the wearers, and of the popular taste in regard to colours in dress. An opinion has been expressed, that if manufacturers, who

supply on a large scale the materials for women's and children's dresses, were to watch attentively the districts in which the various kinds command a ready sale, they would probably find that, other things being equal, the dark colours would sell most in districts supplied with hard water; the brighter colours being disposed of more readily in the soft-water districts. We do not know whether any of the great firms in Manchester or Glasgow are in a position to throw light on this very curious and not unimportant subject.

Washing, whether of the person or of the garments, is by no means the only process in which the relative hardness and softness of water is an important question. In all operations where water is to act as a solvent, or to draw out the qualities of animal and vegetable substances, the agent must be free, to do its work well; and with lime, &c., present, water is not a free agent; it performs its chemical functions only so far as its hard companion permits it so to do. Whenever opportunity has been afforded for making the inquiry, it has generally been found that housewives and manufacturers like soft water better than hard: the one for domestic, and the other for factory purposes. Some few years ago, the Stockport Water-works Company began to supply two kinds of water—the first, having a degree of hardness about equal to that of Thames water, and the second being much softer. The soft water came into very general favour: it was voted better for washing, as it used less soap; it was better for tea, as it used less of the costly leaf; it was better for brewing, as it drew out the malt extract more effectively; it was better for steam-engines, as it did not corrode the boilers so quickly. A bleacher of Stockport told Dr Sutherland, that 45 pounds of alkali with the soft water has as much bleaching effect as 50 pounds with the harder water; and that the saving of soap is in still larger proportion. A calico-printer said, that the soft water requires less dye-drugs to produce the desired intensity of tint.

In a manufacturing district, the steam-boiler question is of much importance; for there is now an accumulation of evidence, that the boilers become incrustated much sooner by the use of hard than soft water: the chemical theory of the subject shews that this would probably be the case, but still it is necessary to test it by facts. At Blackburn, as at Stockport, the town has recently been supplied with water nearly soft, instead of a much harder water, derived from brooks near the town; and the engineers have found that they save more than the amount of the water-rate, by the lessening of expense in repairing and cleaning steam-boilers. Warrington, in like manner, has its two kinds of water; and the brewers have, by pretty general consent, abandoned the hard for the soft.

As the tea-question is one that comes home to every one's pocket in England, we must notice it. Mr Philip Holland, a surgeon, who has the usual laboratory aids for testing and purifying water, has stated, that the Lambeth Company's water, formerly derived from the Thames, near Waterloo Bridge, but now from a higher and purer part of the same river—used to be very hard, foul, disagreeable, and unwholesome; and that, as a matter of economy as well as of health, he used to add a little oxalate of ammonia to the water whenever tea was made; the consequence was, that ten ounces of tea went as far as eighteen ounces had before gone. He states, that one pennyworth of the oxalate would suffice to precipitate the lime in ten gallons of Thames water. It would not be fair to draw inferences unfavourable to the London water companies from such a fact as this, for the whole of them have now abandoned the obtaining of water from the Thames, except at some distance from London, but still the principle is the same.

Mr Webster, in his *Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy*, thus sums up his views concerning the water best fitted for cooking:—"In culinary operations, where the object

is to soften the texture of animal or vegetable matter, or to extract from it, and present in a liquid form, some of its soluble parts, soft water is the most effective, and to be preferred. In brewing, boiling, or stewing meat, making soup, or any extract whatever, soft water is best. But if we consider the cooking of vegetables, we shall find that in some instances hard water is better than soft; and this the cook knows, practically at least, by throwing salt into the water, which makes it hard. Soft water without salt has too powerful a dissolving effect upon green vegetables; it makes them too tender, destroying that firmness essential to the preservation of their juices, which are thus dissolved and extracted, and the vegetables consequently rendered insipid, at least to English palates. Together with the juices, the green colour is extracted, and the vegetables rendered pale, and even yellowish. In boiling fish, likewise—the contrary to boiling meat—it is not required merely to render the fish soft, but to preserve a certain degree of its firmness; salt is therefore put into the water in boiling fish; hence it is evident that, in this case, hard water is at least as good as soft, if not better. It may, therefore, be laid down as a rule in domestic economy, that when the object is to dissolve substances, to render them soft, or to extract the virtues of anything, as in soups, broths, stews, &c., then soft water is the best; but when the object is to cook the food by preserving the juices as much as possible, hard water is preferable. This, it is to be remarked, although correct, is not the prevailing opinion derived from books on cookery.

This concluding remark looks very much as if doctors differ in the saucepan as elsewhere. Certain it is, that hard water is treated a little more gently by Mr Webster, a laboratory cook, than by kitchen-cooks generally. The magic-stove making, nectar-brewing, gastronomic M. Soyer, who has acquired something more than the ordinary fame which belongs to good cooks, has brought his knowledge to bear on this subject, as on all others connected with the culinary art. He tells us that Thames water is too hard for cooking; that if cabbage, greens, spinach, or asparagus, be boiled in it, they acquire a yellow tinge; that French beans are still more discoloured; that pease and beans have a tendency to shrivel up; that the boiling requires a longer time; and that it is desirable to add a little soda to the water, to soften it.

M. Soyer conducted a remarkable series of experiments in 1850, at the suggestion of the Board of Health. The object was to ascertain what influence the quality of the water exerts on the infusion of tea; or, as we familiarly term it, on making tea. He procured distilled water from Apothecaries' Hall; water from an Artesian well in Covent-garden Market; water from an Artesian well, 360 feet deep, at the Reform Club-house; water from a well, 200 feet deep, at the Camden Station; New River water; water from a spring in Well-close Square; water from a well at Cumberwell; Thames water; and water rendered artificially hard by three different proportions of lime. He procured green tea, black tea, and mixed tea, and made infusions of each of the three kinds in each of the eleven kinds of water. He found that the distilled water gave the extract more quickly than any other; indeed, almost too quickly, for it drew out also a little of the woody flavour, which is not wanted. The water from the deep well at the Reform Club-house, though ranking second in rapidity of action, is placed by him in the first rank as regards tea-making qualities. Not only does hard water require a longer time than soft to extract the quality of the leaf, but there is a percentage which it seems to leave wholly unextracted. M. Soyer asserts, that with Thames water it requires one-third more tea to produce a given quantity and strength of extract, than if pure soft water were used—an assertion which, if true, points to an enormous annual waste, of a somewhat

costly article, among the million or so of tea-drinkers in the metropolis.

Meat, M. Soyer says, seems to be influenced much in the same way as vegetables, by boiling in hard water; that is, the characteristic qualities are not developed or drawn out as they ought to be. Hard water seems to compress the pores; while soft water dilates them, and acts upon the succulent matter which they contain, making them more nutritious. In boiling salt-meat, our great authority tells us, 'less salt is extracted when boiled in hard water, and at the same time the meat is not so tender as when boiled in soft water.' Soft water evaporates one-third faster than hard water.

But what of water as a drink *per se*? Dr Leech, a medical practitioner of Glasgow, made a statement before the Board of Health in 1850, which, if correct, is of considerable importance:—'During the late cholera, there was a remarkable circumstance which deserves notice, as compared with the epidemic of 1832. Since the former period, the population of Glasgow south of the Clyde has nearly doubled; and with this exception and the introduction of the soft-water supply (by the Gorbals Gravitation Water-works), the circumstances might be considered as the same at both periods. In 1832, in one district—the parish of Gorbals—the attack was fearful; while Glasgow north of the Clyde also suffered severely. During the late epidemic, Gorbals parish furnished comparatively a small number of cases, while the epidemic in other parts of Glasgow was very severe. The unanimous opinion of the medical society was, that this comparative immunity was to be attributed to the soft-water supply.' In confirmation of this tendency in hard water to encourage cholera more extensively than soft, Dr Paton has stated that in Charleston, a district of Paisley, standing higher and possessing purer air than most of the town, and supplied with water from wells and not by the company, cholera made its most severe attack, hardly missing a family, except a few who were supplied with soft water. In respect to fever, also, the Local Board of Health in Paisley found that in the district supplied with well-water, fever prevailed in more than tenfold ratio, as compared with the district supplied from the water-works, of which the water is obtained from hills of considerable height a few miles from the town. Nothing surely can be more worthy of attention than such statements as these; running streams of clean water, and vessels plentifully filled with it, are blessings to the inhabitants of a closely-built town; but if disease follows some kinds of water, the wide world ought to know it.

Cisterns and water-butts are in much disfavour with medical men. There is an increasing use of the pressure or constant-supply system; that is, a system whereby the water is driven from the water-works with such force as to keep all the pipes, great and small, always full. Dr Hassell, one of the medical witnesses examined by the Board of Health, has pointed out that the water in a cistern is generally exposed to light, air, the sun, and the reception of dead and living organic matter. This organic matter, with dirt and dust of various kinds, forms an ever-increasing mass, which is stirred up every time the water comes in, only to subside again when it is quiescent. Cisterns and water-butts are often placed in rather inaccessible positions, and cannot be reached without ladders or other troublesome contrivances; this, and the well-known tendency to postpone as long as possible all house repairs and disagreeable house cleanings, lead too often to an unsightly and unwholesome state of the water-supply, over and above the defects which may exist in the water from other causes.

We are a much clothes-washing, much tea-drinking, much meat-eating people; and when our sanitary friends thus tell us how largely the good-fortunes of

the clothes and the tea and the meat depend on the quality of the water, it will be a little too bad if we do not bear in mind the fact—supposing it to be supported by wider experience—in our future practical operations for water-supply.

THE MASTODON.

AMERICA has long been famous for its mammoths; and we have now before us a handsome quarto,* in which the story of the monster creatures is told with such particulars as shew that the fame has substantial grounds to rest upon. The volume itself, which is highly creditable to the author, affords a favourable view of the advancement of palaeontological science in the United States; and we purpose, while calling attention to it, to gather a summary of the interesting facts which it contains.

The first mention of mammoth bones in America occurs in a letter written by the Rev. Cotton Mather to Dr Woodward, secretary of the Royal Society in 1712. The devout writer was describing a manuscript work of two folio volumes, in which some painstaking colonial author had declared, that the statements concerning giants in the book of Genesis were fully verified by the discovery of certain big bones, evidently human, not far from Albany. These had been found in 1705, and others were subsequently picked up near the same locality on the banks of the Hudson. Among them was a tooth of five poundweights, and another with fangs six inches in length, described as being singularly like the eyetooth of a man. The learned colonist may be pardoned for believing he had found a fossil antediluvian, seeing that in his day witchcraft was a fact to millions, and mankind generally had not made up their minds that the earth spins round the sun.

Since that time, bones, teeth, and skeletons, more or less perfect, have been found in different parts of the world and through all degrees of climate—in France, Switzerland, on the slopes of the Himalaya, on the banks of the Irrawadi, and in America. From the specimens brought to light, the number of species is now reckoned as twenty-three, with a subdivision including four others, all based chiefly on differences in the structure of the teeth. Numerous as the discoveries have been in America, it is remarkable that, except in a single instance, none of the remains have been met with east of the Hudson River, while they occur in all the other states down to the Isthmus and as far west as Oregon. A vertebra and two teeth are all that have ever been found in New England, and yet they are seen again in Canada; so there was probably some local cause, apart from that of climate, which kept them out of the part of the country referred to.

In 1740, De Longueuil, a Frenchman, came upon some large bones at the Salt Lick, in Ohio, which seemed to him of such importance, that he sent them to Paris, where they were carefully examined and commented on by the savants. Naturalists took up the subject, but without any attempt, so far as is known, to prove that the bones were human. At length, in 1801, two nearly entire skeletons were found near the Hudson; and in 1840, Koch discovered the famous deposit in Missouri, from which was obtained the skeleton now in the British Museum. Meanwhile, Cuvier had been the first to give a scientific description of the huge creature, for which he proposed the name *Mastodon*, from two Greek words signifying *nipple-tooth*, adding the distinctive term *giganteus*. Those who have seen the teeth, will remember the conical protuberances on the upper surface of the grinders.

The state of New Jersey is rich in fossils; one of its small rivers, the Walkill, is called the *Mastodon*

Stream. In October 1844, portions of five skeletons were found at Hackettstown, about twenty miles from Newark: most of the bones, however, except those connected with the jaw, crumbled away on exposure to the air. One set was particularly interesting, as they were those of a young or calf *mastodon*, and they have been of signal use in enabling the learned to trace the natural history of the animal from the earlier periods of its growth. These skeletons were found in a ravine-like depression in a hilly ridge, where a swampy patch had been dried by the heat of the sun. All but one were in a standing position, as though imbedded by a sudden overflow—some at a depth of six feet, others but little below the surface. In digging down, a layer of vegetable mould and sand was first passed through; the next was a yellowish stratum, which, as the discoverer said, 'resembled and smelt like the matter of a cow-yard'; and besides this, there was found among the bones a quantity of stuff which he took to be 'coarse chopped straw and bits of stick.' All these were indications that the animals had been buried at a comparatively recent date.

In the following year, another discovery was made. Orange County, on the west of the Hudson River, about seventy miles above New York, appears to have been a favourite resort of the mammoth; it was there that the two skeletons above mentioned had been found. In 1801. The summers of 1814 and 1845 were unusually dry, and many small collections of water entirely disappeared; lakes became swamps, and swamps dry ground. The farmers took advantage of the event, and dug up the soft mud from the hollows, and used it as manure. Mr Brewster, whose farm is situated a few miles from Newburgh, was digging at the bottom of a small valley; and at three feet below the surface he came upon a bed of shell-marl, into which the diggers had penetrated about a foot, when a hard mass was struck by the spade. 'A rock!' cried some; 'A mammoth!' cried others jestingly. An examination took place, and the supposed rock was found to be bone. Considerable eagerness was then manifested to explore further; the digging was carefully continued, and presently the skull and long white tusks of a *mastodon* lay exposed to the wondering gaze of a hundred spectators, who, as the Newburgh turnpike-road lay but a few yards from the spot, had all stopped on their journey to see the sight. The top of the skull was about five feet below the surface, and its position afforded a clue to the direction in which the other portions of the skeleton might be looked for. The diggers continued their task; it was slow work to disinter such a monster, yet by the end of the second day, nearly every bone had been discovered, to the great delight of the whole party.

In the hollows formed by the cavity of the ribs, lay a mass of about five or six bushels of broken twigs, rushes, leaves, and earthy matter; the coarse-chopped straw and bits of stick of the New Jersey farmer. The pieces of wood varied from the smallest sized twig up to half an inch in diameter, and averaged two inches in length, with evident signs of having been crushed, but not ground, by great pressure. Maple, lime, and willow were, as was thought, discovered among these fragments; but one conclusion might safely be entertained, which was, that the heap had once been the contents of the *mastodon's* stomach, and constituted what Professor Hitchcock called his last supper. The conclusion was strengthened by a train of the same material, about four inches diameter, extending from the stomach towards the tail, where, beyond the bones, lay a homogeneous mass evidently fecal. This would have been closely and carefully examined, but the sides of the excavation fell in on the second night, and the materials were so deeply buried and intermingled with the soil, that further search had to be abandoned. All the bones, however, were obtained, excepting the toe-bones

* *The Mastodon Giganteus of North America*. By J. C. Warren, M.D. Boston. 1852.

of the left hind-foot. One of the tusks was broken in two in lifting it from the ground; their length was ten feet eleven inches, and seven and a half inches diameter at the base—dimensions truly prodigious, and conveying marvellous ideas of the creatures that carried such appendages. From the fact of the fore-legs having been found stretched out in front of the skeleton, it was supposed that the animal had sunk in swampy ground, and floundered laboriously to extricate itself, as is the case at times with the hippopotamus of the present day; but not succeeding, it had died of starvation on the spot, and was gradually buried by natural causes, operating through a series of years. For a few months after its discovery, this skeleton was exhibited in New York, and other towns of the United States; it ultimately became the property by purchase of Dr Warren, who had it properly articulated; and it is now set up in a fire-proof building at Boston, where many American and British naturalists have had opportunity for examining it. There is another almost perfect skeleton in the museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Of the five skeletons now standing in different museums, four were discovered in Orange County.

This last disinterment gives us a somewhat startling peep into the antediluvian world. We find not only the skeleton of an extinct quadruped, but also the remains of what he lived on; and the mind is bewildered in contemplating the huge form in which animal life presented itself in past ages, and in having it brought, as it were, so near to us. An examination of the marl in which the bones were found, shows it to contain land and fresh water shells identical with species now in existence. Dr Carpenter, among others, has examined the 'bits of stick' with the microscope, and finds them to belong to some coniferous tree or shrub which still grows in America. Thus we have an important link between the life of the present and that of the past. Rushes formed part of the food as well as branches; and we may believe, that when the mastodon found the wood too dry, he betook himself to the bogs and swamps in search of moister food, where, sinking by his enormous weight, he was unable to get out again.

Dr Warren gives a detailed and methodical description of the several skeletons that have come under his notice, comparing one with the other in structure and dimensions; and on many points he has cleared up doubts, and added to our knowledge. The number of teeth supplied to the mastodon was long a matter of uncertainty, and it was often a question whether an animal that lived on such tough food did not wear out his teeth long before he ceased to need them. We now know, as might have been predicted with certainty, that efficient masticating power was fully provided for in the huge quadruped's economy. The whole number of teeth comprised six on each side in each jaw: first came the two small anterior milk molars; the third, also small, with six points or nipples; the fourth, a larger of the same kind; followed by the fifth, still larger, at a late period of life; and last, the sixth, 'the great ultimate four or five ridged tooth, with its eight or ten points, which takes the place of all the others, and remains the solitary tooth of its side, to be retained by the animal, so far as we know, during the remainder of its life.' These last mentioned are the finest examples we possess of nature's handiwork in the way of teeth; indeed, they may be called superb; and their composition and structure are superior to those of any of the present races of animals. Thus provided, the mastodon might have enjoyed himself for four or five centuries, secure of life as long as he had strength to move his jaws.

The tusks are incisor teeth enormously developed; the first pair, as shewn by the calf found near Hackettstown, fell out, and left room for their permanent successors. The dimensions of these have been already

stated: they are formed of a succession of laminae, composed of phosphate and carbonate of lime, calcium, magnesia, soda, and sulphur. Besides these, there was a pair of inferior or mandibular tusks in the lower jaw, one of which yet remains in the skeleton described by Dr Warren; it is eleven inches in length, and the cavity for its fellow is still seen on the opposite side of the jaw. This lower tusk is never found in the elephant genus; it therefore constitutes a distinct and marked difference between that and the mastodon.

In comparing the two, the elephant is seen to be taller, lighter, and more adapted for movement than the mastodon; while the latter is built for slow motion, to bear great weights, and move heavy masses, and conveys an idea of far more gigantic proportions. Its longest rib-bone measures fifty-five inches in length, and the bones of the fore-feet are two feet across. What a foot must that have been when covered with muscle, skin, and hair! Some parts of the skeleton bear a greater resemblance to certain bones of the human body than to those of any other quadruped; which fact may perhaps excuse their having been taken for those of giants. The Siberian mammoth—a Tatar name, meaning *of the earth*—is supposed by many persons to be the same as the mastodon; but it is in reality an elephant, the *Elephas primigenius*, as shewn by the difference of structure, and the absence of tusks in the lower jaw. Numbers of these animals have been found frozen up in sand-banks, retaining all their flesh and original form almost unchanged.

The period at which the mastodon ranged the earth, is an interesting question with geologists. The temperate zone of America appears to have been its chief habitat; its remains have been found on the north-west coast of that continent, as far north as sixty-five degrees; and Mr Darwin met with them in Patagonia, and other parts of the south. We may consider it as settled, that the creatures lived at the time the Alps and Caucasian chains were being upheaved, about the middle of the tertiary period; when the northern ice was confined to the arctic circle; when the great valleys of Switzerland and of the Danube were seas, forming offshoots from the Black Sea and the Caspian; when the volcanoes of France and Germany were in full operation, and an outbreak of molten matter created Staffa and the Giant's Causeway. That was the age of pachyderms; and the mastodon is supposed to have been a link between the deinothorium and the elephant.

The European mastodon was in existence at an earlier period than that of America; the bones of the *Mastodon angustidens* have been found in France in calcareous rock fifty feet below the surface; while the remains of the *Mastodon giganteus* of the western hemisphere, 'have generally been discovered in post-tertiary or alluvial formation, at the depth of from five to ten feet in lacustrine deposits, in bogs, or shell-marl.' The elephant period is believed to have been the same in both continents, though it was stated by M. Desor, at the late meeting of the Swiss Society, that the elephant preceded the glacial period in Switzerland, but followed it in America, the species, however, being the same. It appears certain that the *Elephas primigenius* and mastodon were both in existence at the same time.

Negative evidence of some value is found in the fact, that in the most ancient sculptures of which we have any knowledge, there is no representation whatever of the mastodon. This, notwithstanding the arguments to the contrary, would assign the animals to a period anterior to the creation of man. A long-continued series of observations on the time required for the deposition of marl, and other superficial strata, would furnish some clue to the period in which the bones were imbedded. Sir Charles Lyell, who has bestowed much attention on the subject, and examined the localities in which the bones have been found, says, that the mastodons of America 'lived after the deposition of

the northern drift, and, consequently, the coiffness of climate which probably coincided in date with the transportation of the drift was not, as some pretend, the cause of their extinction.' And his opinion is, 'that the disappearance of the mastodon, and many other megatheroid animals, occurred at a period not very long anterior to the introduction of man.'

The cause of disappearance remains uncertain, and is the more difficult to explain, because the climate and vegetation appear not to have been greatly different from the present. Individual deaths can be accounted for, but not the destruction of a whole race. Whether there was any process of extirpation similar to those taking place in our day, is a question which will tax the ingenuity of philosophers for some time longer. *

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF EDGAR POE.

Among the results of that spirit of enterprise which has brought us into intimate connection with the other nations of the earth, a more extended knowledge of literature is certainly not the least interesting. The triumphs of science and human energy, which have done so much to change our ideas of distance, and to give us ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the remote portions of the world, have had an effect in widening the circle of readers to such a degree, that authors may now be said to write, not for those of their own country merely, but for a world-wide public. This is especially the case in regard to those who, though separated from us by the mighty ocean, use the same language, and give expression to ideas very similar to our own. The extent to which our knowledge of American literature has increased within the last few years, is one of the most striking illustrations that could be adduced of the manner in which free communication between nation and nation contributes to the general diffusion of enlightenment, and the cultivation of an elevated taste. As may easily be supposed, our transatlantic cousins have hitherto profited most by these benefits. Their literature and art are little else as yet than reflections of our own; but we have, nevertheless, obtained some return for what they have derived from us, in the works of the more recent American authors—works which are now beginning to exhibit greater originality, and indicate the formation of what will in course of time be worthy of being considered a national literature. The poets and novelists are leading the van in this intellectual progress; for it is obvious that the specimens of American poetry with which we are now more or less familiar, evince a far higher order of genius, and more remarkable characteristics of originality, than anything of the kind which the poets of the New World formerly produced. They are distinguished by a greater degree of freshness, by a more delicate sense of the beautiful, and a higher tone of feeling; and although a great poem, in the true sense of the term, has not yet reached us from the other side of the Atlantic, not a few remarkable ones may now be pointed to in the works of such men as Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, and Poe. While the first two of these are now nearly as familiar to the lovers of poetry among us as they are in their own country, the others, equally worthy of notice, are by no means so well known as they deserve to be. Poe, as a writer of more than ordinary power, and as one who has evinced far more originality than any of his contemporaries, is especially worthy of

attention; and we therefore propose, in the course of this article, to present our readers with an outline of his strange, sad history, and a few selections from such of his poems as are most remarkable.

Three volumes of poems, tales, essays, and criticisms, recently collected and published in America, contain the contributions of Edgar Allan Poe to the periodical literature of his country, and form the sole basis upon which his reputation as a writer rests. Very recently, his poems alone have been republished in England, with a brief prefatory essay, in which his merits as a prose-writer are scarcely even referred to, while the moral of his life is obviously mistaken. From a biography prefixed to the New York edition, we are enabled to form an estimate of his personal character, such as his works do not afford; and we doubt if the records of human wretchedness and frailty can yield anything more painful, than the facts upon which that estimate is founded. Mental philosophy will scarcely enable us to account for the consistency of a fine sense of the beautiful, both in physics and morals, with an extreme practical demoralisation; but that it did exist in the case before us, as in many others, there is no room to doubt; for never, we believe, was genius allied to vice in its grosser forms more apparent than in the career of Edgar Poe. Unhappily, circumstances of the most unfavourable kind surrounded him at his very birth, for both his parents died while he was a mere child, leaving him little else than the dangerous inheritance of strong passions and a restless disposition. His lot, in a worldly point of view, was by no means a hard one, however, for at his father's death he was adopted by a gentleman of ample means and a kindly heart, who strove with true paternal solicitude to guide and control the wayward boy. His efforts were unavailing; for no sooner had Poe returned from England, where he had been taken by his foster-father for the purpose of obtaining the advantages of a liberal education, than he entered upon the course of recklessness and dissipation which ended only with his life. Expelled from an American university, he returned home to repay his guardian's kindness with insults and ingratitude of the worst description, and subsequently set forth on a Quixotic journey to join the Greeks in their struggle for independence. Greece he never reached, however, but was picked up a wandering beggar in Russia, and sent back only to be cashiered from a military establishment into which he had been admitted by influence of no ordinary kind.

We next hear of him as a private soldier, then as the successful competitor for a prize offered by an enterprising publisher for a tale and poem, and again as a miserable and half-famished writer for obscure periodicals. Poe's genius was not such as to remain long in obscurity, and accordingly his writings speedily brought him into notice, and procured him lucrative and honourable employment. For a time he seemed to have overcome his evil propensities, and to have resolved upon a new course of life. He married a young, beautiful, and gentle wife—'The Beautiful Annabel Lee' of his touching and exquisite lyric. He surrounded his home with all those refinements which a highly-cultivated taste could suggest and a moderate income allow. In his humble yet poetical home, he appeared to those who knew him best to have begun that career of high endeavour for which his genius was so well fitted, and to have entered upon a course which

would soon lead to fame and fortune. A few months, however, and all this was at an end. His employers were compelled, reluctantly it is believed, to free themselves from a connection with one whose power they appreciated, but whose irregularities and apparent insanity were continually the source not only of annoyance, but of great pecuniary risk; for Poe's antipathies, always violent, were rendered tenfold more so by intemperance, and he seldom scrupled as to the means of giving expression to them. After continued periods of dissipation, intervals of sobriety and great labour occurred. There were times of remorse, and often of brilliant achievement. Let no one deem such language misapplied in the case of one who was as yet only a writer of fugitive papers for ordinary periodicals. The periodicalism of America has fostered all its best writers; and there, not less than with us, do we find the highest evidences of intellectual strength in what is designed to last only for a few days. The nature of many of Poe's contributions was, however, enduring; they bore the impress of genius; and twenty years hence, the best of them will probably be much more familiar to English readers than they are now. These were thrown off with amazing rapidity, considering their character, at a time when, after his settlement in New York, all who admired them, and were interested in their author, deemed that he had entered upon a new and purer course of life.

This hopeful period, however, was soon at an end. In two years after, his wife, whom he seems to have really loved, died in abject penury, and he had once more plunged into the wildest excesses. Desperately depraved, reckless, and mad, he still, at intervals, astonished his countrymen with some new proof of his genius. The literary circles of New York were always open to him in his sober hours; and even in his worst days, he lacked not the self-sacrificing devotedness of woman. The mother of his dead wife clung to him, hoping against hope, caring for him, screening him, and, amid all his self-abandonment, watching over and seeking help for him. Occasionally it would seem as if this tenderness and solicitude had brought back Poe to a sense of shame. He again turned earnestly to his pen; and in 1848, produced *Eureka*, a work to the composition of which he brought his capacities obviously in their most complete development. It is a prose poem on the cosmogony of the universe, a work of rare power, and the effect of which in America was beyond anything that had been experienced for years. It greatly increased the number of Poe's admirers, among whom was a lady spoken of by his biographer, as 'one of the most brilliant women in New England.' Whether from sufficient cause or not, the name of this lady and that of the admired but wretched poet were frequently associated, and it was hoped that their expected union might have a beneficial influence upon his character. This, however, did not take place—Poe, in a fit of almost incomprehensible brutality, having outraged himself, designedly it was thought, upon a circle of her friends, and in her own presence, in a state of wild inebriety. Another, and the last, temporary reformation followed this occurrence. He once more gave evidence of a determination of amendment—spoke with unaffected horror of his past life, and became jealous of seduction into his former courses. Temptation assailed him, however, at an ungarded moment, while on his way to accept of an honourable invitation from a literary institute, and he fell never again to rise. After days of dissipation and madness, he died in the public hospital of Baltimore, in October 1849, at the early age of thirty-eight.

The moral of this melancholy history lies upon the surface. Dark sometimes, dreadfully dark as is the page on which are written the records of genius, we know of nothing more sad and painful than this, for never, we believe, was the poetic gift allied with so

much that was essentially depraved. It is more than doubtful whether the daring recklessness, the wild licence with which men like Poe sported with the responsibilities of life, have not done far more for Satan, than in their highest and purest works they have done for man. And yet the poetry of this poor inebriate is free from aught of that viciousness which marked his life; for the most part, it is the mournful wail of one whose natural endowments were never called into play without uttering unconsciously deep and touching sorrow over the wreck of the spirit of which they formed a part. It is the sad dirge-like music of those moments which were pauses in a lawless life—a strain in which the agony of remorse seems to thrill with all its intensity, or to grasp at strange quaint fancies, and force them to interpret things it dare not distinctly utter. And thus much that Poe has written, is autobiographical in a stricter sense than poetry of a strongly subjective character generally is. Draped in the sombre or the flaming garments with which his imagination invested them, we see the poet himself, and all his mocking or upbraiding thoughts, wandering wildly through the melancholy numbers. There is a deep and beautiful tenderness, too, in some of his lyrics, as witness the exquisite poem of *Annabel Lee*—the expression of his sorrow for the death of his gentle wife.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

But the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

This strain of sorrow is only equalled by those in which the poet mourns over the wreck of his wasted life. Amid all his wild excesses, and his self-outlawry from the amenities of social existence, he had no more severe censor than that which spoke from within his own soul. This is strikingly manifest in the poem, entitled *The Haunted Palace*, and especially in the following stanzas of it:—

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head;
In the monarch Thought's dominions,
It stood there.
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically,
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh, but smile no more.

While Poe's genius was necessarily infected by the depravity of his life to the extent of a misanthropical faithlessness in man, his poetry, from the circumstance of its being so strictly subjective, is less unhealthy than his prose. The utterance of his own self-knowledge is, moreover, always too passionate to be deemed insincere. His tales and sketches are often pervaded by the horrible, to an extent which is only saved from being repulsive by the power of imagination and the strength of the reasoning faculty displayed in them; but in his poems there are almost always glimpses afforded of a ruined beauty, and an analytic treatment of emotion, sufficient to give them a moral tone. He seems, as it were, to have preserved the latter sacred to the expression of his own sorrow, for that the phantom of the past rose up before him with awful, soul-subduing severity is clear, we think, from many of his best poems. *The Raven* is the most remarkable proof of this; and when we know that it was written during what might be considered the longest of those periods of sober earnestness, strong thought, and incessant labour which occurred in his brief career, we are at no loss to discover, that what seems fanciful and almost amusing to the ordinary reader, had a deep and terrible significance to the unhappy poet. This remarkable poem, which occupies, we think, the most prominent position among the originalities of American imaginative literature, is much too long to be quoted by us in its entirety, and not a little of its peculiar charm is necessarily lost by its unity of strong emotion being broken up. Suffice it to give a mere outline of the poet's reverie broken by the tapping at his chamber door, and the subsequent colloquy with the 'stately Raven of the saintly days of yore'—a meet emblem of the dark shadow of his own worse than wasted life which conscience summons up before him.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore;
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?'

Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

But the Raven sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour—
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered: 'Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'

Then the bird said: 'Never more.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken—
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never, never more.'

'Prophet,' said I, 'king of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God who both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore.'

Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,' I cried
upstarting;
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door—
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'

Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the placid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted— Never more.

We are disposed to believe that even these verses, detached as they are from the poem, and affording only an imperfect idea of its effect as a whole, indicate more than ordinary power. It is certainly unique in American literature, as much so as the *Christabel* and *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge are in our own; and unquestionably a poetical reputation has been earned by things that will not bear comparison with it for a moment, even in point of artistic construction merely, for there is a wonderful harmony between the feeling and the rhythmical expression. The peculiar irregular music of Poe's poetry is not the least striking proof of its original character. Style may always be imitated within the ordinary limits of mere versification, but that structure of rhythmical cadence which takes its form from the things expressed, is peculiarly the work of genius. Poe has carried this to an extreme in certain strains of inner music, so to speak—poems which have arranged themselves within the author's fancy both as to the thought or feeling and the rhyme; but the former being obscure, the latter is to a great extent unintelligible, and in some instances discordant. Some stanza from a piece, entitled *The Bells*, will suffice to illustrate the power he shows in maintaining the completeness of the harmony between the idea and its expression.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
'Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintintabulation that so musically swells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells;
 From the jangling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night,
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire—
 In a mad expostulation to the deaf and frantic fire;
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 O the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!

This is an achievement in versification which even Southey, curious and studiously desirous of excelling in such things, has not equalled; it greatly surpasses most of his efforts, indeed, inasmuch as the imagination evinced in the last stanza we have quoted surpasses mere feats in rhyme.

We have already said, that Poe's poetry may be regarded as in a very special sense the expression of his own self-consciousness. Wild and melancholy as is its general character, there are a few strains which shew that the spirit of the wretched poet was sometimes visited by dreams of surpassing beauty—glimpses of purity—of passionate yet exalted love, and of a higher faith than that of his ordinary life even at its best. It would seem as if in these his genius vindicated itself by a protest of beauty against the gloomy broodings of a disquieted conscience or the frenzied excesses of a vicious life; and yet the beauty ever wears the hue of sadness.

The prose works of Edgar Poe are for the most part susceptible of being accounted for on the principle we have already hinted at—namely, that which places them in a completely different light as regards their author's own being from the poems. They are of two classes—those in which a strong yet gloomy imagination creates consistently with its own nature, exploring the deepest depths of the horrible; and those in which a keen, clear intellect is more predominant than imaginative power. The combination of these two characteristics in the works of a single man, must ever infer no ordinary degree of intellectual strength: in the works of such a man as Poe, it is somewhat extraordinary. Let the reader turn to his singular sketch, entitled *The Pielained Letter*, or to some of his criticisms, after reading such things as *The Fall of the House of Usher*, or *The Cask of Amontillado*, and he will find it difficult to believe that the acumen, the clear, vigorous reasoning of the former, could ever have proceeded from a man of such a wild and morbid imagination as is evinced in the latter. Such, we are told by his biographer, was Poe's success in combining both these characteristics by admirably sustained argument on imaginary evidence, and in a supposititious case, that many of his readers could not be persuaded of its fictitious character. And yet we have seen what was the nature, the life, and death of this sad wreck alike of genius and humanity. Judging from the works he has left, Poe is unquestionably the most original

imaginative writer America has yet produced. There is not a line in all his poetry which suggests the idea of imitation; and nothing in his prose—if we except his wilder tales, which are like so many refinements on the gross horrors of old German romance—to which we could adduce a strict parallel.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON,

February 1853.

The approach of the vernal equinox is reviving the subject of emigration—that is, if a subject can be said to have died which has been from time to time galvanised by news of the arrival of ships with tons of gold on board, not such mere handfuls of ounces as used to be considered great prizes in the days of the old Spanish galleons. The exploits of the buccaners read tame, now that we are familiarised with the results of the diggings, and have a promise of their continuance. Besides five new gold-fields, a number of diamonds have been found; and if report speak truth, gold has been discovered in New Zealand also. Present indications shew, that the numbers willing to try their fortune in Australia will not be smaller this year than the last. At Southampton, a capacious lodging-house has been fitted up by the commissioners for the accommodation of emigrants while waiting their departure; and due precautions are taken to preserve health and morality. If similar establishments, equally well looked after, could be promoted in other large ports, the benefit would be extremely great, for there is a dark as well as a bright side to the prospect of the golden antipodes. Ships have arrived in the Australian ports with a loss of from 50 to 100 passengers by death during the voyage, and, as it appears, from overcrowding; and reports not less fatal have been heard from ships spoken on the passage. So there seems to be as little limit to the stowage of a ship as to that of the pit of a theatre. No money being returned in either case, you are left to survive the squeeze as best you may. This question of overcrowding, however, is far too serious to be passed over lightly; and if acts of parliament are not strong enough to prevent a species of slave-ship packing, it is imperative on all who are bent on expatriating themselves, to stipulate for ample space and plenty of air. Besides the contingency of death by the way, we are beginning now to get news from some of the thousands who went out in 1852; marvellous news in some cases, distressing in others; and many exclaim with 'Touchstone in the forest': 'When I was at home, I was in a better place.' Disappointments will necessarily abound, until the rude social elements of the new country shall have become tamed into something like civilisation. The recent opening of the first Australian university, may perhaps be regarded as a proof that knowledge is in request as well as gold; and now that our government contemplates leaving the respective colonies to govern themselves, we shall have an opportunity of seeing what sort of liberty will be most acceptable to our antipodean brethren. Meantime, all sorts of emigration facts are discussed with great interest: 299,504 emigrants landed in New York last year; 10,000 went overland from the States to California; the number that left Ireland, it is estimated, will considerably exceed that of 1851, when it was more than a quarter of a million. It is a fact highly creditable to Irish emigrants, that in 1852, the sums remitted by them to their friends and relatives at home, amounted to £290,000.

The means of emigration, too, are occupying a large share of attention. Certain earnest projectors will not hear of more than fifty days for the passage to Sydney; and so we are to have an 'Australian Direct Steam-navigation Company,' whose boats are to ply on either side, to and from the Isthmus. Another scheme is for screw-clippers by the same route; but seeing that the

Marco Polo sailed to Melbourne and back in a little over five months, it is pretty clear that capability for speed does not belong alone to steamers. Most promising, however, for a shortening of the distance, is the renewed proposal for a ship-canal across the Isthmus, traversing the territory of New Granada, from Port Escoceses on the Atlantic, to San Miguel on the Pacific. Certain concessions, it is said, have already been obtained for this route, which is shorter than any yet surveyed for a similar purpose, being not more than thirty-nine miles; besides which, the district is generally dry, and consequently more free from fevers and noxious insects than the swampy regions. In order that the work shall fully answer its purpose, the project is to cut a canal which shall be 80 feet deep at low-water, 160 feet wide at the surface of the water, 140 feet at the bottom, and without locks. This would admit of the largest ships passing from one ocean to the other in five hours; and we are told that any smaller dimensions than these would be inadequate to the purpose. The estimated cost is twelve millions sterling. Only let the promoters create an Isthmian route without transshipment, and they will soon have satisfactory evidence, in the shape of profitable tolls, of the course which trade will take to and from the other side of the globe.

The Americans seem determined to establish a communication in their own way: the legislature of the state of New York is said to have sanctioned a scheme for a railway from some place high up the Mississippi, to California. Six hundred miles of the distance are to be completed in the first year. Good-by to all the romance about buffalo-hunting, and adventures among the Sioux and Blackfeet, as soon as the steam-whistle shall be heard on the prairie! Much more might be said about enterprise in relation to travel, but there are other subjects to be noticed. One is, Mr Ragan's proposal to cut off a portion of the Mississippi, where that river joins the Missouri, by a canal leading to Lake Michigan, which, draining away the surplus waters, will save the plantations and towns on the lower course of the stream from the disastrous floods that now so frequently occur.

Education and its effects still engross a share of talk; but whether enough is or can be done, remains a question. There are at present 110 Ragged Schools in and around London, with 13,700 scholars, and 1850 teachers, of whom 200 receive payment—the others are voluntary. Since the commencement of these schools, nearly £3000 have been collected for their support. Great hopes are entertained from the work thus more or less beneficially carried on in a stratum of society too long neglected. But it must not be forgotten that education has many appliances, and encouragement should be given to the means of cleanliness; and seeing that the reports of our several baths and wash-houses for the past year are eminently favourable, we may believe that the connection between physical and moral purity, and the necessity for a repeal of the soap-tax, are beginning to be understood. Improved dwellings, which are also material aids to education, do not present themselves so numerously or suitably as was expected, probably because the rents of those already erected are too high for the mass of the working-classes. Boards of directors are too apt to assume that they know best, and this is a frequent cause of retardation in what would otherwise be a very forward movement. This putting on of the brake where it is not wanted, will doubtless go the way of all other errors when it has done its due share of mischief. Meantime, we must all help on the cause of enlightenment; and of this we have another gratifying instalment in the repetition of the sixpenny courses of lectures for working-men, which were delivered with so much success last winter at the Museum of Economic Geology.

Those who consider the theatre as a branch of education, are sanguine as to the beneficial results that

may follow the abolition of the practice of admitting crowds of people to the play by 'press-orders.' The practice is one that has been frequently condemned, but it survived condemnation until the present season, and now we may hope that it is gone past recall. One effect will probably be a reform of the machinery by which seats are obtained in theatres, and a lowering of the prices of admission; for managers won't like to see the space so long filled by the non-payers remain permanently empty.

Of scientific matters, some have attracted more than ordinary interest—one of them being Sir Charles Lyell's return from America with a land-shell, and the remains of a fossil reptile, found in a fossilised tree standing erect in the coal-measures of Nova Scotia. The reptile is proved to be a *batrachian*, allied to species yet existing in the United States; and coupled with the fact, that a somewhat similar fossil has been discovered in Lanarkshire, it is causing geologists to reconsider their conclusions about air-breathing animals, and other phenomena of the coal-period. We have information, too, that gold has been found in more than one place in Canada; and we shall doubtless get a full report from Mr Logan, the government-surveyor, as soon as the snows have melted; but if the Canadians are wise, they will not abandon their deposits of copper on Lake Superior for any mere 'prospect' of more precious metal.

Professor Owen also has added another animal to our palæontological catalogue, from a study of bones sent to him from Patagonia. He calls it the *Nesodon*, a strained and fanciful name, but by which he proposes to distinguish certain quadrupeds of the pliocene and miocene periods, hoofed and herbivorous, and of which he makes out four species. One resembled a sheep, another a llama, while a third was as large as the rhinoceros. The discovery is said to establish the fact of the large ternary division of hoofed animals, by which certain discrepancies, hitherto unexplained, are reconciled. Marcel de Serres may use this as another illustration in his discussion on the causes of the difference of size in ancient and present races of animals. He shews it to have been due to the presence of heat, moisture, and carbonic acid, in much greater amount than at present, though not producing the same effects alike on all. Those creatures which could live with least oxygen—such as molluscs, burrowers, and reptiles—would be prodigiously developed; while, owing to the absence of insects and birds, vegetation grew to gigantic proportions unmoled. Before leaving this subject, it may be mentioned, that Agassiz proposes to reform the present classification of insects, and instead of ranking them according to external form, or by the egg or embryo, to class them in two great divisions—(*Chewing Insects* and *Sucking Insects*). He assigns the highest place to the suckers, and supports his view with many learned and able arguments, which will give naturalists a subject to talk about for some time to come.

Dr Tyndall's Researches on Molecular Physics, laid before the Royal Society, are considered well worthy of notice by the *scavants*. As yet, we have only the first portion, the 'Transmission of Heat through Organic Structures,' in which the doctor describes an instrument of his own contrivance, combining a thermo-electric pair of bismuth and antimony, with a galvanometer, a small battery, and other necessary fittings. With this he has experimented on fifty-four different kinds of wood, and measured the amount of heat transmitted in one minute across their different surfaces; and he finds that 'at all points, except the centre of the tree, wood possesses three unequal axes of calorific conduction, which are at right angles to each other. The first and greatest axis is parallel to the fibre; the second is perpendicular to the fibre, and to the annual layers of the wood; while the third and least axis is perpendicular

to the fibres, and parallel to the layers.' It is rather remarkable, that these axes coincide in quality and strength with the axes of elasticity discovered by Savart. But the facts are interesting in another point of view: they confirm the conclusions of those who have studied the phenomena of vegetation, and explain why it is that trees bear great changes of temperature without injury. The conducting power is up and down, and not across the grain; besides which, as Dr Tyndall shews, the bark is a very much worse conductor than the wood it protects. Again, it is found that the difference of conducting power between silica or rock-crystal, and gypsum, is nearly eighty degrees; gypsum being about on a par with wood, while silica is a better conductor than some of the metals. Hence the difference of temperature between a forest and a sandy region. If the great Sahara and some other deserts were composed of gypsum instead of silica, what a change would take place in their aspect and climate! Intense heat, we may believe, would be exchanged for genial warmth.

In connection with this subject, some of our philosophers are discussing the views lately put forth by Mr Rankine, as touching the diffusion and ultimate loss of heat by the globe, whereby, as Professor W. Thomson shews, it is to become uninhabitable. Mr Rankine considers, that as the heat goes off into space, it may be concentrated in certain foci, from which it will in time depart to fulfil its functions anew; and these foci he places in some very remote region of space. 'At each of these foci,' he says, 'the intensity of heat may be expected to be such, that, should a star (being at that period an extinct mass of inert compounds), in the course of its motions, arrive at that part of space, it will be vaporised and resolved into its elements, a store of chemical power being thus reproduced at the expense of a corresponding amount of radiant heat.' On this assumption, he shews that the bright spots in the heavens, which have from time to time puzzled astronomers by their sudden appearance or disappearance, may have been some of these foci. The theory is ingenious, but it seems to involve an error in assigning a limit. The astronomer-royal, who is provoking some discussion by his paper on the *Ellipses of Thales*, *Agathocles*, and other ancients, will perhaps have something to say to it.

Our Statistical Society is debating the subject of a just and equitable income-tax, which will doubtless interest tax-payers in all parts of the kingdom; the Ethnologists are unweaving a little more of the history of the Australian aborigines; the Civil-engineers are talking about fire-proof buildings, and the preservation of timber; and our Antiquaries, instead of ascertaining particulars concerning the heretofore unknown city recently disinterred in Egypt, are making mistakes about Ben Jonson. On the Thames, experiments have been made by which, if successful, steamers are to burn their own smoke; the process is said to consist in passing a hot blast through the furnace. Some of our ship-builders, inspired by the success of the tubular bridges, are taking up once more the question of iron masts; and it is stated that tubular masts may be made of iron, stronger and lighter than those of wood, and with the additional advantage, that they might slide down one into the other, telescope fashion, while they would require neither shrouds nor stays, leaving room for bracing round the yards to the outermost. Ship-builders must neglect no means of speed, now that the *Ericsson* calorific ship has proved her capabilities. There is something, too, for paper-makers to consider, in the fact that Herr von Pannwitz, the inventor of the process for making wool from pine-trees, has recently presented to the king of Prussia specimens of paper made of the same material. Another ingenious individual, at Giersdorf, has also made paper from the red pine, which is so white and good as to be fit for writing

or drawing, and needs no sizing, because of its resinous quality.

Of literature: some publications have appeared of late worth noticing and worth reading. Chevalier Bunsen's *Hippolytus* is one of those works which advance learning and promote thought; while the distinguished author's announcement, that he hopes ere long to bring out a life of Christ, on which he has been engaged for many years, is one fraught with promise to a large class of earnest readers. A few readable voyages and travels have made their appearance; and if the resources of India and other portions of our empire are not developed, it will not be for want of books thereupon. Professor Phillips has given us a new edition of his *Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-coast of Yorkshire*; Sir Roderick Murchison is going to appear in 'siluria,' the purport of which may be guessed by those who have read his former works; Layard is ready with his second excavations at Nineveh and Babylon; and the prison-inspector favours us with a volume of 'crime,' wherein we may read of wrongs and remedies. Fiction is forthcoming in any quantity, from the worthy to the worthless: as yet, Thackeray's *Esmond* remains the best novel of the season. Some of our popular writers have betaken themselves to distant lands, intent on book-making, and we shall soon get Australian experiences by the ream. And though last, not least, remains the rumour, that we are shortly to have a life of Frederick the Great from the pen of Thomas Carlyle.

LORD CARLISLE AT BURSLEM.

AMONG the social phenomena of the day, is the appearance of noblemen, and gentlemen of rank or literary reputation, on the platforms of mechanics' institutions, and other establishments designed to improve and elevate the humbler classes of the community. It is unquestionably one of the signs of the times, to see such men as the Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Pannure, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Belfast, and Lord John Russell, coming forward with popular addresses—doing what they can to set an example to those who, from habits and traditions, seem disposed to entertain fears respecting the intellectual advancement of the masses. Apprehensions of this kind, it is needless to say, will not now have any efficacy. The world is on the move, and it is the part of wisdom to direct it in a proper course, not to stand aloof and let it drift among hidden but not less certain dangers.

The merit of taking an early and genial interest in efforts at popular improvement, is perhaps mainly due to the Earl of Carlisle, and none in his sphere seems to be so continuous in helping on the good cause. The latest of his lordship's appearances occurred only a week or two ago at Burslem, in Staffordshire, on the occasion of an annual meeting of the Potteries School of Design. As the account of this assemblage will have been seen by few of our readers, we may be permitted to extract a few passages from his lordship's address, having reference to the arts of design and embellishment, and interesting to operatives in every profession.

'It is not to be forgotten (I draw for my information upon an able and interesting lecture, recently delivered by Mr Arnoux), that close upon two hundred factories are said to be employed in the English Potteries, the aggregate annual value of whose productions is estimated as high as two millions of pounds. Eighty-four millions of pieces were exported in the year before the last; and in that net-work of industry which covers the neighbourhood immediately about us, sixty thousand people are believed to be employed in this species of manufacture. Now, to mention these bare statistical facts,

seems to be a far more real and impressive tribute to the importance of the pottery manufacture, than to dwell on the venerable antiquity of its origin, or the repute and dignity with which, from the earliest ages of mankind, it has been invested. With respect," continued his lordship, "to the special object of our being gathered here to-night. I have intimated that the peculiar aim of all concerned in pottery, should be to make the highest amount of beauty minister and subserve to the utmost extent of use. Now, as for use, I think we may safely trust the strictly-practical, straightforward, not over-romantic genius of our countrymen, for finding out what is most wanted, what would be most welcomed, what would suit the greatest number of customers; but we have not the same warrant for relying upon their unaided and uninstructed aptitudes to use the best artistic discrimination, to employ the most happy combinations in colour, and to select the most faultless shapes and proportions in form. It would be most illiberal and unjust not readily and thankfully to admit, that great advances have already been made. It is not in the very heart of the district that gave birth to Wedgwood, and to others subsequently, many of whom I have now the pleasure to see around me; it is not in the neighbourhood of the British Etruria, for which Flaxman designed and Wedgwood wrought, that I should think of using the language of disparagement or discouragement. May I not, in our present day, refer to the new manufacture called Parian, which, I believe, may exclusively be called our own, which combines such purity of material, with such capacity for all that is most exquisite in form? To bear me out, need I mention the *Ariadne*, the *Io*, the *Dorothea*, and the *Vintage*? We remember with pride the station which Staffordshire occupied in the Great Exhibition of 1851. Where was it, in that proud display of all the productions, and that eager throng of all the races of the world—where was it that, day by day, from the first opening of the doors at morn to the last crash of the gong at eve, the crowd seemed nearly the thickest, and the means of passage the most difficult?—would you not name the gallery that overlooked the transept at its north-western angle? But it is one thing to droop and to despond—it is another to presume and to stagnate. You all know the excellence that still adheres to the illustrious manufactures of Sevres. I am again indebted to the learned exposition of Mr Arnoux for the fact, that the present exportation of porcelain from France amounts to the very large annual sum of £800,000. We have all the elements of success about us—great choice of material, great command of fuel, intelligent workmen, an increased appreciation of the true principles and laws of art, a far larger attention bestowed on such objects, both by individual patrons and the public at large; but there is ample call for exertion; and if there is not progress, there will, probably, be falling off and defeat. It is with this view that the establishment and encouragement of Schools of Design become of such first-rate importance; and if there ever was a district or a species of manufacture for which, beyond all others, they are adapted and required, it is for this district and for your manufactures. The art of design comprehends alike the proper conception of the pattern, and admixture of the colours; so far, indeed, it may be equally applicable to the textile manufactures, but in the pottery manufacture, design is also lord-paramount over the proportion and the shape, which it cannot be said to be in the article of dress; or else how would its unchanging laws of proportion have to flit from the long waist to the short waist, and all sorts of ampler or more contracted circumferences? There is, then, no portion of the composition of the piece of pottery, whether it belongs more especially to the painters, modellers, gliders, or others, in which the art of design has not its appropriate place." After alluding to the excellence of the Potteries School of

Design, and the advantages to be derived by attending it, his lordship said: "I understand that two of the most meritorious pupils of this school have been elected to Government Scholarships. I trust that this precedent may be the means of inducing more of the young men of the district, and especially of those engaged in the staple manufacture, to avail themselves even more extensively of the opportunities provided for them, than they have yet done. I would most earnestly counsel them not to be deterred by any false shame, even if they have to take to the work of study later than others by whom they may be surrounded. Multiplied experience in every department of industry and art sufficiently proves that man is never too old to learn; and that there are some things, whatever the natural turn or talent may be, that can never be mastered without a proper amount of learning and training. The great want of regular industrial training has been long felt in this country, in the departments alike of its science and its art. There is among us no lack of inventive genius; there is a signal abundance of energetic industry; but the exertions of both are frequently desultory when they might be systematic, and scattered when they might be concentrated; so that, enterprising and successful as in many instances British industry has been and continues to be, it is still, in the opinion of all most competent to judge, susceptible of still higher development, and more uniform excellence. A design is, at this time, in the course of accomplishment, under the highest and most enlightened auspices, for establishing in London a great central institution for arts and sciences, which is intended to serve as a nucleus and a pattern for all kindred local institutions throughout the country. I may refer you for information as to the principles upon which the scheme is recommended, and the basis on which it rests, to the late excellent report from the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, upon the disposal of their surplus. It is hoped that the benefit of considering industrial training as a whole, will be appreciated in the country as well as in the metropolis. As one more casual illustration applicable to this district, must it not be plain that an adequate knowledge of the principles of chemistry would be as requisite for the full understanding of the business of a potter, as an adequate knowledge of drawing and design? I hope, too, it may be found practicable to establish a museum in connection with the local school, as it seems to me that it would be of the very first importance to have a collection easily accessible to the pupils of the school and workmen of the district, illustrating the various processes of Ceramic manufacture, and containing specimens of its most approved productions. The scheme proposed for the district will combine the advantages of enlightened central superintendence and district local energy. It appears that, for this head school, the government proposes to grant the liberal sum of £600 a year; but they do this in the reasonable confidence, that their aid will be met by corresponding exertions in the district. I trust they will not be disappointed in this just expectation, and that it will be borne in mind, that, if it is a worthy object for the government of the country to foster the taste and spirit calculated to impart success and vigour to an important department of the national commerce, so it is doubly incumbent on the manufacturers and others interested in the wellbeing of this populous neighbourhood, not to neglect the means now offered to them of keeping up and adding to its ancient credit, and ~~thereby~~ its continued progress and permanent welfare." ~~He~~ ~~then~~ ~~close~~ this imperfect address to the intelligent and interesting audience before me, without a word—a very brief word—in a different line of observation. While we are met here mainly to promote the success of industry and the progress of art, let us not forget that there are yet higher, more essential, more durable

interests to be looked after in all human training. I have alluded once to the frequent illustrations from the work of the potter made use of in Holy Writ. We are all of us children of the clay, and moulded by the Almighty hand, modelled after the Divine likeness: the lowest and meanest among us may be formed into the vessel of choicest honour, and set apart for the highest place in the paradise of our God.

The glowing sentiments with which his lordship thus concluded his address, were received with universal applause; and it is only to be hoped they will meet with as ready a response in the practical aims which the noble speaker recommended to the attention of his hearers.

AN AMERICANISM.

In a late American newspaper, we find that a public eulogy had been pronounced at New York, on a female professional singer, Madame Sontag, by a clergyman, as representing his brethren and others. Curious as this appears, we are not quite sure that it is inconsistent with sound philosophy. Better to recognise and superintend public amusements than ignore or persecute them. The following is the paragraph in question:—

'The great Sontag gave her first grand festival concert, aided by 600 to 700 performers, in New York, on Monday evening last. At the dress rehearsal, on the Saturday previous, the clergy, the pupils of the Blind Institute, the press, and numerous other favoured guests, were invited, and attended; and at the close, Dr Cox was deputed to return thanks to Madame Sontag on behalf of the clergy, which he did in his usual feeling, eloquent, and facetious manner, closing as follows:—"We have listened, also, to the harmonious sounds elicited by the instrumentalists by whom you have been supported; but, with all due deference to them, I must say, we would much rather listen to an instrument of another sort, designed and made by hands unseen, from the organs of which have proceeded the melody and harmony which have enraptured us this morning. Alas! me, before I take my seat, to say that we all feel grateful for the privilege you have extended, and to observe, that we clergymen are ready to take up the challenge, and to give you and your associates a free ticket to hear us to-morrow morning. (Laughter.) I am reminded by your harmonious voice of Him whom we serve, and can almost imagine what kind of music was that which first struck its key-note in heaven. We all hope that you may long continue to retain the rich gift with which you have been endowed, and may you long continue to exercise it among the millions of the ransomed of the land. May we long be free, by the grace of God, to praise Him with song, circling His throne day and night with rejoicing!"'

FRENCH IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Whilst many French words have been introduced into the English language, preserving to a great degree their sounds, and remaining entirely French—such as *au fait*, *bonne bouche*, *bon gré*, *congé*, *cortège*, *à-propos*, *tête-à-tête*, &c.—it is curious to observe how many others, though of a French origin, have been so much altered by the pronunciation as to render them scarcely recognisable. Dandelion, for instance, is a transformation of *dent-de-lion*; demure, of *des mœurs*; tinsel, of *tincelle*; kickshaws, of *quelque chose*; curfew, of *courve-feu*. Burdick-house is said to be *Bordeaux*-house; and, according to Miss Strickland, *Charing-cross* was so called from being one of the places where Edward erected crosses in memory of his *chère reine* Eleonore. It is not uncommon, also, to see words introduced in a language, under a popular form, which come from a misapplication of sounds. A curious instance of that kind of mistake is found in the word *Jerusalem*—applied, instead of the original Italian name, *Girasaule*, to the Jerusalem artichoke. In the same manner, two Latin words, *olus atrum*—literally, black pot-herb—have become *Alexanders*, the popular appellation of an umbelliferous plant.—*Scottish Educational Journal*.

FIRE REVELATIONS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

As now within my winter's fire I look,
I seem to see
Pictures, and shapes that seem to gaze at me,
Like midnight stars from some clear summer brook
O'er which no cloud its mist-lined flag hath shook.

A palace or a prison starts before me,
With battlements
That frown austere o'er besieging tents,
'Mid which the shadow, Death, stalks red and stormy,
Whirling his lightning-banner sternly o'er me.

Faces beloved but passed away I see—
The beautiful,
Whose hearts with mine taught in the same fond school
Broke in that strife which hath but shattered me,
Whose harder nature braves grief's agency.

The beautiful, the dear, the true are there—
The false likewise;
The false and cruel with their cunning eyes,
Or smiling with a presence insincere,
That but for burning flames would chill all near.

I look on scenes, piled in the blazing grate,
Of early days:
My pastoral home, whence first I sought the ways
That lead from passionate love to passionate hate
Through the entangling maze of man's estate.

The hills of Scotland and the woods of Ind
Gleam in the glow;
Struggles and strifes, the battle, and the brow
Laurelled, but bloody, in the fire I find,
With graves of loved ones 'mid grass-shaking wind!

Scent-cloquent flowers and inarticulate weeds
Before me speak
Pathetic sentences, that nearly break
My heart with memories of such love as leads
Downwards through death, where life to death succeeds!

Stir, stir the fire! destroy the spectral strife
That shows the Past;
Give me the Now—nor let me look aghast
On grieving graves with but the Human rift—
Onward the Future shines, bright with Immortal life!

REPOSITORY OF TRACTS.

We have been asked by various persons, whether the cheap publication lately commenced by us, under the title of CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS, is a re-issue of the MISCELLANY OF TRACTS, published a few years ago. We have to intimate, that the REPOSITORY now issuing is an entirely new work; it resembles the MISCELLANY only in size and price; the matter is new, and prepared on purpose. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume, neatly done up for the pocket, at the end of every two months. Two volumes (1s. each) have now appeared.

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OUR STREET.

Our street is as pretty a row of houses as one could wish to look upon. It is not very long. There are only twenty-one houses in it altogether, with three unoccupied spaces in which houses could be built, so that if finished, which it may possibly be in a century hence, it will comprise exactly two dozen dwellings—a neat round number, neither too large nor too small; and, all things considered, a very proper allowance for a quiet and respectable street.

This nice little row of buildings has the advantage of being situated, with a south-western exposure, towards the outskirts of the town, just beyond two very gay and aristocratic crescents, with which it may be said to claim a kind of relationship; for, be it known, it is always a great thing for a small unobtrusive street to be next-door neighbour to a large square, crescent, or place, from which it may enjoy a certain borrowed lustre. At the same time, it is proper to state, that there is little intercourse between our street and the two crescents round the corner. We have sufficient *amour propre* not to be envious or intrusive. We meekly know our position; but if any one were to draw injurious comparisons, I am not quite sure that we could not say something which might induce a very respectful consideration of our circumstances. The truth is, we are not altogether what we seem. We have among us a judge, three landed proprietors, six gentlemen living on their means—one of them being the second-cousin of an earl—a beneficed clergyman, a retired major, and a lawyer in high practice. I find, also, that three of us keep a carriage, two have drookies, and I rather fancy there is a gig somewhere about the further extremity of the row—all points of importance in estimating the social position of a street.

But whatever we are, or whatever may be our circumstances, it cannot be said that we trouble the world with our affairs. Everything about our street is done quietly. You hear no slamming of doors, no racketing at improper hours, no boisterousness. Nobody has ever a single word of complaint with a neighbour. We are a pattern of peace and orderliness. I am quite sure the police have a good bargain of our street. For all the rates we are constantly paying, never, from one year's end to the other, does anything occur to give trouble to the public authorities. If all the world were as well-behaved as our street, there would be no need for government at all.

It might be supposed that the peaceful character which distinguishes our street arises from some kind of general pre-arrangement; but, in reality, we have no *esprit de corps*. What is very strange, the residents do

not know each other intimately enough to be even on speaking-terms. We can tell who is who, and that is nearly all. A nod or bow is considered quite a stretch. We never send to inquire after each other, nor do we take any interest in either the joys or sorrows of our neighbours. A remark among us may go as far as that Number Nineteen has just been married, or that Number Five has had a funeral; and there the subject rests. Unless for the newspapers, we should scarcely know that births, marriages, or deaths took place amongst us. It must be owned, indeed, that we have few births. Our street, altogether, has not perhaps above eight or ten children, and these seem out of place. Children, in fact, would greatly derange our domestic economy. We should not very well know what to do with them, if they made their appearance. The houses are not cut out for nurseries. On the street-floor are the dining-room and back-parlour; the floor next above is all drawing-room, front and back; and then comes the uppermost floor, with but two bed-rooms, and dressing-closet. Such being the whole house, it is evident that children would come very awkwardly in our street; and unless they were huddled into the kitchen or cellars, I am quite at a loss to say where they could be put. No doubt, a regard for these circumstances has its due weight with the inhabitants. If they thought of becoming family-people, they would have to go elsewhere.

Nature is said to be full of compensations. If you have not one thing, you have another. So is it with our street. Its want of children by no means relieves it from certain annoyances incidental to a full complement of infants. When I have said there is a back street in the vicinity, perhaps I have said enough. This back street, as one stream falls into another, has its embouchure in the centre of our row, and thence sends us a flood of youngsters, who spread themselves abroad on the pavement, burrow on the steps of doorways, and play at hide-and-seek in the areas. These invasions of course vastly discompose the dignified tranquillity of our street, and on occasions stir it up to something like passion. As vain was it for the Romans to expel or buy off the invading Huns from their dominions, as it is for our street to attempt to rid itself of the armies of juveniles from the teeming population in the rear. There, morning and evening, in the bright sunshine and under the lamps, is seen and heard this everlasting pest. The more you tap at the window and shake your head, as if menacing some species of contagion, the more they won't go. At length, you really rush out in a frantic sort of way—when, lo! they are off—fled round the corner, or hovering like a cloud in the distance, ready to pour down when your back is

turned. Where the myriads of Gothic tribes came from, was a great mystery to the Romans; and we confess it equally puzzles us to say where these bands of children have their habitat. Out of the back street they come; that is true. But it is as unaccountable as M. Robin's collecting a feather-bed out of a hat, how such flocks of youngsters, joyous, robust, and ragged, can find space in the small and mean dwellings whence they issue, Tatar-like, to disturb the repose of the neighbourhood.

In other respects, the back street is somewhat of a plague. If there be any uproar, it is in the back street. If crackers and toy-cannons startle us by early dawn on the mornings of Queen's birthdays, it is the back street which does it. And then such a continued bawling of articles for sale! Having apparently a fancy for buying everything in sixpenceworths, and, if possible, from peripatetic venders, the back street is beset with grimy men in corduroy jackets, driving carts full of tall black bags, and yelling forth the word 'coal!' with a tremendous expenditure of lungs. These, and other noises in the back street, have a certain horological value. Exactly at four o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, a cart enters the street, and deposits a load of vegetables at the door of the green-grocer. At seven, the children are turned out. At eight, coal begins, and lasts till eleven, when fish takes its place—none of the changes bringing any perceptible alleviation of the clamour.

In our own street, likewise, we can tell the hours by various events and sounds occurring in the course of the day. The first movement which attracts attention at the parlour-window, is the roll of the doctor's carriage, which indicates ten o'clock. The carriage sometimes stops at one door, and sometimes at another; for seldom are we without an illness in the street. As frequently, however, it is observed that the carriage makes calls, day after day for months, at a particular house. 'Ah, there goes Dr So-and-so's carriage again to Number Twelve; I wonder who is ill there.' Such may be the observation made as we are brushing our hat to go out about ten o'clock. Next day, one, two, three carriages are all at the door at once. 'Things must be growing worse at Number Twelve,' it is now remarked. 'There is evidently a consultation—have you heard what is the matter?' Cannot tell. On the following day at ten, no carriages—the blinds are down as we pass. Then we know that something sad has taken place with poor Number Twelve. 'Well, they were quiet neighbours!' And that is all the elegy people get who die in our street.

To go on with the chronology of the day. Our street, with an unfortunate reputation for benevolence, is a favourite field of operations for all sorts of musical and oratorical appeals to a tender-hearted public. The campaign usually opens with an organ, which enters the street at twenty minutes to ten. It commences with the 'Swiss Boy,' works through 'Der Freischütz' as it passes Number Thirteen, and rounds the corner with 'All is Lost,' from *Somnambula*. As it quits our street, there enters a hurdy-gurdy, which seems to have been lying in wait to debouch upon us as soon as the ground was clear. This new candidate cannot be said to have any particular tune, nor does it depend altogether on its musical attractions. To draw coppers from the widows, it is assisted by a dog and monkey. The monkey is a poor little blue-eyed thing, dressed

in a red coat and yellow trousers, and his duty is to act the part of a cavalry officer, the dog of course being his horse. That dog, in our opinion, has a sorrowful life of it, with never a bit of comfort or a word of sympathy for his wrongs. Seated on his back, the monkey fastens his hand in the long ears, or, what is worse, inserts his fingers into the dog's nose, to which he holds fast as a bridle. To all these and other indignities the dog is bound to submit, and he does so, with a surprising degree of patience. As he looks with subdued countenance towards the parlour-windows, knowing apparently that there are the spectators of his sufferings, he says as plainly as words could speak it: 'You see my forlorn fate; existence has no charms for the poor dog, degraded from his sphere to be the horse of a monkey; I was born to be victimised; my only hope is in the kind shelter of the tomb.' On a late occasion, one of Number Fourteen's children kindly gave a mouthful of gingerbread to the poor dog, which he ate with a relish corresponding to the rarity of such dainties. We blessed that little child.

About the time the cavalcade of hurdy-gurdy, dog, and monkey have disappeared, it is getting towards one o'clock, the high noon of musicians. The air of our street is now full of sounds. A blind violin-player has taken possession of one crescent, and a brass band of Germans, with green caps and dirty faces, are playing away at a terrible rate in the other. Over the general hum at length is heard the opening squeak of Punch, who has set up his opera-tent opposite the windows of Number Four; and began to collect a crowd of urchins from the back street, always ready to furnish an audience at a moment's notice. The performances of Punch, and a visit from a decrepit old man playing in a doleful peevy way on the Irish bagpipe, bring us to four o'clock; after which we are favoured with a serenade from a nondescript foreigner, in a blouse and glazed hat, known among us by the name of Mozart. Mozart has a method of playing on the violin peculiarly his own. He produces no distinct tune, being above that. His airs may be described as a species of voluntary, gently-touched, and with many pauses to screw up the pegs and finger the strings of his instrument, as if to indicate what a wonderfully fine overture he could astonish the world with, if it were worth his while to do so. The impression he makes on our street is, that he is a great continental artiste in the fiddling-line, who goes about only for his amusement. Nobody, to be sure, ever heard him put forth his marvellous powers; but how could he be expected to do so in the obscure character he has assumed? There is one pathetic circumstance connected with Mozart's appearances in our street worthy of notice. He is attended by his wife—possibly a countess in disguise—and a troop of children, who, during his tweedling and peg-screwing, seat themselves on the steps of a doorway, and listen with rapt admiration. By the amiable—though rather robust—partner of his fate, Mozart is doubtless considered the greatest musician that ever appeared on the face of the earth. She wonders that he has never been sent for to court; but consoles herself with the reflection, that even if asked to play before Majesty, he would consent only on condition of being well paid for the condescension.

Other diurnal sights and sounds could be referred to in connection with our street. Besides the musical,

we could describe another and much more imposing class of appeals to a charitable public—alas, a limited body in the community! Somewhere about ten o'clock in the morning, begging-books begin their appointed rounds. Greasy quarto volumes, ruled £ s. d., to receive subscriptions for assuaging all sorts of human ailments, are handed in one after the other by what appears to be a regular body of collectors—not the less clamant from being unauthorised by law. No sooner are you down for half-a-guinea to a Lying-in Hospital, than the other half requires to be placed to the account of the Strangers' Friend, the Refuge for the Destitute, or some other exceedingly useful institution; to which it is as much as your character is worth to refuse assistance. Cunning fellows the carriers of these begging-books! Know how to bore you just as sallying out for business, or sitting down to dinner! But why enlarge on this distressing revelation of the infirmities of our social system? Pass we to a few points connected with our street more cheering in their details.

As nearly as can be ascertained, there are five dogs in our street; and the manner in which these animals are treated, throws an instructive light on our domestic usages. At the head of the canine population may be placed Sappho, an Italian greyhound, cream-coloured, slim in figure, and of the most refined deportment. Her owner, one of our lady-neighbours, leads Sappho about for an airing, by means of a small polished chain attached to a collar of red morocco; and a report has reached us, that Sappho has been accustomed to chateau-life at a country mansion, where she had a maid for her own special toilet. I dare say she considers it quite a downcome to live in our street. Fiddly, Number Thirteen's dog, is a small black spaniel, less stuff and punctilious as regards the recognition of neighbours; but she seems to be confined pretty much in her ranges to the back-garden, where her chief amusement is looking out for cats on the tops of the walls. Occasionally, on very fine days, she is taken long walks by an attendant *boomer*, and generally returns from these excursions carrying a biscuit in her mouth—an arrangement said to be desirable in order to keep her from taking up with bad company by the way. Number Eleven's dog, Pincher, is of totally different character and aspect. He is a wizened old terrier, originally black and tan, but now gray from years, and with a strange little puckered-up face of his own. Pincher is carefully let out every morning by a footman at half-past nine for a quarter of an hour's fresh air; during this space of time he meets with one or two acquaintances, and all seem glad to see each other in an easy conversable way. As a patriarch of deep experience and gravity, Pincher disdains to recognise any frisky puppy which chances to take part in the interview. On the call of the footman, he trots home to his couch by the fireside with the most edifying gravity.

A love of animals, it may be seen, is one of the points of character in our street. We are, indeed, to do us justice, a simple and kind-hearted people, not given to nonsense, and so orderly, that our parties are invariably over by ten, and lights out by eleven o'clock. It is only by means of the newspapers that our street hears anything of evils or popular outrage. The very thieves respect us. No burglary has taken place in our street within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Even so petty a thing as the stealing of a washing from a back-green, is totally unknown among us. No wonder, with this reputation for unharmed innocence, and with the warm, sunny look which the houses respectively exhibit, that an empty dwelling is an unheard-of phenomenon. How, with such a universal desire to reside amongst us, the three aforesaid vacant sites should not be built on, is a circumstance not a little remarkable. The fact, however, is, that there is a mystery about these sites. Some say they are in

Chancery; others speak of the proprietor being abroad, no one knows where; and others again allege, that conditions are imposed, as regards occupancy, which no man in his sense would undertake. Any way, there is a mystery; and the mystery serves to give an air of romance to the otherwise explicit and unpoetic character of our street.

METAMORPHOSES OF AN INGOT.

HAVING given a variety of preliminary gossip concerning money and its makers,* we will in this article notice, not the 'Adventures of a Guinea,' or of any other coin, after it gets into circulation, but the manufacturing history of a coin, until the time of its leaving the Mint.

The bullion, or ingots of gold (we will here confine our attention to this metal), being brought to the Mint, and it having been ascertained that each ingot has been melted by approved refiners in the trade, small pieces are cut from each for the assay-master to test or assay. This assaying is a very delicate chemical process, the metal is placed in very small cups, or crucibles made of calcined bones; it is exposed to heat in contact with other substances, which absorb the baser metal, and leave the pure gold free; the ratio between the original weight of the metal put into the cup, and that of the pure gold taken from it, denotes the fineness of the ingot. While this assaying is in progress, the ingots are kept carefully under lock and key; but when the assayer has made his report, they are taken out, and carefully weighed. A calculation is then made, founded on the fineness of the gold and the weight of the ingot, of the exact sterling value of the ingot; a receipt is made out and sent to its owner, stating the exact amount of sterling to which he is entitled in return for it. Most of the gold sent to the Mint to be coined belongs to the Bank of England; but if it belonged to others, the treatment would be just the same.

The melters then put the ingots into a melting-pot; and the gold, when melted, is cast into bars or plates about ten inches long, seven broad, and somewhat under an inch thick. As the ingots may be of different qualities, the surveyor of the meltings so manages his work that the resulting mixture may be 'standard gold'—that is, may contain 917 parts of pure gold in 1000 parts of metal. During the casting or pouring, small portions of the liquid metal are taken from different parts of the mass, and are laid aside for the master-assayer to test with rigorous exactness. All being correct, the bars are carefully weighed, and are then handed over to more important personages.

With respect to silver, the *modus operandi* is nearly the same, differing only in details. The ingots are larger, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds, and the quality must be 925 of pure silver in 1000 parts. The gold is melted in a black lead crucible, in quantity about 100 pounds, which produces two bars; whereas silver is melted in a cast-iron pot, in quantity about 400 pounds at a time. This melting-pot being rather heavy, a pouring-machine of ingenious construction is used to aid in filling the moulds.

Thus we get bars of gold and of silver, which are now ready for other processes. In respect to silver—as the Mint contains eight melting-furnaces, as each will melt 420 pounds at a time, and as three meltings can be effected in a working-day of ten hours, there can be about 10,000 pounds of silver melted in a day into bars; and the subsequent mechanical operations are organised accordingly. The plates are first rolled, to bring them to the required thickness; but they must be heated to enable them to yield to the rolling-mill. There are two furnaces placed

* No. 477. Article, 'Queen's Money-makers.'

opposite two sets of rollers; a man seizes the heated plate with a pair of tongs, and inserts it between two heavy rollers, which greatly compress it. This is done four or five times, until the plate or ingot of silver is reduced to a thickness of about one-fifth of an inch, and is proportionably widened. Gold yields more readily than silver to this process, and does not require heating; the heating of the silver occasions a little discoloration, which requires a little rubbing with a dilute acid or pickle for its removal.

We have now, therefore, broad thin plates of standard metal, which must go through many more processes before the stamping-press comes into action. The plates are cut into narrow strips by a machine somewhat similar in principle to that which cuts sheet-iron, but of course much more delicate and precise in its action, and with a provision to prevent the strips from curling up. The plates are cut breadthwise, and generally into strips of such width as will suffice for two of the coins about to be made.

Still, the plates are too thick for the purpose: they must be further reduced. The two rollers before employed are called 'breaking-down rollers,' and had the harder work to do; but those now employed are case-hardened, or steeld at the surface, and are highly polished. The plates are passed cold through these 'planishing rollers.' After once passing, the rolls are brought closer together; after a second transit of the plate between them, they are again approximated; and so on four or five times. As the thickness of the shilling, or sovereign, or other coin, depends on the thickness produced by these rollings, the workmen are exceedingly careful in the process, testing each separately by means of a gauge. The rollings are constructed for the Mint by Rennie, and are a fine specimen of workmanship. Mr Barton has invented a machine, however, by which this reduction of thickness is attained more successfully. The process is one bearing some analogy to wire-drawing or tube-drawing—the strip of metal being pulled forcibly through an oblong opening left between two surfaces of hardened steel. The strips are made a little thinner at one end, by a very curious and ingenious apparatus. The drawing-bench has at one end the steel dies, and at the other the moving machinery, an endless chain extending from end to end. The die consists of two very small cylinders of hardened and highly-polished steel, adjusted with minute accuracy to the proper distance apart; and each strip is drawn through the opening in this die, by which it is reduced to the proper thickness. When the strips are prepared by Rennie's machine, it is reckoned good work if one pound of blanks cut out from them differs only six grains from absolute correctness, whereas with Barton's machine, the error seldom exceeds three grains.

The blanks just mentioned are the round pieces, which are to form the coins; and the cutting out of these is the next process. The cutting-out room is an elegant circular apartment lighted from the roof, and having twelve presses ranged in a circle. These presses are a beautiful contrivance of Boulton's, whose name has been so famously associated with coin-machinery. Each press comprises within its mechanism an air-pump, which is exhausted by every upward movement of the pump; while the vacuum thus created causes the downward movement of the punch. The punch and the die are both of hardened steel, and are of such a size as to exceed by a trifle the diameter of the coin to be made. A boy presents a strip to the action of this machine, and moves it onwards until as many blanks as it can make have been cut from it. Many visitors to the Great Exhibition will remember a machine, in the 'Machinery Department,' by which medals were cut out and stamped in presence of the spectators; the cutting-out machine will give some idea of those employed at the Mint, though the principle is somewhat different.

The strips of metal are thus cut into *blanks* or *planchets* and *scissel*, the latter being the waste. The scissel is made up into parcels, called 'journey-weights,' containing fifteen pounds of gold, or sixty pounds of silver, and is locked up for a time in a strong box; for the moneyers are expected to return, in the forms of coin and scissel, as much metal as was given to them in the form of bars, minus a small recognised allowance for waste. The blanks, after this, are taken to another room, to be accurately adjusted in size and weight. Each individual piece is weighed: if too light, it is sent back to be remelted; if too heavy, it is reduced by filing; but Mr Barton's drawing-engine has rendered any errors of consequence in this respect very rare. Each piece is also rung upon a solid plate of iron, that its sonorous quality may denote the requisite soundness within. All being right so far, the blanks—having been rendered very hard by so much rolling and pressing—require to be annealed or softened; they are placed, 10,000 or 12,000 at a time, in iron cases in an annealing oven, where they are brought to a cherry-red heat, and then very slowly cooled. This annealing always discolours the surface; and to remove the discoloration, the blanks are boiled in dilute sulphuric acid, then washed with cold water, and dried in hot saw-dust.

How different are now the means by which coins are made from those adopted two or three centuries ago! Before the time of Charles II., the slips of gold or silver were hammered to the proper thinness, cut into squares by scissers, and these squares cut into rounds. The blank was placed between two dies, the upper one of which was struck with a hammer, to produce the impression. There was thus no machine at all employed; whereas machines of exquisite construction are now used in every operation. It is obvious that, both in respect to the adjustment of the dies immediately over each other, and in the inequality of the hammer's stroke, there can have been little certitude in the work. One of these old dies was found a few years ago in Westminster Abbey, and is now preserved at the Mint. It is a singular fact, that no essential improvement was made in this primitive mode of minting until about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the power of the screw-press was applied to coining in the French Mint. This method was partially introduced into England in 1561; but the hammer-method was not finally abandoned until 1662. The edges of the hammered money were left in a rude and unfinished state, which rendered them very liable to deterioration by clipping.

The stamping or coining presses are perhaps the most beautiful machines at the Mint; being more automatic or self-acting than any of the others. Each press places its own blank on the proper spot, and removes it again when the stamp has done its work; and this with a precision and accuracy which no human fingers could equal. A youngster sits in a little nook near the lower part of the machine, and drops the metal blanks into a vertical tube; he simply throws in the food, as a horse's food is thrown into the manger, and leaves the machine to shift about, and arrange, and digest, and transform it by its own active energy. The boy has two strings, one of which, when pulled, puts the press in motion; while the other stops it. In about the seventieth part of a minute, the machine turns out a perfected coin, exquisitely stamped on both sides. The blanks form a vertical pile in the tube, the innermost falling and resting on a little sliding platform with circular arms to grasp it. The platform moves, and whips away the lowermost sovereign with it, placing it on the lower die of the stamping apparatus; and in the act of so adjusting this blank, the slider pushes away the former blank which has just been converted into a coin. The slider then runs back, and, opening its circular jaws, seizes

another blank from the bottom of the pile, which it carries off triumphantly to the die. Meanwhile, the blank previously placed becomes embraced by a collar, so engraved on the inside as to give the milled edge to the coin, and is held firm; the upper die is then brought down by screw-power, with such force as to stamp every part of the blank at once—the two surfaces by the two dies, the rim by the collar. The collar then sinks just in time to allow the slider to knock the finished coin off its perch, before replacing it by another blank. All these numerous and exquisite movements are, as we have said, performed in one-seventieth part of a minute, for the coins are stamped at the rate of about seventy per minute. There are eight of these fine machines at work at once when the minting operations are busy.

This description applies equally to both systems, old and new; the recent changes referring rather to the persons than to the processes.

The trial of the *pix* is a singular official formality. When a definite amount of coinage is completed, some of the coins are put into a *pix* or box, and carefully locked. The Master of the Mint is allowed a 'remedy' or margin of deficiency, to cover the slight errors which unavoidably creep into the operations. He is bound, by his engagement with the government, to see that the officers under him return (jointly) as much weight of coined money as there had been of bullion intrusted to them, with a very small allowance or remedy for waste and inaccuracies. If the quality exceeds or falls short of the required standard by more than a very minute percentage, the master must coin them over again at his own cost; but if all be within the remedy, he obtains his quittance or 'quietus.' The remedy is made smaller and smaller by the government, in proportion as improved scientific methods render increased accuracy attainable.

In the first place, the *pixing* is a check of the master upon his subordinates; and after this the trial of the *pix* is a check of the government upon the master. The gold coins, when made, are packed in journey-weights of fifteen pounds; while the silver coins are packed in sixty pounds-journeys. One pound in tale is taken promiscuously from each bag before tying up; this pound is weighed in a balance of exquisite delicacy; and according as it comes or not within certain limits of error, the moneyers are acquitted or not of further responsibility in respect to that journey-weight. If the result be right (which it generally is) two coins are taken from the pound; one is assayed very rigorously, to see that the standard is proper, while the other is sealed up and locked in the *pix*. When the assay of the first of these two pieces is completed, the assayer authorises the journey-weight to be delivered to those who had sent in the bullion.

On a given day, when a large coinage has been completed, the Master of the Mint applies to the government for a trial of the *pix*. A jury of practical goldsmiths is summoned by the Privy-council, at one of the government offices, and into the hands of this jury is consigned the *pix*, containing one coin from every journey-weight. The jury has also exquisitely delicate weights and scales, and a small assaying apparatus. The jurymen read the indenture, which specifies the terms of the master's engagement with the government; they weigh and assay the coins in the *pix*, and deliver their verdict to the Privy-council. According to this verdict is the master acquitted or not; but the previous assay weighings have been so numerous, that the master is always, or nearly always, found to be 'within the remedy.' On some occasions, the gold coins accumulated in the *pix* have amounted to £8000 or more. At one trial of the *pix*, some years ago, the true and the actual weights of the gold coins were so near each other as the following numbers:—190 lbs., 9 oz., 9 dwts., 15 grs.; 190 lbs., 9 oz., 8 dwts., 0 grs.

The small difference here observable was far within the remedy allowed.

When all this has been done, and the gold, silver, and copper coins have been thrown into circulation, the Mint may be considered to have done its work. Sometimes it works hard. The Mint refiner melted £73,000,000 of gold, and £10,000,000 of silver, between 1837 and 1847. On some extraordinary occasions, such as a panic, or when any great political or commercial crisis arrives, large quantities of coin are required in a short time. So also when old coins are called in. When the great silver-coinage of 1816-17 took place, there was coined at the Mint, between June 3, 1816, and March 4, 1817, no less than 832,020 pounds of silver. There were 3,934,656 half-crowns, 36,127,080 shillings, and 17,899,200 sixpences, making nearly fifty-eight million pieces in all. The value was £2,745,666. The rollers and pressers were at work night and day, by relays, producing about a quarter of a million pieces per day on an average. During the war, subsidies to foreign powers often led to the minting of large quantities of coin in a very short time; and when the Sycee silver was brought from China, in payment of the war indemnity, there was a busy coining of silver. It is probable that these fits and gluts led to the moneyers' privilege, or at any rate strengthened it; for it was deemed right to have experienced persons at hand, and these experienced persons paid themselves well.

With regard to the extent of the Mint operations in average years, we will take 1847 and 1848. The Mint, in 1847, received about 100,000 pounds of gold, and coined about £5,000,000 in sovereigns and half-sovereigns. The silver received weighed about 21,000 pounds, and was returned in the forms of crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, and Maundy-money, to the value of £1,250,000. There were forty tons of copper coined into £9000, in pennies, half-pennies, farthings, and half-farthings. The account for 1848 presented the following weights of metal received: 46,000 pounds gold, 15,000 pounds silver, 10 tons copper; and the following values of coins produced: £2,500,000 gold, £35,000 silver, and £2700 copper. The years after 1848 began to be affected by the gold discoveries, concerning whose influence on the Mint it is yet too early to decide.

There are some curious facts connected with the depreciation of coin by wear. Though we do not see whether the particles go, yet that they go somewhere is indisputable, for our coins certainly become light by rubbing. It has been estimated, from comparing many well-conducted experiments, that a sovereign loses 1-900th of its weight in the first year of its average circulation; that is, that 900 sovereigns become worth only 899. In a shilling, or other silver coin, the loss by wear is still greater; the shilling loses 1-150th, or 150 become worth only 149. This is only a rough attempt to average all the coins; some of them go through more severe work than others, as we well know. The Mint officers found, in 1826, that ten years' wear of a number of sixpences had reduced their value no less than about 4 per cent., or nearly 1 in 25. The Mint, during 1849, took a considerable amount of worn silver coin from the Bank for re-coining, and on weighing it the silver was found to be so worn, that while the nominal or Bank value was £145,000, the Mint value, at 66s. per ounce, was only £122,000.

Mr Miller, weighing-clerk at the Bank of England, weighed 10,000 new sovereigns in 1848, with the view of ascertaining how far they deviated from rigid accuracy. The standard weight of a true sovereign is about 123½ grains, and the lightest among the whole 10,000 exceeded 122½ grains, shewing how close was the degree of accuracy. If a sovereign falls short of 122½ grains, it is not considered current, but is pronounced 'light,' and is treated accordingly at the Bank. Between 1844 and

1848, about 48,000,000 sovereigns and half-sovereigns were weighed at the Bank by Mr Cotton's beautiful gold-weighting machine. So accurate is this machine, that a minute fraction of a grain in the weight of a sovereign can easily be detected by it. Out of each 10,000 sovereigns, more than 5000 were correct within one-tenth of a grain. This of course does not relate to the wear of coins, but to their extreme accuracy when quite new.

AND THEN?

THE oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterised him on all occasions, the advice of Mr Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early association, for Mr Harwell and Mr Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors, and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the Hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth not only by the circumstance of Mr Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbour—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumour did not report favourably of—greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence in years long by-gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbours, who always sympathised most fully in all the

joys and sorrows of the 'Hall folk,' that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them for ever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

'How is the squire to-day?' said one.

'No better,' replied Mr Canute mildly, without stopping.

'And how's Miss Clara?' inquired another with deep pity in his looks.

'Very patient,' responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

'Patient!' repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. 'Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when he says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's patience in it if ever there was in mortal's.'

Mr Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unflinching good-nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbours—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead left more gradually than autumn leaves, when one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

'Most welcome,' said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit to the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor: 'Soon back;' and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added: 'Get supper;' while on stepping over the threshold, second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man: 'Don't go.'

'No, that I won't,' replied he frankly, 'for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of.'

Mr Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding 'good-night' and 'bless you' to sweet Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homewards, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr Canute jocularly remarked: 'Keen air;' to which the stranger replied in the same strain: 'Fine scenery;' on which the host added: 'An artist?' when the youth, laughing outright, said: 'An indifferent one indeed.' After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued: 'Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?'

'You don't,' replied Mr Canute smiling, and imperceptibly good-natured.

'Not I,' cried the youth; 'and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?'

'I'll try,' replied Mr Canute.

'I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike

across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then.'

'Most welcome,' said Mr Canute courteously.

'Ah ha!' quoth the stranger, 'if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!'

'Ah ha!' ejaculated Mr Canute.

'But come, tell me, for time presses,' said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—'tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property.'

'The heir?' whispered Mr Canute mysteriously.

'Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby (she's Clara's cousin too, you know); and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine.' The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. 'I should be a happy dog then!'

'And then?' said Mr Canute smiling.

'Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country.' The speaker paused, out of breath.

'And then?' said Mr Canute quietly.

'Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!'

'And then?'

'Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine.'

'And then?' said Mr Canute more slowly.

'Why, then—and the stranger hesitated—'then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and like other people—die.'

'And then?' said Mr Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation:

'Oh, hang your "and then"! But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you.'

And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, 'And then?'

Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged them selves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating, anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely-suggestive words: 'And then?'

It proved a long and a tedious night's journey for that belated traveller; for he had left Mr Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills

leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church-tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night-walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky: the stars seemed to form the letters, 'And then?' the soft night-breeze seemed to whisper in his ear: 'And then?'

It is true, he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr Canute; and in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from pious age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words! 'And then?'

For nearly three years after Mr Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. He would listen, and they would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumoured that Mr Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new-comers.

Mr Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenery, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white, lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forwards on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: 'Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr Canute! I need not introduce Mr Selby—he is known to you already.' Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say: 'Miss Clara!'—as he gazed from one to another recognising in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr Canute silently extended, Mr Selby said with deep feeling:—

'It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness.'

'How so?' was Mr Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admiration.

'Two words spoken in season wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect,' returned Mr Selby, 'and without which Clara never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinising judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, "*And then?*" enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man.'

Clara gazed proudly and confidently on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man; ergo, Mr Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race!

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription of two words—'*And then?*'

GIVE THE FRENCH FAIR PLAY.

It is a curious fact, highly worthy of being kept in mind at the present moment, that, within the last fifteen years, we have had three distinct threats of war with America—the Maelcoo question, the Maine question, and the Oregon question—and fully as many with France (we really forget all the occasions, but a queen of Tahiti, a Mr Pritchard, and a Spanish princess, were wrought up with them), and yet no actual war ever took place. The affair—to use a phrase which we employed on the same subject in 1818—somehow always 'blew past.' So it is likewise an interesting, and for the present a particularly important fact, that, within the last sixty years, serious threats of invasion have been several times held out by France, but never executed to an extent worthy of notice; while, on the other hand, we have in that time executed two distinct and effective invasions of France, on each occasion helping to change the government of the country. Look further back in English history, and it will be found that, since the Norman Conquest in the eleventh century, the English have, over and over again, invaded and occasionally almost subjugated France, while France has not once invaded England. England has not now the very least wish to trouble France, but chooses to be very apprehensive that France may act towards it the part of the invader. If we were to judge, however, by experience, the latter would appear to be by far the less probable event. And may not the French, on the strength of history, very reasonably, however erroneously, form that conclusion? Even the

most recent series of events may contribute to give plausibility to this idea, for in the commencement of the wars consequent upon the French Revolution, England was virtually the aggressor. On the other hand, the English, remembering how much often they have been the invading party, and how unsubstantial all the recent rumours of war with France have proved, might surely lean with tolerable security to the hope that there will not now, without their own will, be any hostile collision with their neighbours across the Channel.

Although the reasonableness of this line of argument may be admitted, it will doubtless be said, that apprehensions in the English mind are almost solely based upon the special character and circumstances of the present ruler of France. Well, the acts by which Louis Napoleon attained supreme power are not defensible on moral grounds; though, in superseding a feeble legislature in circumstances so critical, it may be allowed that he was not without the plea of political necessity—a plea on which every government in Europe has done the harshest and shabbiest things. Besides being unscrupulous, however, he is seen to be astute and cunning to a surprising degree. With such qualities, he is a source of some danger. Of this, with all deference to those who confidently express an opposite opinion, we think there can be no doubt. But it would obviously be a bad way of guarding against this danger, to do that which would make it greater. We should take care that we do not, by our very precautions against invasion, provoke it, or at least lead to that condition of hostility between two countries which the wise and good of both anxiously deprecate.

It is in itself a startling circumstance, that the great war alluded to would have been effectually stopped several times, if England had not set itself to something like an eternal hostility against the rulers whom France had chosen. Objection to treat with these rulers, as was very natural, only roused the spirit of the French to cling to them with the more tenacity: it the more effectively enlisted the affections of the French people against England. It would be something analogous, if we were to carry our antipathy or jealousy respecting the new French emperor to such a pitch as to make his people think him an object of persecution, and rouse their anger against us. Fortunately, there is but little of this spirit amongst us, for, though a man of Louis Napoleon's history could never be respected in England, there is a very general desire to avoid everything that may look like an interference with the evolutions of politics in France. But there might, nevertheless, be a kind of persecution apprehended by our sensitive neighbours, in our being even too loud in the expression of our belief that a hostile movement on the part of the emperor is possible. We should remember, that it is imagining him capable of an act both rash and wicked to an extraordinary degree. No one can doubt that, if he be innocent of the design, the attributing it to him must be highly offensive. Here, then, are evils from a too strong feeling regarding the emperor, which it would be well to guard against.

To imagine of the French themselves, that they are capable of making an unprovoked and stealthy attack upon England, is fraught with danger from the same cause. It is proclaiming our sense of their being capable of acting as robbers and pirates—a tremendous charge to bring against a great people as far advanced in civilisation as ourselves. Surely some candour on this point might be expected of us. If conscious on our own part that we are incapable of making an unprovoked assault upon France, is it generous to suppose such a thing of our neighbours? It may be said: But the French have a defeat to reverse and revenge. That is, we assume that they are capable, as a nation, of acting on one of the lowest and most barbarous of the human passions, and that after a lapse of forty

years, during which, for one demonstration of lurking ill-will, there have been ten of good-feeling. We must assert, that the whole statement of the case is one disproof of there being any general feeling in France against England. The former country was most decidedly wronged by us, as by several other states, in 1792-3, and yet the war terminated in a triumph in which we participated. To say the least, the French people had reason to feel sore respecting that series of transactions; yet they have put up with their sensations peaceably, till all the active people of that period are off the field. Is it logical to suppose that what the wounded generation submitted to, the unwounded will avenge? After so long a period of forbearance, and so many occasions for war blowing over good-humouredly, it is surely most unreasonable to suppose, that there can be any great tendency to it now. No, the French, we would rather say, have proved that, like most injured parties, they have been more capable than the injurer of forgetting the injustice.

We have admitted that, with so extraordinary a politician as Louis Napoleon to deal with, a sudden war is not to be regarded as an impossibility; but certainly it is necessary to use great discretion in acting upon such a belief. No one amongst us ever seems to put himself into the French point of view regarding these questions of additional defences. But, undoubtedly, the French, having no more reason to trust in our innocence of hostile designs than we in theirs, might well be startled if they heard of batches of new war-ships and large levies of fresh troops on our side. It might appear to them only a cunning device of ours to represent it all as precautionary, when we, in reality, meant it to be aggressive. What assurance can we give them against this, or how can we prevent them increasing their own armaments in consequence, thus doubling and making a reality of that menace which we originally only assumed? In fact, there is no end to these armings from mutual suspiciousness, till the resources of the respective countries be crippled or worn out—the natural termination of a silent as of an active war.

It is possible, we would hope, to dissent from a good deal that the more conspicuous advocates of peace say upon this subject—such as that there is no real popular alarm, but only a club-outrery for more soldiering, and that even the present armaments are more than is required for the protection of this many-provinced empire—and yet be sensible that any danger there really is from our French neighbours is liable to be increased by the very efforts we make to meet and repel it. It seems to us that a negative and watchful policy is not merely all that is required to meet so problematical a peril, but the most likely to preserve peace. We would, for our part, go further, and take means to let the French know, that we appreciated the forbearance which they have shewn since the conclusion of the last war, and desired nothing more than that the past should be forgotten, trusting that, with continued peace, the two peoples must advance in prosperity, and prove more and more serviceable to each other in the walks of their respective industries. But we suppose this will be regarded as something a little too Quixotic for the present day, and therefore we pass from it. Much, however, will be done if, in a silent appreciation of the fraternal feelings of our French neighbours, we learn a reason for looking upon them with faith instead of distrust. In common life, we all know how much mischief is sometimes done by meddling persons busy themselves with other people's affairs. So may great national disasters spring from the continual talk, in which certain newspapers unhappily indulge, about invasion as a thing certain to come. Acquiring these papers of anything like selfishness in trying to foment distrust and increase armaments, we

cannot but deprecate, if not their suspicions, at least the offensive manner in which these suspicions are expressed. Greatly is it to be desired that this 'talk of war' were put an end to, by some distinct public act calculated to tranquillise the national feelings.

JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

ON a former occasion,* we drew attention to the *Deseret News*, a journal published in the city of the Mormons west of the Rocky Mountains, and have already to record the somewhat curious fact, that notwithstanding all their wealth and refinement, these Latter-day Saints are unable to support a journal—the paper before us, October 16, 1852, being probably the penultimate of the series. The editor states, in a leading article addressed 'To the Saints,' that the paper is their own, the property of the Church; but that unless defaulters pay up, and new subscriptions are paid in advance, to enable him to purchase more paper and ink, 'Deseret must be minus its *News*,' after the publication of another number. While compassionating the difficulties of our brother of the very Far West, we are desirous of making hay while the sun shines, and giving a few traits of Mormon life before the source of the materials is quite dried up.

It is really a curious study this Mormon newspaper—perhaps the most curious in existence. It is the record of the daily life of a hermit city, built in the far wilds of the new world, surrounded by wild beasts and wild Indians, and at least 1000 miles from any other congregation of civilised men. Here are the Saints set down—for so they term themselves—rich in the comforts, luxuries, and many of the elegances of the world, and abundantly inclined to the enjoyment of these good things—buying, selling, fiddling, dancing, *not* paying for their newspaper—yet withal a community of monks and nuns (except as regards the ordinance of marriage), their city a vast convent, their government ecclesiastical, and their public business, religion. The newspaper presents an epitome of all this. It begins with some bad American jokes; then follow some elegant verses by Mrs Sigourney; and then a portion of the autobiography of Joseph Smith the prophet, in which he speaks thus of a namesake:—'Brother George A. Smith arose, and began to prophesy, when a noise was heard like the sound of a rushing mighty wind, which filled the Temple, and all the congregation simultaneously arose, being moved upon by an invisible power; many began to speak in tongues and prophecy; others saw glorious visions; and I beheld the Temple was filled with angels, which fact I declared to the congregation. The people of the neighbourhood came running together—hearing an unusual sound within, and seeing a bright light like a pillar of fire resting upon the Temple—and were astonished at what was transpiring.'

After this autobiography, we have the parliamentary report, as it would be called in this country, although in Great Salt Lake City it is the 'minutes' of the general conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in the Tabernacle, commencing October 6, 1852. There were present the president, the patriarchs, the twelve apostles, the acolytes, the president of the stake, the high-priest, a quorum, the presiding bishop, the clerk, and the reporter. The first and second speakers referred to the prophecies touching the Mormon Church, their fulfilment in the government and organization of the Latter-day Saints. The third talked of miracles, and on their Church being the great standing miracle to the rest of mankind. The president invited the Saints to the fast-day, and desired the bishops, 'if

* See No. 37, article, 'Journalism beyond the Rocky Mountains.'

there were any poor, to hunt them up and feed them; and if there were not any, to keep the food for another occasion.' This, diversified with prayers and hymns, formed one sederunt. At the next, it was discovered by an orator, that the reason the devil is mad about the Latter-day Saints is, that 'they will enjoy themselves.' 'He asked the question, What in the name of common-sense do any of the people let their cattle and pigs run loose for?—and remarked, that he is not a righteous man, or a Latter-day Saint, who will do so! for those persons who turn their cattle or pigs loose, do so that they may be fed on their neighbours' squash and gardens, in a dishonest manner; while there are 10,000 Saints come in this fall, who have likewise to be fed, and how will they be so, if we suffer all our garden-sauce and grain to be destroyed?' Some business was then adverted to by the president respecting the building of a Temple next year, and the removal of a portion of the people to the other valleys of the territory. 'The next thing I have noted,' said he, 'may perhaps be to some a novelty. What was said here last Sabbath by Brother Call and others, gives rise to this text, which I put forth for the brethren to preach upon. It is for the idlers and loafers to build me a good house. These men complain about me living on the tithing; but the truth is, I have never asked for one bushel of wheat, a single load of wool, or for the Church to build me a house. If any complain about the first presidency living on tithing, I want these men to build me a fine commodious house, worth about 25,000 dollars.' He then impressed upon his hearers the duty of care in worldly matters, as a thing contributing to the advancement of God's kingdom upon the earth. Another followed still more cogently in the same strain. 'He exhorted the Saints to sell their clothing to the farmers for wheat, so as to keep away from the merchants, and decorate your palaces with home-manufactures; and if you cannot get cotton-yarn to weave carpets, braid the rugs, and adorn your palaces with *iron* carpets. I say unto you all, practise virtue, prudence, economy; be saving, and be industrious, and you will be blest.' This, in fact, is the standing 'text' of the Conferences. Much was said about the breeding of sheep, the manufacture of iron, and the duty of the Saints to abstain from dealing with the Gentile merchants, and spend their money with one another. The duty of attending to the creature-comforts was likewise a staple subject. To prolong our lives, is to prolong the works of the Father. Man, being the author of his own happiness or misery, should create circumstances to make him happy. With such views, emigration to the other valleys is recommended, and tempting pictures drawn of its advantages.

Among the 'accidents' of the paper, is an account of the loss of a child, who had suddenly disappeared, and had not been since seen or heard of, 'although his tracks were discovered in the bed of the dry creek, not far from the house, the same afternoon, and his whip or stick that he had been playing with, a little below, in the creek bottom, where it is supposed the child fell from a plank which was lying across the bed of the creek. The Indians had some time previous taken a fancy to the child, and offered to buy him for berries; and it has been reported, that Indians have been in the mountains near the place, killing bear.' To one of the marriages of the Saints is appended this characteristic note: 'The cake was sublime, and the wine exhilarating.' A tannery company tender then thanks to their friends who have patronised them by bringing them bark, oils, lumber, and the comforts of life, to assist in starting their business, and particularly to those who have thrown the mantle of charity over the products of the infant tannery—they will be remembered.' They are 'prepared, as usual, to receive your hides, skins, sumach, squaw-bush, oak-shrubs, as also your oils and tallow, for which we will pay you on

delivery. We wish you to call and see our progress in home-manufacture, and bring us some flour, meal, beef, pork, mutton, butter, cheese, potatoes, and other comforts, such as cloths of all kinds, socks, &c. We will trade our boots and shoes for anything that is useful for our comfort. We wish to 'establish a business independent of cash, if possible.' A tailor and renovator advertises that 'public hands can have their clothes cleaned for Church orders.' This may be a little mysterious; but there is no mistaking the following announcement to the city of the Saints:—'Sword and lance exercise will be taught by Thomas Hodgkinson, free of charge, on the Temple Block, at twelve o'clock; commencing on the first Saturday in November 1852; and at Big Cotton Wood, on the first Monday in the same month.' Several pastry-cooks advertise that their dainties are as nice as could be had in London. A company of daguerreotypers challenge the world to produce more artistic, more durable, or more correct lifelike likenesses. These will be taken at low prices, from three and a half dollars upwards, in cash, cattle, wheat, flour, adobies, butter, &c. 'All pictures warranted to please, or no charge.' Here is an advertising dodge, warranted as good as an English one:—'More gold! I will say to the people of Utah Territory, that pure lumps of gold have been lately discovered at my tannery, in the nineteenth ward of the G. S. L. City, and that I am sole proprietor of the diggings. Therefore, if you wish to participate in the precious evil, bring on your beef-hides and your tan-bark.' A saddle-maker is in want of hides:—'Stop that horse that has no saddle on! The subscriber is obliged to discontinue his business at saddle-tree making for want of hides to cover them with. Those wishing saddles must furnish some hides. He will give one saddle-tree for three good beef-hides, well saved, delivered at Ames' Tannery.' Here is a curious combination of trades:—'The subscriber takes this method to inform his customers and friends, that he has opened, in connection with his barber shop, an eating-house, where he will endeavour to accommodate his patrons in the best possible manner with every variety of refreshments the Valley can afford.'

After the parliamentary report, there comes a more interesting one on the general condition of Great Salt Lake Valley, addressed to the Saints scattered throughout the earth. Notwithstanding various severe changes of weather, the season, it appears, was propitious. Grain and vegetables were abundant, and peaches and grapes of excellent quality. The outbreaks of the Indians had diminished, and they were learning to raise grain for themselves. 'The chiefs and braves of the Utes, and Shoshone or Snake Indians, which tribes have long been at variance, met in this city, 4th September, and formed a treaty of peace, perpetual peace, "good peace," as they say, in presence of the governor and Indian agent; and the present appearance is an indication of peace among the Indians generally in this region.' Considerable improvements had been made in tanning leather, manufacturing iron, pottery, &c.; although labour was scarce, most of the hands being occupied in raising grain for the bodies of emigrants passing that way towards California, and for the expected immigration of 10,000 Saints. Iron-mining was advancing; coal had been discovered; likewise an extensive bed of sulphur; and stone and marble of excellent quality. 'The Saints in the valley are feeling well, doing well, rejoicing in God, diligent in business, prospering abundantly in every lawful undertaking, and growing more faithful in keeping the commandments of God, paying their tithing, and building up the kingdom every year.' The number of inhabitants is already above 30,000. 'The Book of Mormon is now in print in the English, Welsh, French, German, Danish, and Italian languages; and preparations are making to translate and publish it in Chinese, Burmese, Spanish, and other languages.' The report notifies, under date

24d August, that 'Bishop Abraham O. Smoot arrived with thirty-one wagons, and about 350 Saints, the first company who have emigrated from England by means of the "Perpetual Emigrating Fund;" and their arrival was hailed with the greatest demonstrations of joy by the Saints in the Valley, and met with a hearty response by the camp.' The paper concludes with a pressing invitation to the Saints in all the corners of the earth, parodying Scripture in a manner that would be ludicrous, if it was not shocking; but adding immediately—'We want paints, oil, glass, putty, nails, house-trimmings, seeds for hedges and all choice fruits, vegetables, and flowers; cotton and wool machinery, and all kinds of labour-saving machinery. There are three more carding-machines wanted in the Valley next season. Sheep and young stock will find a good market to any amount. Fifty tons of cotton-yarn are wanted at the present moment for family use. Who will bring these things? All the Saints!'

After this farrago, it would be superfluous to dwell upon the causes of the success of Mormonism, which really appears to be insinuating itself, to some small extent, into many of the countries of Europe, as well as into the American states. It is obvious that there is no principle of vitality in the original impure or delusion in itself; but this is, at least for the present, bolstered up by circumstances which conduce powerfully to the success of communities of men. The Saints are none of your lazy saints, who look to Providence for support without using the means themselves; neither are they of the lugubrious order of saints, who consider the rational enjoyment of their worldly inheritance a sin, and fancy themselves acceptable to the Donor when they receive his good gifts with a sour and dissatisfied countenance. Favoured by the scope for enterprise which a large, fertile, and unoccupied country presents, we can see reasons for Mormonism acquiring popularity in Western America, where its very absurdities, addressing the appetites and feelings of uninstructed masses of men, render it particularly acceptable. How far the superstition may attain a permanence, no one at present can take upon himself to say. Meanwhile, its rapid growth and establishment is one of the most marvellous events of our time. A new religion springing into active existence in the middle of the nineteenth century! What a practical comment on the so-called intelligence of the age!

A PLAY IN OLD ATHENS.

COURTEOUS reader, let that courtesy for which you are notorious the wide world over, be extended upwards, while we escort you, in spirit and not in letter, to a theatrical performance by actors that have been dead, and on a stage that hath vanished away, long ago.

For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your element.
We beg your hearing patiently.

What we propose doing, is to go back to Athens as it stood in classic dignity two thousand three hundred years ago, and conduct you in spirit to one of the famous plays of the immortal Sophocles. We can assure you the thing is worth seeing—better, indeed, than the swaggering nonsense which has lately usurped the place of the true old drama.

Let us suppose ourselves a comfortable family-party—as comfortable as such behind-hand circumstances permit, in a day whose philosophy has not yet dreamed of gas, and omnibuses, and steam-carriages, and letter-press, and other developments of the 'process of the suns.' We are booked for a place, in common with all Athens; and no doubt all true citizens will join us—the theatre affording 'ample room and verge enough,' by its prodigious dimensions, and the said citizens being desperate men about town

and inveterate play-goers. Ten or a dozen Drury Lane or Covent-Garden theatres thrown into one—or rather, public accommodation to that amount—will give a notion of the capabilities of the place.

We are not too soon, you see; for they are crowding and jostling at the entrances, eager to secure good seats. There has been a multitude waiting there, for that purpose, ever since daybreak. Years ago, the strife for places was so hot, and waxed so fast and furious, that magisterial interference became necessary; and admission, which had hitherto been free, was now subjected to payment. The rate was fixed high enough to exclude, in effect, the poorer citizens; and murmurs loud and deep ensued—too loud not to be heard, too deep to be trifled with by those in authority. Accordingly, our wise and popular Pericles—we shall see him probably at the play this morning—has reduced the entrance fee to a mere nothing; and even that mere nothing may be had for the asking, by simply making application to a certain public functionary provided with funds on purpose.

The huge structure which we are entering is, you will observe, roofless. What need of a roof in the sunny South, among a manly people, and where the performance is by broad daylight? But what if a shower comes on? Why, wait till it's over, and then go on again, as if nothing had happened, or at worst only a refreshing interlude. Now, then, for a seat; scramble amid the strugglers, every one for himself. This will do, though it is, as you object, about half a mile from the stage. But can we see anything at such a distance? *Nons arctus*—that is to say, we shall. And as for hearing, scarcely a syllable will escape us, in spite of the thousands of heads between us and the orchestra.

The stage extends from one end of the building to the other, a narrow strip, the centre of which is the station for the *dramatis personæ*. It is of the same height as the lowest bench in what we should call the pit (unless the orchestra, which occupies the space between the audience and stage, better corresponds with that section), and the semicircular benches rise in such proportion to their distance from the stage, that almost all can see with equal facility. Flights of stairs branch off from the orchestra, and rise to the corridor at the summit of the house—the 'gallery,' to which the 'gods' are consigned in British mythology. The orchestra is not a 'local habitation and a name,' for fiddling and trumpeting operations; its denizens are not professors of the trombone and fife, but soon and ophicleide, triangle and big-drum, viola and violoncello, led by a neat-handed *concert* in the concert of sweet sounds: it is the *chorus* consecrated to the chorus; a corporation of infinite importance in the Greek theatre, composed, as the Athenian population is, of what the tea gardens call 'votaries of Terpsichore,' and whose movements on the light fantastic toe are watched with consummate interest by universal Athens. This orchestra, then, is a 'smooth level space, large and wide enough for the unrestrained movements of a numerous band of dancers;*' in the middle stands the *thynele*, a sort of raised platform, which serves as resting-place for the chorus, when there is a temporary cessation from the 'hop.' The form of the stage, which, as we have seen, is remarkably long but very narrow withal, accords with the Greek taste for long lines of figures, seldom grouped so as to lose their individual distinctness. The stage is enclosed on three sides by high walls the hinder one being called the *scenæ frons* (whence the stage itself is called the *pro-scenium*), and this scene is adorned with various architectural and other decorations. Something corresponding to a trap-door system is to be found in a certain flight of steps, 'fixed somewhere under the seats of the spectators, and called Charon's Staircase, by which,

* Muller's *Gk. Lit.* c. xxii.

unobserved by the audience, the shades of the departed ascend into the orchestra, and there mount the stage.* When the interior of a house or apartment is to be seen, a machine is made use of, the *encyclopa* by name—a covered semicircular structure, open in front. Other machinery is not wanting, such as contrivances for storm and shower, thunder and lightning, earthquake and conflagration; ropes for supporting gods and heroes, while sounding on their dim and perilous way between the heavens and the earth, in the manner approved of Easter extravaganzas and Christmas pantomimes; platforms, too, and winged chariots, and grim productions of the 'property' man, such as hippogriffs, and similar 'strange fowl,' upon whose back it is the rôle of adventurous performers now and then to come careering through space. The scenery itself is so arranged, that the principal object, to which we are supposed to be nearest, is placed at the background, sometimes painted, sometimes the actual object itself; while distant prospects occupy the two wings. The necessary changes of scene are effected by shifting the position of these latter, which, being triangular prisms, turning round on an axis fastened beneath, present three different surfaces for successive exhibition, according to the exigencies of the piece.

We are come, say, to witness the *Ajax* of Sophocles. What the two or three other dramas may be which make up the complement to be performed during this day and to-morrow (for the custom holds to enact a trilogy, or triad of plays kindred in subject, followed by a so-called satyric drama), deponent, for very fair reasons, saith not. The men of Athens are not tired of three or four tragedies, all committed between Tuesday morning and Wednesday afternoon: for our part, and as present occasion serves, one will suffice; and of that only a flying notice. When this prodigious audience adjourns at the close of No. I. in the programme, to recruit themselves against the speedy advent of No. II., by indulgence in wine and 'sweeties,' we can take the opportunity of retiring to put our notes into shape, without troubling the janitor for a return-ticket.

The signal for action given, the play begins. Jove-born Pallas advances, in confidential parley with her wily, wary, 'pawky' protégé, Ulysses; the scene being a field near the tent of Ajax, who has just been disappointed in his pretensions to the arms of Achilles, and has, in consequence, taken frantic measures of revenge against his compatriots. These measures have been overruled by Pallas, who has directed the maddened chieftain's bloody wrath against the cattle and sheep, instead of their human owners.

Turning his rage against the mingled flocks,

On these with violence

He rushed, and slaughtered many: now he thought

That he had slain the Atridae, now he had

Some other chiefs had perished by his hand.

1 [Pallas *loquitur*] saw his frenzy, and still urged him on,

That he might fall into the snare I laid:

Tired with his slaughter, now he binds in chains

The living victim, drives the captive herd

Home to his tent, nor doubts that they are men,

And there assails them with unnumbered stripes.

To convince Ulysses of the degradation of Ajax, Pallas-Athenè then summons the latter to bring his huge body into court—not a little to the alarm, however, of her cautious pupil, who, shaking in his shoes the while, 'begs off,' and clamorously prays to be excused. The goddess removes his craven apprehensions, by making him invisible to the wholesale 'flesher,' who makes his appearance, and exults in the extent of his supposed slaughter—especially chuckling at having 'that fox accursed,' Ulysses, included among his takings. Then

we have the chorus, composed of the followers of Ajax, who lament, in lyric strains of woe, the humiliating position of their unhappily blinded leader. Anon his wife, Tecmessa, enters, and narrates in detail, to the sympathising chorus, the history of the massacre. This narration is followed by the discovery of Ajax sitting alone in his tent, just recovered from his delirium, and overwhelmed with agonising horror at his condition, past and present. He calls on the chorus to put an end to his misery, and makes testamentary arrangements for the care of his child Eurysaces. Meanwhile, his brother Teucer is speeding from Mysia's rocky mountains, to aid and avenge him—despatching an order to guard Ajax carefully within his tent. But the order comes too late. Ajax has already escaped the vigilance of his friends, and sought repose in death. Too late arrive, in scattered companies, the anxious clansmen and chorists, in search of the dead hero. His corpse is discovered by Tecmessa, and Teucer's advent avails only to wring from the reluctant Atridae a permission to honour it with wonted rites of sepulture—in the final attainment of which, it is fair to add, he is serviceably backed by Ulysses.

So runs the play. And now, how comes it, you may ask, that we, at such a disadvantage for seeing and hearing, have contrived to see and hear at all? As to the seeing, it must be owned that, except for artificial aids and appliances, the actors would be almost indistinguishable in form and feature. But, in the first place, their stature is heightened portentously by what Hamlet calls 'the altitude of a chippine'—in other words, by the buskin, or coturnus, or high shoe; and, secondly, their faces are covered with prodigious masks, on the artistic impressiveness of which, the utmost skill is expended, and which comprise an almost incredible variety of expression, always, however, subject to the laws of severe classical taste. The necessary unity of expression in any one mask, is not displeasing to the ideal tragedy of Greece—wherein the *dramatis personæ*, once imbued with certain overmastering passions, once possessed by certain capital emotions, are expected to continue, throughout the drama, faithful representatives of the law of their character, constant to and consistent with the principle or the feeling they embody. And where an exception may seem called for—as in this case of Ajax, who first has the aspect of excited triumph and then that of despairing shame—it is allowable to change the mask between the acts.

Must not the voice suffer, again, by this artificial head-piece? That objection is provided for by an acoustic contrivance appended to the mask—besides which, a voice of remarkable natural power, strengthened and developed by systematic training and exercise, is of itself a *sine quâ non* demanded of every candidate for tragic laurels. It is part of the duty of the choregus, moreover—the acting manager responsible to the state—to provide for the chorus such, and only such meat and drink as medical science approves for strengthening and improving the voice.*

We betide the choregus, the chorus, the actors, if they discharge their functions carelessly! Athens is impatient of bad acting, and will on no account tolerate a blunder in the *mise en scène*, or a hitch in the performance. A blundering tragedian is soon warned off the premises. Is he ungraceful?—Jeers and gibes come pelting in pitiless showers. Does his pathos overreach correct taste? or his passion approximate to rant? or his independence disdain to bring out the traditional points of his part?—He is perhaps assailed with missiles, whatever comes first to hand, is compelled to doff his mask and expose his face to his despotic critics, and is then driven with all contumely from the stage, while a herald summons another actor to take his

* Schlegel's *Dram. Lit.*

* Bœckh's *Public Economy of Athens.*

place, and a fine is imposed on this intended substitute if he is not prepared for immediate compliance. It is right to add, that when the sovereign people are, on the other hand, pleased with the acting, they are just as hearty and demonstrative in their applause. And a first-rate actor certainly gets first-rate pay; * not Jenny Lind, not Tagliani, not Sontag, ever got better.

Before the time of Sophocles, no more than two actors took part in the drama. He has added a third. The now legitimate number is three, though any number of dummies is allowed. The chorus consists of fifteen, and a more attractive body of men you will not find in universal Hellas—thanks to their musical and dancing skill, their costly attire, and the glorious bursts of lyrical poetry of which they are the mouthpiece. Change of metre is used to express a change in the thoughts and emotions of the chorus, who represent the ideal spectator, and whose mode of viewing the action of the piece is meant to guide and control the impressions of the audience at large.

But it is time for us, having seen our sight, to have said our say. Enough for our brief purpose—a broken audience, as it were, from the ruins of Athens.

PEARLS AND PEARL-FISHERS IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

THE pearl, as every one knows, is a natural growth in the interior of certain bivalve molluscs, found in almost every region of the world, from Norway to the Strait of Magellan, and from China to California and Peru. Even Britain can boast of her pearls at this day, as the Crystal Palace could witness, for it contained two beautiful specimens—one Scotch, the other Irish. It is not a century since they were fished in Loch Tay; and since then, £10,000 worth were sent from Perth to London in the course of three years—1761-64—and sold from 10s. to 35s. the ounce. Several rivers in England, Wales, and Ireland produce them, but in small quantities, and of inferior quality. In some of the continental rivers they exist, and form an article of traffic. The principal seats of the pearl-fishery in the New World are, the Gulf of California, Mexico, and Panama; some of the West India islands, and the Strait of Magellan. In the Old World, the most celebrated are in Ceylon, on the coasts of India, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. Most of them have been famous from the earliest ages. Even in the days of Job, pearls are enumerated among the articles of priceless value—the ruby, the sapphire, the precious onyx, and the gold of Ophir. Doubtless, these were the products of the Indian and Arabian seas. In several of the above localities, the taking of the pearl-oyster has declined, and nearly disappeared, either from the beds having been exhausted, or the trade neglected.

The most flourishing grounds are the islands in the Persian Gulf, which continue to maintain their ancient celebrity. Of these fisheries we propose to give a short account, as we find them described by recent travellers who have visited the spot, and collected statistical information on the subject.

Judging from Pliny's account, and excepting only the fabulous credulity of that age with regard to the breeding and habits of the pearl-oyster, the mode of fishing practised now differs but little from what it was 2000 years ago. The chief places where the trade is carried on are, the Bahrein Islands, and other groups lying along the extensive bank which girds the greater portion of the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf. The depth of the water, in general, varies from five to fifteen fathoms, though coral-reefs occasionally rear themselves nearly on a level with the surface. The right of fishing is common to all the Gulf; but those who engage most extensively in the trade, are the inhabitants

of the pirate coast, and the islanders of Bahrein. A dispute might arise about rights and privileges similar to that between the Yankees and British North American colonists, but custom has assigned to both parties in the Gulf certain prescribed limits. The Bahrein fishermen prosecute their labours between that island and the port of El Katyf, while the other boats seldom proceed beyond Halool, or a little to the northward. Upwards of 3000 boats are employed during the season, about one-half of them belonging to the Bahrein islanders, and they have a considerable advantage over the others; for, being in the vicinity of their own port, they return, when laden, for the purpose of opening their oysters, while those from the pirate coast proceed for a like purpose to the several islands with which the lower part of the coast is studded. It is a very beautiful sight to witness these tiny fleets all busily and briskly engaged, especially when the weather is favourable, calm, and clear, which keeps the water free from agitation.

Major Wilson, who resided at Bushire, and has furnished many details of the pearl-trade, says that, 'the fishing season is divided into two portions: the one, called the short or cold; the other, the long and hot. What is called the short and cold fishery is common everywhere. In the cooler weather of the month of June, diving is practised along the coast in shallow water; and it is not until the intensely hot months of July, August, and half of September, that the Bahrein banks are much frequented. The water on them is deeper—about seven fathoms—and the divers are much inconvenienced when that element is cold—indeed, they can do little when it is not as warm as the air; and it frequently becomes even more so in the hottest months of the summer, above mentioned.' Generally, the fishermen are poor, the trade being in the hands of merchants, some of whom possess considerable capital. The capitalist advances money often at the exorbitant interest of cent. per cent., and a portion of dates, rice, and other necessary articles for the men; he also lets a boat to them, for which he gets one share of the gross profits of all that is fished; and finally, he purchases the pearls nearly at his own price. The following may be reckoned the common mode of proceeding:—Five *ghowas*, or divers, and five *saphor*, or pullers-up, agree to take a boat together; the capitalist lends the funds necessary to support them and their families during the season, and they are bound to replace the money, whether fortunate in their adventure or not. If they get a large draught of valuable oysters, they may become rich and independent; if they do not succeed, they are plunged into debt, and left at the mercy of the rapacious capitalist; and often it happens that the men who make the most fearful exertions in diving, can hardly get food to eat. The method of fishing is thus described by Major Wilson:—When a boat arrives at a spot, considered from the nature of the bottom as likely to prove favourable, the boat is anchored, and the crew divided into two portions: one remains in the boat, to receive the oysters, and haul up the divers; the others strip naked, and jump into the sea. A small basket, capable of holding from eight to ten oysters, is then handed to them, and suspended to their left arm; the nostrils are closed with a piece of elastic horn, the diver places his foot on a stone attached to a cord, inhales a long breath, and upon raising his right arm as a signal, the rope is immediately let go, and he sinks to the bottom. After collecting as many as are within his reach, he jerks the line, and is drawn at once to the surface. Forty seconds is the average, and one minute and thirty-five seconds the ultimatum which they can remain below. They now cling for a few minutes to ropes suspended for that purpose over the sides of the vessel, and renew their exertions until tired, when they exchange places with those in the boat; and so on alternately, until

* Feels received about £200 for two days.

their cargo is completed. Unopened, the oysters are valued at two dollars the hundred; say upon an average they bring five to the surface, that would be at the rate of about a penny for each descent. Little enough for such a laborious and unhealthy employment, did they obtain the whole; but they are fortunate if, after the rapacious demands of their masters are satisfied, they get a third. No one receives any definite wages, but are paid in certain shares, dependent on their skill as divers, or other causes. Sharks they appear to hold in little dread, but the saw-fish was much feared, and instances were related to me of men who had been completely cut in two by these monsters. To protect themselves from the blubber which floats about in some places, and if it comes in contact with them, stings them very severely, they envelop themselves in white dresses, and have, when floating about in the water, with the sun glistening on them, a singular appearance.

There are several modes of opening the shell, but most commonly it is done with a clasp-knife; and the pearl is found imbedded in the muscular portion of the fish, where it is attached to the shell. The shells are also sometimes piled up on shore, where the heat of the sun decomposes the fish, and the pearls are at once obtained.

The sheiks levy a tax from three to five dollars on each boat, according to its size. The value of the whole produce of the season on the principal bank is estimated at forty lacs of dollars, or about 1,800,000, of which it is computed the Hindoo merchants purchase and transmit two-thirds to India, while the remaining portion finds its way into Persia and Arabia. The boats are of various sizes, and of varied construction, averaging from ten to fifty tons. During one season, it is computed that the island of Bahrein furnishes of all sizes 3500, the Persian coast 100, and the space between Bahrein and the entrance of the Gulf, including the pirate coast, 700. The value of the pearls obtained at these several ports is estimated at between 1,100,000 and 1,500,000 annually. This, however, is rather an uncertain calculation. Some native merchants have stated it to be three or four times that amount, but a good deal seems to be matter of guess or opinion, and it is difficult to get any accurate statement. Even the smaller sum, however, is an enormous annual value, for an article found in other parts of the world as well as in the Persian Gulf, and which is never used in its best and purest state as anything else than an ornament. A considerable quantity of the seed-pearls is used throughout Asia in the composition of electuaries, to form which all kinds of precious stones are occasionally mixed, after being pounded, except, indeed, diamonds, which, from being so hard, are considered utterly indigestible. The electuary, in which there is a large quantity of pearls, is much sought for, and valued on account of its supposed stimulating and restorative qualities. These virtues, however, must be purely ideal, as we now know the substances of which the pearl is composed. What would Cleopatra have said had she been aware that her costly draught was a luxury only in the imagination little different from a glass of lime-water?

Diving is considered very detrimental to health, and without doubt it shortens the life of those who practise it much. But the natives, being familiar with the water from their youth, are very expert; and the time they will remain in it, as well as the distance they can swim, would sound incredible to European ears. There are well-attested cases of individuals who, without rest, have swum more than seven miles. Many exaggerated tales have been told respecting the extraordinary depth to which pearl-fishers and Arab divers will descend in pursuit of their arduous occupation. This is perhaps not so remarkable in the Gulf as in the Red Sea. Lieutenant Welsted, who had personal opportunities of judging of both, says of the Gulf fishers, that their

divers rarely descend beyond eleven or twelve fathoms, and even then they always exhibited signs of great exhaustion. But in the Red Sea, the divers will go down twice that depth. One of the most noted performers of this exploit was the famous pilot, old Seroor, well known to all navigators of the Arabian sea, and often mentioned by travellers. Lieutenant Welsted states, that he has seen him dive repeatedly to twenty-five fathoms, without betraying the slightest symptoms of inconvenience. He mentions also the following facts, which happened some few years since:—A vessel had sunk amid the outer shoals of Jiddah in nineteen fathoms, and the old man visited her for several successive days, remaining each time long enough under water to saw off the copper bolts which projected from her timbers. He also spent much time "within the bowels of the vasty deep," diving for the black coral or *yoosser*, a species of zoophyte found near Jiddah, Yembo, and other places in their vicinity. All his sons are equally expert as swimmers and divers. I have repeatedly seen them remain floating on the surface of the waves, watching for the descent of a rupee, which some one on board was preparing to toss over, and which they never failed to catch long before it reached the bottom. During warm weather—for here, as in the Persian Gulf, the Arabs do not admire cold water—the young divers may be frequently observed undergoing a regular course of training in their art, which they persevere in till the blood gushes from their eyes, ears, and noses. A still severer trial must be endured before they are considered adepts, which does not happen till the drum of the ear is actually ruptured. One of these amphibious youngsters, scarcely thirteen years of age, would sink to the depth of twenty-five fathoms. Old Seroor, the father, has frequently dived in thirty fathoms, and once offered, for a heavy wager, to bring up mud from the bottom at thirty-five. I have been credibly informed, he has actually accomplished this latter feat, though the former is the greatest depth to which I have ever seen him descend; and even there, how immense must be the pressure of the fluid by which he was surrounded!

The only assistance he makes use of consists of a stone fastened to a rope; on the former, he places his foot, and the latter, when he is ready, is "payed down" as fast as possible after him. A tug on this, when his object was accomplished, formed the signal for hauling him again to the surface. Neither father nor sons appeared to stand much in dread of the sharks, though the old man bore on his arm the scar of a large wound which he had received in a desperate conflict with one of these monsters. Accidents of that kind seldom happen; and it would appear that there is some truth in the notion of the Arabs, that owing to the dingy colour of their skins, sharks rarely attack a native; while the whiteness of a European usually proves an irresistible bait to their epicurean palates.

In the Persian Gulf, Lieutenant Welsted witnessed another instance of the singular feats performed by the divers. He says: "In 1827, we were cruising in the Honourable Company's sloop *Ternate* on the pearl banks. Whilst becalmed, and drifting slowly along with the current, several of the officers and men were looking over her side at our Arab pilot, who had been amusing himself in diving for oysters. After several attempts, his search proved unsuccessful. "I will now," said he, "since I cannot gather oysters, dive for and catch fish." All ridiculed the idea. He went down again, and great was our astonishment to see him, after a short time, rise to the surface with a small rock-fish in each hand. His own explanation of the feat was, that as he seated himself at the bottom, the fish came around and nibbled at his skin. Watching an opportunity, he seized and secured his prey by thrusting his thumb and forefinger into their expanded gills."

With regard to the time during which the divers can remain under water, there are different statements; but, generally, the period has been much overrated. Some writers have asserted, that they have known instances of divers who could continue four or five minutes. Mr Morier says, that the Bahrein fishers remain so long under water as five minutes; but this appears to be exaggerated, for Lieutenant Welsted states one minute as the average time; and he says he never knew them but on one occasion to exceed a minute and a half. The exploit was performed in presence of the British resident, Colonel Stannus; and for a reward of a few dollars, only one man of some hundreds remained down a minute and fifty seconds. In Ceylon, the divers rarely exceed fifty seconds. The exertions the fishermen undergo have the effect of shortening their days; few of them live to a great age. Their eyes become very weak and bloodshot, and their bodies break out in blotches and ulcers. Their chief danger, however, arises from sharks and saw-fishes; the latter is by far the most formidable enemy they have to encounter, and in the Persian Gulf, these monsters attain a larger size than perhaps in any other region of the world: they are of an oblong, rounded form, the head being somewhat flattened from the forepart, and tapering more abruptly towards the tail. They usually measure from thirteen to fifteen feet in length, being covered with a coriaceous skin, of a dark colour above, but white beneath the body. The terrific weapon from whence they derive their name, is a flat projecting snout, resembling a long blade, six feet in length, and four inches in breadth, armed on each side with sharp spines, having the appearance of a large toothed saw.

The pearl-trade in the Gulf is of two kinds—either when they are bought up by the capitalist, who advances the money for the outfit, or when purchased on speculation. In the former case, the produce is forestalled, generally for a foreign market, before it is actually acquired. On the other hand, individuals who are not merchants are always made to pay very dearly for the liberty of selecting articles of the first quality, as by taking these away, the general mercantile value is diminished, and wholesale dealers will not consent to reduce the marketable worth of their goods without a considerable profit. This may account for more being demanded from persons making selections of fine pearls on the spot, than they probably could be bought for in London.

The value of pearls depends entirely upon the quality. They do not now bring that great price mentioned in Scripture and in Roman history. Julius Cæsar would have some difficulty in finding one such as he presented to Servilia, the mother of Marcus Brutus, which was said to be worth £48,417, 10s. The most costly article of this kind, in modern times, is that which was purchased by Tavernier at El Katyf, near Bahrein, and is now in the possession of the king of Persia, which was estimated at £110,000. The Spanish crown had one pearl which was valued at somewhat more than £80,000: it was obtained by Philip II., in 1587, from the island of Margarita, off the Colombian coast. Indifferent and bad pearls are abundant and cheap in the Eastern markets, and they are used in great profusion for embroidering the dresses of both men and women in Persia. A blue velvet upper garment, tastefully adorned with pearls, has a magnificent appearance. Respecting the larger and more valuable ones, Major Wilson observes, that what would pass current among Oriental nations as good, and suitably arranged in regard to shape, size, and water, would be rejected in Europe as intolerably mixed, and utterly ill assorted. There is the same difference in estimating the water and flaws in stones and jewels; but this want of precision and indistinctness of perception is more apparent among Asiatics in general than Europeans.

When the oysters are brought on shore, before being opened they are frequently sold as a gambling adventure. The largest shells are preserved; many are from six to nine inches in diameter, and are valuable on account of the mother-of-pearl with which they are lined. The oyster itself is never eaten, even in a country where food is so scarce.

More frequently, however, the oysters are opened at sea, in some of the islands with which the bank is studded, and to which the fishermen repair when they have filled their boats. Having constructed tents with their masts, oars, and sails, they proceed with the operation. On these occasions, quarrels and disputes often occur between rival boats or tribes. In order to check such outbreaks, which, if permitted to go on, would lead to general confusion, two government vessels belonging to the Indian navy are now kept cruising in the Gulf, off the bank. Of the various duties assigned to our war-vessels abroad, this is confessed to be by far the most harassing and unpleasant. It is admitted by those who are well qualified to judge, that the heat of the atmosphere in the Persian Gulf during the warm season is not surpassed by any other spot in the known world. The nights being short, neither earth nor sea has time to cool. Even when on the horizon, the sun is sufficiently warm to be disagreeable; the sailors say it rises red-hot; and a few minutes afterwards, the intensity of its beams elevates Fahrenheit's thermometer 10 degrees. From this period, until about eleven in the forenoon, when the sea-breeze sets in, the heat is almost intolerable. Under double awnings, their heads not unfrequently bound with wet cloths, the seamen are seen lying on the deck, or stretched along the gunwale, looking for the first welcome indication of the breeze, and absolutely panting for breath. Without the smallest exertion, a copious perspiration streams from every pore. Water increases instead of allaying thirst; the skin is in such a state from irritation, that no clothes can be endured; and the slightest movement, by causing it to crack, is accompanied with great pain. Such is the account of these intolerable and painful exposures given by Lieutenant Welsted, who himself experienced them when engaged on the British survey of the Persian Gulf some years ago. The effects of this surveillance, however, have been very beneficial in preserving peace and preventing quarrels among the fishers. Petty squabbles between the boats of competing tribes still occur occasionally, but nearly the whole of their vessels now fish and trade harmoniously in the Gulf from port to port, and from thence to India and the Red Sea. It may, indeed, be questioned whether, from the earliest period when commerce first dawned, and navigation made its infant efforts in the hands of the Phœnicians, an equal protection has been afforded in that part of the Indian Ocean to the fisherman and the merchant trading upon its coasts.

Having now given some account of the pearl-divers and their different operations, it may not be uninteresting to describe briefly the principal locality where the fisheries are carried on. This can now be more easily done, from the elaborate survey instituted not many years ago by the East India Company. Until 1764, we had no chart of the Persian Gulf. Nearhus was probably among the first Europeans who traversed its waters. Benjamin of Tudela, in 1222, speaks of it; but it was not until the illustrious Niebuhr visited it, that we possessed a chart. The extraordinary accuracy of that remarkable man is as conspicuous in this, as it is in the several other branches of human knowledge to which he turned his attention during his stay in the East. Since his time, more perfect maps and memoirs have been furnished us of these interesting regions, by various learned hydrographers, at the expense of the East India government. The most celebrated of the pearl islands is Bahrein, already mentioned, which

presents 'the greenest spot in Oman's green sea.' Repeated mention is made of it by the earliest geographers. It is the Tiara of Ptolemy (hence the name of a jewelled crown), and the Icharia of Strabo; and it was selected as a harbour by the Portuguese when they possessed themselves of stations in the Gulf. The population of Bahrein was reckoned, a few years ago, at about 40,000. The principal town, called Manama, is situated at the northern extremity of the island, which measures twenty-seven and a half miles long, and ten broad. The houses are well built, and the town, altogether, is more respectable than any other in the Persian Gulf. The market is abundantly supplied with fine cattle, sheep, poultry, fish, and vegetables. The inhabitants carry on an extensive trade with all the tribes along the coast; but the chief source of their employment and subsistence is the pearl-fishery. The island possesses a fertile soil, is watered by numerous rills, and is capable of the highest cultivation. The interior is occupied by a range of hills; but the shores are very low, and surrounded with shoals, most of which are dry at ebb-water. The fields are covered with plantations of date-trees; and there are various springs of excellent water, but none of them near enough the harbour to be available for shipping. There is a curious phenomenon, which has been noticed by travellers, and is of some importance to navigators. In the vicinity of Bahrein, fresh water is found beneath the salt, eighteen feet below the surface, and rising from the bottom of the sea. This water the inhabitants use for household purposes; and when ships and boats visit the island, they are generally supplied with it. The mode of obtaining the water is simple, and characteristic of the people: a diver descends with an empty skin, places its mouth over the spot whence the fresh spring gushes, ties the string when it is filled, and allows the leathern cask to rise to the surface of its own accord. This singular provision of nature deserves to be known, for there is little doubt that, if search were carefully made in places where fresh water is scarce, springs of a similar kind would be found in other parts of the world.

CARVING OF POULTRY.

In Mr Soyer's *Modern Housewife*, a clever and handy work on cookery, will at length be found a solution of that formidable problem—how to carve a fowl with elegance and ease. Soyer explains the marvel in a way which no one could previously have the slightest idea of; and which, in fact, is nothing else than a piece oflegerdemain. Well, the way, he says, to carve a fowl neatly is, to have nothing to carve—for it really comes to that. Yes, a fowl lies before you at table, to all appearance requiring to be anatomised by the usual desperate process, at least in all but first-rate hands, of wrenching the joints and bones asunder; but, lo! the thing is done by a mere touch of the knife. Legs, wings, breastbones, instead of flying about in all directions, drop becomingly into the dish. If this be not a discovery, we do not know what is. But how is it all managed? Here comes the secret: the fowl has had all its joints cut by the cook before dressing, and that without disturbing the outer skin. To effect this properly, an instrument requires to be employed called a tendon separator, of which Soyer gives a drawing. Of course, every one who reads this will get one of these instruments, which we should think will not be more costly than an ordinary pair of scissors. The method of using the instrument, and of trussing for table, is explained in the useful manual referred to. We are told, that when roasted, the appearance of poultry is greatly improved by this simple operation—looking more plump on account of the sinews having lost their power of contraction.

SWEDISH SONGS.

THE FISHERMAN IN HIS BOAT.

EARLY at morning-tide seek I the strand,
Push off my fishing-boat far from the land;
Swings she so merrily over the bay,
Down to the island where bright fishes play.
Calm lies the wide bay, the sun shining o'er it,
Fair are the meadows and blue hills before it;
Row, row away! I row, row away!
In my light fishing-boat rocking all day.

Far towards the silent creek, where the bold sun
Peers through white birches and pine-trees so dun—
There go my eager thoughts—there my heart lies,
There upon Sundays my fishing-boat flies:
Gaily the tall reeds and wavelets are singing,
Gaily the aspen and alder are swinging,
Down by the shore—far down the sweet shore,
There dwells a little maid—mine evermore!

THE LITTLE COLLIER-BOY.

Father he works in the coal-pits deep,
Mother she sits at home spinning;
When I'm a big man, tall and strong,
I will their bread be winning.
I'll have a sweetheart true,
We'll have a cottage new,
Down in the dark wood where she sits spinning.
Father shall work in the open air,
Mother shall sit by the fireside,
Sewing on gowns she likes to wear,
With the little ones creeping up by'r side;
When I've a wife so true,
And we've a cottage new,
Down in the dark wood where she sat spinning.

EDEN-LAND.

You remember where in starlight
We two wandered hand in hand?
While the night-flowers poured their perfume
Forth like love o'er all the land:—
There I, walking yester-even,
Felt like a ghost from Eden-land!
I remember all you told me—
Looking up as we did stand,
While my heart poured out its perfume
Like the night-flowers in your hand,
And the path where we two wandered
Seemed not like earth, but Eden-land.
Now the stars shine paler, colder,
Night-flowers fade, without your hand:
Yet my spirit walks beside you
Everywhere, in every land:
And I wait till we shall wander
Under the stars of Eden-land.

CALIFORNIAN INDUSTRY.

Owing to the spongy, springy nature of the soil in the burying-ground of San Francisco, many of the corpses there interred, instead of decaying, have been converted into a substance well known to chemists by the name of adipocere—a substance analogous to, and intermediate between, stearine and spermaceti. In passing the ground this morning to my place of employment, I saw a person busily engaged in collecting the adipocere from the exposed bodies. Struck by the singularity of his employment, I interrogated him as to its object, when he coolly replied, that he was gathering it to make soap!—*The Panama Herald*.

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VOICES OF THE SPRING.

SPRING has come, with her swift and silent steps, and with her the season of sweet sounds. The green fields and lonely dingles, the woodlands and burn-sides, resound with the unrivalled music of nature. Sweet voices are they every one of them. Let all but open their ear and their heart to the innocent bird-voices, and yield to the influences of their liquid melody, and we will answer for their deriving much comfort and great repose of mind from the strains. And in order that they may more fully appreciate the sounds, we will give them some slight sketch of the minstrels.

First comes thrilling on our ear the echoing music of the prophet of the spring—that 'wandering voice,' which, like all voices that have made themselves heard in the world, has received so mixed a meed of praise and blame—the cuckoo! Who can hear the name—in itself a song—without having his fancy forthwith charmed by a mental picture of fresh green fields flickered over with wandering shadows; hedges, rich with fragrant honeysuckle and silver blossoms; tender, bursting leaves; gold and silver crocuses; balm-breathing air, and skies of blue checkered with the snowy cloud-lands of April? As Wordsworth says—

By that voice beguiled,
Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng
Into thy heart; and fancies running wild
Through fresh green fields and budding groves among,
Will make thee happy—happy as a child:
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.

Full of happy promise is that note: monotonous, it is true, but what of that? Chateaubriand assures us, that monotony gives its greatest charm to music. St Gregory was of the like opinion; and we once heard a very pretty Italian street-song, in which the cry of the cuckoo, repeated as the burden, was most musical and effective. Moreover, it is the leading chord, the first sound of the grand spring overture, and of all the solos and choruses to come. Besides, there is an interesting mystery attached to this singer. He is seldom seen; he dwells apart; and to all save naturalists, who have peeped into his little ways, scarcely appears a material bird, but partakes rather of the character of the viewless echo that replies to his call, or of the unseen fairies who dance to it. He is a natural ventriloquist. The voice is now here, now there; now close beside us, now far away—as perplexing to follow or to assign a locality as Ariel's music on the Enchanted Island.

Thou'rt welcome, darling of the spring!
Ere yet thou art to me
The bird, but an invisible thing—
A voice—a mystery.

Thus sings Wordsworth: and Mrs Hemans calls his note—

the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

Thomson names

the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
'the symphony of spring.'

Not all the poets, however, have been thus favourably disposed towards our minstrel. A superstition was afloat in Chaucer's days, that somewhat marred its music. 'Tossing,' he says,

lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which lovers heed:
How among them it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the nightingale
Ere the vile cuckoo's note be uttered.

And, alas! Milton re-echoed the slander—

The liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love.

And Shakspeare—unkindest cut of all—makes this sweet Portia exclaim: 'He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo—by the bad voice.'

Probably this unfavourable opinion of the voice's influence in love affairs arose from the fact—which we cannot, in truth, conceal, and which everybody knows—that this viewless songster does not bear a good domestic character, but is one of those itinerant minstrels that literally 'feather their nests' at the expense of others. Left (still in the egg) a foundling in the nest of the hedge-sparrow or water-wagtail, and reared by the care of the poor deceived bird—over whom the parent cuckoo throws such a glamour, that though she would turn every other strange egg out of her nursery, she suffers that to remain—he has the ingratitude to eject his foster-brethren from the nest during the first twelve days of his existence; being at that period provided with a peculiar depression between the shoulders, in which he contrives to carry his co-mates to the edge of their dwelling, and toss them separately over, thus remaining sole possessor of the inheritance of others. Thence he dwells till the end of June or July, when his voice is no more heard in the land; and he takes his departure, to sing on the continent, or wherever else the golden sunbeams may inspire his lay. As popular singers generally leave their portrait behind them, it would be unjust to our cuckoo if we withheld his, especially as he is personally very little known. He is, then, somewhat less than a pigeon, shaped like a magpie, and of a grayish colour; and is distinguished from other birds by his round, prominent nostrils. When very young, his colour is brown, mixed with black.

The next voice—most welcome, sweetest, and best to our taste—that haunts the spring and makes day musical, is that of the lark.

Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn,
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings
Amid the dawning clouds.

Leaving beneath him his beloved and lowly home on earth, but never wandering in any other direction from the nest save heavenwards, this glorious musician soars high into the air; and from a veil of misty splendour, pours down such a volume of melody, so joy-inspiring and wonderful in its power and brilliancy, that it may well rival the lavishly-praised strains of the nightingale.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soon, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Emblem of happiness, Hogg truly says it is, the voice that sings at the portals of the golden sky its grateful hymn of contentment—the lowliest dweller on the green-sward, the loftiest soarer skywards. There is a sweet cheerful lesson to be learned from that voice in the air—one of contentment, light-heartedness, and gratitude. And what bird has so good a right to sing 'at heaven's gate' in the sunny sky, as this gentlest and truest of birds? that never wanders from its nest and its native land, but dwells ever among us, making the very clouds musical during spring, summer, and autumn; and gathering together, in the silence and gloom of winter, in friendly flocks, when its song forsakes it, and it is too often destroyed to supply the table of the luxurious. Nor, whilst speaking of this charming songster, may we forget his kindred bird, the woodlark, for his song also is very sweet, when he warbles in the choruses of spring. Less brilliant than that of the lark, it has greater softness and tenderness; and after sunset, when his sun-worshipping cousin has sunk in gentle silence on his grass-sheltered nest, the woodlark, perched on the largest branch of some neighbouring tree, and looking down on his nest, which is placed beneath the shelter of a may thorn-hedge, or hidden by rank grass and gigantic dock-leaves, trills a placid and soothing lullaby. Listen to it, gentle reader; it is a meet preparative for quiet and peaceful slumbers. A little later, when the moon has risen, and all is hushed and quiet, you will hear the song of her who sings when 'your spirits are attentive'—the bird of night. It is best to listen in the mood and scene described by Keble.

If, the quiet twilight hushing,
Up the steady rills you wade,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades you leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, our sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining,
Of the greenest, darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining;
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hour,
Hardly will they fleet aloof.
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire and ceaseless praise.

The nightingale is, like her adversary in good or bad omens, a wandering minstrel, singing, in England, only from April till August—a bird of the season in every respect—nature's prima donna, well known and universally admired. It is almost needless to remind the reader of Burns's many sweet references to the songsters of the woodland and lea. What more charming than the lyric—

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay—
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pty's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken.

The woodlark seems to have been a great favourite with Burns:

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'his music and 'his love.

The mavis, or thrush, however, is the bird *par excellence* of Scottish song, and not without reason; for his piping, clear and beautiful, sends a thrill of pleasure through the heart.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing!

When the light sparkles and dances through leaves of tender green, and there is still freshness enough in the air to give a zest to walking, then, in the thickest of the mossy dingle, from yonder silver fir, comes one of the sweetest voices of the spring. It is that of the mavis or song thrush; rich, deep, and varied are the tones; and, hark! there rises the note of another bird of the same species, but it differs from the first: you may tell them apart, and choose between their musical conceptions. It is the peculiarity of the song-thrush, that, while other birds of the same name sing, like Helena and Hermia, one song, all in one key, it has no regular and hereditary lay, but ever pipes a voluntary of its own. 'Their voices'—we quote from the *Journal of a Naturalist*—'may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse, yet some one performer will more particularly engage attention by a peculiar modulation or tune; few or none preserve the same *color* of notes, whatever is uttered *according to the effusion of the moment*.' The note is less liquid and soft than that of the woodlark and linnet; nay, it is at times a little harsh, strained, and tense, but it delights from its infinite variety.

The thrush is a resident musician, and builds a very curious nest, to which, if he promised not to harm it, we would direct the reader's attention. Grahame, in his *Song-birds of Scotland*, gives the following poetical account of its locality:—

In the hazel-bush or alow, is formed
The habitation of the wedded pair—
Sometimes below the never-fading leaves
Of ivy close, that overtwasting binds,
And richly crowns, with clustered fruit of spring,
Some river rock, or nodding castle wall,
Sometimes beneath the jutting root of elm
Or oak, among the sprigs, that overhang
A pebble-chiding stream, the loam-lined house
Is fixed, well hid from ken of hovering hawk,
Or lurking beast, or school-boy's prowling eyes

In England, however, the thrush's nest is not lined with leaves, but with slaps of rotten wood, chiefly willow, firmly glued together with a salivary cement. It is as large, as round, and nearly as smooth as a breakfast cup, and well worth inspection.—But we are wandering from our subject.—The voice of the merle or black bird is infinitely more mellow than that of the thrush, but it has much less variety, compass, and execution; still, its whistle is full of power and sweetness in the spring, though best heard at a distance. It is a shy and restless bird, much alone, and fond apparently of solitude.

The black-cap, called in Norfolk the moel nightingale, from the resemblance of its song to Philomela's, is another of our spring musicians. Its airs are light and easy, and consist of a succession of modulations of small compass, sweet, flexible, and blended, but it sings in snatches, wild fragments of song. It is a very common among birds, seldom satisfying the ear that craves for more; yet, when a quiet fit calms its volatile temperament, it will sit gravely on a bush, and utter such sweet inward melody with such variety of gentle modulation, that one feels chained to the spot. The wren, that

Hath her nest at the foot of a tree,

has also a loud voice. Indeed, the vocal power of these two diminutive musicians has often excited astonishment; but if we remember that the lungs of birds, unlike those of beasts, which are confined to one spot, i.e. in a measure, extended through their bodies and that their skin is also full of cells, which take in the air continually, the wonder will be somewhat diminished.

All these melodious voices proceed from birds which are distinguished by the name of soft-billed: there are others which also make the spring vocal, called hard-billed. These are chiefly the goldfinch, bullfinch and linnet. The first makes his enchanting tones heard from the earliest bursting of a leaf, and has so good an ear that he is capable of instruction, and learns to improve his song by listening to the Lighthouse. He is a clever bird, capable of being taught amusing tricks when caged and properly trained, like the canary and the bullfinch Thomson, enumerating the voices of the spring, says of this latter bird—

The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove

But the epithet 'mellow' is scarcely deserved, in our opinion, by the bullfinch in his wild state. He has then only three cries, and they are not very pleasant, but he can be taught to pipe many tunes, and even to articulate words and sentences. He is a tender, loving bird, capable of strong personal attachment. The same may be said of the linnet, which become so attached, as to be troublesomely caressing, and like the goldfinch and bullfinch, they have a flexibility of throat that enables them to imitate different airs with facility. The linnet can be taught to utter words, and will repeat and unite with its own modulations the strains

of other birds which it is in the habit of hearing. A young linnet brought up with a chaffinch, a lark, or a nightingale, will sing like it. Thus nature atones for the inferiority of the bird in originality, by giving it greater imitative powers, but even all untaught and wild, their notes are very charming. Wordsworth thus apostrophises the green linnet—

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest
Hail to thee! far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou linnet, in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion

These singers are residents in Britain, in winter, however, they descend to the sea coasts where they continue till spring again demands their music in the greenwood.

But let us not forget the dear familiar voice, which is as that of a friend to every one of us—the note of God Almighty's bird—the peasant's call the robin. It is so celebrated for its virtues that we are apt to forget and overlook its great musical powers: moreover, it is so social and humble, it sings beside our daily paths, and, like many another everyday blessing, is too lightly estimated for the very cause that should win it fame. The poet Goldsmith loved it, and thus described its song, we will not wrong our dear robin by lauding it in less eloquent words. The note of other birds, he says, 'is louder and then inflections more capricious, but this bird's voice is soft, tender, and well supported, and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter.' If the nightingale's voice has been compared to the fiddle, the robin's voice has all the delicacy of the flute.

Stay, little cheerful linnet, stay,
And let my heartment sing
Though it should prove a farewell lay,
And thus our parting spring

Though I dist' my name or enjoy
Thy promise in thy song—
A charm that thou wilt cannot destroy,
Both to thy strain belong,

McIlhenny that in my dream I hear
Thy song would still be true
And with it on thine until I power
My passing—'till thou

Then with thee and this loon confide,
Come and my requiem sing,
And let the full concert, while the sick dove breathes
Of everlasting spring,

Thus sang Wordsworth, when on a sick bed, he listened to the spring voice if the redbreast

In its
Innumerable songsters in the freshening shade
Of new spring leaves, each modulation mix
Melodious—the joy the cool the dew,
And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
And the full concert, while the sick dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the foliage

And spring has still other voices—soft whispering winds, the hum of bees and buzz of insects; the rustling of leaves, the bleating of lambs; the soft trickling of long frozen rivulets. The earth is full of harmony, the air full of tongues. Go forth and listen; bid the harsh sounds of the world be still for a time, and give thine ear to the gentle voices of nature. They have a language of their own, which speaks to man of another and eternal spring, and wakes in his

heart pure aspirations and holy thoughts, meet to soothe his weary pilgrimage, and aid him in the path of the eternal progress.

Go forth, and learn the meaning of the Voices of the Spring!

REVIVAL OF OIL-ANOINTING.

PROFESSOR SIMPSON of Edinburgh has been the means of bringing to light a curious corroboration of the sanitary value of the ancient practice of anointing with oil. It appears that the learned professor, when recently visiting the manufacturing town of Galashiels, was casually informed that the workers in the wool-mill in that place were exempt from the attacks of consumption and scrofula. On inquiring of the medical men in the vicinity, the truth of the statement was confirmed; and it was then deemed expedient to pursue investigation on a broader scale. Communications were accordingly sent to physicians residing in Dunfermline, Alloa, Tillicoultry, Inverness, and other districts where wool-mills are in operation; and in the case of all, it was ascertained that similar immunity was enjoyed from the fatal diseases mentioned. It further appeared that, in some of the localities, scarletina had to be added to the list; and also, that employment in the mills not only preserved health, but children of delicate constitutions were sent to be wool-workers for the express purpose of acquiring strength, a result in almost every instance attained.

The question now came to be, to ascertain the precise cause of this singular result of mill-work. Cotton-mills did not produce a similar effect, and workmen in certain departments of wool-mills were found to be subject to the ordinary maladies of the country; it therefore soon became evident, that the cause was referable to the great quantity of oil consumed in the preparation of the raw material in wool-working. A coat or any other portion of dress, when hung up in one of the rooms, was found to be saturated with oil in a few days; and the operatives must, therefore, be held to draw into their system a large amount of oleaginous matter, either by inhalation or by absorption from the clothes through the skin, the latter being probably the principal mode in which the substance is imbibed. The hands and face of the workers are constantly besmeared, but under their clothing there are scarcely any marks of discoloration, although it is obvious that the oil must be received through all the pores of the body, and, indeed, the greatest quantity will penetrate where there is the least facility for external evaporation.

The application of this discovery to practical medicine is calculated to be of important service, in so far as some of our most serious maladies are concerned. Consumption, as now understood, is supposed to arise from defective nutrition—there being in consumptive and scrofulous subjects a deficiency of fatty as compared with albuminous matter; and to restore the equilibrium of the two elements, cod-oil, as is well known, has been in extensive use for the last ten or twelve years, and with singular effect. In many instances, however, oil when swallowed is found to excite nausea; and in such cases, the introduction of this saving agent by external application is likely to be productive of beneficial consequences. Means are to be taken to get rid of the disagreeable odour of the cod-oil, and when freed from this objection, there can be few or no drawbacks to the ancient custom of anointing. That it adds rapidly to the weight of the emaciated, has already been proved by actual experiment; and one instance may be mentioned of an individual who gained a stone in weight in the short period of four weeks. The use of oil in this way is not disagreeable, but, on the contrary, is found to be productive of pleasant sensations. It has only to be added, so far as the medical action is involved, that the mode in which the oil strengthens

delicate patients, is by its being received into the blood, the chemical character of which undergoes a vital change by the process.

If anointing should come into fashion, it will be merely a return to the customs of the older time. 'The Jews,' says Dr Cox in his *Biblical Antiquities* (p. 165), 'addicted themselves to anointing, which consisted either of simple oil or such as had aromatic spices infused. They applied ointments chiefly to those parts of the body which were most exposed to the atmosphere, by which means they were considerably secured against its changes and inclemencies.' The allusions to anointing with oil, not only the head and beard, but the feet and other portions of the person, are well-known features in Bible narrative.

Homer makes frequent mention of oil in connection with the bath; and when Ulysses enters the palace of Crete, we are told that after the use of the bath, he was anointed with costly perfumes. Passing down to later times, it is a very significant fact, that consumption is rarely if ever alluded to by medical writers among the Greeks and Romans; and it is all but certain, that the rarity of the distemper is attributable to the constant external use of oil. In the matters of bathing and anointing, they imitated the example of the Greeks; and attached to each Roman bathing-establishment was an *unctuarium*, 'where,' says Dr Adam, 'the visitors were anointed all over with a coarse cheap oil before they began their exercise. Here the finer odoriferous ointments which were used in coming out of the bath were also kept; and the room was so situated as to receive a considerable degree of heat.' This chamber of perfumes was quite full of pots, like an apothecary's shop; and those who wished to anoint and perfume the body, received perfumes and unguents. In larger bathing-establishments, the *eleothesium* was filled with an immense number of vases; and the extent to which oiling and perfuming were practised by the Romans, may be judged by the following reference to the ingredients employed:—'The vases contained perfumes and balsams—very different in their compositions, according to the different tastes of the persons who anointed themselves. The rhodinum, one of those liquid perfumes, was composed of roses; the lirinum, of lily; cyprinum, of the flower of a tree called cypria, which is believed to be the same as the privet; baccarinum, from the foxglove; myrrhinum was composed of myrrh. Oils were extracted from sweet marjoram, lavender, and the wild vine—from the iris, ben, and wild thyme. The last three were employed for rubbing the eyebrows, hair, neck, and head; the arms were rubbed with the oil of sisymbrium, or water-mint; and the muscles with the oil of anarum, and others which have been mentioned.' After anointing, the bathers passed into the *sphæristerium*—a very light and extensive apartment, in which were performed the many kinds of exercises to which this third part of the bath was appropriated; of these, the most favourite was the ball. After exercise, recourse was a second time had to the warm-bath—the body was then scraped with instruments called strigils, most usually of bronze, but sometimes of iron; perfumed oil of the most delicate kind was then administered anew; and the process of lustration was complete.

Let it be remarked, that a considerable amount of friction was used by the ancients when the oil was rubbed in; and also that exercise of an exciting and laborious kind followed the unctuous manipulation. In like manner, the wool-workers are in motion throughout the whole day; and from the return they receive for their daily labour, it is not probable that they have it in their power to indulge in those dietetic luxuries or excesses which create dyspepsy in other circles. The inference is, that exercise must go hand in hand with the oil, and that other physiological

conditions must be strictly preserved, before anointing can certainly be depended on for conferring its full tale of benefit on humanity. There may, indeed, be frequent instances of persons benefiting by external application when all other aids fail in making the least impression; but in ordinary cases, the safe course for all who can command sufficient air and exercise, is to regard anointing as an adjuvant, not as a specific—an element of cure, but not as constituting the entire cure.

There is a certain class of people to whom this practice may be peculiarly serviceable—those who are disagreeably or injuriously affected by easterly winds, especially the gouty or rheumatic. The east is known to be a dry wind, and never, except in very stormy weather, is it accompanied by rain. After a continuance of this wind, the leaves of plants become dry and shrivelled, evidently suffering from want of moisture. Now, without presuming to propound any medical theory, we may suggest, that it is just possible the east wind may in some measure produce its disagreeable influence on the human system by parching and drying up the skin; and in this view, anointing, by acting as a lubricant, may go far to counteract the baneful influence. At anyrate, it is easy to try the question, if it is supposed to be worth trying, by experiment.

As to the kind of oil—that of the cod appears to be the strongest; and if it could be divested of its infamous odour, it probably would be the best. But some authorities are of opinion, that any kind of emollient is suitable: in this view a wide range of selection, founded even on the basis of Roman ingredients, is open for use; and when to these are added the discoveries of modern chemistry, it is evident that the most fastidious may have their tastes gratified. Friction of itself has always been regarded as of great therapeutic value; and the harder the rubbing with oil, the more beneficial will be the result. If the body has need of oleaginous aliment, it will absorb it as greedily as the parched earth drinks in rain after a season of drought. In the experiments we have ourselves instituted, the body, when rubbed at night, shews no traces of lubrication in the morning, and the sleeping-dress is little if at all affected. Careful housewives may be alarmed for their napery, but, with ordinary attention, there is little danger; and even supposing there were some trifling inconveniences, the benefit expected may surely be esteemed a fair equivalent.

THE LITTLE HEIRESS OF THE QUARTER.

'Suz does credit to the quarter,' said Mere Poulain, the dealer in green-grocery, to Père Creton, the pork-butcher, who replied by an affirmative grunt.

The subject of this neighbourly dialogue was Made-moiselle Annette Dufour, a little milliner, who occupied a single room on the fifth story of the pork-butcher's house. It is not often that a young girl living alone thus wins the suffrages of her neighbours, especially when these neighbours are an old bachelor and an old maid, notorious throughout the whole quarter for their gossiping propensities.

Having used the word quarter twice, it is necessary to define the meaning it bears in ordinary conversation in Paris. It means neither more nor less than a small portion of a street, often consisting of only two or three tenements, in which the porters, small tradesmen, and less aristocratic lodgers, are either friends or enemies, or at least under the constant observation of one circle of active gossips. A crossing generally cuts off all communication between these little societies, except, perhaps, in the case of the corner houses, which mutually observe each other, and play a kind of four-handed game all to themselves. Scandal always traverses the street, ventures to slink past a dead-wall, a public

monument, a sentry-box, or even a row of demure shops, vending articles not of absolute necessity in everyday life. A dealer in Chinese curiosities is a more impassable barrier than the Chinese Wall.

The quarter of which we mean to speak is a section of the Rue des Anges Gardiens. It is bounded on the south by the Rue Jacob running at right angles, and on the north by the back-wall of the School of the Fine Arts and a small barrack. A wine-merchant, a milk-dealer, an apothecary, a tailor, a pork-butcher, a pastry-cook, a shoemaker, a hardwaresman, a stay-maker, a grocer, and other tradesmen occupy the front-ages. There is also what is called a Dutch Company, or inferior eating-house, and a café, generally innocent of customers. The inhabitants, therefore, need rarely go beyond their own limits, except in search of bread and meat. Some misanthropical and fastidious spirits among them, it is true, pretend that they are better served in more distant shops, or at the market, and are consequently set down as bad neighbours, and scandalised in the most unmerciful manner.

An attempt to analyse the inhabitants of the eight or ten great houses that form this quarter, would be exceedingly difficult. Lawyers, medical men, retired bourgeois, poor legitimists, foreigners, students, work-people, male and female, through the numerous apartments and separate rooms from the *entresol* to the *mansarde*. The affairs of most of these folks are known in some distorted shape, through the medium of servants and porters, to the inveterate gossips of the quarter, and furnish them of course with endless matter of speculation. No man, it is said, is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. No family, we may add, can preserve a perfectly unspotted reputation when placed under the constant gaze of prying curiosity. Five or six old women industriously watching your windows, your doors, your goings in and comings out, questioning your servants, and calculating your outlay, will inevitably make you in the end the subject of romance or intrigue of some sort.

It is worth while to examine how Annette contrived to gain the approbation of Mere Poulain and her co-gossips. In the first place, on arriving in the quarter, she made a point of dealing at once in her small way with all the trades people thereof. Under pretence of constant work, she spent very little time in her purchases, but still took occasion, in an unaffected manner, to tell everybody who and what she was, where she came from, and why she had left her last lodgings. Curiosity makes peace with those who seem to satisfy it. Annette, moreover, made especial acquaintance with no one, but allowed all her neighbours free admission into her room, where there was nothing to excite either envy or derision. Add to this, that there was something frank and winning in her manner; that she was not too pretty, and yet pleasing; that she paid her way tolerably well—and the mystery of her popularity is explained.

Annette lived, as we have said, on the fifth story, overlooking a little court-yard. Her window was adorned with flower-pots, and a cage, in which was an old canary, that sometimes deigned to sing. All day long, when the weather was fine, she sat working at this window, breathing the fresh air which came over the roof, and very seldom raising her eyes.

At such times, a full view of the interior of her chamber could be obtained from two of the windows on the opposite side of the narrow court-yard; that is to say, the one on a level with hers, and the one just above, on the sixth story. The lower window belonged to a young medical student, the upper to a working colourist; and from both, at various periods, different kinds of declinations had been made to Annette, who, however, thought proper not to pay attention to either.

Alexandre Majescat, the medical student, was an original fellow in his way. Little, but well made, he

was impressed with the profound belief that no woman could resist his piercing black eyes, and huge bushy beard. If pressed, indeed, in conversation, he would admit that he was irresistible. Two or three days after Annette's arrival, he saw her working at her window; and taking a fancy immediately to her fresh cheerful face, leaned out, and cried: 'Good-morning, my little neighbour. Is it you that has succeeded the drummer Robert?' She nodded assent. 'Very glad to hear it. He was an ugly fellow, with red whiskers: you are a pretty girl, with red hair—no, it is not red, but auburn. Is not your hair auburn, my little neighbour?'

To have noticed this question, would have been to establish an intimacy at once. Annette pretended not to hear, and went away from the window. But Majescat was not to be rebutted; he liked flirtation on the long-range system, and whenever he saw his little neighbour at work, bawled out some salutation or compliment, to which she replied or not, as her humour prompted, but never in a way that might be construed into encouragement. When she was very inattentive, the swarthy student would endeavour to force her to look in his direction by cutting extraordinary capers, dancing round his room, declaiming speeches from Racine, or singing vociferously; and when she involuntarily cast her eyes that way, he would either bow and smirk, or make hideous faces. At first, all this was rather amusing, and Annette used to retreat into a cupboard, that she might laugh without being heard; but in the course of a month or two, Majescat began to be considered a terrible bore.

Auguste Maréchal, the colourist, a tall, pale young man, with soft blue eyes, went about his courtship in a different way. He began by looking very intently at the little milliner, in hope that at length their glances might meet. Perhaps he had read of serpents and cats bringing down tom-cats with the 'artillery of their eyes.' However, this system of fascination produced no results; so he took to buying little bouquets, which he launched with a dexterous hand into his lady's lap, and then hid himself behind his curtain. At first, Annette thought that these missiles came from Majescat's room, and threw them away in a very marked manner; but on discovering the truth, was about merely to lay them on the window-sill, when she reflected that this change of conduct would be a decided encouragement; so, as often as the bouquets came down, they went into the court-yard, to be torn to pieces by the dogs and children that played there. Auguste at length grew weary of this mode of shewing his affection, especially as it was an expensive one, and resumed his original system of staring. In this manner he lost a great deal of time, and found that his week's gains did not cover his week's expenses. By gazing too much upon a star, he fell into—debt.

Several months passed, Annette's reputation increasing in the quarter, and the two young men making no progress in their addresses. Majescat, it is true, as the bolder and more idle, had lain in wait for the little milliner at the porter's lodge, and exchanged some words with her. But she obstinately refused all his offers of *petits-verres* of 'something sweet,' of tarts at the pastry-cook's, of breakfasts at the café, of dinners at the restaurant, or evenings at the theatre, and off days in the country! The poor girl did hesitate for a moment, we must confess, before she declined this last delightful proposal. An excursion to the country, to St Germain, Montmorency, or Meudon, has an almost irresistible attraction for a Parisian grisette; but it is expensive, and to be complete, requires the arm of a cavalier. How many in her place would have subscribed to all necessary conditions! But she closed her ears to the seductive speeches of the gay Majescat, and audaciously asserted, that she did not like the country.

'That girl is a dragon, a myth, and a mystery,' would the medical student mutter, as, after exchanging as few words as politeness required, Annette would trip away with the bandbox in which she was carrying back her work; but the obstacles he encountered, so far from discouraging, only served to excite him; and he became so wholly absorbed in his pursuit, that he remained every day, and all day, watching the motions of the little milliner, never leaving his room until she shewed signs of going out, and then running down to waylay her in the alley. By degrees, he fancied himself really in love with her; and once, in a desperate mood, wrote half a sonnet to her eyebrow.

In process of time this enamoured wight discovered, no matter how, that the colourist was his rival, and nothing could exceed thereupon his rage and mortification. One morning, Annette, yielding to a kind of fascination—for she knew that Auguste's eyes were constantly fixed upon her—could not refrain from looking up at him. Majescat caught the glance, and instantly shouted out: 'Ah, traitress, you are betraying me! I saw you wink at him!' And leaning over his window, he cried still louder: 'I give formal notice, that I will kill, murder, assassinate, slay alive any man or boy who dares to stand betwixt me and my adored Annette!' All the people in the house were instantly at their windows, and the poor milliner was fain to take refuge behind her curtains. Auguste, though no hero, felt it incumbent on him to reply: 'And I am ready to kick, and pull the nose of whoever insults that charming creature!' Majescat did not seem inclined, for the present, to carry out his murderous intentions, but contented himself with shaking his fist at his own ceiling, and going through the pantomime of cutting up Auguste with a large dissecting-knife. The colourist, on his part, seeing that no dreadful consequences ensued from his audacity, grew furious—stamped fiercely about the room, kicked an imaginary rival out of the window; and so the matter ended.

From that time forward, Annette's window remained closed, and her curtains drawn. The poor child, who worked from morning until night, was now deprived of fresh air, except during her rare walks; and the neighbours noticed that the freshness of her cheeks gradually faded. She did not complain, however, but lived courageously on, maintained by hope of better times.

We do not know how much exactly Annette gained per diem; she herself did not know. Sometimes she was in full work; sometimes she had no work at all; but rarely did a flash of good-fortune make her deviate into the most trifling extravagance; for now, at the end of every three months, she was under the dire necessity of collecting the sum of thirty francs for her rent. It was not always she could succeed, in spite of nights spent at her needle; and sometimes, therefore, she had to go and beg a delay, and tell her little story to soften the heart of her severe landlord. Her expenses were not great—far from it. Three *loaves* of bread for her day's consumption; two soups of milk and one soup of coffee in the morning; vegetables and salad, to the amount of about four sous, for her dinner; once a week the *pot-au-feu*, costing a franc, and furnishing boiled beef for three days, and broth in cold weather for four or five; a quart of ten-sou wine now and then. Such were her requirements in the shape of food; and from this it may be inferred that she had rather a good appetite. Twice a year she bought a new gown, one for summer, and one for winter; and whenever she could afford it, a handsome cap, which she trimmed with her own hands. For great occasions, which rarely or never occurred, she actually had a bonnet and a muff; but the first was out of fashion, and the second very much moth-eaten. From the time when she first made her appearance in the quarter, no person came to see her.

an old lady, whom she stated to the inquisitive to be her aunt, established at Issy. To observations that this lady appeared to be well dressed, she replied that she was *très bien* (very well)—meaning, that her toilette was comfortable.

Both Majescat and Auguste would probably have been in despair from the outset, had they known in what Annette's hope consisted. It was in the somewhat precarious love of a young soldier at that time serving in the Algerian army. On all other subjects she had been communicative, but on this had preserved a complete silence. As no letters ever came to her address—the aunt being the medium of correspondence—the truth was never suspected; and the gossips of the quarter often wondered that so nice a girl had not 'somebody,' as the phrase goes. 'The fact is,' said Père Creton, the pork-butcher, with indifference, 'Annette is not pretty enough, and too poor to attract any one for the serious motive; and she is too prudent to listen to the first young fellow who may talk nonsense to her.' But in the secret depths of his own mind, the pork-butcher had often thought that if he were old enough to marry—he was barely fifty—Annette would make a charming ornament for his counter, and would attract customers by the inimitable grace with which she would weigh sausages and carve ham. It was even probable, if fate had not ordered matters otherwise, that before he became quite decrepit, he would have offered his fat hand and corpulent person to the little milliner. In the meantime, he stared at her as she passed, gave her the full worth of her money, and bought her a magnificent geranium at the St. Anne—her patron saint's day.

A fierce war had at length been declared between Auguste and Majescat. The latter thinking that the former might be the favoured lover, began operations by blowing fine dust through the colourist's keyhole, in order to injure his prints; the former retorted by dancing an insane polka every morning at three o'clock over the student's head. Majescat next nailed up his enemy's door; Auguste threw a dead cat through his rival's window. At length they came to words and shaking of fists one at the other, but no practical result ensued; and the heroic challenges interchanged served only to amuse poor Annette, who overheard them behind her impenetrable curtain.

One morning the postman came to the porter's lodge, asked if Mademoiselle Annette Dufour lived there, and on receiving an affirmative reply, left a large important-looking letter from Bordeaux. In the natural course of things, this letter ought immediately to have been taken up stairs to its address; but after it had been turned round and round, and examined and peeped into unsuccessfully at the lodge, it was taken to the pork-butcher's shop, and well greased by M. Creton's fat hands; then it was carried under an apron to Mère Poulain, who also left the mark of her thumbs; and so it went round the quarter, until the address was rendered nearly illegible. No reasonable guess at its contents having been made, somebody suggested that it ought forthwith to be carried to Mademoiselle Annette herself, and that the portress ought not to leave the room until it was opened and read.

Annette seemed surprised at receiving the letter, thanked the portress, but laid it down on her work-table without breaking the seal. She was very busy sewing on the delicate fringe of a satin cape, and affected at least to be in too great a hurry to leave off her work. The portress was in a fever of curiosity, fidgeted about the room, made a variety of observations, and at length said: 'Are you not eager to know what that letter contains?' 'Not particularly,' said Annette, endeavouring to look unconcerned, though her little fingers really trembled with excitement. She was determined, however, to keep her correspondence to herself, and waited full ten minutes, until the portress, hearing herself called, flounced away in a state

of great indignation, muttering, that 'she was sure she did not want to pry into other people's affairs.' In ten minutes afterwards, it was decided in a full conclave of gossips, held in Mère Poulain's shop, that Annette was proud and conceited, and that everybody had been very much mistaken in her character. The old dame, indeed, had the audacity to suggest, that she had previously formed this opinion, and had hinted it more than once; but she was immediately put down as an impertinent pretender to superior wisdom.

The little milliner, meanwhile, had opened her letter, and found that it was from a solicitor of Bordeaux, informing her that her grandmother was dead, and requesting her to send him legal authority to sell what property existed, in order that the proceeds might be divided amongst the several heirs. It would be useless to insinuate that Annette dropped more than one tear to the memory of an old lady whom she did not remember to have ever seen, or that she was not delighted at the prospect of an inheritance which would enable her to bring something like a dowry to Sergeant Jacques Constand, her affianced. Without delay she put on her best gown and her prettiest cap, and went down to Mère Poulain's, to ask the address of a lawyer, and to state generally the news she had received. It was too late to re-establish her popularity—that was gone for ever—but she furnished matter for an ocean of small-talk. Before she had been a quarter of an hour in the office of M. Simon, a fresh session of the gossips had been held and dissolved; and the news spread like wildfire through the whole quarter, that Annette, the conceited little milliner, had inherited a portion of one hundred thousand francs (L4000), neither more nor less.

Who were more astounded and excited by this intelligence than Auguste and Majescat? Both blamed themselves severely for not having carried on their courtship in a more effective manner, and made fierce resolves to pick a quarrel with all rivals. The student, not long after he had heard that Annette was an heiress, leaned out of his window, and shouted to Auguste, that if he made so much noise overhead at night, he should be obliged to complain to the landlord, and get his warning sent in. The colourist, who was behind-hand with his rent, felt this threat acutely, but bravely retorted, that Majescat might do his worst, under peril, nevertheless, of being soundly kicked.

'Do you mean to threaten me, fellow?' shouted the student, looking up.

'Of course I do, cur,' replied the colourist, looking down.

'Shall I come up to you?'

'Do, if you dare.'

Similar dialogues had often before occurred without consequences; but on this occasion Majescat's blood was up, and, thrusting out a fishing-rod, he made a desperate hit at his rival's head. The colourist seized the rod, and both began tugging away with such fury, that one or both would probably have been precipitated into the court-yard below, had not a soft, half-suppressed laugh attracted their attention. Annette was looking between her curtains, enjoying the scene with good-humoured malice. The two rivals felt ashamed, and each shrunk out of sight, to meditate the plan of a decisive assault on the young milliner's heart. As both let go the fishing-rod at the same time, it fell down into the court, broke three panes of glass, frightened four old ladies, and narrowly escaped killing five children. The consequence was a formal complaint to the landlord, and a formal notice to quit to both the combatants.

Next day, the projects of our suitors were matured, and they set about executing them. Majescat could think of nothing better than a visit in person, with his fascinating eyes and irresistible beard. He found Annette at her work. She seemed surprised and

frightened at seeing him; but mustered up courage to ask in an off-hand manner what he wanted. He made his declaration forthwith, enlarged on the excellence of his worldly prospects, hinted at the charm of his exterior, and ended by a positive offer of his hand and heart. In romance, the answer to this speech would be an indignant refusal, and a request to 'leave the room;' but Annette was not made of such obdurate stuff. She had been more than six years separated from her Jacques, and had recently heard from him but rarely. Not knowing the reports that had been circulated as to her wealth, she could not but feel a little agitated at this rare occurrence in the life of a Parisian grisette—a real *bona-fide* offer of marriage, calling up visions of white dresses and veils, orange-flower blossoms, the *mairie*, the church; things and places but seldom visiting even the dreams of these 'female bachelors,' as they call themselves. Jacques had better make haste: his honest face begins to grow dim at the end of that long tunnel—six years of a young girl's life, from sixteen to twenty-two. I am very much afraid he would not have been satisfied could he have seen into Annette's heart at that moment.

Not that she had any positive idea of accepting Majescat. Students are never looked upon as marrying men. They are possible lovers, but very impossible husbands. Besides, the vulgar joviality, the ridiculous pranks, and off-hand courtship of this young fellow, however successful they might have been with others, had not exactly won her heart. It must not be supposed, however, that she looked on all those things with the eyes of a fastidious fine lady. Though Majescat had made himself a bore, he was admitted to be a pretty fellow, who might work out into something tolerable—in case Jacques proved faithless. It would be wiser and more manly, without precisely giving him hopes, not to discourage him altogether; and so, after half an hour's conversation, Majescat was dismissed, very much puzzled to determine whether he had been successful or ridiculous.

An hour afterwards, a long letter came from the colourist. It was sensibly written, contained an apparently sincere expression of attachment, and held out a prospect to Annette of a comfortable life as the partner of an honest working-man. An ordinary grisette—whose chief characteristics are love of dress, of pleasure, and especially of good eating—would have turned back with contempt from this humble offer to the more brilliant expectations suggested by Majescat. But Annette had very just notions on the subject of marriage, and balanced carefully the two chances of happiness thus held out to her—though, in reality, she had no idea at the time of accepting either. A very equivocal shake of the head from her window, was the only answer she made to the eager inquiries of a pair of gentle blue eyes that gazed at her as she read the letter.

Annette was pensive all the rest of that day. Dismissing for the present all reflection on the particular claims of those two suitors, she thought very seriously, as she had already more than once done, on her lonely life, on the dangers by which it was surrounded, on the precarious condition of her health and reputation. The solitude in which she had cheerfully passed so many long years, began to frighten her. She discovered that it was not good to be alone; that many functions of her being had remained too long unemployed; that many of her feelings, even sentiments, had been too long ruthlessly crushed under the weight of a first engagement that might never be destined to be fulfilled; and with an exaggeration natural to youth, she wept over the loss of her best years. Make haste, make haste, Jacques, or the sunflower will have turned to another god!

It is not so difficult as some suppose to suppress the warmer passions, but then they must be kept in a uniform state of subjection. Annette, with her mind constantly

fixed upon one object, impelled by it as a motive to work by day, and amused by it in her dreams at night, had carried forward into the full bloom of womanhood all the pure aspirations, the chaste ambitions, the pretty fancies of the girl. For six long years she had played with her love as with a doll; had dressed it in sham toilets, fed it with sham food, and put it in a sham bed in a sham house. This could not last for ever. Jacques may say it might have lasted a month or so longer; but there would be no mystery or uncertainty in human life, if all things went on in this proper convenient manner. Jacques, Jacques! it is quite miraculous enough that the snow has lain upon the ground even to the old age of spring. Make haste, then, for the golden feet of the sun are travelling towards it, and it must thaw at last.

Jacques is a wise man, that is evident. These thoughts seem to have struck him; and for the first time he has asked for leave of absence. He need not return, for his service will be over before the leave has expired. With some compunction already on his mind, he hurries away from Tlemecen, and hastens to the coast. Anxiety increases within him as he proceeds; it gives him a respectable shaking during the passage of the Mediterranean, and works him into a fever on the way from Marseille to Paris. This is what is called poetical justice. Jacques is expiating six years of ineffable satisfaction with himself; of cool, calm confidence in the inviolable promise of a child to whom it was almost a crime in him to speak of love; of jolly camp-life under a rainbow of hope which never paled or trembled in the heaven of his fancy, but which rested its base on the future with the same marble firmness that it rested on the past; he is expiating the little episode of the Arab maiden, the passionate courtship of the Spanish widow, and a whole host of petty flirtations, which he hopes will never reach Annette's ears.

Annette had at length received intelligence, that her 'fortune' consisted of 1000 francs in cash, and a third share of 550 francs a year in a little piece of landed property. She had by this time almost made up her mind to put a stop to the addresses of Messrs Majescat and Auguste; partly perhaps because although they talked of fighting, they did not do so, partly because she suspected their mercenary motives. But the leisure in which her little piece of good-fortune allowed her for awhile to indulge, had done M. Jacques a great deal of damage. In looking over his letters she found few protestations of love, few delicate expressions of attachment. It seemed to her, that he regarded her as a piece of property which he had irrevocably acquired, and she resolved, in answering his next letter, to let him see that she still was her own mistress, and well aware—here she glanced at a large new mirror—of her value.

She was indeed a charming little thing, though many would not have called her beautiful. Her bright eyes, fresh complexion, white teeth, rosy lips, and immense knot of glossy auburn hair, were perhaps even less attractive than that full, firm form which no coarser ever continued, and which drove to despair the fine ladies for whom she worked. Positively, Jacques is a happy man if he arrive in time.

He came at last; and as he scrambled up the staircase, all his anxiety vanished, and he thought he was on the very brink of paradise. What was his surprise, when he found himself received as a perfect stranger by a beauty whom he scarcely recognised! They had to descend to minute explanations and proofs of identity. The golden moment had passed by the time this necessary duty was performed; and they sat down very sadly, and with apparent indifference to talk. Ah, Jacques, we think the rainbow must have planted its bright foot further on! This is not what you expected.

The truth was, that Annette, without exactly under-

standing her own feelings, was surprised and shocked by the sudden appearance of her old lover. He was no longer the smooth-faced modest youth, the bearded and dashing soldier. She liked the second, perhaps, better than the first, but in a different way, and shrank from being claimed as his by that handsome stranger, of whom she knew nothing but the name. Why did he not come as a stranger without the passport of a promise, a lock of hair, and a piece of a broken ring given six years before in a balmy bouquet at Moutmorency? By Gis and by St Charity! he would have carried the day at once; and the old stripling lover would have been put by in a cupboard with the broken dolls—almost his contemporaries—and the carefully-preserved veil of the first communion. If you had done this, Monsieur Jacques, you would have stolen your own sweetheart, and married her within six weeks.

Did Annette admit all these things to herself? We doubt it; but when Jacques, who came all fire and flame, had gone away, with a distant and awkward 'Good-day, mademoiselle,' she sat for a long time gazing at the door through which he had disappeared, trying to remember whether he had said that he would come again. Of course he would. Was he not her old affianced lover, though, to be sure, she had received him rather awkwardly? Naturally, she had felt it incumbent on her to shew a little pride, and to intimate that if, after all, she felt disposed to change her mind, why, there was nothing to prevent her. Jacques was a great rake, and must be kept at a distance. He came into her room as if he had been storming Zantcha, or like a lion at the Jardin des Plantes rushing upon a lamb. To be sure, this was about the way in which she had dreamed of his return. Three weeks after he departed, when he already seemed to have been gone an age, she had been caught by her cousin clapping her hands, and rushing forward to leap on the neck of an imaginary Jacques. How coldly she had held out her hand! How cautiously she had shrunk back, for fear he might take the liberty of embracing her! Was that heartlessness? No; it was all on account of that frightful mustache and imperial, which made the once smooth-faced Jacques look so terribly dangerous. Next time she would be a little bolder. Next time! Supposing he was offended, and never came again. Such things had happened. People had thrown themselves into the river in despair before now. She started to her feet, and tried to persuade herself that Jacques had only been gone a minute. 'I will call him back; he must be lingering on the stairs,' she cried, blushing scarlet at the idea of a resumption of the interview under different auspices. There was a knock at the door. He may have come back! She sprang forward, and almost leaped into the arms of M. Alexandre Majescat!

'Come on! come on!' exclaimed that gentleman rather frantically, holding out his arms very wide. 'I know you do not expect me, tigress; but leap upon my breast, lacerate it with your pretty teeth. Upon my word, they are remarkably pretty when you smile.'

'I really did not expect to see you, sir, I confess. Indeed, I hope that for the future' —

'Then you admit the fact, and are prepared for the catastrophe?' shouted Majescat theatrically. 'I am ready for anything. Tell me only that he is prettier before me?'

'Certainly he is,' cried Annette pettishly, fearing that Jacques might return and find her tête-à-tête with this personage.

'The consequences be on your head. I am a desperate man—I am—but—oh word more—oh, adored one!' Majescat had retreated in his despair to the very head of the staircase, but when his more melting mood came over him, advanced again. Annette, fearing that she should not get rid of him, at once shut the door in his face, and bolted and double-locked it. The insult was too much to bear; and five minutes afterwards,

the little milliner saw, through her inscrutable curtain, the fiery student rush past the staircase window, and begin to batter the door of his supposed successful rival, the colourist. Jacques's visit had passed entirely unnoticed.

Leaving this quarrel to end as best it might, Annette turned again to a review of her own conduct, and, aided by the recollection of the manly countenance and dignified bearing of her lover, convinced herself that she had behaved like an ungrateful and hard-hearted hussy. 'He will never come back,' she said sobbing; 'no, never. He ought not to come back—I don't deserve it. I hope he will never come—it would serve me right.' A gentle rap came to the door. Her countenance was radiant at once. 'O gracious, it must be he!' The disappointment was excessive: it was only Auguste Mareschal, sniffing silly over an immense bouquet which he had brought all the way from the Marche St Germain as an excuse for a call. A little while previously, Annette would have received the visit with demure pleasure—a present of flowers always goes to the heart of a girl of her class—now, she was almost impertinent.

'I did not mean to offend you, mademoiselle,' said the mild colourist. 'Why should you refuse my bouquet?'

'I cannot take your bouquet, monsieur,' replied Annette, relenting at his gentleness: 'he would be jealous,' she added smiling.

'He!' Auguste clapped his hand wildly to his forehead, and rushed away, supposing of course that Majescat only could be meant. He soon got upon his own staircase, and began to butt madly upwards, determined to wreak his vengeance at once upon his fortunate rival. Majescat was lying in wait for him on the landing.

'You shall not escape me!' cried the latter.

'Depend upon it, you shall not!' exclaimed the former.

'Suborner!'

'Seducer!'

'Rogue!'

'Vagabond!'

'You have defrauded me of my happiness!'

'You have robbed me of my repose!'

Such is a brief outline of the dialogue which the excited couple interchanged as they stood, each collaring the other like two wrestlers. Most probably, a minute afterwards they would have been found rolling down stairs like two wild-cats in conflict, had not an old shoemaker, who lived in one of the garrets, interposed as he came down.

'What is the matter, my children?' said he; and on hearing the incoherent statements of very similar complaints, he instantly saw that there was a misunderstanding. Having an eye to business, he at once suggested, therefore, an adjournment to the café at the corner, when he offered to act as mediator for the small fee of an unlimited supply of brandy. The two belligerent parties consented; and when the liquor was produced, made tolerably clear narratives of what had taken place. The result, however, was anything but agreeable. Each thought that the other was a hypocritical deceiver; and the branny getting into their heads, they well-nigh came to blows again. At length the old shoemaker, who had worked hard at the decanter whilst pretending to listen, got up in a very unsteady state, and exclaimed: 'My children, the best thing you can do, is to go and ask an explanation of Mademoiselle Annette herself. For my part, I have stayed here too long.'

So saying, he fell back on the divan, and was soon fast asleep, while the two rivals hastened across the street to get the proposed explanation. Gentlemen, you have no business in that snug little room, when our repentant young coquette is crying her eyes out because not one

of those steps that sound on the stairs announces his coming. However, they knock, and are admitted. Will this persecution never cease? 'Yes, mademoiselle, if you will consent to explain to which of us it is that you have promised marriage?'

'To which of you, gentlemen?' cried Annette, scarcely able to suppress a smile. 'Why, to neither that I am aware of. I never made that promise but once, and that was a very long time ago.'

'At Montmorency?' inquired a manly voice; and in came the tall Jacques with the little aunt from Issy on his arm. The rest of the story is soon told. The soldier had gone away humbled and disappointed; he had made inquiries in the neighbourhood, and all had told him that Annette was engaged either to Majescat or Auguste—to one or both. His first impulse was to return to the army as a volunteer, and stifle the thoughts of the little jilt in gunpowder smoke; but then he remembered the little aunt at Issy—he ought to go and learn what she had to say.

'My boy,' quoth the good old lady, 'take my word for it, Annette has been as faithful and single-hearted as yourself.'

Jacques blushed; but made no comment, except to hint, that he believed the girl's heart had changed; that he was too proud to solicit her; that there were plenty of women who would have him, though probably he should never marry, &c.

'You are a great body,' quoth the aunt. 'We will go and see Annette directly.'

They arrived, as we have seen, just in time to overhear the dismissal of Auguste and Majescat. These worthies soon felt that they were intruders, and with apologies, hastened off to regain the old shipwrecker. What took place after their departure we shall not enlarge upon. All that it is necessary to add is, that one morning, all the gossip of the quarter, including the now reconciled rivals, collected to sneer at the 'little heiress' for so they called her, as she got into a cab with Jacques, and drove to the manse of the tenth arrondissement. The handsome couple did not notice the ill-will of their neighbours, because they were too deeply occupied in admiring one another, in thinking of the past, and forming delicious plans for the future.

COAL-WHIPPING.

ANY one who has had the pleasure of steaming down the Thames from London Bridge to Greenwich, may have observed, among other subjects of interest, the unloading of coal from vessels into flat-bottomed barges which lie alongside them in the river. This business of coal unloading, mean as it may seem, has, strangely enough, become the object of special legislation. Elsewhere, ships may do as they like in the way of discharging cargoes; in the Thames, where every transaction takes the form of an old and venerated monopoly, which it would produce an earthquake to disturb, coal must be discharged in only one highly antiquated, very expensive, and enormously laborious manner. Nothing could be more easy than to show how coal-laden ships might be towed into some species of dock, in which, when the water was withdrawn, the cargo could be dropped into railway wagons, and these run off by steam to the required depôts. 'Twere vain, for such a plan, however convenient to the public, would interfere with too many vested interests to have the least chance of success.

It may not be generally known, that this humble duty of helping a Thames coal-ship to get rid of its cargo, has lately, in violation of all modern notions of free-trade and unrestricted competition, been taken under the care of parliament.

London receives the greater part of its immense supply of coal—now approaching four millions of tons annually—from the Tyne, the Wear, the Tees, and ports adjacent to those rivers. The opening of the Great Northern Railway has encouraged a large inland supply from South Yorkshire; but still the great bulk consists of sea-borne coal, from the Northumberland and Durham ports. When this coal comes into the Thames, the privileges of the corporation of the city begin to operate, and operate, too, in a complex and monopolising way; but we shall attend only to the coal-whipping arrangements. The ships, for the most part, do not discharge their coal upon a quay or wharf, but into a barge or lighter drawn up alongside, which barge conveys them to the wharf of the purchaser, whoever he may be. This transference of the coal from the ship to the barge is called coal-whipping, while the labouring-men who effect it are the coal-whippers. The collier-sailors who navigate the ships to the Thames, the coal-porters employed at the wharfs, and the coal-heavers met with in the streets, are all different classes of men from the coal-whippers. These men—the coal-whippers—are paid wages for their labour, not by the seller or the buyer of the coal, but by the captain of the ship which brings them to London—he being reimbursed by the coal-whipper in the shape of an additional freightage.

Now, any one would think that this very humble kind of labour might be managed without all the cumbersome machinery of a special act of parliament. However, so it is. The men work in gangs, usually of nine in each; and after agreeing with the captain for so much per ton, they divide the money equally. The work itself is soon described: no kind of labour can be simpler or coarser; strong muscles being the only thing required. Some of the men descend into the hold of the ship, and shovel the coal into boxes or baskets; others haul up the boxes or baskets to the level of the deck, by the application of sheer muscular strength to pulleys; and another tilts over the coal into the barge drawn up alongside. The stages, planks, gins, baskets, boxes, shovels, and tackle employed by the men do not belong to them; if not the property of the coal-owner, they are dignified by the protection of parliament, as presently to be explained. The barge into which the coal is shipped belongs to the buyer or coal-merchant. The nine men, working steadily, can whip eighty or ninety tons in a day. Why it should be called 'whipping,' we really have no theory which could enable us to explain. The four men in the hold take it in turn to fill the basket with its 1½ hundredweight of coal; four others draw it up; and usually one suffices to tilt it. The first four get so heated at their labour, that they work nearly in a state of nudity—flesh-colour mottled with black. The second four make an extraordinary succession of ascents and descents. Standing on the deck, by the side of the hole leading down below, they run up a kind of broad ladder to the height of about five feet; they then fling themselves off, each holding by a rope, and descend to the deck; their momentum brings up the basket of coal, through the intervention of the ropes and pulleys, so that by the time they have descended to the deck, the coal has ascended to a small height above it. There are sixteen basketfuls to a ton; each requires that the men should run up five feet, and jump down five feet; therefore, in a day's work of ninety tons, each

of these men runs up 7200 feet of ladder, and jumps down an equal space. If a St Paul's were built on the top of an Arthur's Seat, the summit would be not one-sixth the height to which this day's unceasing climbing amounts—to say nothing of the descent. The coal-whippers receive about 8d. per ton for their labour, which, in a day's work of ninety tons, yields 6s. 6d. per man in a gang of nine; but this says nothing concerning the hours or days during which their earnings are nil.

As we said before, this labour might readily be supposed to be susceptible of easy management between the labour-buyers and the labour-sellers. Why it is not so, may be now explained. There are about 2000 of these coal-whippers in the port of London; and the captains find less trouble in employing them through a middle-man or agent, than by direct application to the men themselves. This fact lies at the bottom of the whole affair. It really does save much time and trouble in collecting men for a particular purpose, to have the services of an agent who knows the when and the where and the how: the only question is, whether the agency is fairly conducted; and that the agency is *not* fairly conducted in respect to the coal-whippers, is the sole cause of the legislation on this subject. Before the 'Coal-whippers' Act was passed, there were, in the neighbourhood of Wapping, near where the coal-ships are whipped, sixty or seventy public-houses, which had become a kind of places of call for captains who wanted whippers, and for whippers who wanted work; and by degrees, the publicans became agents between the parties. But there is something very disastrous about public-house agency: if a friendly society or a club holds its meetings in such a house, the money spent in drink goes far to neutralise all the benefits anticipated, over and above the moral injury which often accrues to the parties. This was especially the case in respect to the coal-whippers. The publicans played a double game; they carried favour with the captains, and, as has since been fully shewn, made it privately a 'good thing' to them to hire the whippers through them, instead of by direct application. This being once effected, nothing but moral determination could prevent the whippers from becoming dependent on the publicans. The men were expected to spend most of their spare time and most of their money in the public-house, else the publican would not give them employment; and as the publicans had bought over the captains, so to speak, the men could not get employment by application at the ships' sides. Many of the publicans were themselves owners of coal-ships, and they could then enforce still more stringently their own plans of whipping. It was considered below the average that the coal-whippers, one with another, spent ten shillings a week in drink at the public-houses—partly from inclination and partly on compulsion; and they became a debased, dispirited, impoverished body of men.

When a committee on the coal-trade met in 1836, they examined one Joseph Goulty, a coal-whipper, whose evidence throws a curious light on some of the by-ways of trade. He had been twenty-one years working for 'public-houses,' as he termed it; that is, he had been for this long period a kind of slave to the Wapping tavern-keepers. And he had another three years of servitude to a still lower personage—a beer-shop keeper. Goulty, as the only means of getting work from this man, had to purchase stone-bottles of beer to take to the ship, and pots of beer to drink

in the street (for beer must not be 'drunk on the premises' in such a shop). Before he could obtain payment of his wages, when his day's whipping was done, he used to be kept lingering about the shop till ten o'clock at night, in order that he might have plenty of time to spend money in drink. When he wanted a job, he applied to his slave-master, who told him to 'wait;' this waiting being understood to mean that Goulty was expected to spend at once in the shop some of that money which his wife and children needed at home. Goulty says there were among his comrades 'constant men' and 'stragglers;' the former mostly lodged at the public-houses, and always had 'first choice' when a ship had to be whipped; whereas the stragglers were out-door hands, whose luck was measured according to the amount of their money which passed into the tapster's hands. Another whipper, George Childs, told a tale which we may as well give in his own words:—'There are grocers, there are butchers, there are beer-shop keepers; and when they get the ships, those that keep the shops take every advantage of the coal-whippers. In case the ship works from a grocer's shop, they are obliged to take so much sugar and tea, and pay an exorbitant price for it; if it (the ship) works from a public-house, it is only drink that you are obliged to have, and you must pay them what price and take what stuff they think proper to give you; and if the score is wrong, you must pay them whatever they think proper to charge you; and they expect you to take the trifle of money that is left; and after they have deducted what they think proper, they say you must take joints of meat, that you have to pay eightpence a pound for, which you could buy at fourpence; and instead of having my money, and going home to my family, I am obliged to sit and drink at the public-house before I can get paid, and then go home perhaps at eleven o'clock at night.' Poor Childs! he and his companion Goulty were in a degraded position, and doubtless thought the 'parliament men' could 'do something' for them. But there are Goulty's all around us—industrial Goulty's, corporal Goulty's, moral Goulty's; and if the wisdom of parliament is expected to cure them of all their evils, that wisdom must be more potent than it has ever yet shewn itself to be. However, we are somewhat anticipating the course of our subject.

What was to be done? Were these men to be left in their debasement, or could any attempt be made to raise them? Lieutenant Arnold, a kindly-disposed naval officer, determined, about twenty years ago, to see what he could do in the matter. He resolved to brave the publicans. He opened an office in Wapping, at which captains and whippers could meet each other, and he sought to bring over both bodies to his views. He undertook that the men should receive the whole of their earnings, without any deduction for office-expenses. The publicans, however, were on the alert; they kept their own corps of poor dupes bound to them, and prevented any transfer to the lieutenant's office; or, if any did go over, the rent were employed to harass and injure them. If any strangers came into the river from other employments, offering to whip coal at a little lower price, the publicans' myrmidons contrived to drive them away; for these rough diamonds can physically vanquish competitors, though they cannot morally vanquish the tapsters. Unfortunately for the benevolent officer's views, neither the coal-owners nor the ship-owners rendered him any very warm assistance; and the scheme died away for want of adequate support. The publicans then ruled with more tyranny than before; and not only publicans, but grocers, butchers, &c., who acquired influence with collier-captains, and exerted that influence to make the whippers buy bad grocery and bad meat at high prices. At length the attention of parliament was called to the subject; and in 1848—

not without grave doubts among the more thoughtful of our legislators—an act of parliament was passed, with no other object than to regulate the earnings of the coal-whippers in the Thames.

The purport of this statute may be understood from the following summary:—Nine commissioners were appointed, to form a Coal-whippers' Board—four chosen by the Board of Trade, four by the Corporation of London, and one by the Ship-owners' Society of London. Every coal-whipper was to have his name, age, &c., registered in a book kept at an office in Wapping by the commissioners; in return for which, a certificate was given to him. No one must work in the Thames as a coal-whipper, unless so registered, with the exception of the crews of the ships, or the servants of the coal-owner, who, however, very seldom whip coal. When a ship of coal is sold, the master or captain sends word to the office, stating the place, time, and quantity required to be whipped. The commissioners provide a room, at which the whippers attend, and a clerk holds a kind of auction. He tells the men of the 'job' that has just come in, and leaves each gang to name the price at which they will undertake the work, the lowest offer being accepted. The captain is not obliged to accept the offer; but if he does so accept, he is responsible to the commissioners for the due fulfilment of his part of the contract. The whippers go to work, and whip the ship-load of coal; the captain pays at the office, and the money is handed over to the men, with a deduction not exceeding a farthing in a shilling for expenses. The coal-owner may use his own baskets, shovels, tackle, &c.; but if he borrow them, he must borrow only from the commissioners, and pay them a stipulated sum for the hire. The whole of the coal-whipping carried on in any part of the Thames between London Bridge and Gravesend, is subject to this statute; and several offices have been established as assembling-places for the men. The act was to be in operation three years.

Thus did parliament throw its protecting shield over these dusky labourers; and at the expiration of the three years, the act was renewed for another period of five years, terminable in 1851, with a few minor alterations in the details. The general impression seems to be, that the men are better off in consequence of this statute, and that the coal-buyers and coal-sellers are none the worse. This is the reward which the advocates of the measure have for their services; and all is so far well. But there are breakers ahead. The men have on some occasions so interpreted the statute, as to claim one of those very monopolies which it has been the object of our free-trade legislation to remove; and there are other kinds of labourers who are calling out for similar exceptional legislation. In 1851, not without a feeling of uneasiness among the statesmen who consented to the measure, the statute, with a few alterations, was extended in its operation to 1856.

Now arises a troublesome question. If the poor coal-whippers are protected by the majesty of the imperial parliament, why should not the poor ballast-heavers? A very natural question this. True, the ballast-heavers of the Thames are only about one-fourth as numerous as the coal-heavers; but as they have, unfortunately, suffered themselves to be nailed down (morally speaking) to the counters of the publicans, they claim the same kind of sympathy, whatever that may be, as their swarthy brethren. The ballast-heavers supply empty ships with gravel-ballast; and this being a trade in which the persons employed seem not able to take care of themselves, an attempt was made in 1852 to legislate for them. The effort did not succeed, but there may be another; and now comes a point for consideration: If 2000 of one kind of labourers, and 500 of another, have a special protective statute, where is this to stop? The shiri-makers, the slop-workers, and others who earn a poor pittance

by hard labour—is there to be a statute for each of these classes, with a board of commissioners, and all the parade of official machinery? and if so, why not also for the Spitalfields weavers? and if for them, why not for the handloom-weavers generally? We trust these remarks may not be deemed unkind to all these industrious workers. But there may be such a thing as mistaken kindness; and it is worth a thought whether this special or exceptional kind of legislation, if carried out according to its natural tendency, might not throw general commerce and industry into confusion. Already, vast mischief has been done by trying to regulate the hiring of sailors. They are viewed as children, and the means adopted to take care of them, keep them in pupillage, or send them to other countries for employment. All this is bad. Let all classes of men be left to regulate their own affairs—if not fit for that, educate them up to the point of self-reliance and management.

THE DORP AND THE VELD.

Siren is the name of a small volume,* in which 'Charles Barter, Esq., B.C.L., fellow of New College, Oxford,' gives an account of six months which he spent in 1850-1, in the colony of Natal, South Africa. Of the circumstances which led an Oxford scholar to range in the rough scenes of a young colony, we hear nothing; but we have reason to be thankful for them, whatever they were, as a recital of the experiences and adventures of a highly-educated man in such a country is something of a pleasing novelty. He describes, with great vivacity, his travels from the harbour of D'Urban, where he landed, to the inland village of Maritzburg, and thence through a succession of settlements of the Dutch Boers, in quest of a knowledge of the country. Sketches of rustic colonial life, of the character and habits of the natives, and of the quaggas, wildebeests, and other animals peculiar to the country, help to sustain attention through the volume; and we leave off reading with the sense of having acquired a tolerably distinct idea of this interesting province, where the gifts of nature are as yet a good deal more divine than the spirit of man.

Having come with two friends to Plantberg Farm, Mr Barter was detained there for some weeks by illness, the guest of the farmer, an Englishman, named Moffat. It was a place still in its infancy. 'Some rough cultivation had been attempted, and very fine crops of wheat had been produced; but the fires which, whether lighted by careless travellers, or purposely kindled by the natives to destroy the last year's grass, annually spread over the country, had passed through the neglected farm, leaving no vestige beyond the faint marks of the plough on the surface of the soil, and a few blackened stumps where the posts of the house and the cattle-kraal had stood. A fresh beginning was to be made, and my host set about it with his usual energy. Besides the water-course before mentioned, which must have been a work of time and trouble, and along which he had sown the seeds of the *serengeboom*, a strip of ground had been turned up with the spade, and set with young fruit-trees and garden-plants, and the ground-plan of a complete and substantial dwelling had been marked out, and a contract made for its erection. The two workmen who had taken the contract were, as is often the case in these parts, discharged soldiers, who, attracted by the fame of the rising place,

had wandered thither from the frontier in search of employment.

'It was settled that they should at once take up their residence on the farm, and they accordingly returned to Harriemith for their tent and household gods, one of them having a Dutch wife. The next morning they made their appearance in a light horse-wagon, drawn in this instance by oxen, and driven by the most wretched specimen of a Boer I had yet seen. His tall lathy person was set off by a short-skirted linen shooting-jacket, evidently intended for a body rather less than the middle size; while the decidedly hang-dog expression of his countenance, otherwise passable enough, was not diminished by the mass of long coal-black hair that fell straight over his forehead, and the ample folds of a dingy white handkerchief which enveloped his throat, and was tied in a small knot in the centre. Everything about him was lank and dirty, and unwholesome. Add to this, that one of his hands had been mutilated by the bursting of a gun, and you may conceive that Thys Swanepoel's appearance was anything but prepossessing. He was, nevertheless, received at once into the tent, and entertained as a guest. It is difficult to make any distinction in the treatment of Boers, some of whom are very decent fellows, while, with others, it is next to impossible to sit at the same table, since, if one of them should fancy that he has met with scant courtesy, the character of the host is lost, the Boers having very high theoretical notions on the subject of hospitality.'

'Though we now mustered several hands, I cannot say that much was done; indeed, accustomed as I had been to the constant and stirring employment of a Canadian wilderness farm, where exertion is never suffered to flag, where the axe or the plough is always at work, and the different tasks of clearing, stumping, fencing, &c., succeed one another without an interval of rest; with these reminiscences of agricultural life, I could not avoid being struck with the contrast presented by the listless inactivity, I might almost say drowsiness, that pervaded everything at Plantberg Farm.

'There was as yet but one plough in the district, and that was engaged by the rival agriculturist at Harriemith; spade cultivation was not thought of; and the only real work, the herding and tending of the cattle, milking the cows, &c., was performed by Caffres, seven of whom had come to seek for employment, and had been engaged for a year, at the wages of a heifer apiece, in value about £2.'

In the dull life which Mr Barter led at Plantberg, he found a resource in sport among the wild animals of the district. The appearance of a stray buck on the edge of the neighbouring rock produced a general excitement. 'Sometimes it would be a rice-bok, with his light tapering horns; sometimes the larger, but less graceful riet-bok, the striped quagga, or the brindled gau; nothing came amiss to us either for sport or food. The latter consideration, indeed, was by far the most important, as the flesh of the Caffre goats was not particularly fat or tender, and the continual sacrifice of oxen threatened to put an end to the herd. Not that we fared badly: excellent tea and coffee, rice and sugar; cookies, or unleavened cakes of coarse meal, baked on the gridiron; and, above all, a jar of delicious wild honey, left us little to complain of on that score. Mealies and milk, or Indian corn, pounded and boiled after the manner of oatmeal-porridge, made a superb

dish; and even Caffre corn, in spite of its red colour, which reminded me of a linseed mash, was not unpalatable when treated in the same way. The wild asparagus grew in profusion in the patch of bush in front of our tent, and though not equal in flavour to the cultivated plant, was a welcome addition to our table.

'Meanwhile, old Schutkraal had been enjoying a season of uninterrupted rest and plenty in the rich pastures of Plantberg, and was as frisky as a young colt. It was high time to give him a gallop, and I was anxious, besides, to make my first essay in African hunting, which my unlucky illness had so long delayed. Behold me, then, equipped for action, not in scarlet and leathers, but in homely fustian, jacket and continuations included; a napless green covering of the wide-awake class, does duty for the velvet hunting-cap. The spurs are the only correct part of the turn-out, though they are somewhat out of character with the *velschorn*, or shoes of rough brown skin. But how is this? There is only one! Never mind, it is the custom; so we follow it. My horse has rather a large head, to be sure, and the stirrups are not so bright as they might be; but one must not be too particular in the *Veldt*. My attendant, I should rather say my companion—Moffat's little apprentice, Jem—looks scarcely more respectable than myself, but he sits well upon his horse—a stray one which we have found near the farm, and are keeping till the owner can be discovered; a little exercise in the meantime will do it no harm. Jem is unarmed; I carry, resting on my right thigh, in true Africander fashion, a double-barrelled smooth bore, which, as I never shoot further than I can see, I prefer infinitely to a rifle, even for ball, to say nothing of the convenience of being able to vary the charge, according to the size or nature of the object which may chance to present itself, from a partridge to a lion—and now, *camus*.'

'We had ridden about five miles without seeing a living creature to relieve the eye, wearied with the endless prospect of mountain and plain, *kraals*, and ant-heaps, when, on topping a low road, we came suddenly in sight of a herd of some fifty or sixty quaggas, which were quietly grazing about a quarter of a mile from us. We immediately turned, and keeping under the shelter of some rising ground which favoured our design, approached unperceived within a few hundred yards of them, when the chase commenced in earnest. A cloud of dust marked the course of the herd, as they dashed off at a snapping pace, followed at very unequal distances by Jem and myself at the top of our speed.

'I soon found that old Schutkraal, though decidedly improved in appearance, was in no condition for a twenty minutes' hunt with twelve stone on his back; and though plied with bit and spur, he was falling rapidly behind. Jem's horse, on the contrary, carrying feather-weight, held gallantly on, and soon brought his rider up with the troop, into the very centre of which he dashed, trying to separate and turn them, so as to give me the chance of a shot; in this, however, he did not succeed, and finding that I was unable to overtake him, he abandoned the pursuit after a run of about three miles.

'Had I been decently mounted, the herd would have been quite at our mercy, for these animals are no match for a horse, and if hard pressed, are soon brought to a standstill. At a farm on the Valsch River, where a number of Caffres were employed, a quagga was every morning singled from the herd, hunted down, and driven into the kraal, where the natives despatched him with their assegais, and fed on the flesh, of which they are very fond. This feat was performed daily for more than a year by one horse, a large gray, or *schimmel*, the favourite colour in South Africa. I speak literally when I say that the horse performed the feat, for the rider—any Hottentot or Caffre who could sit on his back

—had no share in the matter, the animal himself hunting, turning, and driving the game in the most skilful manner, and evidently enjoying the sport with the keenest zest.

This must be considered as a curious fact, for the quagga is a species nearly allied to the horse: it is like the zeal of the dog in hunting the fox. In returning, meeting a herd of wildebeests—'as they were coming down the wind, I resolved to await them, and despatched Jem with directions to get, if possible, in their rear, and drive them into the ambush. Meanwhile, I dismounted; and knowing that some time must elapse before the manoeuvre could be effected, stretched myself on the stony ground (there is no turf in Africa), just below the edge of the sand, and lighting my pipe, amused myself by watching the motions of the advancing herd, which my position enabled me to do without the slightest danger of exciting their alarm, and defeating my plans for their destruction. They were headed by a large bull, evidently the father of the herd, with a long flowing mane on his neck, and a bristly beard descending down the dewlap to the breast—a noble-looking animal, whom I at once singled out for the first barrel. Now he would lie down and take a deliberate roll, the herd stopping as if to witness the grotesque exhibition; then he would engage in a mock-fight with one of his subjects, the ungainly creatures butting each other with their curiously-shaped horns, and cutting the most antic capers, in evident good-humour and diversion. Suddenly a quick movement is visible in the rear of the herd; the combatants cease their game, and throwing their heads up—

A moment snuff the tainted gale.

Another moment of indecision, and they are off, the large bull still leading, and, to my intense delight, making straight for the point, within sixty yards of which I am now crouching down, almost breathless with excitement, but quite determined not to throw away my first shot. As they come nearer, I stoop down till the rim of my green hat touches the grass, from which it cannot be distinguished; and now they approach the opening, and are fairly within shot. I can scarcely contain myself, but must wait till the foremost have passed through, so that I may take them from behind. Another second of suspense—painfully long—and then a black head issues from the little pass. There is no hurry now; the sight of my gun is on the object—follows it steadily for an instant. A loud report, succeeded by that peculiar "thud" which the archer knows as the sign of a successful aim, and the fine animal is rolling in the dust; while the affrighted herd rush over the body of their late leader, and scamper wildly across the plain, one of their number carrying off with some difficulty the contents of my second barrel, which had not been aimed with equally fatal accuracy. Eager to follow up the wounded game, I turned round to look for my horse, whom I had left with the bridle-rein hanging to the ground, which ought to have been sufficient to secure his remaining in the same spot, but, to my consternation, he was nowhere to be seen; and it was not till after a hard chase, that he was recaptured by Jem, who had seen his escape from afar, and who found him, notwithstanding his assumed weariness, gallantly heading another herd of quaggas, without any appearance of exhaustion or fatigue. While engaged in pursuing him, Jem contrived to separate a young filly from the herd. The little creature, missing its mother, followed the horse willingly; keeping up with it at a fast gallop, though it did not appear to be above a fortnight old. I at once determined, if possible, to take it back to the farm and rear it; and accordingly, we not only gave up all further thought of the wounded game, but, on the principle that a live ass is better than a dead lion, decided on leaving the victim of my first shot on the field; contenting

ourselves with piling stones over the carcass, to secure it from the *caracaras* or vultures, which seldom fail to discover the hunter's cache, and which were even now appearing like specks on the horizon, attracted from unknown distances, by their unerring instincts, to the scene of slaughter.

The captive turned out to be a filly of the zebra variety; Mr Barter succeeded in getting it home, though much against its will; and for some days he hoped to succeed in bringing it up, feeding it with milk from a horn by a leather tube. 'The young creature fed heartily, and was soon able to dispense with the horn, when we added a little bran or soaked meal to the milk. It became quite tame also, and would follow me about like a dog, pushing its way in between the folds of the tent, and rubbing its head against my shoulder, till I really became quite attached to it.

'But, alas! the fate of all pets, whether zebras or gazelles, was not to be averted. One morning, on issuing from the tent, I found my favourite lying at the door quite dead. It had been a rough night, and I blamed myself for having turned it out the evening before, when it came in as if to ask for shelter; but I afterwards ascertained that one of the Caffres, in his mistaken zeal, had given it boiled milk, which had been the cause of its death. I half suspected that the deed was of *malice prepense*, and done with a view to the flesh; but if so, the villain was disappointed, as the hyena came early the same evening, and carried off the body from within five yards of the tent. The next morning, one or two bones, picked clean, lying by the side of the *quilt*, were all that remained of my zebra filly.'

I expected accidents, overturning all plans—severe hardships, cheerfully sustained under hope of ultimate triumph—rough, but exciting adventure—these form the staple of life in a young colony. One can imagine that, in a genial climate, the difficulties which are met with will often rather give a zest than a sourness to existence. We have a specimen of the troubles to which a colonist is liable in Natal, in the following little sketch: 'About this time, our party was increased, and some life infused into our dullness, by the arrival of Mr McCabe, an enterprising farmer from the Bloem Fontein District, who had given up his land on the Modder River for the mountain-pastures of Harrismith. He had travelled in truly patriarchal guise, with all his *pecore* or live-stock, consisting of a flock of 500 Merino ewes, a herd of 140 cattle, and from fifteen to twenty horses, mares, and foals. His journey had been attended with unusual difficulties and disasters, and he gave us a melancholy account of the country through which he had passed. A severe drought had visited the district—not a blade of grass was to be seen. The cattle were dying in all directions; and those of Maroko, the friendly chief of the Barlions, were said to have perished by hundreds. McCabe himself had lost several horses on the road, and all his stock was in a deplorable condition. To add to his troubles, it was lambing-time with his flock; and his mother and sister, who accompanied him, had often been obliged to share the already narrow accommodation of a loaded wagon with the new-born offspring of their sheep and cows. But discomforts and privations from which an Englishwoman would shrink with horror, are little regarded by her African sister; and these ladies not only appeared in excellent health and spirits, but, by their cheerful activity, and that peculiar talent for making the best of everything which women alone possess, put our indolent habits to the blush, and converted our previous lethargy into something like spirit and animation. The day after his arrival, we were all hard at work building a kraal for the lambs: ascending huge masses of mountain-limestone from their beds, rolling them down the steep hill-side, and piling them into a rough but very substantial wall. The next day,

hunting expedition was arranged,' so quickly could the chase pass from his vexatious troubles to amusement. Of course, where hardship makes no entrance into the spirit, it is the same as if it did not exist.

These are but snatches of a book abounding in such lifelike scenes, and which no one contemplating Natal as a future home ought to omit becoming acquainted with.

THE FRENCH 'ZADKIEL' FOR 1858.

For a number of years, a section of the English reading-public has been annually enlightened by the vaticinations of an illustrious unknown, who publishes his almanac under the affected name of Zadkiel. There is, moreover, a brother seer—or perhaps we ought to say rival—who calls himself Raphael, and he also publishes a prophetic almanac. How many of the thousands of purchasers really place any reliance on the prophetic hash dished up for them by the two renowned professors, we cannot say; but we have reason to believe, that the advent of steam-engines and electric telegraphs has by no means annihilated the race of the credulous, who, from time immemorial, have had implicit reliance on the preternatural gifts of the readers of the stars, and interpreters of coming events.

We find that France also can boast a prophet and almanac-maker, for we have a volume of nearly two hundred pages lying before us, published in Paris, and entitled the *Prophetic Almanac, Picturesque and Useful*, for 1858, published by a Nephew of Nostradamus! It is a singular and puzzling mélange, containing, we must admit, some very useful and superior writing; but its main features, and four-fifths of its contents, are of a prophetic nature. It is in its thirteenth year of publication, and the exceedingly low price at which such a comparatively large book is sold—fifty centimes, or about 4d.—alone proves that its circulation must be very great. We think our readers may derive some amusement, if not instruction, from what we shall lay before them concerning the divinatorial portions of the volume. First, let us give the grave prefatory passage upon 'realised predictions,' for we think it a curiosity of the style of impudent charlatanism which is now adays so often used to impose upon the easily duped:—'If the researches of those who study the future are encouraged by the approbation of some serious thinkers, on the other hand they meet with many who are incredulous, always disposed to deny, always ready to shut their eyes to the light. The best, or rather the only means of convincing these hardened sceptics, is to prove to them, by precise facts, that the science of prophecy is not vain; that its calculations frequently attain their end; and that future things cease to be a mystery for those who seek them with sincere faith and in a right spirit.' The writer then goes on to eulogise the accuracy of predictions in the former volumes of the almanac; and after giving a list of references to them, he triumphantly concludes by asserting, that 'it will be impossible to doubt the grave and useful character of the labours of the *Almanach Prophétique*!' This is quite in accordance with the motto of the work—'Education, Amelioration, and Progress!'—is it not?

We first have three prophecies on the destruction of Islamism, which is to be annihilated, and the ashes of Mohammed dispersed to the four quarters of heaven. This is to be effected by 'a certain Christian prince, who will take possession at the same time of Egypt and of Palestine.' We presume that the present Emperor of France is alluded to; and, by the way, we may inform the reader, that our two English seers,

Zadkiel and Raphael, both agree in their several almanacs for the present year, in predicting the death of Louis Napoleon in July 1854! Unless these wise men are secretly in league together, it certainly is curious enough for both of them to make so bold a prediction, and to agree as to the date of its realisation. One of them—we really forget which—made a decided hit by announcing in his almanac for 1851, that Wellington would die in the succeeding year.

Passing over various isolated prophecies, new and old, we may pause a moment to notice a curious article about a prophecy of a Jesuit priest, named Bonifacio Ceraecci, who, in a little volume printed some eighty or more years ago, entitled *Mathematical Prophecies for the End of the Eighteenth Century*, predicted aerial navigation.

And now for the different means of predicting the future! We do not intend even to name one tithe of the species of divination enumerated; but we may cull a few for the amusement of an idle moment, commencing with Arithmancy, or the art of divining by numbers. An elaborate paper is devoted to the application of this art to the year 1858. The conclusion the nephew of Nostradamus arrives at is, that the analysis of the present year gives six favourable figures, and three the reverse; and he calculates, therefore, that there are two probabilities of good-fortune to one of evil. Another curious application of arithmancy is, to discover what Christian names are predictive of happiness or misery. The reader is especially warned to make use of the very valuable knowledge thus imparted, to guide him in the choice of a wife. 'I would not,' solemnly exclaims the French Zadkiel, 'for all the world, if I were a man, call myself Jacques, nor marry a woman of the name of Reine!' We shall not give any of the intricate calculations by which the sage shows us how to select our future partners for life, but will note some of the results. 'The figure 3 is good; every Christian name which contains it or its multiplicands, is a happy first name. The figure 8 is bad; every Christian name which gives that figure, or which is not multiplicable by 3, is an unhappy first name.' Jean and Anna are 'essentially happy'; and if the following couples wed, there is every prospect of their union being happy: Paul and Pauline, Louis and Louise, Ernest and Ernestine, Antoine and Antoinette, Albert and Albertine, &c. As proofs of the correctness of his theory, the sage refers to the unhappy results of marriages between eminent personages who foolishly wedded in spite of the cabalistic influence of their unhappily-assorted Christian names. Among the number quoted are Mary Stuart and Francis II., Henry IV. and Marguerite de Valois, and the Louises XIV., XV., XVI. 'And the Emperor Napoleon, whose Christian name is so sonorous, so glorious, and ought to be the symbol of power yet more than of glory—for what reason was he, who had imbibed good-fortune from every pore, he who had knowledge sufficient to render him master of his destiny—for what reason was Napoleon, happy in all else, unhappy in marriage? Because Josephine, so worthy of him by all accounts, had in her Christian name a very unfortunate figure—because Marie-Louise, his second wife, had not a better.'

Ah, Napoleon the Great! had you consulted the Nephew of Nostradamus, you might, it seems, have died the Emperor of France, or perhaps even the omniarch of the world, instead of a broken-hearted captive at St Helena! It is well worthy of remark, that in the long list our French Zadkiel gives of happy and unhappy *prénoms*, we cannot discover that of Eugénie, the recent Empress of France. Now, may we suggest the probability, that our cunning friend read in the stars that a lady of this name would become the bride of Louis Napoleon? If so, we have only further to suppose that Eugénie is a name portending

evil fortune, and the mystery of the omission is very explicable; for had the sage predicted misfortune from the conjunction of the names Louis Napoleon and Eugénie, can we doubt that the said Louis would have failed to put down the *Almanach Prophétique*, and clap the Nephew of Nostradamus in durance vile? Really, we cannot sufficiently admire the foresight and tact of the sage; for, now that the marriage in question is *un fait accompli*, he will be enabled, in his next year's publication, to predict consistently all sorts of happiness to the illustrious couple.

We should perhaps weary our readers by further quotations, and so we here take leave of the Nephew of Nostradamus, only wishing that he may eventually receive the reward he richly merits for fanning the expiring embers of superstition and credulity.

A WONDERFUL BONE.

In a small work on the *Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age*, by Mr Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull (Blackwood & Sons), the author touches on the subject of comparative anatomy, and the pitch to which a study of it has been carried in this country. We gladly make room for the following passages:—

'The incident which I am about to mention, exhibits the result of an immense induction of particulars in this noble science, and bears no faint analogy to the magnificent astronomical calculation, or prediction, whichever one may call it, presently to be laid before you. Let it be premised, that Cuvier, the late illustrious French physiologist and comparative anatomist had said, that in order to deduce from a single fragment of its structure, the entire animal, it was necessary to have a *tooth*, or an entire articulated *extremity*. In his time, the comparison was limited to the external configuration of bone. The study of the internal structure had not proceeded so far.

'In the year 1839, Professor Owen was sitting alone in his study, when a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, announcing that he had got a great curiosity, which he had brought from New Zealand, and wished to dispose of it to him. Any one in London can now see the article in question, for it is deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has the appearance of an old marrow bone, about six inches in length, and rather more than two inches in thickness, with both *extremities broken off*, and Professor Owen considered, that to whatever animal it might have belonged, the fragment must have lain in the earth for centuries. At first, he considered this same marrow-bone to have belonged to an ox; at all events, to a quadruped, for the wall or rim of the bone was six times as thick as the bone of any bird, even the ostrich. He compared it with the bones in the skeleton of an ox, a horse, a camel, a tapir, and every quadruped apparently possessing a bone of that size and configuration; but it corresponded with none. On this, he very narrowly examined the surface of the bony rim, and at length became satisfied that this monstrous fragment must have belonged to a *bird*! To one at least as large as an ostrich, but of a totally different species; and, consequently, one never before heard of, as an ostrich was by far the biggest bird known. From the difference in the *strength* of the bone, the ostrich being unable to fly, so must have been unable this unknown bird; and so our anatomist came to the conclusion, that this old shapeless bone indicated the former existence, in New Zealand, of some huge bird, at least as great as an ostrich, but of a far heavier and more sluggish kind. Professor Owen was confident of the validity of his conclusions, but could communicate that confidence to no one else; and notwithstanding attempts to dissuade him from committing his views to the public, he printed his deductions in the *Transactions of the Zoological Society* for the year 1839, where fortunately they remain on record as conclusive evidence of the fact of his having then made this guess, so to speak, in the dark. He caused the bone, however, to be engraved; and having sent 100 copies of the engraving to New Zealand, in the hopes of their being distributed, and leading to interesting results, he patiently waited for

three years—namely, till the year 1842—when he received intelligence from Dr Buckland, at Oxford, that a great bone, just arrived from New Zealand, consigned to himself, was on its way, unopened, to Professor Owen; who tested it filled with bones, palpably of a bird, one of which was three feet in length, and much more than double the size of any bone in the ostrich! And out of the contents of this box the professor was positively enabled to articulate almost the entire skeleton of a huge wingless bird, between ten and eleven feet in height, its bony structure in strict conformity with the fragment in question; and that skeleton may be at any time seen at the Museum of the College of Surgeons, towering over, and nearly twice the height of the skeleton of an ostrich; and at its feet is lying the old bone from which alone consummate anatomical science had deduced such an astounding reality: the existence of an enormous extinct creature of the bird kind, in an island where previously no bird had been known to exist larger than a pheasant or a common fowl!

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

To a person as highly intelligent and as thoroughly experienced as, notwithstanding her youth, Mrs Fitzjames certainly was, in all the mysteries of love-making, the importance of a romantic country excursion was perfectly well understood. Had it been required of her, indeed, she would have been perfectly well able, also, to set down, in numerical proportion, the respective value, in this line, of every occurrence likely to be produced by the accidents of human life. For example: supposing the sum-total of 1000 to be the amount required for the achievement of any given conquest, she would systematically have set down the relative value of every separate manoeuvre somewhat in this wise: *best sight, under all advantages of dress, 100; under disadvantage of ditto, but not presumed to be actually disgusting, 50; morning occupation, with hands ungloved, and hair hanging in disorder (nicely arranged), 50; caught reading a newly-arrived review (if the chase be literary), 25; transcribing music, if he be musical, 160; a ball well lighted, with a good repose-room, 70; fancy-dress ditto, 160; caught singing an Italian bravura, or a French ballad, if you have a voice, and he has ears, 175; to be seen at early church, if he be a Puseyite, 77; at an evening lecture, if he be an Evangelical, 77; to be seen darning stockings, if he be a rich miser, 100; to be seen embroidering in gold and seed-peas, if he be a poor elegant, 100; a picnic, everything being *couleur de rose*, 50; ditto, with a storm, 75; ditto, with a moon, and a little dancing after, 150; ditto, when matters are tolerably far advanced to beclouded, 200. And so on, with an infinity of items, every one of which would have shewn an admirable knowledge of the human heart.—Uncle Walter, by Mrs Trollope.*

NEW ANTIQUITIES.

We have, on various occasions, warned our antiquarian readers against spurious fabrications of articles of curiosity and *reræ*, especially of certain mediæval seals in jet, a substance easily engraved or fashioned into any shape. The unprincipled fabricators of these objects, encouraged, no doubt, by their success among the unwary, continue to follow their criminal occupation, and have lately attempted a higher flight. We have lately been shewn a jet seal, bearing the head of the Emperor Severus, with his name and titles! We believe the *atelier* of the rogues whose ingenuity is exercised upon these counterfeits, is somewhere in Yorkshire. While on this subject, we may mention that we have been informed, that at many of the curiosity-shops in London, forged monastic and other mediæval brass seals are kept on sale; and some of them being coats of real specimens, are well calculated to dupe the inexperienced.—*Literary Gazette*.

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NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM.

THE phrase benevolently adopted by Sir Lytton Bulwer in regard to the literary class, in his play written gratuitously for their benefit, might with equal, if not superior justice, be applied to a portion of the community much more under the ban of their fellows—namely, the class of common criminals. It is clearly ascertained regarding this class, that it is small in numbers, and mainly composed of individuals who have been neglected in their youth, and exposed to all the well-known influences of extreme ignorance and poverty. It is therefore in a great measure a mistake to suppose, that many of them act under inherent impulses to crime, and that only death or seclusion can free society from the troubles they occasion. Mr. John Wigham, of Edinburgh, once called at the prison, and, in presence of the governor and chaplain, summoned all the juvenile inmates singly before him. He tells us: 'On speaking kindly to them, they did not hesitate to answer my questions relative to their parentage, manner of bringing up, companions, &c.: they gave us details of the drinking habits and poverty of their parents, of cruel step-mothers, of parents going from home and leaving children exposed to the influence of bad companions in low lodging-houses; and I believe we were all of opinion that, had our own children been placed in similar circumstances, we could not have expected different results.' The chaplain of the Glasgow prison once stated, that he had not known above three or four culprits who had been reared under parents of moral and religious habits; and it fully appears, that not one in ten has had both parents to take any care of him at all.

It is a strong proof of this unhappy class being not so bad as they seem, that, in most prisons tolerably well conducted, the conduct of the inmates is far from being bad. It was found, in a record of the behaviour of prisoners in Scotland, that of upwards of 19,000 liberated in one year, 17,000 had behaved well, 1300 more had behaved tolerably, and that only 764, or 1 in 24, had incurred decided censure or punishment. This is a very remarkable fact, when we consider that a prison is far from being a place where it is difficult to act wickedly or improperly. There are, indeed, great differences in prisons, as to the arrangements for inducing the inmates to behave well; and it has been found, that in some the instances of misconduct have been in a much higher proportion. Still the above facts shew incontrovertibly what prisoners may be under a tolerable system of discipline.

The humanity infused into prison-discipline during the last twenty years, has had the effect of bringing

out a soul of goodness in many a degraded and benighted mind. It has often happened that a kind jailer was the first person a criminal met with in life that gave him any counsel or sympathy, or appeared to take the least interest in his fate. Thus many have formed strong attachments to the very officer whose duty it was to deprive them of their liberty. We are informed on excellent authority, that, 'under the influence of this feeling, liberated prisoners, even those who were still in the shades of crime, have sent for Mr. Smith, governor of the Edinburgh prison, as the only friend on whom they could rely; and Mr. Brebner, the late governor of the prison of Glasgow, was followed to his grave by hundreds of his former prisoners, mourning the loss of one who had been to them a friend, protector, and guardian, rather than a stern prison-officer, and by whom many of them had been redeemed from a life of crime and misery.'* It also appears, that 'some prisoners suffer more from the sense of shame, in encountering, after recommitment, a governor who had been kind to them, than from any other part of their punishment. "All his care has been thrown away," "He'll have no hope for me," are not unfrequent expressions.'

It is another interesting effect of modern prison-discipline, that it has, in many instances, been the first thing to give a new and improved tone to the lives of the unfortunate people subjected to it, so that the committing of the particular offence which brought the punishment of confinement, was, in its results, a fortunate event. Nor need this be very surprising to those who have occasion to witness the wretched lives led by a large portion of the humbler class of people, mainly, to all appearance, for want of something that would effectually break the spell of habit. It seems to be a rule that, where prisoners have been set to work, with the assurance that part of their gains would be applied to their support, and a part would be given to them at their liberation, they have applied themselves diligently, and benefited morally by their industry. You then have the advantage of the principle of hope working in their bosoms. Insubordination, petty thefts, and other offences common in prisons, die out; and when the confinement is long enough, a reformation is pretty sure to take place, which it will only require a continuation of employment after liberation to confirm. It has been found that, in fact, few culprits who have worked for a considerable time in prison, and gone out with a little fund of money, ever return to it. We have a curious anecdote from the deputy-

* *Crime: its Amount, Causes, and Remedies.* By Frederic Hill. 8vo. London: Murray. 1851.

governor of Southwell prison, with reference to a manufacture of stockings which had been set up there. 'I remember,' says he, 'a man who in this way had earned between two and three pounds for himself, and who, on receiving the money, declared that he never had had so much in his possession at any one time. He and his wife laid out the money in cotton, which they worked up, and with the proceeds purchased another stock of the same material. After a time, instead of renting frames, they were able to purchase some, and they went on by degrees adding to their property, till they became possessed of a large number of frames, and of many houses. For some years, they have been considered wealthy and independent. I met the man some years ago, and he told me that he owed his success in life in a great measure to the little capital that he acquired in this prison, and to the resolution he there formed to lead a better life after his liberation.'

We learn some equally curious facts from another source. 'In one instance, a little boy in (Glasgow) prison, who had previously been a great source of trouble to his mother, was enabled, when she fell ill, to send her L.1, which by great industry (rising frequently as early as three in the morning) he had earned. In another instance, a young man, who was an engraver, not only improved himself in his profession while in prison (in Edinburgh), but earned money enough to pay his passage to America, and thus to place himself far removed from his former scene of disgrace, in a position where he might obtain a new character, and where, in fact, he has since led a useful and respectable life. And so much impressed was he with the benefit that he had derived from the change, that he wrote to Mr Smith, the governor of the prison, to offer to assist any other prisoner whom Mr Smith might send out to him. A man who had evinced a desire to do well was, on his liberation, accordingly despatched; and about a year afterwards, Mr Smith received a letter from him, stating that the person referred to above had received him kindly, and obtained employment for him, and that he was doing well. And in a third case, a prisoner at Aberdeen (a blacksmith), obtained money enough while in prison, not only to assist his family and to fit up a forge for himself at liberation, but to repay the person whom he had injured, and at whose instance he was in prison, the whole amount of the loss which he had occasioned him, which was L.25; the prisoner having forged this person's signature to a bill for that sum.'

On hearing of such circumstances, one cannot but go heartily along with the author who relates them, when he exclaims: 'In what strong contrast does a case like the latter stand out, as compared with the old system of hanging! Instead of the life of a fellow-creature being destroyed, to the grief and disgrace of his family, and to the injury of all who have their bad passions roused and excited by the spectacle, and to the pain and sorrow of thousands of others—and that without any benefit to the party first injured—the offender is removed for such a time as is thought necessary, from all possibility of committing another wrong on society; is supplied with moral and religious instruction; and, by his own voluntary labour, in addition to his stated task, obtains the means of returning to society, under circumstances which give much hope of his being hereafter a useful and respectable member.'

It has been found—and why should anything else have been expected or thought possible?—that culprits have no relations, are seldom deficient in sensibility, regarding them. They are usually very anxious to see the governor or chaplain to write letters for

them to their relations. The warden of the state-prison of New Jersey, states that he is always hopeful of a man's reformation while the pulse of the domestic affections can be kept beating warm and free. 'If you can keep alive his love for parent, or wife, or children, you keep before his mind the strongest motive to regain a respectable standing in the world. He may feel deeply for those he loves, even when he has apparently but a faint regard for himself.' The governor of the Edinburgh prison stated to Mr Hill, 'that he had never spoken to a girl in prison about her younger sisters, and pointed out to her how sad a thing it would be, if she were to cause them to fall into crime by setting them a bad example, without the girl's feelings being greatly affected; and that the young prisoners generally were much moved by an allusion to their mother.' Some years ago, as we are informed by Mr Hill, 'a woman, named E. D., was committed at Dumfries for sixty days for a petty offence. She had been in the prison twice before. Her offence arose from drunkenness, by means of which she had reduced herself and her children to a state of great destitution. During her last imprisonment, her children, who are quite young, came to see her; and, as is generally the case with the children of a prisoner, they were greatly affected at their mother's situation. The sight of their distress, and their scanty clothing, all the result of her own misconduct, seemed to produce a strong effect upon her, and she became more thoughtful than she had been before; and I am glad to say that the impression seems to have been permanent, for since her liberation she has conducted herself with great propriety, has worked industriously, and abstained from drink. Her children have now quite another appearance, and she has neatly furnished her house.'

It is surely calculated to give a startling idea of our social state, and its trials and temptations, when we find that individuals may go on under it for years in hopeless sin and misery, and find a positive criminality at last come before them, as the only means, however indirectly, of giving a better turn to their career—a jail their first haven of moral shelter, and a jailer their first and best friend!

There has lately been a reaction against all gentle modes of dealing with criminals, in consequence, apparently, of a prevalent belief, that a prison is now made an agreeable retreat instead of a place of durand and suffering. The belief, however, is in a great measure a mistake. A prisoner is now, indeed, fed and lodged so as to secure his health, while many innocent people out of doors are perhaps in these respects not quite so well off. But let it be considered, that 'he has entirely lost his freedom, and ceased to be his own master; that he is not only cut off from family and friends, but that, generally, he is deprived of companionship altogether; that he must neither whistle, sing, nor shout; that, day after day, and month after month, except at the intervals of exercise, he is confined within the four walls of his little cell, Sundays and holidays affording no relief, the very changes of the seasons almost unknown to him, for all, at least, that he can partake of their charms; and it will be seen that there is nothing really desirable in the prisoner's situation. However great a sluggard, he must rise, even in the middle of winter, when the clock strikes six. Though he may probably prefer remaining in his dirt to the trouble of cleaning himself, he must immediately wash, and that thoroughly. So soon as this is done, he must begin a task of labour, with the prospect of losing his dinner if he be sullen and refuse to complete it. Should he ask for a companion, he will be at once refused. Between times, he may wish to comfort himself with a pipe, or at least a pinch of snuff; but no, the rules inexorably forbid all luxuries, especially such as foster habits of expense. At dinner, he may ask for at least a bottle of beer; but he is again refused, and he finds that, however much against his will, he has suddenly become a

denial of a total abstinence society. As for opposition to gambling, he has neither anything to stake nor any person with whom to play.' Thus it may be said, that every one of the tastes and inclinations of the prisoner meets a stern denial and check. The fact is, that anything like a charge of softness and leniency was more properly due to the old system of discipline, under which the prisoners were not merely as well fed as now, or rather better, but allowed to herd together in idleness. It used to be a common remark of criminals in an eastern county in Scotland, that they would rather be in Haddington jail than out of it, since they were full-fed and had nothing to do. It is told, we believe, of the town of Hamilton, that a prisoner who had several times complained of various defects in the building and otherwise, at last sent word to the magistrates in charge of the jail, that, unless they made him more comfortable, he would leave! 'A threat,' says Mr Hill, 'which secured speedy attention to his wishes.' In another case, 'the period of confinement for one of the inmates having expired, the jailer communicated to him the happy news, and told him he was now at liberty to go. The man, however, replied, that he had been there twelve months for other people's pleasure, and that he should now stay for his own. Finding that he would yield to no persuasion, and that he was resolutely fixed on remaining, the jailer reported the case to the town-clerk, who, having in turn failed in all his powers of expostulation, summoned a meeting of the magistrates to deliberate on the measures necessary to adopt in such an emergency. The wisdom, however, of the whole bench was insufficient for the occasion, and there seemed every probability of the prisoner proving victorious, when, luckily, the town-clerk hit upon an expedient—namely, that the refractory tenant should be smoked out! This proposal was unanimously approved of; and some brimstone having been procured, the proposition was forthwith carried into effect.' The truth seems to be, that the real improvement in the treatment of prisoners in our time is in the putting of a severer control upon them, not indeed from vindictive motives, but for their correction; and much of that superior economy which strikes strangers in the interior of a jail, is a terror, rather than an attraction, to evil-doers.

Accepting, therefore, as we feel justified in doing, the results of the modern management of culprits, we cannot avoid drawing the conclusion which they point to—that, after all, take it as we may, delinquencies arise in a great measure from the circumstances of society. Each of us is 'lord of himself—that heritage of woe.' We consequently have fearful aberrations into all kinds of abandoned habits, from which of course crime results. We have uncertain markets for labour, great struggles for subsistence everywhere, social and political injustices scowling at poor humanity in all quarters. We have unhealthy conditions of existence, leading to the premature deaths of parents, and consequent orphanage and destitution. We have every one arrogating to himself the right of discharging the servant who displeases him, or for whom he has no more use, careless of what may become of him. From all of these painful actualities of this world, it must arise that many become the victims of transgression, who, in other circumstances, might have passed decent and useful lives. It is a distressing thing to contemplate, but surely it is less so than to rest in the belief, that so many of our fellow-creatures are born to wickedness. If social circumstances give rise to offences, then it seems that offences may be diminished, since social circumstances are susceptible of change, and doubtless, on good reason shown, will be changed.

We must not conclude without expressing our great obligations to Mr Hill for the work which has suggested this paper. It is a work strikingly exceptive to the common run of books published now-a-days, for it

contains the fruits of a wide and lasting experience, and has evidently been written with extraordinary care and deliberation. It is, indeed, the philosophy of this painful subject, and an indispensable manual for all who have an administrative connection with it.

HAJID THE LOCKER-UP.

HAJID DIN was one of the most skilful scribes in the Coptic quarter of Grand Cairo. He was rich, too, though nobody but his neighbours would have thought so, as he was seen stealing along in his four cotton jackets, his silk sash, with an inkhorn hanging from it on one side and a pence on the other, his great turban, and long abbaï or overcoat sweeping the dust of Egypt. The original colour owned by any of these garments no beholder could guess. They had been all new at Hajid's first wedding; and at least twenty years before the period of this tale, the bride of that day had gone, in Coptic phrase, to rejoice with her forefathers. Hajid had a house at the end of one of the dirtiest and narrowest streets in Old Cairo. Like the homes of Coptic rank and riches in general, it was a large wooden fabric, crazy and weather-worn, with a flat roof, small windows set high in the walls, resembling loopholes covered with lattice-work, and one substantial door secured by a wooden lock and key. Hajid had in that house Persian carpets, Turkish divans, and curtains of Damascus; two discreet old dames from Nubia, bought specially for their prudence; a second wife, an infant son, and two grown-up daughters. These last were Hajid's great concern. Nazir, the younger, was a beauty according to Coptic taste, for her eyebrow was scarcely visible, and her teeth were of amazing blackness; while Hazlaya, the elder, was destitute of all such attractions; and the fear of their father's days was, that the one might be carried off without a sufficient dowry, and that no husband would ever be found for the other. Between these conflicting terrors, Hajid's mind had little rest. On Nazir's account, it was needful to keep his castle with more than common precaution; and how to get her plainer sister disposed of, puzzled him night and day. In the first duty, at least, he did not fail: duly as the sun rose in the unvarying sky of Cairo, the household messages were sent, and the daily supplies brought in with the help of his trusty Nubians. Then Hajid issued forth with the great wooden key in hand, carefully locked his door, which, like those of his people from time immemorial, could be locked and opened only from the outside, and leisurely proceeded to his place of business—the lowest and most dingy room in the house of the renowned governor Meerschid Pacha, surnamed, from his abundant use of that instrument, Abou Nabat, the Father of the Stick.

While he sat there on a ragged cushion, with the paper stretched on his knees, writing an order for a head, a demand for tribute, or any other of the pacha's sublime dispatches to inferior governors, the timber-house remained secure from all outgoings or visitors whatever, its embargued condition being announced to pertinacious knockers by one of the discreet Nubians shouting 'Mafish!' ('There is nothing') from the window above the door. That paraphrase of 'not at home' had been common for ages in the Coptic quarter, but from no mansion was it heard so often; and at length the neighbours became aware, that no better could be expected till half an hour before sunset, when Hajid and the wooden key generally came home. The scribe's watchfulness had been stirred up to this point by Schamill Izid, chief scribe of the merchants, who, having grown rich about the bazaars, aspired to Hajid's younger daughter as a spouse for his only son Iraf, and offered a dowry of 1900 piasters.

The fame of Nazir's beauty, which had by this time spread far and wide, and reached the young man's ears,

where he studied at the college of scribes, beyond the Great Pyramid, alone induced Schamil to make this magnificent offer; but Hajid had set his mind on two thousand at least, and cherished the conviction, that his family would be disgraced for ever if the dowry were permitted to fall one piaster short of that sum. Schamil knew the value of money as well as any man in Egypt: moreover, he made it a point of honour not to give the required hundred, though Iraf had come home, having finished his education, and, according to report, did everything short of turning a Mussulman to bring his father up to the two thousand. All was as yet to no purpose. Schamil held out stoutly, but Hajid had the reputation of surpassing him in obstinacy; and the pacha's scribe felt assured, that if no opportunity for clandestine courtship could be found, he would finally obtain the dowry of his hopes. The strictness of Oriental discipline is not always sufficient to prevent such occurrences; but Hajid's trust was in the wooden key, and his dwelling had continued in that state of barricade from one rising of the Nile almost to another.

Passers-by at times averred, that though there might be safety, there was scarcely quiet within; and it was the general opinion of the neighbourhood, that somebody in that house could scold. A loud shrill voice was frequently heard ringing through its wooden walls for hours together, and volleys of names, known only to the popular ear of Egypt as the reverse of complimentary, escaped now and then by the latticed windows. Inquisitive people—and some such there are even among Copts—were curious on the subject; but the less particular contented themselves with guessing, that the plain elder sister might be troubled with envy, and was occasionally in ill-temper. The discreet Nubians gave no explanation, indeed, the locking-up process allowed them little time for gossip, had that been their chief joy; but, like other great social experiments, it was not destined to long continuance.

One day, when Hajid had made things secure, and departed as usual, a prolonged knocking broke the quiet which just then happened to reign in the house, and after waiting a considerable time, in hopes that the applicant might guess the state of matters, and go his way, the younger and more active Nubian climbed to the window. There she pronounced the accustomed deliverance of 'Malish!' but not till she had seen that the intended visitor was a youth quite as black as herself, with a small packet in his hand. Scarcely had an hour elapsed, when there was more knocking; and time being allowed for reflection, the Nubian again ascended. It was the same youth, packet and all, and 'Malish!' followed by a few Nubian maledictions, sounded over his head. Another hour passed, and the knocking once more began. By this time, there was some noise in the domestic circle, and her own peculiar part of the subject was discussed before the Nubian deigned to look out. It was the youth again, and the discreet dame's wrath broke through all bounds.

'Son of a confounded father!' she cried, 'hast thou no manners? Twice within these two hours I have said to thee malish, and there thou art knocking at the house of an honourable scribe, as though it were a caravan-sary. Tell me thy business, that I may inform my master when he comes home. If it is not of consequence, the scourge be upon thee!'

'I come,' said the young man, noway disturbed by the fury of her onset, 'from the most mighty Solyman, governor of Suez, and nephew to Meerscheid Pacha, whose surname is Aboo Nabat—may his place be in paradise! He hath sent me as a present to the Honourable Scribe Hajid Din, because I am a trusty slave, and also in my hands this letter of greeting. Let my head be the forfeit, if it did not take his chief scribe and three assistants a whole moon to write it!'

This communication produced a complete change of language. The Nubian assured the stranger that her

master's heart would become like molten wax with grief for being absent, and having the door locked, when the most mighty Solyman's present arrived; and she hastened down to prepare for his entertainment a roast fowl, a cake of the whitest bread, a bottle of clarified water, and a prayer-carpet, which were let down successively by a cord. With these accommodations, the youth remained all day in the porch. Hajid Din came home at his usual hour, and great was his surprise at the present and letter which awaited him. The former was the first he had ever received from the illustrious house of Aboo Nabat, and the latter contained more expressions of regard and compliment than Hajid had ever heard in the course of his previous life. It also set forth that the slave's name was Yusef; that he was by creed a Christian, and by birth an Abyssinian; that, according to the governor's reckoning, his value was above any amount of piasters, he being prudent enough to take charge of the sultan's harem, and sufficiently honest to be intrusted with the treasures of Alas.

The present thus recommended was taken in, and duly questioned regarding the health, welfare, and prosperity of Solyman the Most Mighty, after being permitted to witness Hajid's prostrations before the governor's letter, and its exaltation three several times to his crown. Hajid spent that night in sleepless consultation as to what he should do with him. Solyman's present could not be sent to the bazaar, which the receiver sincerely regretted, as, with such a certificate, his price would have been handsome; but at length it was determined to endow Yusef with the custody of the door—a trust befitting his high qualities—that he might admit the gifts which would doubtless pour in when it became known in what high esteem Hajid stood with the nephew of Aboo Nabat.

The triumph over Schamil was great, and the scribe had serious notions of raising Nazir's dowry 500 piasters at least. His neighbours next day remarked the air of superiority with which he marched forth, leaving the key behind him. The assistant-scribes had never been so ordered about; and before night, it was generally believed that he was about to be promoted in the pacha's service to the office of pipe or slipper bearer at least, if not that of chief executioner. Things come out slowly in Coptic life; and Hajid knew, according to his people's proverb, that 'the wind should have time to rise.' Jars of butter and honey began to arrive; and to one of the bearers, who chanced to be an old woman, earnest after places for her seven sons, the real state of matters was explained. Within an hour after that declaration, every particular was known throughout Cairo. In the succeeding days, bags of coffee, baskets of salt, and skins of camels' milk from rich Muslims, came in at the now readily opened door; but all comers observed, that there was no diminution of eloquence within, and that Yusef looked particularly anxious to get out. That privilege was denied him. The cautious Copt, by way of surety against any possible failure in the judgment of Solyman the most mighty, had placed him under the special surveillance of his tried and trusty Nubians, and also engaged a lynx-eyed Arab never to lose sight of the door during his absence. Thus far Yusef was safe; but two things puzzled Hajid amid his greatness. The first was, that it seemed to have no effect on Schamil. The only time they met since Solyman's present arrived, the merchant-scribe demanded rather impatiently if he had heard or seen anything of his son; to which Hajid deigned no answer, but that his affairs were too weighty to allow time for looking after foolish boys; the truth being, that if Hajid had seen the son of Schamil sold in the slave-market, he would not have known him, so long had been the youth's absence; and so much had the dowry-question estranged the families. However, Schamil seemed engrossed by

something, to the exclusion of his neighbour's grandeur. No present or message came from him. Perhaps he only affected to be occupied by way of cover for his chagrin at not having paid down the 2000 piasters for so distinguished an alliance. That was Hajid's final conclusion. But the second subject of his surprise was more difficult. In Eastern phrase, his head grew white with wondering why his sublime employer, Meerschid Pacha, had never deigned to notice, by word or sign, the honours which his nephew had bestowed on Hajid. Oriental etiquette did not permit the serious—to whom Aboo Nabat's smile was of course life, and his frown destruction—to give the uncle of governors the slightest intimation of anything happening him, and Hajid amazed himself over the pacha's silence, till one eventful day cleared up the mystery.

It was the seventh from Yusef's arrival. Hajid had written an order for despatching the sheik of one village, and selling another to the slave-merchants, when, about two hours before his usual time of departure, two of the palace-guards walked into the dingy room, and conducted him without a word to the hall of judgment. There he found his entire family with Solyman's present among them, drawn up before the pacha, who sat in wrathful state—a bundle of his favourite bamboos on the one side, and two executioners on the other. So quickly had the household been marched from home, that the discreet old Nubians had not yet got their veils satisfactorily arranged; but the news had spread on all sides, and half the Copts in Grand Cairo pressed into the judgment-hall.

'Son of a crocodile!' cried the pacha as soon as he caught sight of Hajid, 'how is it that thou hast dared to publish throughout my city that Solyman, the governor of Suez, had sent thee a slave and a letter of honour, while the messenger whom I sent post to inquire of my nephew, has this hour returned, declaring that he sent thee nothing, and knows not so much as thy despicable name?'

'Mirror of justice, and light of wisdom!' said Hajid, prostrating himself, while his hair stood erect, 'blame not thy servant—there is the letter!' and he pulled it from his pouch. 'There is the deceiver!' and he pointed to Yusef. 'May the day be forgotten in which he reached my dwelling!'

There was a shriek of recognition somewhere among the Copts, and Schamil, chief scribe of the merchants, was on his face before the pacha, exclaiming: 'Dispenser of rewards and punishments! deign to hear me. This youth, whom Hajid Din has shut up in his house, and by some enchantment caused to become black as an Abyssinian, is my only son Iraf, for whom I have searched sorrowing these seven days.'

'Uncle of the planets, and chief of governors!' cried Yusef, as he went down, 'lend an ear to my story. There is no one in fault but me. This Schamil, chief scribe of the merchants, is indeed my father. I am his only son Iraf; and as I studied at the school of scribes beyond the Great Pyramid—to which he sent me, that I might in due time enter into his calling—my ears were filled with the fame of the beauty of Nazir, the younger daughter of Hajid Din, and I besought my father to ask her for me to wife. This he did, as all our people know, offering a dowry of nineteen hundred piasters; but Hajid Din would accept nothing under two thousand; and my father, O puissant pacha! being staid as a camel in a narrow way, would give no more than nineteen hundred. Now, companion of ages! thou knowest well what the poet saith, that love enters by the ear as well as the eye; and my heart being set on fire by the fame of Nazir's beauty, I resolved to see the maiden by stratagem. Accordingly, having dyed myself with a wash made from the roots of the desert-broom, and written a letter in the name of Solyman the Most Mighty, I repaired with a false tale to the house of Hajid Din, saying: "If I am discovered,

and put to death for this deceit, shall I not have seen and served my beloved?"'

Here Hajid, who was by this time tearing his hair and beard vigorously, broke in with shrieks for justice on the villain who had stolen into his house and beheld his daughters unveiled.

'Thou shalt have justice, old man,' said the pacha; 'Schamil shall pay thee a dowry of two thousand piasters, and the young man shall have to wife thy daughter, for whom he hath undergone such peril.'

'Discerner of truth!' said Iraf, laying his forehead in the dust: 'I have been seven days in the house of Hajid Din as a slave, and my petition now is, that thou wilt lay upon me whatever punishment my fault deserves, but let me not be wedded to his surpassing daughter.'

'Young man,' said Aboo Nabat with a sympathising look—it was said that himself had once striven hard for and obtained the sultan's sister at Stambul—'young man, thou art not the first son of Adam who has been earnest to escape the fruit of his own wishes. What thinkest thou of the elder sister?'

'Thy servant is obedient,' said Iraf with a half-groan. 'She was sometimes at peace!'

'Pay down the two thousand piasters, Schamil, thou chief scribe, and let the young man be immediately wedded to Naziray, the elder daughter of Hajid,' said Meerschid Pacha, with a customary glance at the bamboos.

The judgment hall was cleared; the two thousand piasters were paid down the same day; a wedding-feast was spread in the house of Hajid Din, and was celebrated for a week after, when the happy pair went home to the residence of Schamil. Aboo Nabat kept his scribe busy for the ensuing moon, writing out the remarkable story, and his own comments thereon, which were laid up in an ebony chest for the benefit of posterity. Hajid went as usual to work in the morning, and returned half an hour before sunset, but the wooden key never went with him; his door was open to all knocks, and 'Mafish!' became an unheard word from his window; but he continued to hear the name which his people had unanimously bestowed upon him—HAJID DIN LOCKED-OUT.

A WORD ON BRISTLES.

We went one day to call upon a mercantile friend, and found him in his store. The place was greatly choked up with casks—quite an imposing array of them, but when told, in answer to our inquiries, that they were full of nothing more than hogs' bristles, the story of much cry and little wool passed across our memory, and unbidden into a smile, we remarked to our friend, that hogs' bristles were probably not a very valuable commodity? 'Oh! so, so,' replied he; 'we are not very full at present; you do not see before you more than some fifty or sixty thousand pounds' worth.' Fifty or sixty thousand pounds' worth of hogs' bristles! That seemed fabulous; and it was only by slow degrees, and after much cross-questioning, we arrived at the conviction, that the small article which serves as a jacket to the hog, as a needle to a risper, and the subject of our paper, is in itself important enough to give the dealers in it a high rank among the merchant-princes of London.

How many who daily use an assemblage of bristles or bristles, named, from these materials, a brush—whether hair-brush, tooth-brush, nail-brush, clothes-brush, hat-brush, or scrubbing-brush—give a single thought as to its origin, or suffer the thought, if entertained, to go beyond the truism, that the hair comes off the hog's back. Even the gentleman to whom we were indebted for a sight of his store, frankly confessed that his knowledge of a hog's bristle was much more

complete with regard to its quality and value, than to its production and physiology. We may mention, however, that, unlike hair, wool, and other analogous animal coverings, it has two capillary vessels instead of one. It differs, also, in having (technically) a 'flag,' or a separation of the end into several parts. The rough projections on the surface of other kinds of hair, revealed to the eye by the microscope, and to the touch by drawing them between the thumb and finger, are absent in the bristle. With the cobbler, the flag serves to interweave and fasten his threads, while he sews with the root-end: just as if a tailor were to thread his needle at the point, and work with the eye. All this we introduce parenthetically, just to shew the reader that we are 'well up' in the subject, and that he may rely upon our learning.

One would imagine that so common a thing as a bristle, identified with the morning-experience of the man who shaves, and of the maid who scours the floor, would have its history narrated in every book of reference upon our shelves. Just so thought we when we shook our friend by the hand, and started off to verify what he had told us, and to add to the stock of knowledge already amassed. Our Britannicas, Metropolitans, and Jury Reports, however, were searched in vain for additional lore. So unimportant in its details is the subject considered, that it figures in books only as an item among other things, and, by means of books, can be traced back to the chief place of export—no further. But there it forms a something worth observing.

We had been through a friend's warehouse, as we have said, and had been astonished over and over again, as we peeped into a tub, and were told that the bristles it contained were valued at from one to two hundred pounds. Having passed a small dark counting-house, whose aspect hardly testified to the real extent of bristle transactions, we were initiated into the chief arena of the craft. Craft is the proper word; a bristle has to undergo so many processes before it reaches the hand of the brushmaker, that it becomes really a manufactured ware. Arranged on a series of shelves were many bundles, not striking in their appearance, yet very striking as an exemplification of the unthought of value of familiar things. These bundles represented a goodly number of Russian rubles. They were of various sizes, tied up very neatly, and, in appearance, like corpulent dusting-brushes without handles. Some of them were as they had left their own shores, others had undergone a good many operations—washing, cleansing, combing, bleaching, dyeing. They come over occasionally just as they have been pulled out of the hogs' back—dirty, mixed with wool, and saturated with a disagreeable dust; the last a thing which often draws worse than blessings from the dressers, who, to the great prejudice of health, necessarily breathe it into their lungs. Hogs in Siberia, and in other parts where the climate is cold, have an under-coat of woolly hair, of little value in trade, although sometimes it is curled, and serves to stuff cushioned furniture. It has to be combed from the bristles either here or abroad; but, as the wool adds materially to the weight, and allowing it to remain saves a good deal of trouble, the folks abroad often remember to forget this part of the manipulation.

Bristles are of various colours—black, white, and intermediate tints. Upon the colour, the value in some degree depends. White is most valuable, and yellow second; black and gray are inferior. The colour of the light varieties is improved by bleaching, and defective colours are dyed black. Incidentally, we wonder that old-fashioned sulphur is still used as a bleaching agent, and that the more effective power of the modern chlorides has not been applied. Is it that the trade, in its manipulations, pursues the even tenor of its way just as in its closeness as a craft?

Nearly all the bristles come from Russia. It is commonly said, that a squirrel might leap from tree to tree between St Petersburg and Moscow and not touch the ground. The same trees whose branches form tenements for the squirrel, tempt innumerable herds of swine to make their habitation beneath. Germany exports the greatest quantity next to Russia. The notoriety of Westphalia hams, generally accredited bear hams, is our guarantee for the prevalence of hogs in that country. Included in the supplies, is much that is gathered in the provinces of Austria, particularly in the south countries and the mountains of Transylvania. Forests abound in these parts, and the wild boar is common; about one-third is forest-land, and food for the hog is profuse. Oak-apples to the extent of 200,000 bushels are thence exported annually. The fact will serve as a clew to the boar's means of nourishment; for where there are oak-apples, there will also be mast—the favourite food. France and Belgium provide a few fine sorts, which overmatch in delicacy but do not approach in quantity the amount from other sources. A small box upon the merchant's bench—say, three feet by one, and one foot deep—as beautifully packed with small pencils of hair as a case of perfumery or chemicals, all as beautifully white as bleached bristles can be made, illustrated well the characteristic *délicatesse* of the French. Of late years, some have also arrived from America, chiefly from Cincinnati, but in parcels so small, that they hardly form an item in the trade. It is rather remarkable, that the huge continent, covered as it is with mighty forests, where countless hogs run wild, is not more prolific in bristles. Its go-ahead inhabitants have assuredly found out their value, for what involving a profit cannot they spy? Pig-meat is at a discount, and only eaten, as a rule, by the poorest; yet bristles are purchased by America, and in larger parcels than by any other country, next to England, which possesses almost a monopoly of the trade. The Russian and British markets are linked together, and have very little connection with any other in this article. So far as Russia is concerned, the same might be said, indeed, of the whole commerce of the empire. The balance of dealings with any other country almost invariably goes through an English banker.

Not many years ago, the bristles which now come over so nicely prepared, arrived in a higgledy-piggledy state. All lengths and qualities were tied together with a garble—we fall back on our friend's experience—a piece of rag, hide, tow, matting, or any other rude band. The difference is at present so great, that the brushmaker now seeks to emulate him who was once his pupil. The Russians have little claim to originality, but they can copy so well what they see done, that they often excel their preceptors in skill. The value of a bristle is materially increased by the dressing it undergoes. From time to time, a perceptible difference shows itself in all Russian merchandise, as the dealers gain information about the subsequent processes and uses of the articles. The factories of the country are very freely open to the inspection of foreign merchants, for, as our friend remarked, they have everything to gain and nothing to lose from the intercourse.

Some of the bundles shewn to us, not the largest, had a circumference of two feet. All the bristles were placed in one direction, and tied round the base with cord made of twisted bark. The roots of the bristle remained, clearly shewing that the porcine race are subjected to being plucked, just like a goose of the fens, or a young collegian. It puzzled us a good deal to know how so large a quantity could be made up in one bundle. When a bundle was opened, however, it puzzled us still more, for the mass consisted of several varieties kept quite distinct. The centre-pile of a bundle was of one quality and colour, while round

It was a casing of another kind, which, again and again, hid a concentric band of other hues.

We incidentally mentioned that the bristles are brought over in casks. Arranged in our friend's capacious rooms were half a thousand of them, weighing four or five hundredweights each—a stock about enough, we remarked in our simplicity, to supply every awl with wax-end hairs for life, and the whole world, including savages, with brushes. Yet this was not a large stock. The trade had been brisk throughout the season, and had reduced it; while an early winter in the north had frozen in the fresh consignments, and prevented the replenishment of the stores. Some of those we saw were strong horny spines, seven inches long. Some even reached ten inches; but what they gained in length, they lost in *stiffness*—a great desideratum. The best bristles vary from five and a half to seven inches.

The English pig, which is domesticated for its flesh, supplies no bristle worth preserving. It is the semi-tame herds in the vicinity of St Petersburg, and in the interior of Russia, which provide the bulk of the bristles; the strongest come from the wild boar, and are used by the shoemaker for his thread, and by the shearmen in the brush with which he lays the nap after shearing cloth for the last time. The names distinguishing the various qualities, even of the produce of Germany, are Russian. After the fashion that obtains in zoological collections, a twofold nomenclature is used. The first name refers to the merchant or place, the second to the quality. Here is a specimen. 'Medrikoff's Okatkas' are highest on the list: then follow successively, 'Moscutneff's' first sort; 'Koschelnikoff's' Suchoi; 'Siberian or Veliko Looki,' second sort; 'Mettschloffsky's' Brack or Kulms;—that is, refuse.

The half-wild animals referred to are bred near the *Solgons*, or tallow-houses of Russia; buildings used for boiling down fat oxen, which are so numerous as to be slaughtered for their hides and tallow. In the melting season, many herds of swine are farmed by the proprietors, and fed upon the refuse. A month or two will make them so sleek and greasy, that they are driven off to the steppe, and given a few feeds of corn, to refine their flavour. They are so fat, that it is easy to conjecture the hair to have no very tenacious root. With the owners of these animals, the bristle harvest takes a place analogous to shearing in England; but, as we remarked, it is only in the aggregate we know much about the matter. Bristles, in their history, have escaped the notice alike of travellers, authors, and merchants. An author, however, states from hearsay, that a large number of the creatures being driven into a confined spot, the atmosphere is heated to a degree that irritates the skin and makes it soft; and when in this condition, the crop is gathered, and the animal set free.

Every peasant, from the Baltic to Kamtschatka, knows that bristles are available for trade. Agents traverse the continent, and gather in the results of cottage economy in the bristles that have been laid aside. These, with other rural products are then transferred to the great fairs of Russia, and disposed of on a gigantic scale. In our own country, where trade is dispersed, we can have no proper idea of the business done at these fairs: at that of Novgorod, it is said that sales are transacted to the extent of £7,000,000 sterling. Purchased by merchants principally at these fairs, bristles form an important article of export from Russia. In 1852, the quantity exported from St Petersburg alone amounted to 2,137,516 lbs. Think of nearly 3,000,000 poundweights of hogs' bristles leaving one port of one country in one year!

Russian trade, however, depends upon the frost; even hogs' bristles are at its mercy. Winter sometimes approaches so rapidly, that the calculations of the

merchants are at fault. The breaking up of winter is equally peculiar, one day serving to crumble into floating mountains what was the day before a continent of ice. Last season, the winter set in so severely, and so early, that many merchantmen were caught and locked in the ice; and our friend himself has at present a store of bristles icebound. It will serve to shew the magnitude of this extraordinary trade, when we say, that the project was seriously entertained of cutting out the ship, rather than suffer a delay of six months in the consignment. What is more, the project would actually have been carried out if the frost had not been too sharp upon the enterprising projectors. Altogether, 3000 pools, or 108,000 lbs., have been thus kept back at the depot by the frost.

SEA ROUTE ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

THE latest project of this projecting age, is the proposition to form a neck of sea across the Isthmus of Darien, so as to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The scheme goes very much beyond that of a canal. The neck is to be clear tideway throughout, at least 150 feet wide and 30 feet deep; thus affording ample sea-room for vessels of the largest size to pass each other at full sail, or when drawn by steam-tugs. There are to be no locks; the sea, uniting with certain rivers, is to form a firth open at all times, and kept clear by the daily action of the tide from one side to the other. Will not this be one of the grandest triumphs of practical art in modern times? Its influence on the commerce of the world, who can calculate upon!

A proper understanding of the line to be traversed by this great work, may be obtained from the account given by Mr Gisborne of his exploration of the Isthmus; and to this we beg to draw attention.*

Lionel Gisborne is a civil-engineer, who went out last year, at the request of Messrs Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, to examine and report upon the practicability of a canal across this celebrated Isthmus. Such a work has, as is well known, been meditated for centuries, but has hitherto been forbidden by the elevation of the country and the savage condition of its inhabitants. Within the last few years, the need for a readier communication between the Atlantic and Pacific than that by the Strait of Magellan, has received such an impulse from the discovery of the gold of California, that the project has been revived; but the old difficulties being still great, it has been found necessary to form, in the meantime, a kind of provisional communication by means of a railway, and part of this line is now actually in operation, extending about twenty-one miles inland from Navy Bay, on the Atlantic, while the remainder of the journey (32 miles) is performed along an execrable road, terminating at the city of Panama, on the Pacific. Nor has this satisfied our American friends, but they have arranged matters for a similar but longer communication across the Isthmus, at a point much more convenient for them, being several hundred miles less to the southward—namely, from Campeachy Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico, to the Gulf of Tumbucque, on the Pacific. Many of us here are not dreaming that the Americans are making or going to make two railways across their continent. In England, however, the idea of a canal by which ships of all burdens might pass between the two oceans has been at the same time kept in view, notwithstanding all obstructions, and in the present volume we get an interesting glimpse of the movement.

The following line for a canal as heretofore planned, is

* *The Isthmus of Darien in 1852, &c.* By Lionel Gisborne. London: Saunders & Stanford. 1853.

use which occurs at about the 11th degree of north latitude, and is partly composed of the Juna River, and a lake (Nicaragua) out of which that river issues, the remainder of the space being occupied by the chain of mountainous grounds which extends along the whole Isthmus in greater or less prominence. American and British capitalists have been seriously contemplating this line, which it was thought possible to realise on a scale of twelve feet of waterway for £4,000,000 sterling, or on a scale of twenty feet of waterway for £10,000,000. But it has been seen that this plan, involving 100 miles of canalised river, and some serious difficulties in the lake, and yet affording a passage for only a limited class of vessels, not to speak of its twenty-eight locks, and the unhealthiness of the 195 miles of country through which it passes, was too seriously objectionable to be entertained, and it was then that Sir Charles Fox resolved to have another line of passage surveyed. The results are described in the volume before us.

The spot pitched upon by Mr Gisborne has a melancholy interest for us in Scotland, on account of its being the scene of the disastrous settlement effected by the Darien Company in 1695. Caledonia Bay and Port Escoeces are names which still commemorate that sad affair, in which poor Scotland lost £1,000,000 and the lives of many of her children—something like national ruin then depending on the loss of an amount of capital which would now scarcely be missed out of the bank-account of not a few of her individual capitalists. After making some preparations at Cartagena, Mr Gisborne, with his assistant Mr Forde, reached Port Escoeces on the 15th of June in a small schooner. It was strikingly a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The Isthmus at this part is occupied by tribes of Indians, who, knowing well the usual consequences of the intrusion of the white man, are determined to keep him out by all means in their power. So successful have they been in frightening away all civilised strangers, that we have positively no information about the country since that reported by the Buccaneers in the early part of the last century. It is understood, however, that these savages are not so hostile to Englishmen as to Americans, and, above all, to Spaniards. Here, then, are two English engineers, with a few sailors, touching at this forlorn coast, with the task before them of exploring a passage across about fifty miles of country, most of it in the hands of a people who, if they catch them, will be very apt to take their lives. Mr Gisborne's only hope was in a stealthy march into the country, avoiding the Indians if possible, and, if encountered by them, pretending ignorance of the rule established against intruders.

Leaving their vessel in the port, the two gentlemen set out at seven in the morning of the 17th, accompanied by three English sailors. Each of the party had to carry a burden of some kind, spare clothes, provisions, bedding, or instruments, and they arranged for five days' absence. Mr Gisborne went in front, cutting a way through the forest with his machete. The party ascended two hills of the nearest range, the height of which they ascertained barometrically to be respectively 220 and 270 feet. They went on, and soon came to a river running west, which they fondly flattered themselves was an indication of their being already on the water-shed of the Pacific. At four in the afternoon, they stopped for the night, lighted a fire, refreshed themselves, and made their beds on a heap of banana leaves. In sleep, they were visited by brilliant engineering dreams of water-communications easy beyond all hope; but while awake they were prevented from indulging in too fond hopes by hearing something most suspiciously resembling the roll of the surf upon a pebbly shore. A heavy shower helped to keep them in a sober state of mind. At last, the whistling grasshopper began his morning-call, and shortly after a few green parrots woke the feathered tribe, and the

woods were again alive with sounds. A large tabaco kept up a most hideous howl within a few yards of us; it resembled the roar of a wild beast, and had I not been aware of his noisy propensity, I should have felt uncomfortable, notwithstanding that a six-barrelled revolver lay by my side.

After an early breakfast, the party started again, but soon found their river turning northward and eastward; it was, in short, a branch of the Caledonia River, which runs into the Atlantic. They had not proceeded far, when they fell into the hands of an armed party of Indians. Here was an end to their exploration. They were speedily conducted to a village at Caledonia Bay, which is only about five miles to the north of Port Escoeces. Our presence seemed to astonish the villagers considerably. After some parley, one of them addressed us in broken English, and asked who we were, and what we were doing. We answered, Englishmen, who had lost their way in the country. The village was on the opposite side of the river from us, and some consultation took place before a canoe was sent to ferry us across. On landing, we were received with apparent cordiality, the Indian who spoke English being evidently the head among them; he conducted us to the sea-side, a little distance from the village, and then commenced a scene which I can never forget. This Indian was called Bill, and he told us that the rest were very angry at our having been in the interior, as they allowed no one to land, the old man (their chief, who lives at San Blas) having ordered that no one should ever be allowed to land. We explained that we had arrived there in a brigantine, and, no Indians coming on board, we took a trip into the interior; that they never let us know this rule, and therefore we had not broken it wilfully. One young Indian, the eldest son of the old man (as they call their chiefs), and who will succeed his father in authority, got up and harangued the rest for nearly half an hour. I never saw a finer sample of excited passion. His frame was small, but beautifully proportioned; he spoke with vehemence and much gesticulation, and Bill informed us—what we could see ourselves—that he was very angry. Several other Indians spoke, and then Bill smoothed them down by explaining, that we had acted in ignorance, that we were Englishmen, and as such ought to be their friends; and advised that we should be allowed to go on board the *Feloa* [their schooner], if we promised to set sail at once. This arrangement was agreed to, and the two engineers returned to their vessel.

They soon after crossed by the Panama Railway; and from the Bay of San Miguel, on the Pacific, commenced a land-exploration in the direction of the point where they had been interrupted by the Indians. They succeeded in crossing the country to within about six miles of that point, and became satisfied that a canal might be cut across the Isthmus between a point seven miles up the Savannah River and Caledonia Bay—a length of thirty miles—with only the necessity of cutting through a country generally low, and which rises at one point to no more than 150 feet above the mean level of the sea. They even think there is every reason to believe that a lower summit-level may be found. Mr Gisborne estimates the expense of a canal of thirty feet deep, and 140 feet broad at bottom, at £12,000,000 sterling. The material to be excavated is a shale in thinish beds, not difficult to cut, but which would make a good lining to the navigation.

It will readily occur to every one who takes a little time to reflect, that the proposed expense goes much beyond the powers of the joint-stock commercial principle—as the required income of so costly a canal would be somewhere about £2,000 a day, in order to pay even a moderate percentage on the outlay. It is clear that, without large free contributions from some of the principal states of the world (to be required, perhaps,

no special privileges), no such canal can be formed. While, therefore, we give great credit to Fox, Henderson, and Brassey for their spirited conduct in sending out this little expedition, and admire the heroic and hardy adventures of Mr Gisborne and his assistant in search of levels, we must candidly admit, that they appear to us to have only taken a part in some long series of transactions preparatory to a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific. One good service Mr Gisborne has undoubtedly rendered, in ascertaining that there is a part of this Isthmus where the ground rises only 160 feet. It is a hopeful fact; but one which only renders it the more necessary or expedient that a more strenuous effort should be made to ascertain the lowest summit-level between the two seas, for of course, for anything we know, there may be one not twenty feet above the sea-level. For the scientific world to be in darkness on this point, may surely be reckoned amongst its *opprobria*. We would fain see a hardy spirit like Mr Gisborne heading a geodesical party, large in numbers and powerful in arms, which would sweep along the whole Isthmus in spite of its savage inhabitants, on a search for this natural point of passage, and in its discovery giving us assurance that the execution of a free canal is monetarily practicable.

Since writing the above, we perceive that the prospectus of a joint-stock company has been issued for carrying the bold scheme of oceanic junction into execution. The capital of the company is fixed at £15,000,000; and it is stated that this sum will be amply sufficient to cover all expenses whatsoever; while, by a calculation of the amount of shipping and number of passengers that will take advantage of the route, high hopes of a profitable return are held out. We sincerely trust that nothing will occur to prevent the execution of this most daring and useful undertaking.

A FEW STATISTICS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

WHILE American novelists have been drawing paper pictures of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin,' and innumerable other competitive cabins of this character, the planters of the south have been visited with a sort of philanthropic mania for erecting 'improved dwellings' for their negroes, and introducing 'scientific culture' into their cotton-fields. They have been holding conventions to promote industrial progress, collecting statistics, supporting commercial journals, and contributing personal experience, in the shape of essays and letters, a vast mass of which have been recently published in an encyclopedic work on the *Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States*.* We have read these papers with much interest, for though they are animated with an intense southern spirit, they are full of valuable information, much of which cannot elsewhere be met with. They have the advantage, too, of not having been written for any other purpose than the mutual benefit and instruction of the planters themselves, and are, therefore, more unreserved and more worthy of confidence than if they had been originally intended for permanent publication in a form which would bring them before European readers. The contributors are planters, lawyers, and physicians, each illustrating his own department of the subject.

The medical reports are occupied with the diseases and physical peculiarities of the negroes; but of these only a few points may engage our attention.

One of the most formidable ailments among negroes, more fatal than any other, is congestion of the lungs. Except when the body is warmed by exercise, the negro's lungs are very sensitive to the impressions of cold air. When not working, they are eager to crowd around a fire, even in comparatively warm weather, and seem to take a positive pleasure in breathing heated air and warm smoke. If they sleep beside a fire, they turn their heads to it.

Consumption is a common disease, and presents peculiar features. Its seat is not in the lungs, stomach, liver, or any organ of the body, but in the mind; and its cause is stated to be cruelty on the part of the master, and superstition or dissatisfaction on the part of the negro. On almost every large plantation, one or more negroes are to be found who are ambitious to be considered in the character of conjurers, in order to gain influence, and to make the others fear and obey them. It is said that their influence over their fellow-servants would not be credited by persons unacquainted with the superstitious mind of the negro. Intelligent negroes believe in conjuration, though they are ashamed to acknowledge it. The effect of such a superstition—a firm belief that he is poisoned or conjured—upon the patient's mind, already in a morbid state, and his health affected from hard usage, overtaking, or exposure, want of wholesome food, good clothing, comfortable lodging, with the distressing idea that he is an object of dislike both to his master and his fellow-slaves, and has no one to befriend him, tends directly to generate that erythema of mind which is the essential cause of negro consumption. This complaint often causes a depraved appetite for earth, chalk, lime, and such indigestible substances—natural instinct leading the patient to absorbents to correct the state of the stomach.

Contrary to the received opinion, a northern climate, though not so favourable to the physical health, is the most favourable to the intellectual development of the negroes; those of Missouri, Kentucky, and the colder parts of Virginia and Maryland, having much more mental energy, being more bold and ungovernable than in the southern lowlands; a dense atmosphere causing a better ventilation of their blood. A northern climate remedies, to a considerable degree, their naturally indolent disposition; but they are more healthy and long-lived in a tropical climate, provided they can be induced to labour. So sensitive are they to cold, and so little are they affected by that fell destroyer of the white race, malaria, which kills more than war and famine, that they suffer, in the southern states, more from diseases of winter than those of summer. 'They are,' says Dr Nott of Mobile, 'exempt from the violent congestive fevers of our interior districts, and other violent forms of marsh fever; and so exempt are they from yellow fever, that I am now attending my first case of this disease in a full-blooded negro. In fact, it would seem that the negro blood is an antidote against yellow fever, for the smallest admixture of it with the white will protect against this disease, even though the subject come from a healthy northern latitude in the midst of an epidemic.'

Physiologically, negroes resemble children, in whom the nervous system predominates, and whose temperament is lymphatic. Good-nature is decidedly a prevalent characteristic of the negro race, but it is associated with irritability; and considering their treatment, this last peculiarity can excite no surprise.

* *The Industrial Resources, &c., of the Southern and Western States*. By J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Louisiana, 3 vols. 1857.

One of the greatest mysteries to those unacquainted with the negro character, is the facility with which 300 or 300 able-bodied negroes are held in subjection by one white man, who sleeps in perfect security among them, with doors and windows open. Another mystery is the undoubted fact of the love they bear to a kind master. It is not arbitrary authority over them that they dread, but cruelty, and the petty tyranny and imposition of one another. All this is accounted for by their physiological constitution. The slaveholder of course makes this an argument for slavery. But if, in these respects, his negroes are like his children, what should he do with the latter? The facts are undoubted, but they might suggest a very different course of treatment for the negroes.

The vital statistics of slavery are not sufficiently copious and accurate to furnish data for very sweeping conclusions. But increased attention has been directed to the subject, in consequence of the introduction of life insurance in connection with the slaves. This would be a powerful prop to the system, and a source of increased cruelty to its victims. And herein is the great obstacle to its success. When a company insures the life of a free man, it has the best of all guarantees against foul play—namely, the innate love of life of the insured party. But the master's self-interest is the sole law in the treatment of negroes; and as soon as a slave became unsound, and worth less than the amount insured, what would be the result? The tender mercies of his master would be very small; and it is a singular fact, that the negroes who will nurse their master with untiring devotion and kindness, night and day, are utterly regardless of each other's wants in sickness.

The future statistics of negro life-insurance will be very important. Insurance companies will know what they are about; and if they refuse to insure negroes, it will be in vain for the planters to say, that the charge of cruelty brought against them is false; while, on the other hand, if the insurance system become general, the south must be credited with more humanity than is commonly attributed to it. Statistics sometimes tell curious tales.

The report of the Prison Discipline Association for 1845 throws some light on the morals, as well as the longevity, of negroes in the north. After giving the bills of mortality for the black and white population in the city and penitentiary of Philadelphia, the report says: 'Out of 1000 of each colour residing in the city, 196 blacks die for every 100 whites; and for every 1000 of each colour in the penitentiary, the astonishing number of 816 blacks to every 100 whites. Returns from the Philadelphia County Prison for the last ten years, shew that out of 101 deaths in that establishment, 54 died of consumption. Of these, 40 were coloured, and 14 white.'

In 1845, Matthew L. Bevan, president of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, says: 'The increase of deaths comes from blacks. This increase of mortality is found in the fact, that those coloured inmates from the county of Philadelphia are so constitutionally diseased, as under any and all circumstances to be short-lived, from their character and habits. They die of constitutional and chronic disorders, which are general among their order, owing to the privations they undergo, and the want of proper attention in infancy, and their peculiar mode of living.' Mr Bevan concludes: 'Including in the use of ardent spirits, subjected to a prejudice, which bids defiance to any successful attempt to improve their physical or moral condition, from youth to manhood, sowing the seeds of disease in their constitutions, and at last becoming inmates of prisons.'

The southern planters of course point to these facts with exultation, and contrast their own treatment of the blacks with great advantage. It would indeed appear from several papers in these volumes (*De Bow*),

and it is not an unlikely thing to occur as an apocryphal phenomenon, that a scientific spirit is gaining ground among the slave-owners, which extends not merely to improved cotton culture, but also to improved negro management. Some of the contributions of this character are both interesting and amusing. The suggestions about 'improved dwellings,' 'sanitary regulations,' and 'water supply,' not to mention provisions of a more spiritual character, would do credit to Lord Shaftesbury, or Prince Albert himself. Evidently, these planters consider themselves no mean philanthropists.

One 'very sensible and practical writer' gives a description of his plantation, which would tempt any man to become a slave for the pleasure of living on it. His 'quarter' has been selected on scientific principles, 'well protected by the shade of forest-trees, sufficiently thinned out to admit a free circulation of air, so situated as to be free from the impurities of stagnant water,' and on this he has erected 'comfortable houses, made of hewn post oak, covered with cypress, 16 by 18, with close plank floors and good chimneys, and elevated two feet from the ground. The ground under and around the houses is swept every month, and the houses, both inside and out, whitewashed twice a year.' Then there are 'good cisterns, providing an ample supply of pure water,' and 'ample clothing' for their beds, with a hen-house for each, so that he may have 'his chickens and eggs for his evening and morning meals to suit himself,' besides gardens for every family, in which 'they raise such vegetables and fruits as they take a fancy to.' The beauty of this description would be lost, were it regarded as drawn for European readers. It was written for a local magazine, as a *bona-fide* essay on the scientific management of negroes. This gentleman's treatment of his negroes is as precise as if he were conducting an hospital or superintending a nursery. 'Their dinners are cooked for them, and carried to the field, always with vegetables, according to the season. There are two houses set apart at mid-day for resting, eating, and sleeping, if they desire it [always consulting their wishes], and they retire to one of the weather-sheds or the grove to pass this time, not being permitted to remain in the hot sun while at rest.' A species of Harmony Hall has been erected for the children, 'where all are taken at daylight, and placed under the charge of a careful and experienced woman.' Moreover, continues our philanthropic planter, 'I have a large and comfortable hospital provided for my negroes when they are sick; to this is attached a nurse's room; and when a negro complains of being too unwell to work, he is at once sent to the hospital.'

Nor are either lighter or weightier matters overlooked. Besides passing a 'liquor-law' for his plantation, which secures sobriety, 'I must not omit to mention,' he says, 'that I have a good fiddler, and keep him well supplied with catgut; and I make it his duty to play for the negroes every Saturday night until twelve o'clock. They are exceedingly punctual in their attendance at the ball, while Charley's fiddle is always accompanied with Herod on the triangle, and Sam to "pat!"'

Better still: 'I also employ a good preacher, who regularly preaches to them on the Sabbath-day, and it is made the duty of every one to come up clean and decent to the place of worship. As Father Garrist regularly calls on Brother Abram to close the exercises, he gives out and sings his hymn with much unction, and always cocks his eye at Charley the fiddler; as much as to say: "Old fellow, you had your time last night; now it is mine."'

Neither the preaching nor the prayers have much effect on their morality, for the writer admits that they are very licentious. He attempted to improve them 'for many years by preaching virtue and decency, encouraging marriages, and by punishing, with some severity, departures from marital obligations; but it was all in vain.'

Another contributor to the science of 'negro management,' says: 'In no case should two families be allowed to occupy the same house. The crowding a number into one house is unhealthy. It breeds contention; is destructive of delicacy of feeling; and it promotes immorality between the sexes. In addition to their dwellings, where there are a number of negroes, they should be provided with a suitable number of properly located water-closets,* which, in addition to other ends, may 'serve the much more important purpose of cultivating feelings of delicacy.'

The pro-slavery romancers, who have been paying back Mrs Stowe in her own coin, will here find ample corroboration of their pleasant and pathetic pictures of negro-life.

There is another point to which we must advert before closing this paper. It appears that the slave population of America has been doubled within the last thirty years. In 1860, the slaves will number four millions; at the end of the next thirty years, they will number six millions and a half; and at the commencement of the next century, they will not fall far short of thirteen millions. The question presents itself—what is to be done with this rapidly increasing population? The south says to the north, 'let us enlarge our slave territory.' The north refuses; whereupon the south retaliates by a threat to employ slave-labour in the manufacture of such articles as are now made almost exclusively in the northern states. At present, it is said that free-labour is cheaper than slave-labour for manufacturing purposes; but it will be different as the latter is multiplied. The subject is seriously discussed by the planters. Already, there are factories in South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, where negro-labour has been successfully employed. In 1850, there were ninety-three factories in these states. It has been ascertained that the negroes are quite equal to the work, and that it suits their habits. Some writers also contend, that they are ready now to compete with the north, and with all the world, as regards the quality and price of what they can manufacture; and that time alone is wanted to render the south the greatest seat of manufactures in the world.

We give these statistics, because we believe they exhibit the subject in new aspects, and indicate that new elements are about to be introduced into the slave problem. Southern labour will press upon the north; and to perplex the problem still further, northern labour threatens to press upon the south, as will appear from the following extract from *Cist's Cincinnati* in 1851:—"The time consumed in sowing, tending, and harvesting the cereal crops, embraces about one-half the year: if not in idleness, then, during the remainder of it, the labourer has to seek other employments than on the land. The grain crop is sown and gathered during the months of April, May, June, July, August, September, and part of October; this includes corn. The cotton crop is seeded in the spring, and gathered during the late fall and winter months. Now, let the great reduction take place which I predict in the cost of locomotion; let the passage between this city and Charleston come down, as I predict it will, to five dollars, and to intermediate points in the same proportion; and let the time consumed in the trip be within my estimate—say, thirty-six hours to Charleston—who will gather the cotton crop? What becomes of slavery and slave-labour when these northern hordes shall descend upon the fair fields of the sunny south? No conflict, no interference with southern institutions need be apprehended; the unemployed northern labourer will simply underwork the slave during the winter months, and, when the crop is gathered, return to his home. It is known that the labour required to gather the cotton crop, as compared with that to plant and tend it, is as

about four to one—that is, one man can plant and tend as much as four can gather.'

It would appear, then, that the 'peculiar institutions' of the south will not remain unaffected by the general progress of the world. And from another quarter a blow is threatened, which will set Jonathan to calculate again whether his slaves will be any profit to him. We allude to cotton cultivation in Australia, not to speak of India. In the course of last summer, Dr Lang, of Sydney, addressed a series of letters to the *Daily News*, in which he presented a very plausible 'demonstration,' as he calls it, of his conviction, 'that cotton of the finest quality for the home-market can be grown by means of British free-labour to any conceivable extent on the coast of Australia; that the growth of that article, of indispensable necessity for the manufactures of this country, will prove a highly remunerative employment for tens of thousands of the industrious and virtuous working-classes of this country, provided they can only be carried out and settled in sufficient numbers along our coast, of which the climate cannot be surpassed by that of any other country on earth; that there is no difficulty whatever in the way of our competing, and competing successfully and triumphantly, in this department of transmarine industry, with the slaveholders of the United States; and that there is a moral certainty of our being enabled, in a very few years hence, and in the fair and honourable way of free-trade and open competition, to give its death-blow to slavery in America.'

HOSPITAL LIFE:

A SKETCH.

The dim light is streaming through the windows of a long and lofty apartment, throwing into faint outline rows of small blue-covered beds, arranged at intervals along each of its side-walls. At one extremity of the ward, as it is termed, the faint flare of a fire assists the feeble dawn to render the interior of this asylum for the sick more distinctly visible. It is six o'clock, and at this hour the active duties of the patients commence, though the night-nurse has been with them during the silent hours of sleep, to attend upon those who require her services. Some are now rising; others, unable to do so, are receiving or waiting for the attentions they need; and here and there is a poor sufferer who, after tossing through the weary night, has at length fallen off into a short but welcome sleep.

The morning ablutions are now completed, breakfast is over, beds made, and the ward has assumed that aspect of neatness and cleanliness so characteristic of an hospital.

It is now nine o'clock—dressers, medical students appointed to the several wards, are performing such minor offices of medical art as may safely be intrusted to their care. The house-surgeon will soon make his appearance, and inquire into the condition of patients who are more seriously ill. The chaplain walks round, cheerfully greeting his sickly flock; a table is conveniently placed, and words of solemn exhortation and warning are falling upon the ears of some who perhaps have not heard a pastor's voice for many sin-stained years. The steward marches along, and casts a scrutinizing glance over the beds and the ward generally.

It is now twelve o'clock—medicines have been given long ago; and as to-day is 'doctor's day,' the surgeon under whose care the patients are placed is expected every moment. See how pale the cheek of that sufferer near the fireplace has turned!—he knows that the dreaded knife is at hand. A stamping is heard upon the stairs, and immediately afterwards a troop of students, headed by the slim-featured surgeon, come quickly into the ward. Proceeding from bed to bed, his searching eye scans every sufferer, and his slow but

* Quoted in *Fraser's Treatise on Slavery*, p. 20 (1848).

pertinent questions unravel the tangled web of years of disease. A groan or a scream gives occasional token that he is exercising the painful but salutary knife. The lip of the pale-faced boy is quivering; but, ah! he has escaped—no operation is needed for the present. Now the students are clustering closely round that dark-haired patient in the corner; he is a mate in a merchant-ship, and met with an accident at sea, which has inflicted some deep-seated injury. Two in the rear are chatting in smothered tones about the 'Derby-day,' heedless of the case before them. May you and I never be patients under the care of such inattentive observers! And now all have gone.

Dinner is over, and some are reading, others talking, others sleeping. The little fellow there, near the entrance of the ward, is indulging himself in various antics upon his bed. Three others at the fire are proposing and discussing various plans for the reform of church and state.

It is now three o'clock—'visiting-hours' are just commencing, and several friends of different patients are going, some with smiles, others almost with tears, to the bedside of those whom they have come to see. How earnestly the little fellow is looking out for his mother! and in the corner there is a young man who is expecting his sweetheart every minute. He has asked 'What o'clock is it now, please?' some half-dozen times since the dinner-hour. So how anxiously that female gazes towards the bed which she is hurriedly approaching! Her husband was knocked down in the street by a horse about an hour ago; and she has come with trembling steps to learn the extent of the injury. Happily it is a slight one, and the cloud of sorrow vanishes from her face, as her husband tells her that he was only stunned, not seriously hurt. A sorrowing group is gathered round the couch of the suffering mate; he seems worse to-day.

It is now five o'clock—the visiting-hours are over, and the ward is slowly returning to its former quietness. The rosy-checked girl in the corner has turned back once already to give her sweetheart a second farewell, and see, there she is back again, to tell him to be sure and write if he is worse. Little fear is there of that, for his is *only* a broken bone, and in hospitals that is little thought of.

The evening meal is now over, and one of the patients is reading prayers. Solemnly and beautifully his voice falls upon the ear from the further extremity of the ward, calling upon all present to remember who it is in whose hands sickness and health are. The Sister who superintends the general business of the ward, and occupies apartments close adjoining, has gone out for her evening walk. Patients also are relaxing; one is attempting to sleep, and with no indifferent success; while the little fellow has betaken himself to the bedside of another young sufferer, and is now intently listening to the story of a bear that devoured a man who had murdered his companion.

The day-nurse is busy attending to her dressings; every wound is neatly and quickly attended to, and eight o'clock—bedtime—is rapidly approaching.

But, hark! a loud tramping is heard below, and presently a group enters the ward, bearing a motionless body upon a stretcher. It is deposited in a snowy-sheeted bed, and the house-surgeon steps to the bedside to examine the case again, although he has already inspected it below. Signs of returning animation soon appear, the patient groans, and tosses to and fro. But he is seriously hurt. Blood is oozing from a swelled wound on one temple. He becomes more and more restless. A note is despatched to the ward-surgeon, who resides at some distance. He is out at a party, but pleasure cannot give way to this call; his dress-coat is doffed, and a more homely one buttoned over the gay vest. He is hurriedly driven to the Hospital, and arrives an hour from the time the messenger

was despatched, he enters the ward. A cluster of students, who have heard of this interesting case, accompany him. Rapid but calm inquiries are made as to the circumstances of the accident, and the sufferer is carefully examined. Patients from adjoining beds are earnest lookers-on. 'He must be trephined,' is the decision of the surgeon. The Sister, who had returned from her walk before the 'accident' was brought in, is giving orders to her nurses for due supplies of hot water and other necessaries. She has gone from bed to bed for the third time to-day, administering medicines. The night-nurse came on duty at eight o'clock, and the day-nurse must stay to assist on this special occasion. The formidable boxes of instruments are brought up and placed near the bedside of the now insensible sufferer. Swiftly, but gently and steadily, the operation proceeds. A piece of bone, about as large as a shilling, is neatly removed from the skull beneath the swelled wound, but no sign of suffering awakes from the lips of the patient: he breathes heavily, and that is all. Various instruments are rapidly passed between the surgeon and the official who has them under his charge. But no favourable change appears: after repeated attempts to relieve the apparent pressure upon the brain, the surgeon slowly lays down the delicate little lancet in his hand. 'I have done all; I can do no more,' he says sadly.

The sufferer is left to die. A medical student sits by his bedside to watch. It is now eleven o'clock, and all is still save the heavy breathing of the new patient. Slowly the occupants of the different beds drop asleep; at last, the one who lies in the couch adjoining that one in which this sad scene has been enacting, falls into a troubled slumber also. One—two—three successively peal from the neighbouring church clock. Awakening with a start from a frightful dream, the patient who has witnessed the whole operation upon his dying neighbour, turns quickly round. The student is standing over his charge. 'I think he is dead, sir?' Presently a prolonged sigh escapes from the wounded man's lips, and all is still. 'He is dead now,' says the student. A sheet is spread over the corpse, a screen placed round it, and all is silent again. The student has gone, and after musing upon the solemnity of lying so near to a dead body, the patient who alone had witnessed the closing scene falls again into a slumber.

Morning again dawns. The day-nurse re-enters the ward at six o'clock to resume her duties; the dead body is attended to: two men enter with a coffin-like box; the corpse is hurried into it, and in a few minutes it disappears.

Such, reader, is hospital life. Variations, however, occur, and in a physician's ward—for we have described one under the care of a surgeon—accidents are unknown. In a surgical ward, too, they are admitted only in rotation, so that some weeks intervene between each successive return of 'accident-week.' Weeks, too, pass without a single death—sometimes months.

These institutions are noble ones, and thousands of valuable lives are saved by them. As we write from personal experience, we may be allowed to suggest the propriety of confining nurses strictly to such work as is implied in their name, and leaving the rough and dirty labour of cleansing the ward to others specially appointed for the purpose. In one large hospital, and perhaps in many others, we believe this plan is adopted. A superior class of women would probably thus be secured. Some arrangement, too, should be made by which their Sunday confinement should be diminished. The employment of male nurses for men's wards is another subject worthy of consideration: this plan is in operation, we believe, at Greenwich Hospital. And, last of all, a good supply of useful and interesting books should be distributed, and changed weekly, throughout an hospital. This plan is partially adopted in the

ingitation with which we are ourselves familiarly acquainted, but many of the books are unsuited for students. Dry antiquated works are not adapted for the present generation of readers.

JUDGES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It is curious to see what hitherto neglected holes and corners are ransacked now-a-days for historical and biographical material, and still more curious to find what interesting stuff such researches bring to light. A very successful explorer in the realm of law and lawyers is Lord Campbell, who has turned his learned labours to popular account in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Lives of the Chief-Justices of England*. From the latter work we propose to glean as many curiosities as will interest the reader for half an hour, if he will favour us, or, as we might put it, favour himself with reading what, for his amusement, we are about to write. Lord Campbell's *Lives* commence with the Norman Conquest, for the chief-justiceship was a Norman, and not an Anglo-Saxon institution—indeed, an attempt on the part of the king to centralise the administration of justice in a supreme judge, as he aimed at centralising the administration of government in his own supreme majesty. It did not succeed, however, if it was ever intended, as a destroyer of already existing institutions. In course of time this, with all Norman innovations, cordially compromised the matter with what was more democratic in the use and wont of law or government; and the whole has come down to us as one venerable unity.

From the reign of William, the long series of chief-justices consisted of nobles and baron-bishops, who were usually men of mark under the crown, and whom it was necessary to conciliate with the possession of power. In the reign of Henry III., this dangerous order of judges fell into disloyalty; and a good excuse was furnished for restricting their duties to matters of mere administration. The line of baronial justiciars, however, closed, it is considered, with the best on the list—a man of genius and humble origin, who, in the confusion of the time, slipped into the office for a year or two. This was Henry de Bracton, whom Lord Campbell calls one of the greatest jurists of any age or country. Curiously enough, the first of the mere judges, the first chief-justice 'at the king's pleasure' was not a civilian, as had been determined, but a baron, a son of the sword, a Bruce—the grandfather of 'the Bruce of Bannockburn.' He had learned the law in England, and continued there till the accession of Edward I., when, on the death of the Maid of Norway, he returned to Scotland, and threw himself into the tumult of the Scottish succession. One chief-justice was hanged at Tyburn, in 1389, by the barons, who were then at variance with Richard II., and who saw in the judge their great enemy. Shortly afterwards, several of the judges were tried by the House of Commons, for having given the king false advice at Nottingham, with the view of preventing a convocation of the barons. They were transported to Ireland. In the biography of Sir William Gascoigne, Lord Campbell contends, in spite of those who would throw historic doubt over the matter, that this chief-justice did really commit Prince Henry to the Bench Prison, for interfering violently in behalf of one of his servants, indicted at the bar of the court. The successor of Sir William was Sir W. Hankford, of whose life nothing is so memorable as his mode of leaving it. He wished to die, but shrunk from suicide, seeing that the self-slayer's goods were usually forfeited, and he himself buried in a cross-road, with a stake through his body. Several of his deer having been stolen, he set a keeper to watch in the park at night, with orders to shoot any intruder who would not answer when challenged. One dark night, the

keeper met such a man, and shot him dead: this was his master. The story is well authenticated.

In a succession of chief-justices, we find no remarkable men till Queen Elizabeth's time; they were mostly subservient to the powers that were, particularly in the time of Henry VIII., who, reigning after the fall of the barons and before the rise of the Commons, enjoyed the Golden Age of English royalty. His chief-justice, Montagu, when a young man, just sent to the House of Commons, was ambitious of playing a Roman part for his debut; and denounced in a florid harangue Wolsey's coming down to that House, to hurry on a very slow money-bill. But next day, he was sent for by the king, who thus addressed him: 'Hail! will they not let my bill pass?' The young patriot, in a great fright, went on his knees, when the jovial Henry, laying his hand on his head, went on: 'Get my bill passed by twelve o'clock to-morrow, or else by two o'clock to-morrow this head of yours shall be off!' Montagu was immediately cured of his public spirit, and became a steady courtier the rest of his days.

The most remarkable chief-justice in Queen Elizabeth's time was Popham. He was stolen by gipsies in his infancy, and his life in early youth was wild, reckless, and profligate. While a law-student in the Middle Temple, he was in the habit of robbing travellers on Shooter's Hill—at that time rather a gentlemanly employment. His wife, however, reclaimed him, and he became a hard student.

After Popham—who died immensely rich—came Chief-justice Fleming, of whom James I. used to say (and it is sufficient here to say, that he was a judge after his own heart; and then came 'the greatest orator of English municipal jurisprudence,' Sir Edward Coke. His father was a lawyer, and the son (born 1551) resolved to study law too, make money, and be a judge. He was a miracle of perseverance and industry. He seemed to live on his 'law,' as Boniface lived on his ale: he ate it, and drank it, and slept upon it—allowing himself none of the amusements natural to those of his age. Neither then, nor at any other time, did he ever read a play, see a play acted, or sit in company with an actor; and yet, like Blackstone, he could write verses for his children. The result of this severe industry was, that he eclipsed all his competitors, and, as Lord Campbell says, 'rose in his profession as rapidly as Lord Erskine did two hundred years later.' He married an heiress, who brought him £30,000, and lived happily with her above a dozen years. He was all his life a mere lawyer. Neither philosophy nor poetry had any place in his hard, practical mind. He had a dry pedantry of speech, which it is now amusing to read. Being chosen Speaker in the Commons, he began his first speech to the queen thus:—'As in the heavens a star is but *opacum corpus*, until it hath received light from the sun, so stand I, *caput opacum*, a mute body, until your highness's bright shining wisdom hath looked on me and allowed me.' Thus he doubtless considered particularly choice and happy. In 1598, he became a widower, and casting about at once for another wife to preside over his household and ten children, he fixed on the young and beautiful Lady Hatton, lately widowed, though scarcely twenty years of age. She had already been wooed by her cousin, Francis Bacon; but he was poor, and she gave him no encouragement. Coke, in the first instance, applied to the father and uncle of the beauty; and being the greatest lawyer, and now one of the richest men in England, it was agreed to. It did not suit the lady herself, and she refused to be married in church to a crabbied old law-book, who was only plain Mr Coke, and old enough to be her father. She would agree only to a private marriage; and though Archbishop Whitgift had denounced private marriages as uncanonical, and involving excommunication, Coke made no demur, and they were married in a private

house. It was not a happy union. Lady Hatton kept her own name and her own property. She loved everything her husband hated—masques, balls, the company of the gay and the gallant, and the poetry of Surrey and Spenser. In a year, they had a daughter, who was afterwards the unhappy cause of much strife between them.

On the accession of King James, Coke was knighted, and retained as attorney-general. At the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, his behaviour was violent in the extreme, and showed that Judge Jeffreys did not monopolise judicial coarseness and injustice. The only redeeming feature in his insolence, was its universality: he flattered no man, high or low. He always kept that sturdiness of disposition which broke out so remarkably in the latter years of his long and energetic life. His rivalry with Bacon, seven or eight years his junior, was keen and incessant. Bacon gives one passage of it, which is absolutely laughable: it was concerning a motion he was to make in the Court of Exchequer, such as would be disagreeable to Coke. 'This I did in as gentle and reasonable terms as might be. Mr Attorney kindled at it, and said: "Mr Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good." I answered coldly in these very words: "Mr Attorney, I respect you: I fear you not; and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it." He replied: "I think scorn to stand on terms of greatness with you, who are less than little—less than the least;" and other such strange, light terms he gave me with that insulting, which cannot be expressed.' And so the scolding went on (for we cannot quote it all) between these two immortalities—the respective oracles of law and philosophy.

In 1606, he was created Chief-justice of the Common Pleas. In this office, he steadily set his face against the despotic attempts of the crown, which, having destroyed the power of the barons, was now destined to yield in turn to the better-rooted power of the Commons. James wished to subject civil as well as ecclesiastical cases to the High Commission. Coke opposed it. The king made him a member of the Commission, but he would not sit. The archbishop of Canterbury then advised the king to sit in it himself; but Coke told him that, by the law of England, the king cannot, in his own person, adjudge any case at all. His majesty got into a rage, to think that he should be under the law! But Coke quoted Bracton against him, and completed his discomfiture with law Latin! The king, on another occasion, required him to stop a trial which he was hearing, and adjourn the court; but Coke went through with the case, and decided it. The king, in a passion, sent for all the judges, and asked them if they ought not to have adjourned, and if they would not adjourn in a similar case, when they cried: 'Yes, yes!' But Coke would only say: 'When the case occurs again, I will act according to law.' Bacon, who was standing by, put in a word, when the chief-justice turned round upon him with: 'Mr Attorney, you exceed your authority: for it is the duty of counsel to plead before the bench of judges, not against them.'

In 1621, after an interval of six years, a parliament was summoned; and Coke, who saw that his dream of court favour was over—seeing, too, Lord Bacon high in power—had himself returned to the House of Commons for a Cornish borough, and put himself at the head of those Puritans who were, twenty-eight years later, to overturn the throne. He was now sixty-nine years old, frosty, and kindly withal. He began with linking 'supply' and 'grievance' together—the latter to be discussed whenever the former was demanded. He protested against the 'monopolies' of the kingdom till they were done away with. He also protested against the adjournment of the House by the king; and

at the close of the session, got the Commons to adopt a protestation that the liberties, franchises, and privileges of parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright of English subjects. James, highly incensed, sent for the journals of the House, tore out the page recording this impertinence, and dissolved the parliament. Coke was committed to the Tower; but on the accession of Charles I., he was again in parliament, and again in opposition. The old man was a sort of Jack Wilkes in his day, and was returned for two counties at the same time. Charles told the Commons, if they did not give the supply, 'he must use the means which God had put into his hands,' &c. The House fasted, and took the sacrament; and the same day Coke, then seventy-seven years of age, began his quaint and crabbed speeches about Magna Charta, Nullus liber homo, Habeas Corpus, and so forth; and in a short time had drawn up and brought forward the 'Petition of Right.' It passed the Commons. The king sent lawyers to argue against it at the bar of the Lords, but Coke overpowered them at law, and into law the bill passed.

Coke soon after retired from public life, and published his famous commentary upon Littleton. He resided at Stoke with his ill-fated daughter, who had become disgraced. Lady Hatton, who had long deserted him, became a great favourite at court, where she made everybody merry with describing the odd ways of 'old Cook.'

Coming now to the time of the Commonwealth, Rolle is memorable for his moderation and his opposition to Cromwell, whenever the policy of the latter led him to disregard the constitution. Oliver was in many things nearly as despotic as the Stuarts. In a case of illegal taxing, he sent for the judges, and rated them for their reluctance to justify it. When they spoke of Magna Charta, he told them that their Magna Charta—giving it a very curious and laughable pronunciation, still preserved among the traditions of Westminster Hall—had no weight at all with him in the case. If this same Oliver, whom Carlyle worships in his own Teutonic fashion, may be called the hand of the Commonwealth, Chief-justice St John may be called its head, for he planned all the schemes for the overthrow of the royal prerogative. He was Harpden's counsel in the ship-money case; he was also the author of the English Navigation Laws, lately repealed.

After the Restoration, Sir Matthew Hale was a remarkable example of moral purity and judicial independence at such a period. The witchcraft trial, in which he sentenced two poor old women to be hanged, is a blot upon his character; and yet no man should be condemned for his sincere belief. In 1668, he was invited to assist the bishop of Chester and Richard Baxter, in making a church establishment which should include the Presbyterians; but it fell to pieces. Among many other books, he wrote letters to his children; and among other exhortations, advises them 'to know the condition of the poultry about the house, for it is no discredit to a woman to be a hen-housewife; to cast about to order their clothes with the most frugality, to mend them when they want,' &c. But in his own person he was a great sinner—one of the most simple and careless of mortals. He married his maid-servant in his old age, and never cared to have any intercourse with the great or wealthy: his children turned out none the better for it. Every one to his trade, and every one to his station, say we. Sir Matthew Hale, while administering justice to others, failed to administer justice to his own family.

During the time that elapsed from the Restoration to the Revolution, there were eleven chief-justices. We single out Scroggs, who first hanged Roman Catholics for their connection with 'the Plot,' on the oaths of Oates and Bedloe; then thinking the king's feelings ran the other way, he suddenly turned round

on that point, scoffed at their testimony, and let the aspects of his former hatred go unchanged. After George came Pemberton, who was not sufficiently unscrupulous, and was therefore dismissed to make way for Saunders, who was a corpulent, beastly sot—having generally a pint of ale at his elbow on the bench, and very offensive to every one who sat near him. His constant abode was with an old tailor near Temple Bar. The tailor's wife was his nurse; and in his change of fortunes, he still stayed with his early friends. He would walk very philosophically from Westminster Hall to the old place, where, solaced by his pipe and his pot of ale, the chief-justice was very fond of playing figs upon a virginal belonging to his landlady. He left the poor tailor and his wife his executor and executrix.

Passing over the 'blood-boltered' Jeffreys, and the tools of James II., we come to the Revolution. The new order of judges is worthily headed by Sir John Holt. He was the first to lay down the law, that a slave cannot breathe in England; he also ended the practice of bringing a man's former misdeeds to tell against him on trial, and the practice of bringing prisoners fettered to the bar. He put down prosecutions for witchcraft: in eleven cases, he directed the acquittal of the old women; he went further, and directed that every witch-prosecutor should himself be tried as a cheat, whereupon the crime of witchcraft suddenly ceased.

The biography of the bench henceforward loses the interest which belongs to political movement and personal peculiarities. The more constitutional behaviour of the rulers, and the quieter course of justice, produce a sameness in which the individual sinks in the office. There is very little attraction in the legal history of the Ryders, Wilmots, Parkers, Pratts, Raymonds, and Lees. Lord Campbell closes his list with Lord Mansfield, a man variously estimated in his time, but whose chief merit with posterity is the framing of the commercial code of England, which Holt had already been trying to develop. Into the particulars of his life, we cannot now enter. We have got over more ground than we expected, when we began to cream these volumes; and it was in anticipation of being restricted by our space before we got through the list that we proposed to confine our *notabilia* to the judges in the olden time. If the reader think our gossip too scant, we have put him on the track for finding as much as will suffice him.

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

Among the many families which rose into notice under the empire of the first Napoleon, few held a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the day than that of the Countess B—. Her house, at the period of which we speak, was the rendezvous of all the celebrities of the time—marshals of France, statesmen, artists, men of letters, alike crowded to her saloons. The Baron M— was one of her most frequent guests, and had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with; in consequence, his company was very generally sought, even by the highest circles, in which, though but little was known of his family or connections, he had found means to obtain an excellent footing.

One evening, in the winter of 1805, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B—, when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the countess, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.

'We are all, I think,' he said, 'well acquainted with Baron M—, who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I have just learned, in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has,

in fact, been seen to enter and to leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouché.'

The assembled guests were thunderstruck at this unexpected announcement, each one endeavouring to recollect what indirect expression might have passed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long-forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess of course was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.

However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, he must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M—, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should take him into another room, and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she should be obliged to signify to him, that he must discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the invective which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron, that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all was silent; and though he advanced to greet his friends with his customary easy assurance, he evidently saw that all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or, at most, gave him the slightest possible salutation.

Not being, however, very easily abashed, Baron M— proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the hostess, who at once, as had been agreed, said to him: 'Monsieur le Baron, may I request the favour of a few words with you in private?'

'Certainly, madame,' replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and forthwith led the way to an ante-chamber.

The countess, feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said, with some hesitation: 'I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which hangs over you; and which, unless you can remove or explain satisfactorily, must for ever close my doors against you.' The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: 'I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouché—that you are, in short, a spy.'

'Oh,' replied the baron, 'is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true; I *am* a spy.'

'And how,' exclaimed the lady, 'have you dared to insult me and my guests, by presuming to present yourself night after night at my house, in such an unworthy manner?'

'I repeat,' said the baron with all possible coolness, 'that I am in the pay of Fouché; that I am a spy; and in this capacity, upon some subjects, I am tolerably well informed, of which, Madame la Comtesse, I will give you a proof. On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouché's, you received your pay, for the information you had brought him, immediately after I had received mine.'

'What!' cried the countess; 'dare you insinuate anything so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly.'

'But, madame,' answered the baron: 'that I am a spy, I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat—we sink or swim together: if you preferred to denounce me, I shall also denounce you; and there is an end of both of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before.'

'Well,' said the lady, considerably embarrassed at

finding that her secret was known, 'what is to be done? I am in a most difficult position.'

'Not at all, madame,' replied the baron. 'I will tell you what to do: take my arm, and we will return together to the drawing-room, where you will announce that my explanation has been satisfactory.'

The countess, seeing there was nothing else to be done, determined to make the best of it, and as she advanced into the room said, with one of her sweetest smiles: 'I am delighted to tell you, that Monsieur le Baron has been able to give me an explanation, which, though I cannot divulge it, is in all respects perfectly satisfactory to me, and therefore, I am sure, it will be so to you.' The guests were at once relieved from a weight of anxiety, the evening passed off with the utmost hilarity, and the baron regained the good opinions he had lost. It was not until long afterwards that the real facts of this singular history became known.

HUNTER'S EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMAL GRAFTING.

Mr BRANDBY BLAKE COOPER, in delivering lately an oration at the Royal College of Surgeons, in memory of the immortal genius, John Hunter, gave the following amusing illustrations of Hunter's peculiar views respecting the blood of animals:—

'Hunter had more clearly recognised the great importance of this fluid than any physiologist who had gone before him. His views with respect to the importance of the blood to the animal economy, led him to the belief that the blood was endowed with a life of its own, more or less independent of the vitality of the animal in which it circulated. The following experiments seemed to have been instituted with the view of establishing the fact, that the blood of a living animal could, even under the artificial stimulus induced by the introduction of the part of another animal into itself by ingrafting, nourish and support it, so as to convert it into a part of itself. Hunter transplanted a human tooth to the comb of a cock, where it not only became fixed, but actually became part of the organic structure of the cock's comb; he proved this by injecting the cock's head, and, on dissection (as the preparation on the table illustrated), the blood-vessels filled with the colouring matter of the injection were traced into the capillaries of the living membrane of the cavity of the tooth. The most striking instance of this incorporation of a foreign organic body with a living tissue, was shown by the learned orator in another preparation made by the immortal Hunter, in which the spur of a cock had been removed from its leg and transplanted to its comb, where it not only continued to grow, but had acquired a far greater size than the spur ever acquired in its natural situation. The result of this experiment involved a very interesting physiological inquiry—how the capillaries, which were destined by nature merely to furnish blood fitted for the elaboration of the tissues of the comb, should, under the stimulus of necessity, to use Hunter's own expression, be rendered competent to eliminate the horny matter of the spur, even to the extent of an hypertrophied condition. The orator then took an elaborate review of the digestive organs of various animals, and found that, in certain instances, they were capable of becoming modified to meet contingencies to which an animal might be exposed, by which change the animal might be rendered capable of existing and even thriving on a kind of food entirely of an opposite character to that originally intended by nature for its support and nourishment, and illustrating which Mr Cooper mentioned, that Hunter fed a seagull naturally a bird of prey) with grain, and after twelve months he destroyed the bird, and, upon examination, found that its normally membranous stomach had become much thickened, and so changed in character, as to resemble in appearance the gizzard of the granivorous fowl rather than that of a carnivorous bird. Another striking instance of the periodical modification of the digestive apparatus, was found by Hunter in the crop of the pigeon during the period of incubation. This crop, which at other times was similar to that of birds in general, during incubation

assumes a glandular character, which enables it, in addition to its ordinary function, to secrete a milky fluid, which is ejected, and affords a nourishment for the young progeny, rendering the crop, in fact, a kind of mammary gland.'

GOD BLESS YOU!

'God bless you!'—kind, familiar words!

Before my eyes the letters swim;

For—thrilling nature's holiest chords—

My sight with fond regret grows dim.

God bless you! closes up each page

Traced by the well-beloved of yore;

Whose letters still, from youth to age,

That fondly-anxious legend bore.

I heeded not, in earlier days,

The import of that yearning prayer;

To me 'twas but a kindly phrase,

Which household love might freely spare.

But now that grief strange power affords,

In those love-hallowed scrolls I find

Those earnest, pleading, sacred words,

With all life's tenderness entwined!

Now thou art gone (ah! dark above

Thy gravestone floods the winter rain),

And all the old, sweet household love,

Fades into memory's silent pain.

On earth for me no human heart

Again will breathe those words divine;

But, sainted soul! where'er thou art,

Thy angel-pleading still is mine.

ELIZA CHAYEN GREEN.

CHANGE AT THE WOOL-MILLS.

In consequence of an advance that has taken place in the price of olive-oil from L.40 to L.70 per ton, the manufacturers of woollen cloths have had recourse to experiments that promise to change materially the economy of the wool-mills. It has been found by one of them in the neighbourhood of Thurlstone, near Penistone, that milk mixed with oil answers the desired purpose greatly better than oil alone; and the consequence already is, that the 'milky mother' is in great request by speculators in the districts of the mills. This discovery will probably reduce the sanitary influence ascribed to wool-mills in our last number, while it may perhaps give greater facilities for the revival of the old practice of oil-anointing.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.

They have a curious custom in the United States of ascertaining how long it is before life is extinct in those who are hanged, as will appear from the following account of the execution of two men named Harry Foote and James McCaffrey, each for a double murder, and on the same gallows, at Newhaven, the capital of the state of Connecticut, on 2d October 1850. . . . Drs Jewett, Hubbard, and Taylor, the medical attendants on the occasion, examined the pulses of the executed men, and ascertained that the last struggle of Foote occurred seven minutes after the drop fell, that the pulse in the wrist ceased in eight and a half minutes, and at the heart in ten minutes. McCaffrey's pulse beat 110 to the minute for four minutes after he fell; the pulse ceased in six minutes at the wrist, and the heart ceased to beat in nine and a half minutes. *Marjoribanks's Travels in South and North America.* [Going pretty far for the sake of science, this!]

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THE RAPPINGS.

WITCHES, fairies, spectres, oracles, and second-sight, having successively had their day, a new delusion was required wherewith to interest the public mind, and, behold! the want is supplied. The new manifestation consists in Rappings. America has the merit of discovering, or at least of perfecting, this ghostly wonder. England, on the occasion of the Cock-lane Ghost, was favoured with rappings to a respectable extent; and everybody knows that unaccountable sounds of the rapping genus have, from time immemorial, been the sure signal of domestic calamities. But all these occasional and arbitrary demonstrations of something, are only the skirmishing forerunners of the grand spiritual battery now in operation in the United States. Over the whole country, rapping goes on as a national institution. Every town of any size is provided with a circle of believers, to whom rapping is vouchsafed. Philadelphia alone has 300 such mystic circles; and, altogether, the States are said to have 30,000—each with its attendant spirits, all of whom are rapping most industriously for the edification of a credulous public. As rappings are probably about to begin on an equally important scale in England—for they will be sure to come, if sought after—it may be of use to say a word beforehand respecting their manoeuvres.

Rappings commenced in America in what may be called a legitimate manner. One night, in the year 1817, the sound of a knocking at the street-door was heard in the house of a Mr Weckman, in the village of Hydesville, Wayne County, state of New York. When the door was opened, nobody was to be seen. It was immediately shut. Again a loud knocking was heard. Opened once more; no one was visible. From this time, rappings by invisible agency were carried on in a very strange way, much to the annoyance of Mr Weckman; and for this, or some other cause, he left the house, when it became occupied by Dr John D. Fox and his family. Mrs Fox and the Misses Fox have ever since had wonderful things to tell of the spiritual world, and have become the accredited media or prophesesses of the rappings. Mrs Fox's history of the rapping-demonstration is quite as good as Defoe's account of Mrs Veal's ghost.

Late in a certain night in March 1848, she proceeds to say, 'we concluded to go to bed early, and not let the noise disturb us; if it came, we thought we would not mind it, but try to get a good night's rest. My husband had not gone to bed when we first heard the noise on this evening. I had just lain down. It commenced as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard in the house. The girls, who slept in

the other bed in the room, heard the noise, and tried to make a similar one by snapping their fingers. The youngest girl is about twelve years old. As fast as she made the noise with her hands or fingers, the sound was followed up in the room. It did not sound different at that time, only it made the same number of sounds that the girl did. When she stopped, the sound itself stopped for a short time. The other girl, who is in her fifteenth year, then spoke in sport, and said: "Now, do just as I do: count one, two, three, four," &c., striking one hand in the other at the same time. The blows which she made were repeated as before. It appeared to answer her by repeating every blow that she made. She only did so once. She then began to be startled; and then I spoke, and said to the noise, "Count ten;" and then it made ten strokes or noises. Then I asked the ages of my different children successively, and it gave a number of raps, corresponding to the ages of my children. I then asked if it was a human being that was making the noise, and if it was, to manifest it by the same noise. There was no noise. I then asked if it was a spirit, and if it was, to manifest it by two sounds. I heard two sounds as soon as the words were spoken. I then asked if an injured spirit, to give me the sound. I then heard the rapping distinctly. I inquired if it was injured in this house. It rapped. Was the injured living?—same answer. I further understood that it remains were buried under the dwelling; that it was thirty-one years of age, a male, and had left a family of five children, all living. Was the wife living?—silence. Dead?—rapping. How long since?—two raps.'

Attention being now paid to the rappings, it was found they could be methodised, and rules formed for their interpretation. In this new spirit-language, a single rap signified 'Yes,' and the answer 'No,' was indicated by silence. The spirit being asked whether it would spell out a reply if the alphabet were called over, it rapped an affirmative. This was a great step in advance. A printed alphabet being now laid on the table, a person pointed to each letter in succession, and on arriving at the required letter, a rap was heard. The querist then recommenced, until each letter composing the answer was signified. In this way, names and sentences were slowly spelled out, much to the delight of the auditory. When the spirit wanted the alphabet, it always gave five raps. Another feature in the manifestations was soon determined. The spirit appeared to have a will of its own, and would answer only through a favourite interpreter or medium. If this medium was not present, the spirit was exceedingly taciturn. No medium got such ready answers as Margaretta, one of the Misses Fox, aged fourteen; and

It was considered to be a strange circumstance, that when part of Mr Fox's family removed to Rochester, this girl included, 'the sounds accompanied them.' Whether the spirit had been accidentally packed up in the trunks, no one could tell. The sudden arrival of the manifestations at Rochester created, as may be supposed, an immense sensation. A public meeting was called, to consider what should be done; and a committee having been formed to make all necessary investigations, several learned dignitaries took the matter in hand. It was of no use; all failed to arrive at any satisfactory solution of the mystery.

In November 1849, the rappings had attained a singular pitch of audacity. Acting on the aggressive, they signified that the Fox family had a duty to perform, and ought to propagate a knowledge of the new spiritual manifestation. The fame of the rappings was consequently sounded far and wide, and reverend divines crowded to the shrine, of which Mrs Fox and her three daughters were the priestesses. The usual method of invoking the spirits was for a select party to assemble round a table, and to put and receive answers through a medium; and thus clergymen, literary men, young ladies, and others, waited the ghostly revelations in awestruck silence. The Rev. C. Hammond, in his testimony to the rappings, mentions that the spirits did not always confine themselves to raps, but sometimes proceeded to lift the tables, and knock the furniture about in a very curious way; all of which was vastly entertaining and suggestive. He says: 'On the third visit, I was selected from a half-dozen gentlemen, and directed by these sounds to retire to another apartment, in company with the three sisters and their aged mother. It was about eight o'clock in the evening. A lighted candle was placed on a large table, and we seated ourselves around it. I occupied one side of the table, the mother and youngest daughter the right, and two of the sisters the left, leaving the opposite side of the table vacant. On taking our positions, the sounds were heard, and continued to multiply and become more violent, until every part of the room trembled with their demonstrations. They were unlike any I had heard before. Suddenly, as we were all resting on the table, I felt the side next to me move upward. I pressed upon it heavily, but soon it passed out of the reach of us all, full six feet from me, and at least four from the nearest person to it. I saw distinctly its position; not a thread could have connected it with any of the company without my notice, for I had come to detect imposition, if it could be found. In this position we remained until the question was asked: "Will the spirit move the table back where it was before?"—when back it came, as though it were carried on the head of some one who had not suited his position to a perfect equipoise, the balance being sometimes in favour of one side, and then the other; but it regained its first position.' The reverend testifier adds: 'That any of the company could have performed these things under the circumstances in which we were situated, would require a greater stretch of credulity on my part, than it would to believe it was the work of spirits.'

The Misses Fox, and a married sister named Mrs Elah, now visited New York, for the purpose of spreading the faith. Here, as in Rochester, 'every conceivable test was applied in a manner to satisfy the most sceptical,' but nothing like trick could be elicited.

Fashion taking the thing up, rapping circles were formed, and hosts of people entered into the delusion. Parties were made up to go and have an 'evening with the spirits.' Shades of fathers, mothers, children, and other relatives were called up in a friendly way to reveal themselves, and answer the questions that were put to them. At one of these soirées, a certain Dr J. W. Francis determined to have a chat with the spirits; and no sooner did he propose himself, than he was welcomed with a general roll of knockings from the mysterious agents, who seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance. The following is the account of the colloquy:—'With his proverbial urbanity, seating himself, as if at the bedside of a patient, Dr F. asked, in terms of the most insinuating blandness, whether the spirits present would converse with any member of the company? Would they vouchsafe to speak to his illustrious friend, the world-renowned author, Mr Cooper? Would they converse with the great American poet, Mr Bryant? To these flattering invitations no reply was given. Would they speak to so humble an individual as himself? Loud knocks. Dr F. then asked, fixing on a person: "Was he an American? Was he an Englishman? Was he a Scotchman?" The knocks were loud and unanimous. "Was he a merchant? Was he a lawyer? Was he an author?"—Loud knocks. "Was he a poet?"—Yes, in distinct knocks. "Will you tell his name?"—Here the spirits called for the alphabet, by sounds intelligible to the ghost-seers. It then spelled out B-u-r—when the company indiscreetly, but spontaneously, interrupted, by crying out, "Robert Burns." This was the true answer.'

Of course, this was very astonishing; but something more strange was to follow. Notwithstanding that the spirit had declined to enter into conversation with Mr J. Fenimore Cooper—who, alas! has since joined the world of spirits—that gifted person made an attempt to hold a discourse with the unseen guest. He was at length listened to, and so the conversation began. "Is the person I inquire about a relative?"—Yes, was at once indicated by the knocks. "A near relative?"—Yes. "A man?"—No answer. "A woman?"—Yes. "A daughter? a mother? a wife?"—No answer. "A sister?"—Yes. Mr C. then asked the number of years since her death. To this an answer was given in rapid and indistinct raps, some counting forty-five, others forty-nine, fifty-four, &c. After considerable parleying as to the manner in which the question should be answered, the consent of the invisible interlocutor was given to knock the years so slowly, that they might be distinctly counted. This was done. Knock—knock—knock—for what seemed over a minute, till the number amounted to fifty, and was unanimously announced by the company. Mr C. now asked: "Did she die of consumption?" naming several diseases, to which no answer was given. "Did she die by accident?"—Yes. "Was she killed by lightning? Was she shot? Was she lost at sea? Did she fall from a carriage? Was she thrown from a horse?"—Yes. Mr Cooper did not pursue his inquiries any further; and stated to the company that the answers were correct—the person alluded to by him being a sister, who, just fifty years ago the present month, was killed by being thrown from a horse!

A volume could be filled with similar narratives of what, till the present day, is going on in America; and in fact, a portly volume is produced on the subject.

the spirit, Mr Henry Spicer,* being to all appearance a thorough believer in the alleged manifestations. The company which attended the seances of the Misses Fox, soon induced others to try their hand at calling up spirits, and speedily the country was covered with 'media.' People, when met in evening-parties, would propose to have some spiritual intercourse, and, as if the invisible world were let loose, they seldom were disappointed. Spicer quotes the account given by 'an eye-witness' of what occurred at a meeting in his presence. 'The spirits announced themselves, somewhat unexpectedly, by canting over the solid and ponderous table;' and after several surprising vagaries, the demonstrations increased in force and number. 'The table was actually lifted up from the floor, without the application of a human hand or foot. A table, weighing, I should judge, 100 pounds, was lifted up a foot from the floor, the legs touching nothing. I jumped upon it, but it came up again! It then commenced rocking, without, however, allowing me to slide off, although it canted at least to an angle of 45 degrees. Finally, an almost perpendicular inclination slid me off; and another of the company tried it with the same results. These things all happened in a room, which was light enough to allow of our seeing under and over and all around the table, which was touched by no one except the two persons who, respectively, got upon it to keep it down. We went into a darkened room to see the spiritual flashes of light, said to have been vouchsafed to some investigators. Instead of this, we were greeted with tremendous rappings all about us. Some of the blows on the walls, floor, and tables, within three inches of myself, were astounding. I could hardly produce such violent demonstrations with my fist, though I were to strike with all my might. The very walls shook. Answers to questions were given by convulsions of varying force and intonation, according to the character of the spirits communicating. A favourite little daughter of one of the gentlemen present—a stranger from a remote state—who had left the earth in the fourth year of her age, announced her presence by a thick pattering *rain* of eager and joyful little taps; and in answer to an inward request of her father, she laid her baby hand upon his forehead! 'This was a man who was not a believer in these things; he had never before seen them; but he could not mistake the thrilling feeling of that spirit touch. I also had a similar manifestation, in the character of which I am not deceived. Suddenly, and without any expectation on the part of the company, the medium, Mr Hume, was taken up in the air! I had hold of his hand at the time, and I felt his feet; they were lifted a foot from the floor! He palpitated from head to foot with the contending emotions of joy and fear, which choked his utterance. Again and again he was taken from the floor, and the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hands and head came in gentle contact. I felt the distance from the soles of his boots to the floor, and it was nearly three feet. Others touched his feet to satisfy themselves. This statement can be substantiated, if necessary.' No doubt it can! O these 'eye-witnesses!' What mischief do they not do to the cause of truth!

It cannot, however, be supposed that there were not sceptics. Electricity, ventriloquism, and legerdemain, with certain mechanical contrivances, were each proposed as accounting for the manifestations; but, according to the authorities on the subject, all conjectures failed to explain the rappings in any other way than as a new spiritual development. Here the matter may be said to rest. America remains in a state of excitement. That any one in our day can be wrought into the belief, that departed spirits are permitted to

revisit the earth for the purpose of overturning tables, and answering all sorts of ridiculous questions, may well excite surprise. But it would seem that the appetite for the marvellous is never to be satisfied. The circumstance of 'the spirits' being occasionally guilty of falsehood, does not awaken the suspicions of the credulous—the Misses Fox smoothing away all difficulties, by the simple explanation, that there were 'lying as well as truthful spirits, as they had found out by experience.' What may prove to be a solution of the rappings, may be shrewdly guessed from a single fact: the accomplished media exhibit to the faithful *only on payment of an entrance-fee*. Ah, dollars, dollars, ye are at the bottom of it after all! W. C.

NOTES FROM MR F. HILL'S WORK ON CRIME.

IN the article, entitled 'Not so Bad as We Seem,' we gave some idea of a portion of the contents of Mr Hill's book; but without attempting to convey a complete notion of its character and objects. We therefore return to the volume. Let us first indicate that Mr Hill, from his long official concern in the management of criminals, as well as from the reflective character of his intellect, and the temperately benevolent nature of his affections, is singularly well qualified to instruct society on crime and criminals. He has, indeed, his own peculiar opinions on social questions, and with these not nearly the whole of his readers will concur; but it may at least be said, that he advances his views with modesty, and we more than suspect that it is merely a question of time when most of them will be generally admitted and acted upon.

It is a comforting consideration that, contrary to the impression produced by some recent statistical tables, crime is continually diminishing in this country, both in atrocity and in the number of its perpetrators. The returns should rather gratify than afflict us, for they chiefly prove the increased efficiency of the police. Mr Hill mentions a curious and convincing illustration of the fallaciousness of returns of commitments. He states that, when he commenced his inspectorship in Scotland, about twenty years ago, Wigtownshire stood out as a county remarkable for apparent exemption from crime. Yet, at that very time, a local committee reported, that 'the prevalence of petty thefts and poaching, the nuisance of vagrancy, the insecurity of person and property, and the inadequate means of bringing offenders to justice within the county, are matters of notoriety and grave import.' It is another comforting circumstance, that, while the number of offences and commitments may be considerable, the number of offenders may be small. It has been found that the sequestration of twelve persons would, to all appearance, entirely rid a Scotch county of crime. It is to the same effect, that we find one person, not above fifty years old, to have been sixty-seven times in prison. In fact, much of the work of magistrates and judges is a continual regrounding of the same limited materials; and the cost of our criminal procedure is far more than sufficient to furnish handsome pensions to all the criminals in the country.

Mr Hill gives a curious historical chapter, contrasting the former state of crime with the present. The general picture of the past is dark; and some anecdotes of the system of street robbery which once existed in London, read like travellers' accounts of remote and barbarous countries. We have heard that Lord Lynedoch, who died so lately as 1844, had found it necessary, in proceeding through Cavendish Square to a party with his wife, to descend from the carriage and defend it against a highwayman. It was only in 1781, that Horace Walpole wrote the following recital to the Countess of Ossory:—

'Lady Browne and I were, as usual, going to the

* *Sights and Sounds: The Mystery of the Day*. By Henry Spicer, Esq. London: Thomas Roworth. 1853.

richness of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under her park pales, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure on horseback pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking, and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say: "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry: "Stop!" and the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat, under my arm. He said: "Your purses and watches." I replied: "I have no watch." "Then your purse." I gave it to him: it had nine guineas. It was so dark I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said: "Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you." I said: "No; you won't frighten the lady." He replied: "No; I give you my word I will do you no hurt." Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch, but he said: "I am much obliged to you; I wish you good-night!" pulled off his hat, and rode away. "Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it." "Oh, but I am!" said she; "and now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money, that I carry on purpose." "He certainly will not open it directly," said I; "and at worst he can only wait for us at our return; but I will send my servant back for a horse and a blunderbuss," which I did. . . .

Luckily, the countess was born in England, the daughter of the former Czernichew, and she is in such terrors of highwaymen, that I shall be quit for a breakfast; so it is an ill highwayman that blows nobody good. In truth, it would be impossible in this region to amass a set of company for dinner to meet them. The Herfords, Lady Holderness, and Lady Mary Cooke, did dine here on Thursday, but were armed as if going to Gibraltar; and Lady Cecilia Johnstone would not venture even from Petersham—for in the town of Richmond they rob even before dusk, to such perfection are all the arts brought. Who would have thought that the war with America would make it impossible to stir from one village to another? yet so it literally is. The colonies took off all our commodities, down to highwaymen.

Mr Hill lays down, as the result of his experience, that the chief causes of crime are—bad training and ignorance; drunkenness, and other kinds of profligacy; poverty; habits of violating the laws engendered by the creation of artificial offences; other measures of legislation interfering unnecessarily in private actions, or presenting examples of injustice; temptations to crime, caused by the probability either of entire escape or of subjection to an insufficient punishment. The causes, he adds, suggest the remedies. "These consist chiefly, in my opinion, of good education and the general spread of knowledge; the cultivation of habits of forethought, sobriety, and frugality, with the control of the passions; the promotion of habits of industry and self-reliance, and the adoption of all other practicable means for raising every class of society beyond the sphere of destitution, and into that of comfort and moderate wealth; such a remodelling of our laws as shall bring the statute-book as nearly as possible into coincidence with the eternal principles of justice, so that while it is a code of municipal law, it may also serve as a manual of morality; and lastly, the adoption of such means for the apprehension, trial, and punishment of offenders as shall secure, as far as practicable, that every offence be followed by immediate detection and certain conviction, and that the criminal shall be placed in such a position as shall make him sincerely and deeply regret the wrong he has committed, and bring him to labour earnestly in the work of his

reformation, and in obtaining the means for making restitution to the person whom he has injured."

It appears to us that Mr Hill omits to take notice of another source of crime, or at least fails to state it in a recognisable light. We allude to imperfections of mind, whether arising from natural or artificial causes. In a rude state of society, a coarse class of mind is appropriate, indeed useful, for refinement would be out of place where nothing but rough work is to be accomplished; but when society has succeeded in subduing the principal physical disadvantages of its position, the man without skill, ingenuity, and trained steadiness of purpose, is left behind. Hence, in the present day, the vast wreck of humanity drifted into the dingy nooks of large cities, where it festers and becomes a social nuisance. That education would tend to float off this miserable debris, partly pauper partly criminal, there can be little doubt, though much would depend on the nature of the instruction, as well as on other circumstances. One thing is certain. Just as society advances, so does there arise the greater necessity for a right education, in order to lessen as far as possible the accumulative power of this disturbing element; the existence of which, in all its hideous details, clearly shows that there has been grievous neglect somewhere. Whatever be the nature of the education determined on as a corrective, it appears to us, that unless the sending of children to school is rendered compulsory on parents, the streets of our large towns will continue to exhibit scenes of juvenile misery, and the fountain of crime will remain pretty much as it is. The law can hardly be too severe on those who, by neglecting their offspring, throw them on the world to live by begging or stealing. We quite accord with Mr Hill in thinking that parents ought to be made directly responsible for the injuries inflicted on society by criminal children, and for the cost of their maintenance under correction. With this rule in full operation, there would be comparatively little need of state patronage for education. It would stand on the usual principle of supply and demand, like other things required in our household and social economy.

Mr Hill proposes many improvements in the management of criminals, all directed more or less to their being discharged in a reformed state. As essential to this grand object, he recommends that the duration of confinement should be regulated, not by any scale of proportion to offences, but at the discretion of some judicial power, with a regard to what is required for the reformation of the offender. He considers the principles of prison-discipline to be in reality simple; and states that he has heard some of the most important of them announced by children. "An intelligent child seven years old, who had been accustomed in her own family to see punishment administered with reluctance, and never beyond what was necessary to prevent a greater evil, but who had had no opportunity of hearing the subject of prison-discipline discussed, though, as she lived near a prison, she had probably sometimes turned her little mind towards it, was observed to be employed one day in transforming her dolls into the characters of a little drama, in which governors, matrons, and prisoners were the principal performers. The carpet was covered with buildings made of Lilliputian bricks, and inhabited by wooden prisoners. On being asked to explain all these arrangements, she said: "This part is where poor prisoners are received till the kind governor can judge whether they wish to do right; this, where he trusts some with more liberty; this, where prisoners can steal some things if they choose; and this (which is the governor's own house), where there are many valuable things left about, and where prisoners always stay some time before the governor asks other people to employ them, that he may be sure they have become honest." This took place long before the subject had attracted much public attention. There can be little

room, we think, for doubt, that there are principles in human nature itself of which it is necessary to get hold, if we would succeed in correcting the guilty and preventing transgression. If, for instance, we could so arrange as to make it thoroughly clear to any culprit, that it was more for his interest to be innocent and self-supporting than an idler and malefactor, we might fairly expect to see him sin no more. The stimulus given to industry in prisons by holding out the certainty of some little gains to be ultimately at the disposal of the prisoner himself, supplies a strong hint on the subject.

The greatest difficulty, after all, is to get criminals replaced in decent society as persons willing and able to work for themselves. For want of trust in their reformation, the great majority are left no resource but to go back to their iniquitous courses. Perhaps this difficulty might be extenuated by some system of labour, both of an in-door and out-of-door character, which would insure liberated convicts at least the bare means of subsistence, until, by perseverance in voluntary well-doing, they gave assurance of their probity.

THE LODGINGS THAT WOULDN'T SUIT.

My landlady was a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old woman, with the kind of superficial sharpness of eye that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved within the same small circle. When, or at what age she began the business of letting furnished apartments, or whether she was born in it, and grew up of nature and necessity a landlady, I do not know; but there she was, as intimate with her house and everything that concerned it as a limpet is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, as that exclusive animal is of the outside world. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the force of circumstances, and then it was as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie against the enemy. Her natural foes were the trades-people who dealt in anything she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved but the fortunes of a half-penny, coloured her whole day. It was not frequently, however, that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door, and lived in a state of perpetual hostility with the vendors of sprats—O, and live soles.

Her house, or at least the parlour floor which I inhabited, bore a curious resemblance to herself, being a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old floor. It consisted of a sitting-room and bedroom in excellent preservation. What the age of the furniture may have been, it was impossible even to guess; but for all practical purposes, it was as good as new. There was no gloss on it—there never is in a lodging-house—but neither was there a single grain of dust. Though kept constantly clean, it had never been rubbed in its life; and that was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, though as whole as the rest, was not in other respects so fortunate. Its colour was so completely faded, that you could not tell what it had originally been; the pattern might have been matter of endless controversy; and it exhibited a decided gangway from the door to the fireplace. Its dimensions might be thought scanty, for it did not cover the entire floor; but then, it must be considered, that this carpet was intended for the comfort of the lodgers' feet, not of those of the six cane-bottomed chairs ranged at wide intervals along the walls. On the mantle-piece there stood a lion of Derbyshire spar, and flanking him on each side a vase of stone-ware; the background being formed by a long narrow horizontal mirror, divided into three compartments, with a black frame.

These apartments, for which I paid twelve shillings a week, were not particularly cheerful. They had, indeed, rather a cold solitary look; and sometimes in the morning at breakfast-time, I would fain even have

prolonged the ministering of the dirty maid-of-all-work, by asking questions. But Molly had doubtless been ordered not to speak to the lodgers, and therefore she answered curtly; and, slamming down, or whisking off the things, went her way. I had at length recourse to my landlady herself, and found her so much more communicative, that I suddenly conceived the wild idea of being able to select from her reminiscences the materials for a story—with which I had already resolved to delight the public, if I could only think of a plot. She was not at all disinclined to speak. Indeed I believe she would have made no scruple of telling me the history of all her lodgers, from the epoch when things began to settle down after the Norman Conquest; for it was to some such period I referred in my own mind the first appearance in her window of 'Lodgings to Let.' But somehow her lodgers had no history to relate. Her favourite hero was a gentleman, who every now and then brought her in news from the world that parliament was going to impose a tax upon furnished lodgings. This was a very exciting subject. So far as it went, she was so unscrupulous a democrat, that I began to be fearful of political consequences if we were overheard; indeed she did not hesitate to set the whole boiling of them at defiance, saying, in answer to my caution, that if she was took up in such a cause, she would soon let them know they had got the wrong sow by the ear!

But since my landlady had not a story, why not tell it? There was in it a young gentleman—and a young lady—and a mother—and a journey—and a legacy: all the requisite materials, in short—only not mixed. It would be something new—wouldn't it?—to give a love-story without a word of love, without an accident, and without a denouement. Such was my landlady's no-story; and we will get it out of her.

'The lady and her daughter?' said she. 'Well, I don't know as there is anything particular to tell about them. They were respectable people, and excellent lodgers; their rent was as punctual in coming as the Saturday; they stayed fourteen months, and then they went away.'

'You have not mentioned their name?'

'Their name? Well, surely I must have known their name when I went after the reference; but as they knew nobody, and were known to nobody, I soon forgot it. We called the mother the ParLOUR, and the daughter the Young Lady; for you see, at that time there was no other young lady in the house. Their occupation? As for that, the mother marketed, and the daughter sewed, sitting in the chair at the window. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they read, sometimes they chatted. They did nothing else as I know of. They lived on their means, like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You be so green, mister, you make me laugh sometimes!'

'I only wanted to know what was their station, how they lived, and'—

'Lived? oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the Sunday, with potatoes under it; Monday, cold; Tuesday, hashed; then, maybe, a pair of live sole for the Wednesday; Thursday, a dish of sassaengers; Friday, sprats—O; and on Saturday, bread and butter in the forenoon, with a savcloy or a polony at tea, made up the week—respectable. I know what a lady is, mister'—here the landlady fixed her eye upon me severely—'and them were ladies!'

'I have no doubt at all of it; and the young man was of course something like themselves?'

'He was like nothing but a mystery at the Coburg! I don't know as even he were a young man. He might just as well have been a middle-aged or an elderly man. Then he sat at the parlour window opposite, with a book in his hand; but it was easy to see that it was our window he was reading, where the young lady was sitting, as I have told you, sewing in her chair. Day

After day, week after week, month after month, there was he looking, and looking, and looking; till the picture, I daresay, gathered upon his eye, and he could see little else in the world.

'The young lady, I hope, returned the looks?'

'She, poor dear! Lor' love you, she was so short-sighted, that she could not tell whether it were a house or a hedge on the other side of the street. She did so laugh when I told her there was a young man a-looking at her! Then, when she turned her poor blind eyes in the direction, promiscuous like, how he snatched away his head, as if he had been a-stealing something! It was a great misfortune for him that I had put my oar in, for all his long, lonely, quiet looks were now at an end. The young lady could not refrain from turning her head sometimes; and every time she did so, it gave him such a spasm! but when, at last, she got up, now and then, as if to look, full length, at something in the street, he fairly bolted off from the window. He could not stand that by no manner of means; little knowing, poor soul! that the eyes that had bewitched him did not carry half-way across the street.'

'That is excellent, mistress,' said I, for we were evidently coming to the pith of the story; 'but they no doubt met at last?'

'You shall hear—you shall hear,' replied my landlady; 'but I must first tell you, that one day, when he had been driven away out of sight by the full length of the young lady, I went out for a couple of chops to their dinners. Well, I was ever so long gone—for I was not to be done so easily out of a ha'penny a pound—but in coming home, as the young lady was still sewing away, I thought I would just pass by the other side before crossing over. And so, mister, while going by the house, I looked in at his window promiscuous—and there was a sight to see! He had retired to the other end of the room, where he was sitting with his back to the wall, his two elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles; and thus had he been staring for an hour right across the street, unseen and alone, with that young lady before him, like a vision of his own calling up. As for the meeting of the two?—'

'Stop, mistress! Before you come to that, describe the young man.'

'The young man, if he were a young man, was a grave, steady, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been all ages from twenty-five to fifty. He wore black clothes and a white cravat; his hat was always as smooth as satin; his boots looked as if they had been French polished; his hair was brown, and combed smooth; his face gray; and he walked as if he was measuring the pavement with his steps. He left the house at one hour, and returned at another, neither a minute earlier nor later, and he indulged his poor heart with the young lady for the very same space of time every day.'

'And the heroine?'

'The what, mister?'

'The young lady—I beg pardon.'

'Oh, she was a nice sort of person, of two or three and twenty; light-hearted, but quiet in her manners; with a good complexion; pretty enough features, taking them altogether; and light-blue eyes, with the hazy appearance of short-sight.'

'Then, go on to the meeting!'

'I'm a-coming to it. It was one day that the Parlour and the Young Lady were out; and the live sole being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window, wondering what ever could be keeping them, and it just one, so, as the church-clock struck, I sees my young man, as usual, open his door and come out, and after a sweeping glance with the tail of his eye at our window, walk away down the street, so steady that one or two stepped out of his line, thinking he was a-measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming, right in

his front, as if for the express purpose of meeting him, but our two ladies! I declare, it was all in mind of the appointment in the paper for the sake of matrimony with somebody as has honourable intentions and means secrecy. The young man went on for awhile, as if he meant to cut right through between the mother and daughter; but his courage failed him at last, and he stopped at a window, and stared in at the bill, "Day-school for young Ladies," till they had passed some time. He then set off again, and disappeared without turning his head.'

'And is this the meeting, mistress?' said I with some indignation.

'To be sure it is,' said my landlady, 'and the only meeting they ever had; for that very day the Parlour received a letter from France, or Scotland, or some other place abroad, which made her give me a week's warning; and at the end of that time they went off, and I never saw them more.'

'And is this your story, mistress?' said I, getting into a downright rage.

'I told you from the first, mister,' replied my landlady, flaring up, 'that I had no story to tell; and if you don't choose to hear the end of it, you may do the other thing!'

'It is the end, my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interesting a way with you, that really?—'

'Well, well. It was eight months before I heard anything about the ladies; but then I had a few lines from the Parlour, telling me that she had given up all thoughts of returning to London, as her daughter was now well married, and she was to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about, or who it was from; for the young man had gone too, soon after them—to one of the midland counties, I heard—and what with crosses of my own, and the tax that was a-going to be laid upon lodgings, I had forgotten all about them. By the end of a year, things were very dull with me. The parlours were empty, and the two-pair back had gone off without paying his rent. One day I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself what ever was to be done, when all of a sudden a knock came to the door, that made my heart leap to my mouth. Not that it was a loud, long knock, clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock, ra—tatt; nor a knock like yours, mister, rit-at-at-at; it was three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them; and I could have sworn the strokes were knocked by the young man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on the door on the other side of the way.'

'I hope to goodness you were right?' said I.

'Never was wrong in my life,' said my landlady, 'when I felt anything. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hat, glossy boots, brown hair, gray face—all were unchanged. He looked steadily at me for some seconds when I opened the door, and I was just going to ask him how he did—when at last he said: "Lodgings?"'

'Yes, sir,' said I, 'please to step in;' and I shewed him into the parlour. He looked at everything minutely, but without moving from where he stood near the door: at the table, the chairs, the fireplace, the chimney-glass; I am sure he noticed that the tail of that lion was broken (but the hussy tramped for it, I can tell you!)—nothing escaped him; and at last he looked at the window, and at the chair the young lady used to sit in as she sewed; and then turning quietly round, he walked out.

'What do you think of them?' asked I anxiously, as I followed him.

'Wouldn't suit,' said he; and so he went his way. I was a little put out, you may be sure?—'

'I'll take my corporal oath of that!' remarked I.

'But not so much as you think, mister,' said my

landlady: "But I could not help feeling sorry for him. But not I own, when the very same thing occurred next year!"

"Next year!"

"On the very day, hour, minute, second: the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer: "Wouldn't suit!" The next year!"

"My dear madam!—how long is that ago?"

"Well—a matter of twenty year."

I was glad it was no worse; for a misgiving had come over me, and my imagination was losing itself in the distance of the past.

"The next year," continued my landlady, "and the next, and the next, and the next, were as like as may be. Sometimes the parlour was let; but it was all one—he would see it, "as it might do for another time;" and the lodgers being out, he did see it, and still it wouldn't suit. At last, I happened one year to be out myself, forgetting that it was the young man's day; and my! as the thought struck me when coming home, it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I hadn't done right. I was by this time accustomed to the visit, you see, and always grew anxious when the time came. But it was of no consequence to him, only he stared twice as long when the door was opened and he saw a strange face. But he went in all the same, looked at everything as usual—Wouldn't suit. At all these visits of inspection, his stay was of the same length to a minute; and when he went away, I found—for I did watch him once—he walked straight to the coach-office.

"Well, mister, you may think, as years passed on, that I saw some difference in the young man's appearance. But he didn't grow a bit older. His hair changed, but his gray face was still like granite stone. His pace became slower; but for that, he only came the sooner, so that he might have the same time to look, and get back to the coach at the proper moment. Then he seemed to tremble a little in his walk; but he had now a cane to keep him stiff and upright; and he still looked as if he was a-measuring the pavement, only taking more pains to it. I cannot think what it was that made me care so much about that old young man, for I never in my life exchanged more words with him than you have heard. But once, when the clock was fast, and he hadn't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair, and grew so nervous that, when at last the knock came, I started up with a scream. But this was after we had been well-nigh a score of years accustomed to each other. Earlier, I was sometimes cross; that was when we had hardly any lodgers, and the parlour never would suit. But it was all one to him. He didn't mind me a pin—not even when, being in better humour, I once asked him to sit down. He just looked as usual—as if there was nobody in the world but himself. I was so nettled, that I thought of repeating the invitation, and pointing to the young lady's chair; but it was a bad thought, and I am glad now I kept it down.

"He grew more and more infirm; and at last, when one year he came and went in a coach, although he would not make use of coachee's arm either in coming down or going up the steps, I had a sore heart and dim eyes looking after him. The next year, you may be sure, I was at my post as usual; but when it came near the hour, I was so fidgety and nervous, that I could not sit down, but kept going from the parlour window to the door, and looking up at the clock. The clock struck—there was no knock. Poor old young man! In ten minutes more, there was the postman's knock, and I took the letter he gave me into the parlour—dark and desolate-like. The girl was out; we had hardly any lodgers; things were very bad with me—I was sore cast down. But business is business; and I opened the letter, which was no doubt about the

apartments, for I never got any other. This time, it was from a country attorney, telling me of that Death, and of a clause in the will, leaving a hundred pounds to me for my trouble in shewing the lodgings that wouldn't suit. Mister, I was took all of a heap! The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man—the young lady—the long, long looks across the street—the meeting he couldn't stand, that was like Matrimony in the papers—the visits to the parlour, where she had lived, and sat, and never saw him—the gray face—the sinking limbs—the whitening hair—the empty lodgings—the hundred pounds! I was alone in the house; I felt alone in the world; and straightway I throws the letter upon the table, plumps me down in a chair, and burst out a-crying and sobbing."

Here my landlady stopped; and here ends a tale that wants, methinks, only incident, plot, character, colouring, a beginning, a middle, and an end, to be a very good one. But all these it receives from the reader, who is acquainted with the inner life of that old young man, and is able, if he chose, to write his history in volumes; and whose memory brings before him some unconscious image, which gave a tone and direction to the thoughts of years, and supplied a Mecca of the heart for his meditative visits, without affecting in any sensible degree the cold calm look, and the measured step with which he paced through the cares and business of the world.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

SOME alarming facts have recently transpired respecting Friendly Societies, and we consider it our duty to make them known to the parties more immediately interested.

It must be generally understood that the principle of life insurance depends on a correct calculation of the chances of ill-health and death, and that payments require to be paid corresponding to those chances. Now, it is notorious that in the getting up and conducting of Friendly Societies, too little attention has been paid to this important particular; and the consequence is, that a time comes when the funds of the society are exhausted, leaving nothing whatever to the longest survivors. We are old enough to remember the time when, in our own native town—in the Midland Counties of England—there were not a few small Friendly Societies, each independent of the rest, known as Sick-clubs, &c., and already, we believe, every one of them has ceased to exist. Whether small or large, the sudden extinction of one of these societies is to each individual member a terrible blow. If the member be a young man, or one even in the prime of life, he may not feel it so much; but it is quite otherwise with an old man verging towards the tomb. He may have been a member ever since the formation of the society; he may have never missed his payments; he may never yet have found, or acknowledged, the necessity of drawing a farthing from its funds. Perhaps he has stinted himself and his family of food or other necessities, gone with a threadbare coat, or deprived himself of his Sunday's dinner, and every little luxury, in order that he might invariably pay his due contribution to the society. That society may have been his idol, his oracle. He may have prided himself more on being an old member of it, than on any other earthly thing. He may have recommended it to his neighbours and fellow-workmen year after year, and may have induced many to become members like himself—all through his profound faith in its stability, and his generous and manly desire to make others as well as himself participants in its presumed advantages. Well, one morning he awakes, and his club is dissolved! The cherished hope of his life is at one rude stroke annihilated. The source whence

He thought himself sure of relief in sickness, or some small yet most important weekly aid in his aged decrepitude, is for ever extinct.

Mr Charles Hardwick has delivered a lecture on the progress, prospects, utility, and especially the precarious financial condition of Friendly Societies. This lecture was delivered some time ago in London, Manchester, Bolton, and other places, and was so well received, and excited so much interest, that he was requested to deliver it in various districts, but he wisely preferred presenting it to the public in a printed form. Three editions have been rapidly called for, and the latest is now before us.* We propose to give our readers some idea of the spirit of this remarkable brochure, and some examples of the startling revelations it contains. Mr Hardwick is evidently a man who thoroughly understands the subject; indeed he is a past provincial grand-master, and member of the board of directors of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, the most powerful and extensive of all the unities or affiliated societies. He is at present connected with the Equitable Provident Institution.

Of the names of the various kinds of Friendly Societies, and the probable number of their members, it is not necessary to say anything here. Our only object is to speak of their financial condition. 'On this point,' proceeds Mr Hardwick, 'I am desirous of clearly shewing, from past experience, that a vast majority of the Friendly Societies now in existence—enrolled and unenrolled, certified and uncertified—are, from the inadequacy of their rates, and other causes, not in a position to meet their future engagements, and that speedy reform must take place, or their redemption will become an impracticability, for every year of error immensely increases the difficulty and expense of adjustment. It is impossible that I can analyse the exact situation of each individual society; I will, therefore, confine my observations to the facts furnished by the Manchester Unity. . . . But I wish most particularly to be understood, that I do not, on this account, desire it to be inferred that the Manchester Unity is most in need of improvement.' He then explains that the Manchester Unity—of which, he it remembered, he himself is, or very recently was, a leading member and manager—has, within the last ten years, considerably increased the rate of contribution, and lessened the expenditure, besides effecting sundry very valuable and important alterations and improvements, such as separating the incidental fund from the sick and burial fund, and spending less in mere glaring shows. Nevertheless, he emphatically adds, that, as an honest man, he 'is compelled to acknowledge that, according to the data furnished by its own experience, the great bulk of this important society will, in a few years, be unable to meet in full the legitimate claims of its members, unless very important changes in its financial constitution be speedily effected.'

Authentic returns of the Preston district of the Manchester Unity were examined by Mr Hardwick, and he hints that he believes many other districts are in a far worse condition. The Preston district, in 1850, 'numbered 1977 members, seventy and six-tenths per cent. of whom were married. Their average age was about thirty-five years; but as the average age will not give the average sickness, on account of the greater rapidity of the increase during the latter portion of life, I classed them under quinquennial, or five-yearly periods, from which, assisted by Mr H. Ratcliffe, the actuary, I calculated the liabilities according to the experience of the Manchester Unity itself. The reserved fund amounted to nearly £7000, averaging between £.3 and £.4 per member. The present value of their total liability is about £60,000; while that of their assets, future

subscriptions, and reserved fund included, is little more than £36,000, or very nearly £.24000 less than the liability. All the advantages gained by the members who have previously paid for some time into the district, and afterwards left it, are included, inasmuch as the reserved fund has been increased by the same so paid, and the members who paid it having left, of course are not included in the liabilities.'

Now this society, which is apparently one of the most secure and flourishing, is only one among hundreds equally insecure, or yet more burdened by liabilities. Mr Neison, who is considered one of the very highest authorities on the subject, states that 'societies may continue, for thirty or forty years, to meet their engagements, under certain circumstances, and still eventually fail.' During the last quarter of a century, several thousands of societies have failed; and let the following example—a solitary one, which has innumerable actual parallels—indicate the probability of how many thousands more will fail. We give it in Mr Hardwick's own words: 'I will instance the lodge to which I belong. It is generally considered a prosperous one. In 1850, it numbered 195 members—their average age was thirty-three years and three-tenths, and this was still increasing each year. The proportion of married men was below the average of the district, being only sixty-eight and two-tenths per cent. Yet from Mr Ratcliffe's calculation, from the average experience of the city districts of the Manchester Unity, this fund could only pay 7s. 1d. in the pound on its liabilities. That is to say, the lodge ought to have been in possession of upwards of £2400 to enable it, with the existing rate of contribution, to meet the whole of the future liabilities of the present subscribers. Those clubs with older members, and a proportionately less reserved fund, may imagine the precarious position in which they stand.'

The main causes why Friendly Societies are generally in such a very precarious state are these: too low a rate of members' subscriptions; erroneously-calculated tables; excessive working expenses, in the shape of too large and too highly-paid a staff of officials; foolish expenditure in feasting, shows, gewgaws, and trumpery paraphernalia, &c. The chief error of all, however, consists in fixing the subscriptions at too small a sum. Many Odd Fellows' Lodges require only an entrance-fee of £.2, and a yearly payment of 17s. 4d., in order to insure 10s. weekly in sickness through life, £.10 at death, and £.5 on the death of a member's wife; while, according to Mr Neison, to afford these rates, members entering at the age of thirty-two, ought to pay nearly £.2 yearly. Many societies require even smaller sums from their members than the Odd Fellows above alluded to. Sooner or later, insolvency must be their portion. 'According to the Manchester Unity tables, to insure the sum of 10s. per week during sickness till the age of seventy, and afterwards an annuity of 2s. 6d. per week, in lieu of sick-pay; £.10 at the death of a member, and nothing on the death of a member's wife, a party entering at thirty-five years of age, ought to pay, without initiation-money, the annual sum of £.1, 13s. 10d. Yet for an entrance-fee of £.4, 10s., and 17s. 4d. per year, the Preston district promises £.10 at the death of a member, and £.7 on the death of a member's wife; 10s. per week in sickness, should it continue a full year; 5s. per week, should the inability to follow the usual employment continue another year; and 2s. 6d. per week for ever afterwards.'

Mr Neison, Mr Ansell, and Mr Ratcliffe, have all published valuable calculations on the average amount of sickness; and although they vary slightly, yet they very distinctly agree in shewing that all, or nearly all, the Friendly Societies, fail to make sufficient allowance in their calculations for the great increase of sickness which old age invariably brings in its train. Mr Neison reckons the total average amount of sickness, from

* *Friendly Societies.* By Charles Hardwick. Published by Whittaker & Son, Manchester. The People's Edition.

between sixty, to be sixty weeks, three days, eleven hours; and between sixty and seventy, to be seventy-two weeks, two days, two hours. Some have supposed that the amount of sickness in Scotch societies is much less than in the English; but it is now ascertained, that the reason why the Scotch tables apparently infer a less amount of average sickness, is because 'the members of the Scotch clubs were not in the habit of claiming the sick-allowance, unless they happened to be in indifferent circumstances at the time of their inability to follow their employment.' But the tables referred to date back so far as 1820; and whether the clubs present similar features now, we are not aware.

The following candid remarks of Mr Hardwick are so good, that we must not omit to quote them:—'It is, however, but just to the members of the old Friendly Societies, after the errors into which they have fallen have been pointed out, in order to the adoption of means for their improvement, that I should give them full credit for the whole of the good they have effected. This, unfortunately, has been neglected by many who have thought proper to denounce their errors and imperfections. The cause of these errors has not been want of integrity, but the absence of knowledge. The honest working-man is, of course, offended when he sees or hears himself and friends classed amongst the fools, or perhaps the knaves, by parties, some of whose statements he knows to be false, and whose motives he has perhaps some little show of reason to suspect. But the great mischief is, that when uneducated men discover that their case is made out to be worse than they know it really to be, they at once denounce the whole of the assertions of the party as false and slanderous; and thus the communication of much information, which might really have been well worthy of their serious attention, is productive of no beneficial result, but engenders perhaps fierce and bigoted opposition.'

Every one who has an interest, either direct or indirect, in any description of Friendly Society, should by all means procure and study Mr Hardwick's lecture. We sincerely believe it to be written in a right spirit, with an honest desire to uplift a warning voice to the existing societies, and to point out the rocks on which so many of them have already split, and on which it is very greatly to be feared that still more of them will hereafter be wrecked. Benefit societies which are not based on sure statistics of health and sickness among an average number of individuals, are mere lotteries, or at anyrate wild speculations, and their failure, sooner or later, is a matter of absolute certainty. As a general rule, the smaller the society, the greater its working expenses must be in proportion to the number of members, and the higher ought the annual payments to be, in order to meet the inevitable outlay. Until a thorough reform is instituted in the constitutions of existing societies, we do not see what possible guarantee an industrious man has that he is not building his house on the sand when he enters them. One would naturally presume that the oldest existing societies—those which have stood the test of forty or fifty years, and have hitherto consistently sustained their credit, and met every call upon them—are the safest; but nevertheless, we would urgently advise all who contemplate becoming members, to make some previous inquiry into their rules, and test these rules by the data and opinions furnished by eminent actuaries. We do not profess to have any intimate personal knowledge of the practical working of Friendly Societies; and even if we did, we should shrink from the responsibility of giving our working friends advice to join any particular society in preference to another. All we say is, beware of rash confidence in any society, either single or amalgamated. We also think it would be well if the legislature set about some systematic inquiry into the condition of the great mass of Friendly Societies, and laid down some simple,

easily-understood tests, whereby the security of any society, either established or projected, might be judged of with a degree of certainty by the intending member. Surely the interests at stake are enough to justify, and indeed call for, such a step on the part of government.

MANKIND, FROM A RAILWAY BAR-MAIDS POINT OF VIEW.

MANKIND is composed of great herds of rough-looking persons, who occasionally rush with frightful impetuosity into our refreshment-rooms, calling for cups of coffee, and hot brandy and water, which they tumble into themselves scalding, and pay for in furious haste; after which they rush out again, without exchanging a civil word with anybody. Mankind, even of the first class, are dressed queerly in pea-coats, paletots, cloaks, and caps, with no sort of attention to elegance. They indulge much in comforters, and green and red handkerchiefs, and sometimes little is seen of their visages beyond the mouth and the point of the nose. While they stand at the bar eating or drinking, they look much like a set of wild beasts in a menagerie, taking huge bites and monstrous gulps, and often glaring wildly askance at each other, as if each dreaded that his neighbour would rob him of what he was devouring. It is a very unamiable sight, and has given me a very mean opinion of mankind. They appear to me a set of beings devoid of courtesy and refinement. None of them ever takes off hat or cap when eating, and not one of even those whom I suppose to be clergymen, ever says grace before the meat which I hand him. A soup or a sandwich is no better in this respect than a brandy and water. When a lady comes in amongst these rude ungracious animals, unless she has a husband or other friend to take some care of her, she is left to forage for herself; and I have seen some forlorn examples of the sex come very poorly off, while gentlemen were helping themselves to veal and ham pies, and slices of the cold round. I don't know any difference on mankind for a great number of years. They are just the same muffled-up, confused-looking, munching, glaring, bolting crew, as when I first became acquainted with them at the station. They are not conversable creatures. They seem to have no idea of using the mouth and tongue for any purpose but that of eating. They can only ask for the things they wish to eat or drink, and what they have to pay for them. Now and then, I hear some one making a remark to another, but it seldom goes beyond such subjects as the coldness of the night; and this, by a curious coincidence, I always find to be alluded to just before I am asked for a tumbler of punch, as if there were a necessary connection between the two ideas. Sometimes a gentleman, when the bell suddenly rings for seats, and he only begun to his cup of coffee and biscuit, will allow a naughty expression to escape him. Beyond this, mankind are a taciturn, stupid set; for though I hear of speeches, and lectures, and conversaziones, I never hear or am present at any, and I can hardly believe that such things exist.

I am, indeed, rather at a loss to understand how all those things that one hears of in the newspapers come about. We are told there of statesmen who conduct public affairs, of soldiers who fight gallantly for their country, of great poets and novelists who charm their fellow-creatures, and of philosophers and divines who instruct them. A few will lay their heads together, and raise a Crystal Palace. Some will combine, and throw a tubular bridge across a strait of the sea. These things are a complete mystery to me, for I see nothing of mankind but coarse eating and drinking, and most undignified 'innings off' when the bell rings. There must surely be another mankind who do all the fine things.

One detestable thing about the mankind that comes

under my observation, is their gluttony. Every two or three hours they rush in, demanding new refreshments, and eating them with as much voracity as if they had not seen victuals for a week. They eat eight times a day on our line, and the last train is always the hungriest, besides taking the most drink. It is a perfect weariness to me, this constant feed—feed—feeding. What with the quantity they eat, and what with the haste of the eating, we must send out hundreds of indigestions from our rooms every day.

On account of these shocking habits on the part of mankind, I have for some time past entertained a great contempt for them, inasmuch, that I almost wish to see them scald themselves with my cups of tea, and choke upon my pies. For me to think of marrying any specimen of so coarse a crew, is entirely out of the question; so it is quite as well that Tom Collard the guard left me for Betty last summer, and that, as yet, no other follower has come forward. It will be best for them all to keep their distance—so assures them their obedient humble servant,
SOLIMA LANKARD.

THE LIBERIAN BLACKSMITH

Was there ever a person like Mrs Stowe's Uncle Tom in actual existence? What we want to know is whether an individual born in slavery, and bred under the degrading and stupefying influences of that condition, could possibly be so admirable in character, so meek and yet so firm, so amiable, so conscientious, and so intelligently pious as that wonderful hero of romance is represented to have been. Some eminent critics have boldly asserted that the character is impossible. Even Mrs Stowe herself seems to have been sensible of the objection, and willing to admit its truth, for she declares on what amounts to the same thing, makes Arthur St. Clair affirm that a slave like Uncle Tom is a moral miracle. Such an admission might lead one to believe that the lady's genius is more powerful than her reasoning faculty. It overmasters her, and like a prophetess of old she utters truer truths than she can fully comprehend. But the reader shall judge.

Suppose, for a moment, that Uncle Tom had been depicted as not only excellent in every moral quality, but also as a man of strong intellect and great learning; suppose that he had been represented as acquiring, by his unaided exertions, not only the common elements of education, but a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and even some acquaintance with Hebrew, and, as exciting, by his theological disquisitions, the admiration of a large assembly of clergymen, I do not think that an intellectual prodigy combined with the moral miracle. Mrs Stowe would evidently not have ventured upon such a declaration, and I do think the critics would unanimously have scout it as outraging the utmost bounds of the natural and probable. A writer of fiction must keep within these bounds, and the lady has probably gone as far as the limits of art would allow her. But truth is privileged, and acknowledges no such artistical restrictions. It is quite true, if human testimony is to be believed, that such a moral and intellectual prodigy has just been described and existed, at no great distance from the scene of Uncle Tom's imaginary adventures and sufferings. The particulars of this remarkable case, as they have come to our knowledge, may be briefly told.

About six years ago, a narrative appeared in some American journals, which excited a good deal of interest. It was an account of 'a learned black blacksmith,' or, in other words, of a negro slave who, while working as a mechanic had managed first to learn to read and write, then to acquire a considerable proficiency in the classical tongues, and finally, to commence the study of Hebrew. Indeed, as usually happens in such cases, his attainments were at first exaggerated, and he was

represented as having made himself acquainted with no less than seven languages, and as thus being hardly inferior in learning to Eliza Follen herself. The story in this form attracted the attention of some benevolent persons. Inquiries were made; and the simple truth, divested of all embellishment, was found to be sufficiently extraordinary to awaken a strong feeling in his favour, and to lead to efforts which resulted in his liberation. In the year 1846, a Presbyterian minister, belonging to the synod of Alabama, sent to a religious newspaper of New Orleans a short biography of this remarkable slave. From this and other sources, we learn that Ellis, or, as he subsequently wrote his name, Harrison W. Ellis, was born in Pittsylvania County in the state of Virginia. In early life, he was removed from that place to Tennessee; but whether in this removal he accompanied his old master, or was sold to another, is not stated. At the age of nine years he formed the purpose of learning to read, principally in order that he might be able to peruse the Bible. He had observed that ministers, in preaching, always read from the Bible, and spoke of it as being the Word of God, and the expression, so customary as to pass without notice from ordinary hearers, made a strong impression upon his mind. It would be interesting to learn the exact methods by which he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, but all his biographer tells us is that in despite of numerous obstacles, such as would have deterred almost any one else, he succeeded in learning to read, and afterwards to write. When he was twenty-five years old, another removal took place. This time he was transferred to the state of Alabama. He was still a slave, labouring at the trade of a blacksmith of course for his master's benefit. A thirst for knowledge had been awakened in his mind, and not finding good many books, principally on religious subjects, he was led to undertake the study of the Latin language. He had no regular instruction, but received it, as it is stated, some little assistance from one person and another as a casual opportunity afforded.

This statement it may be observed, does not altogether harmonise with the commonly received opinion that the slaves in America are purposely kept in gross ignorance, and that to teach one to read is tantamount to a criminal offence. The fact is, that such prohibitory and penal laws really exist, and that a school for the instruction of slaves would not be tolerated; but the efforts of individual slaves to acquire instruction either from one another or from good-natured whites are rarely ever interfered with. The difficulties which oppose Ellis's pursuit of knowledge do not seem to have been greater than a poor labouring man would have had to encounter in most parts of Europe during the last century. What excites our surprise in the case of Ellis, is not the extent of his acquirements, or the magnitude of the obstacles which he had to overcome, but that a negro, and a slave, should thus devote himself earnestly to intellectual pursuits. The negro race is regarded by some as naturally deficient in mental capacity, and a slave has apparently no motive for attempting to improve his mind. It does not appear that Ellis commenced his studies with any expectation that they would procure him his freedom, or in any way ameliorate his circumstances. He studied, partly that he might better comprehend the Bible and partly for the mere love of learning. Having acquired some knowledge of Latin, he afterwards undertook the study of Greek, and subsequently of Hebrew. In the latter, however, he made very little progress, owing to the want of books—a difficulty, indeed, which had retarded his progress throughout his studies. 'It cannot be said,' observes the clergyman who wrote of him in 1846, 'that he is a finished scholar in either the Latin or Greek languages. He has, however, acquired such a knowledge of both, as

to be able, without any assistance, to prosecute his studies in them to any length he may wish. His acquaintance with his own tongue is such as to enable him to speak and write it with as much propriety as is common among educated men. While he has read and studied some authors on natural science, moral philosophy, and the like, his reading has been confined for the most part to religious books. Dwight, Dick, and Boston, are the theological writers with whom he is most familiar.

In what way the abilities and acquirements of this remarkable slave first became known, does not appear. It may be presumed, however, that some Presbyterian minister was induced to take an interest in him, and to bring his case under the notice of the ruling bodies of that church, as it appears that in the year already mentioned the synods of Alabama and Mississippi combined to purchase his freedom and that of his family, with the view of sending them to Africa under the care of the American Board of Missions. It was intended that Ellis should be ordained as a missionary, and with this view he was introduced at a meeting of the presbytery of Tuscaloosa as a candidate for clerical orders. The impression he made is thus recorded by the writer who has been already quoted, and who then apparently saw him for the first time:—'I believe I utter the sentiments of the whole presbytery, and of the large assembly present at his examination, when I say, that for precision on the details of religious experience—for sober, rational views of what constitutes a call to the ministry—for sound, consistent, scriptural views of the leading doctrines of the Gospel, few candidates for the office have been known to equal him. The effect of his statements was greatly increased by the fact, that he seemed to be presenting rather the results of his own reflections than what he had learned from the investigations of others. On many points, there was a striking originality in his mode of exhibiting his sentiments. He also read a sermon of his own composition, of which some of the members thought so highly, that they proposed that the presbytery should order its publication. It certainly looked and sounded very strange—it was almost incredible—to see and hear one who had been all his life a slave, with none but the ordinary privileges of a slave, reading a production so correct in language, so forcible in style, so logical in argument, and abounding with quotations from the Bible so intelligently and pertinently applied.' So well satisfied was the presbytery of his fitness for the office, that arrangements were immediately made to ordain him as a missionary during the next session of the synod.

Ellis was at that time between thirty and forty years of age. He is described as of pure negro parentage, and quite black: his grandfather, indeed, was a native of Africa. His wife was about the same age, and could read. They had two children, a son and daughter. The former, a sprightly lad, seventeen years old, could not only read and write, but had made some progress in the study of arithmetic, geography, and other branches of school learning. The daughter, then eleven years of age, had just commenced learning to read. It must be borne in mind, that the only opportunities which the children could have had for receiving instruction, were such as occurred in the casual intervals of their own and their father's labour.

It appears that the benevolent intentions of the two synods were promptly carried into effect. In looking through a series of the publications of the American Colonization Society, we are enabled to trace the result. In March 1847, a schooner arrived at Liberia from New Orleans with a party of emigrants for the colony. A letter from an American physician, then residing in Liberia as the agent of the United States government, gives an account of the arrival of these

emigrants; and thus notices the one in whom we are chiefly interested:—'I am pleased with the manners and character of Mr Ellis, "the learned black blacksmith," who came out in the schooner, and who, with his wife and two children, was liberated from slavery by the Presbyterian synods of Alabama and Mississippi, at an expense of 2500 dollars. Although the accounts which have been published respecting his proficiency as a scholar, especially as a linguist, may have been exaggerated, yet I think he is an extraordinary man; and I hope his example and influence may be highly beneficial in this country.'

In the *African Repository* for 1848, there appears a brief letter from Mr Ellis himself, addressed to one of his clerical friends in Alabama. He was then in excellent spirits, well pleased with the colony, and content with his own prospects. A few months after his arrival in Liberia, the pulpit of one of the Presbyterian churches in Monrovia became vacant, and Mr Ellis was installed pastor of the church. Five members, he writes, had since been added to the church, one of whom was his own son. A year later, we find, by a paragraph in the same publication, that, besides performing the duties of his pastoral charge, Mr Ellis had commenced his missionary labours among the natives. 'He is studying,' we are here told, 'the language of two wild tribes, in order to be able to preach to them in their own tongue. He says, that the Mandingoes claim him for their countryman, because his grandfather was born in Africa. This tribe are Mohammedans; and some of their priests, he says, are intelligent, being capable of reading Hebrew when written in the Arabic character.' Two years later, there appears a somewhat long letter from Mr Ellis, giving some interesting information concerning Liberia, in answer to a letter of inquiry from a gentleman in Alabama, and at the same time affording us a good insight into the character of the writer, who certainly bears a strong moral resemblance to Uncle Tom. For instance, supposing the latter to have obtained an education, and afterwards to have settled in Liberia, would he have answered an inquiry about 'the general capacity of Liberian children' in terms very different from those of the following intelligent and quaintly-expressed reply?—'The children of Liberia are exactly like the white children in America; and as this part of our community have the best opportunity to equal the corresponding part in America, their equality can be better seen. And as remarkable as this branch of society is [that is, white children in America], old persons [slaves] had not the opportunity of seeing much of it where we came from, so that many think our children have more penetrating minds than those of America. This supposition arose out of the above-mentioned circumstance; but it is not well founded. The fact is, if there be any difference, it is in this—perhaps the children in Liberia learn as fast, if not faster, for the first few years; but it may be that the young Americans continue their mental improvement the longest. I think—though there may be circumstances by which we shall be able, after awhile, to account better for the facts just alluded to—I think it most probable, that "the lambs stop eating, because the shepherds get out of corn;" the children stop learning, when their teacher cannot teach them any further. But,' he adds, alluding to the recent establishment of some good schools in Liberia, 'this sad state of things does not exist at present.'

There is another passage in the letter which deserves to be quoted, as it strikingly evinces the truth of Mrs Stowe's representation of character. Uncle Tom's meek endurance of all the wrongs of slavery, his refusal to make use of his 'pass' for the purpose of escaping, and the ex-~~er~~ which he finds for his master's hard treatment of him, have been conspired by critics as indicating a state of feeling altogether unnatural and improbable in a slave. Now, our learned blacksmith

had been a slave till he was past thirty years of age; he had apparently been twice sold; he had certainly had to give nearly all his earnings to his master, and to submit entirely to his master's will; yet he 'strove,' as he himself said, 'to make himself agreeable and happy' in this condition, and he counselled all his brethren to submission.

At this time, Mr Ellis had accepted a new responsibility, probably more in compliance with the wishes of others, than in accordance with his own views. A high school, supported by the Presbyterian Board of Missions in New York, had been established at Monrovia, and Mr Ellis was appointed the master of it. As might have been expected, the arrangement proved to be an injudicious one. Experience has shewn that a person entirely self-taught, however great his abilities and his learning, is rarely if ever qualified for the office of a teacher. The art of instruction, like other arts, must be acquired by an apprenticeship. The self-taught man, with his mind full of scientific truths and classical erudition, finds himself ignorant of numerous important and essential details which he could have acquired in any well-conducted village-school. Hence we are not surprised to learn, from a recent report on the state of education in Liberia, that the high school had been less successful than its patrons expected. 'The common talents and industry of its principal, the Rev. Mr Ellis, manifested in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages while a slave,' adds this report, 'do not adequately supply the place of that thorough and careful training in the rudiments, which every teacher needs, in order to teach others to proper advantage.' Under these circumstances, the proper course was taken: a new principal—a graduate of an American theological seminary—was appointed to the school, and Mr Ellis was left free to pursue his pastoral and missionary labours for which he was best qualified.

Such is the sum of our information concerning this learned, sensible, and pious negro slave. The story is a suggestive one in various ways, and might give occasion for many reflections on slavery and its effects, on African civilisation, distinctions of race, and so forth. We choose, however, to leave it simply as a *piece justificative*—as a French historian would say—of the now world-famous American romance; merely observing, that if Mrs Stowe's fiction is strange, the plain truth maintains its superiority, as usual, by being stranger still.

CHAPTER ON BEARS.

ALTHOUGH Master Slender confessed that to see Sackerson loose was 'meat and drink' to him, he had still the candour to admit, special tastes and predilections apart, that bears were, after all, 'very ill-favoured, tough things,' and that, accordingly, it is not surprising 'women cannot abide 'em.' In Master Slender's day, and indeed both before and after it, the popular mind was, moreover, possessed of very singular notions respecting Bruin and his brood: those who knew him best, and could claim him as a fellow-countryman, holding him in high respect and veneration—those who had their abode in regions in which he figured only as an exotic, an imported curiosity, regarding him with awe and something like terror, and persuaded he was not altogether 'canny,' but, in truth, a very 'awesome' and mysterious beast.

Pliny affirms the bear's skull to be the tenderest, and the parrot's the hardest known to the osteologist; and that very sagacious and trustworthy Scandinavian bishop, well known to us as Olaus Magnus, also acknowledges that 'bears have a most weak head.' Be this as it may, we are certified by the authority of the latter, that, in former times, bears were rendered

contributory to the spread of pestilence amongst the inhabitants of the far north; and that, if not exactly learned themselves—and it would not be safe to aver even this—they were at least the cause of learning in others. Let Olaus explain this in the congenial language of his old translator:—

'The Russians and Lithuanians are more near to the Swedes and Goths on the eastern parts, and these hold it a singular delight to have always the most comeliest beasts bred up tame with them, and made obdient to their commands in all things. Wherefore to do this the sooner, they keep them in caves, or tyed with chains, chiefly bears newly taken in the woods, and half starve them; and they appoint one or two masters, clothed the one like the other, to carry victuals to them, that they may be accustomed to play with them, and handle them when they are loose. Also they play on pipes sweetly, and with this they are much taken; and thus they use them to sport and dance; and then when the pipes sound differently, they are taught to lift up their legs as by a more sharp sign to end the dance with, that they may go on their hinder-feet, with a cap on their fore-feet, held out to the women and maids and others that saw them dance, and ask a reward for their dancing; and if they give not freely, they will murmur as they are directed by their master, and will nod their heads, as desiring them to give more money; so the master of these beasts that cannot speak the language of other countries, will get a good gain by his dumb beast. Nor doth this seem to be done only because that these should live by this small gain, for the bear-herds that lead their bears are at least ten or twelve lusty men, and in their company sometimes there go noblemen's sons, that they may learn the fashions, manners, and distances of places, the military arts, and concord of princes, by these merry pastimes. But since they were found in Germany to spoil travellers, and to cast them to their bears to eat, most strict laws are made against them.'

We discover in this narration the source and origin of Russian diplomacy, and we come to understand the bear has—it one had the wit to see it—the degree a political importance. Indeed, we cannot appreciate his importance in this respect, when we remember, that two of the Roman emperors—Maximilian and Valentinian—as hath been writ in authentic history, kept each of them his bear, and employed him in the honourable task of devouring such as ventured in any way to contravene the imperial will and pleasure. These bears, whose dutiful obedience to their masters' commands, in rending and devouring contumacious subjects, the emperors were daily in the habit of witnessing, had severally for name, Mica Aurea and Innocentia. Romodanofsky, the coarse and vulgar favourite of Peter the Great, had also a pet bear, a gigantic, ill-looking brute, which he kept in his palace, and which was accustomed to give to every visitor a glass of brandy, qualified by a strong dose of pungent pepper. If the visitor tossed off the nauseous compound, all was well enough; but if his gorge should rise at the villainous mixture, and he decline it, the hospitable bear would angrily forthwith tear his clothes from off his back. Thus did Bruin serve his master in quality of a sort of political touchstone or Ithuriel's spear, and enable him to know on whose subserviency and regard he might confidently rely, and to what extent he might safely count on the defence and support of the various courtiers who thronged to his presence. The bear, besides, is of a persevering, energetic character. Thus the ranger in the *Fire on the Prairies* says, that 'the bear is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-hive in the world. They'll gnaw for a whole day at the trunk until they get to their paws, and then they'll haul out the honey, bees

and all. A very eminent philosopher, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, took a still more serious view of the matter, for, as we are assured by our great English rhymester—

Cardan believed great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end,
That, as she whinked it t'wards the sun,
Strowed nightly empires up and down—
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails

The bear, in short, was considered an extraordinary quadruped altogether, and endowed with far higher mental capacity than were quadrupeds generally. There is amongst the Additional Manuscripts in the British Museum, a beautifully illuminated book, of Flemish origin, in which one is depicted as dancing and at the same time playing the bagpipes.

M. de la Motraye, in his interesting and instructive travels, gives us this further singular information respecting the bear. At Orta, a large Polish village two miles from Grodno, he writes—'I was assured that the bears of that forest, though they are very numerous, are so far from doing any harm to human creatures that, on the contrary, the she bears have often reared infants exposed by unnatural mothers. That in King Cassimir's reign, some huntsmen had taken two of those infants alive, which although they went on all fours, could not run so fast as the bears who nourished them, they roared in the same manner and fled from the sight of men as they did, the one, by his growth was computed to be eleven or twelve years of age and the other nine or ten. It was a great while before they could be brought to eat any cooked viands or bread to talk, or walk on their feet, as other men do, particularly the one who was kept at court, and the other being put to a convent at Wiszow, there learned a few Polish words, but never to that perfection as to understand or be understood well. Their bodies were very hairy, their skin tawny, and so hardened that they could bear cold weather better than hot in a world they had nothing to distinguish them from beasts but their shape and figure. However, as it was believed they were human creatures they were baptised. The king made a present of that which had been kept some time at court to the vice-chamberlain of Posenau who employed him in his kitchen, but he could not be reconciled to the heat thereof, nor weaned from his brutish customs. He often took a ramble into the forest to visit his friends and brethren, the bears, which used him with all the tenderness imaginable, and he always brought home some wild fruit, which he used to eat with more pleasure than anything the kitchen afforded. All this has many points of resemblance to the well-authenticated accounts of children suckled by wolves in India, the details of which we have already laid before our readers.* Another peculiarity of the animal is thus described by Butler:—

A bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural
Whelped without form, until the dim
Hath felled it into shape and fin

On this Pliny the naturalist has most learnedly disapproved. As a consequence, he informs us, of the necessity for lugging the cubs into a proper ursine shape and fashion, the male bear is not seen for forty days, nor the female for four months after birth. He further describes the artificial dens which the bears ingeniously construct, and retire to during the interesting period of their accouchement. They remain in these dens, he says, for fourteen days, and sleep as soundly, that they cannot be awakened even by blows or wounds—getting, be it added, most remark-

ably fat during the time of their prolonged slumber. They then sit up, and fall to sucking their paws, which is the only food they have for subsistence. Theophrastus remarks, that any one who should take and seethe or bake bears' flesh during this period, would find it grow even when under the culinary process—a peculiarity which housewives would be glad to see extended to other viands.

Bears' flesh is well known as an article of food: Sir Edward Parry found it palatable enough fare in the arctic regions, and, together with stewed white-dogs, leavers tail fish, buffaloes, corn, and fashkodacoo (or fire drink) it figures as a choice delicacy in the feasts of the North American Indians. Perhaps they find the consumption of it favourable to their venatorial pursuits, and just as Cardan contends, that it was their habit of feeding on the wild dogs that made the Corsican islanders like the dogs—crucif, futhcas, bold, prompt, nable, and strong the Indian may find, that by feeding on its flesh he becomes like the bear—a wary, expert, daring, and sure footed hunter. Pliny recommends the fat of the bear as also do our modern pertinaxers, 'the bull head is a thing to develop and nourish the hair. I th people of Kamtschatka, it supplies a grateful and security repose, and is, when melted and mixed with a frequent substitute for oil. The belief of that favoured region cause the intestines of the bear to be so rapidly cleaned, and wear them in that state as sun shades. The Kamtschatka Russians use such of these intestines as they can obtain in a transparent condition by way of window panes, 'to expel the winter's flaw without excluding the light. Brims should let blind some turn by them into sickles, and his lances they have for ornaments.

Once a favourite with emperors the bear is still an object of similitude to the dignitaries of a certain continental town. Berne in Switzerland, considers that bears are identified with its prosperity. Outside the town as a properly formed pit for the residence of a pair of bears to which all travellers pay a visit. These bears may be said to have a corporate existence. They never die for as soon as one drops off, another supplies its place. They also possess an endowment for their support. When the French took possession of Switzerland they made short work with the patrimony of the bears and like other hapless victims of revolutionary movement the pair of bears were thrown for support on charitable contributions. Afterwards when things righted themselves in Switzerland a new patrimony was assigned to the bears of Berne, and the last time we saw them they were leading that easy self-satisfied life common alike to two and four footed personages.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

March 1853.

The sudden arrival of winter with a low temperature, has so much verified the Registrar general's statement, that a fall of the thermometer to freezing point never fails to raise by some hundreds the weekly return of mortality in the metropolis. The mean temperature of the second week in January was 15 degrees, and the deaths were 1601, in the second week in February, it had sunk to 29 degrees and the deaths numbered 1328.

A remarkable and seriously suggestive increase. 'It appears, says the Registrar, that while persons of all ages have suffered, the severity of the weather has been most fatal to persons in advanced life. Well-heated apartments, warm clothing, and comfortable lodging at night, at all times necessary in this climate, are indispensable at this season to the aged, who find it difficult to support life when the temperature has fallen below a certain point.' For the moment, the subject is exciting attention, and well it may, for it is too certain that

* Well-Children, No 46.

we have habituated ourselves to neglect the precautions which winter always necessitates, even in our, of late, mild climate. Of all preservative agents, saltpetre is the most potent, and yet the fact is too commonly ignored. It will have to become one of the dogmas of public-health doctrine.

From all accounts, great exertions are being made to improve agricultural operations. A digging-machine has just been invented in Oxfordshire, which is said to do its work far more thoroughly than the plough, and far more in accordance with the needs of modern husbandry. And the Agricultural Society having offered a prize for a manure equal to guano at a cost of £5 a ton, Mr Pusey has shown that the conditions are satisfied by nitrate of soda, and at a charge less than that specified. He says, in illustration, that forty-six acres of land, if cropped with barley, and dressed with seven hundredweights of nitrate, would yield an increase of eighty sacks beyond the quantity usually obtained. A cargo of this fertiliser was first brought to England in 1829, but for want of a purchaser, was thrown overboard; a second importation took place in 1830; and from that date up to 1850, the quantity brought from Peru, where the supply is inexhaustible, was 239,860 tons; value, £5,000,000. With the price reduced to £8 a ton, Mr Pusey observes, 'our farmers might obtain from their own farms the whole foreign supply of wheat, without labour, and with but a few months' outlay of capital. I do not mean to say, that no failures will yet occur before we obtain a complete mastery over this powerful substance; but I am confident that, as California has been explored in our day, so a vast reservoir of nitrogen—the main desideratum for the worn-out fields of Europe—cannot long be left within a few miles of the sea, passed almost in sight by our steamers, yet still nearly inaccessible at the foot of the Andes.' A company to work the Peruvian nitrate might be formed, with much better hope of success than in prospecting for Australian nuggets.

Connected with this subject, is a result of 'unrestricted competition,' which is regarded with some interest—the Levant is becoming our chief source of corn-supply. We had so long been accustomed to look to the United States and the shores of the Baltic for surplus grain, that few persons thought of the course of trade taking a new direction. In 1841, we imported 230,000 quarters from the Russian ports on the Black Sea, and the Turkish and other ports on the Mediterranean. In 1852, the quantity from the same places was 1,700,000 quarters—shipped chiefly at Galatz, Ibrail, and other Turkish marts, which serve as outlets for the superabundant produce of Hungary and the Danubian provinces. Egypt, also, sent us last year 276,000 quarters. Nearly the whole of this trade is in the hands of Greek merchants established in England. It gives us an additional reason for preserving amicable relations with the East, and explains why the Turks do not wish to give up Kieff and Sutorina to Austria.

Another indication of social advancement is seen in the Excise returns just published. Paper, for instance,—the quantity charged with duty in 1851, was 130,903,543 lbs.; in 1852, it was 154,169,211 lbs. There is a great increase, too, in the article of soap—from 205,199,321 lbs. in 1851, to 224,039,700 lbs. in 1852. What would it not be with the duty off? An improvement has lately been introduced in the manufacture of paper from straw; and at a mill near Dublin a kind is now made which is white, smooth, and suitable for writing-paper. Ireland is advancing also in another branch of industry—the manufacture of beet root sugar. The produce of last year amounted to 142 bags, containing from three to four hundredweights each: these have just been sold; and it is now contemplated to start two other establishments, on which 40,000 tons of the root may be produced in a year. At

present, 230 persons are employed in the manufacture; but if the project be carried out, this number will be largely increased, and a great addition made to Ireland's industrial resources. The Irish farmers might also turn their attention to the growing of chicory, with good assurance of a market, since governments have rescinded their order concerning the adulteration of coffee, and now the retailers are left free to mix at their own discretion.

The ministerial declaration, that there shall be no more transportation of criminals to Australia, except to the Swan River colony, gives much satisfaction; but it adds to the gravity of the question: What shall we do with the wrong-doers? The people of Birmingham, encouraged by the success of a reformatory school, set on foot by Joseph Sturge, are about to try whether crime can be really prevented on a large scale, and so be effected a disappearance of the opprobrium of civilisation—criminal classes. Meanwhile, are the culprits to be set to work, or otherwise punished? If transportation is to be a real punishment, why not choose some spot within the arctic circle? or employ them in reclaiming Morecambe Bay and the Solway sands from the sea?

By news from California, we learn that, owing to inclemency of weather and the stoppage of supplies, some unfortunate diggers had been starved to death. We shall hear of similar casualties from Australia, if the harvest prove deficient or the imports fall short—a contingency worth taking into consideration by intending emigrants. It is also worth while not to overlook the fact, that some of our city banks have found it necessary to raise the salaries of their junior clerks, in order to keep them from throwing up their situations for the gold-diggings; and other banks have advertised for clerks, all of which is an unmistakable sign of the times, and shows that, while clerks are at a premium, and sailors and labourers can strike for wages, we have still something to hope for in England. It would be well to remember, too, that there are other countries worth going to as well as Australia: a recent arrival of some thousands of pounds of wool from the Cape, is an example of what can be done in that colony; and it may be multiplied to any extent without fear of loss, for our woollen manufacturers will buy all that comes. Parts of South America, too, are well suited for the rearing of sheep. Mr McCann tells us, in his *Two Thousand Miles' Ride in the Argentine Provinces*, that land can be bought within fifty miles of Buenos Ayres at £2 an acre, and sheep at 8s. a dozen. Think of that—a sheep for 3d.! What prodigious wool-packs we might get from the Pampas, if the population were not so fond of weekly revolutions! Then, again, it is scarcely possible to read Major Strickland's *Twenty-seven Years in Canada*, and not see that the reward of honest industry in that country is certain and ample. The elements of prosperity are abundant: one of them, the forests, as shown in a Report just published by the Canadian Institute, is too much neglected. They consider that the display made by the colony in the Great Exhibition, entitles them to hope that more of their timber may be introduced into Europe; and they have drawn up and circulated a list of different kinds of wood for that purpose. The value of the exports of potash and timber in 1851, amounted to £1,509,545 sterling. More than 120,000,000 superficial feet of pine plank and board, to say nothing of logs, are sent out of the country yearly. As one means of promoting trade, a project is formed for a mail direct from Liverpool to Quebec, the distance between the two places by the Strait of Belle Isle being 400 miles shorter than to Boston. The contract for the Provincial Ocean Steamers, provides for fourteen fortnightly trips from Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal in the summer, and five monthly trips to Portland, state of Maine, in winter. The vessels are to be of 1500 tons burden, and

are to carry storage passengers for six guineas, including provisions. And further, as a canal is to be made to connect Lake Champlain with the St Lawrence, and important lines of railway are in process of construction, it is manifest that Canada offers a legitimate field for commercial enterprise. The Canadian Institute above mentioned has been in existence about a year. It was formed for the promotion of science, and for the collecting and digesting of facts in geology, natural history, &c.; and as the members are permitted to hold their meetings in the old Government House at Toronto, and are aided by a small sum voted by the colonial legislature, we may hope that a long career of usefulness is before them.

The prospect of a copyright treaty being carried into effect between this country and the United States, is provoking discussion among those most interested. Some think it best to leave things as they are—the class herein comprised may be easily guessed at—but the greater party believe, that books are not written for poachers to appropriate at pleasure, and are willing to see the copyright properly secured to the author. If we really get the treaty, it will be a heavy blow to certain publishers. The great sale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has perhaps accelerated the measure. Apropos of this book, it has been reproduced in four different translations in France, but it does not appeal to French sympathies as it did to ours. The Germans, too, have translated the touching narrative, and are circulating it largely; and a single translation has appeared in Russian. Will the Muscovite self be permitted to read it?

Captain Penny is trying to get up an 'Arctic Company' for the establishment of a whaling station in Northumberland Inlet, Davis' Strait; seven steamers to be used to fish between Greenland and Nova Zembla; while the mineral deposits on the shores of the inlet, among which plumbago is said to be comprised, are to be worked as an additional source of profit. Supplementary arctic expeditions are again to be sent out: the *Rattlesnake* has sailed with supplies for the Behring Strait parties; Lady Franklin is going to send the *Isabel* steamer, uselessly, it may be said, to the same region; and Captain Inglefield is to go out to Beechey Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, in the *Phoenix* steamer, to inquire the news respecting Sir Edward Belcher. Dr Rae will do what he can in another overland journey; and Lieutenant Kane, with his American explorers, will again join the search, resolved to find the pole if they can find nothing else. The prodigious cost of these expeditions makes one regret, that more pains had not been taken to give them a systematic character and purpose; we should not then have had so many desultory and fruitless attempts as have been made since 1848 to discover the long-lost Franklin party.

Our Asiatic Society have had an interesting communication from Colonel Rawlinson, who writes, that he has found a large number of Scythian inscriptions, which are allied to the Median dialects, and of an age prior to the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Taking the term Scythic in its widest sense, he considers the Hamite nations—Cush, Misraim, Nimrud, and Canaan—to be Scythian, but partially intermixed in course of time with the Shemite races. This discovery is said to clear up difficulties which have long existed in the patriarchal genealogies, and in the traditions of Grecian history, and it will help to a better knowledge generally of the period in question. The colonel adds, that he finds much in the Talmud to aid his researches, and he has been enabled to fix the geography of certain doubtful places; among these, it appears that Birs is the ancient Sepharvaim. Another illustration of Scripture was found by the Turks in a search at Nebbi Yunus—a bronze statue, with the name of Esarhaddon, in the ancient character, on the breast.

Captain Allen is so desirous to convert the greater part of the Holy Land into a great sea by his project for a canal from the Red Sea, across the sandy tract at the head of the Gulf of Akabah, that he has offered to go out and survey the spot if properly supported. It is a scheme we may very safely leave to future generations. The exploration of Africa is more to our present purpose, but its accomplishment is not easy. News has just come to hand of the death of Dr Overweg, whose valuable labours have been frequently mentioned in the Journal. He was seized with fever at Kuka, and removed for change of air to a favourite woody spot about ten miles from Lake Tchad, where he died on the 20th September last. Fortunately, his companion, Dr Barth, retains his health and energy, and being well provided with servants and animals, will pursue his travels; when last heard of, he was about to set out for Timbuctoo. The map of the discoveries already made, embraces a vast interior region heretofore unknown. Dr Vogel, another young German, is now on his way with stores and scientific instruments, and accompanied by two sappers and miners, to join Dr Barth; and if they do not fall victims to the climate, we may expect news of further explorations before many months are over.

A debate which our Civil Engineers have had about heated air as a motive-power, took, on the whole, an unfavourable view of the caloric question; they will, however, wait the result of further inquiry and experiment. In another quarter, we hear of attempts to render electro-magnetism available as a locomotive power, and with greater assurance of success than any hitherto attempted. We shall see. A plan is being tried for converting the muddy deposit at the bottom of the Thames into a potent and inodorous manure, to which we may devoutly wish success, as it will remove a cause of pollution from our river and atmosphere, and save dishonest people the trouble of pounding red sandstone to sell as guano. Hollow glass-walls are coming more into use in gardens, and some attempts have been made at roofing with transparent tiles. In Prussia, green glass-tiles, a quarter-inch thick, have been introduced with entire success. An important subject has come before the Society of Arts—namely, 'On uniformity in weights, measures, and money;' it is one which must be daily talked about if it is ever to be adopted. That it ought to be, no one doubts who is able to form an opinion thereupon. Our Department of Practical Art is about to establish district schools of art and elementary drawing; and the Museum of Economic Geology is to be renamed College of Practical Science, and to co-operate with two other industrial institutions in Dublin, under control of the Board of Trade. This is a preliminary step to the grand central college at Kensington, into which it is ultimately to merge. Art and science are thus to be brought together; and as we have an inspector for the former, so are we to have one for the latter; and thus we may consider that the first step is taken in the scheme for giving the best effect to the art and science of the country at large. A new application of photography is talked about. It is to make light available for calico-printing. The time required for the process is said to be from two to twenty minutes, and it can be made use of for silk, woollen, or flax, as well as cotton. The material, after being dried in the dark, is exposed to the light with a perforated screen of paper, by which the pattern is formed. Projectors are busy in many places upon the electric light, and some of them are ere long to succeed in producing it. It is one of those things which we must believe only on the soundest demonstration. And to conclude with a fact interesting to all who are interested in books: the Academy of Moral and Political Science of Paris have elected Mr Macaulay one of their members, and the king of Prussia has made him a knight of his Order of Merit.

MORTALITY AMONG MASONS.

Masons are continually surrounded with an atmosphere of fine, impalpable dust. By the ordinary act of breathing, this dust is received into the air-passages and the lungs, where it slowly accumulates. Inflammation supervenes—slight at first, it is ultimately acute. A wasting then begins, accompanied by spitting. In a short number of years, a mason dare not walk sharply up a hill. The breathing is impeded, the circulation is interrupted, the blood is imperfectly supplied with oxygen. General debility is then felt—rapid consumption occurs—and at length the disease which originated in his apprenticeship, terminates with his premature death. This is the disease known among the men as the 'mason's trouble.' It is termed *phthisis* in medical phraseology. . . . Dr Alison has said, that 'there is hardly an instance of a mason regularly employed in hewing stones in Edinburgh, living free from phthisical symptoms to the age of fifty.' We can go lower than that: we can state, from pretty extensive observation, that there are none but suffer from it at forty. We do not, in truth, know ten hewers (working) in Edinburgh above fifty, and only two above sixty. It is to be observed, however, that the celebrated Craigleith stone, of which the New Town of Edinburgh was built, contributed more largely to this characteristic disease than the softer stones at present in use. An old Craigleith man was done at thirty, and died at thirty-five. . . . Out of twenty-seven apprentices—fine young, healthy men—who began with Forsyth at the erection of Craigmoid Bridge twenty-six years ago, only two survive. Out of 120 hewers who worked at the High School in '27, we know of only ten survivors. In a squad of thirty stout hewers, who began the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank twelve years ago, only one-half lived to see it finished. The stone-cutting and carving of the Scott Monument killed twenty-three of the finest men in Edinburgh. . . . The stones, let us humbly suggest, might be worked damp, and we are informed, worked better. The sheds, too, might be better ventilated. . . . The men had better endure the wind and rain, the storm and tempest in their greatest fury, than endure for a single week the atmosphere of a shed. Another corrective has been pointed out by Dr Alison, who recommends the Edinburgh hewers to wear mustaches and beards. It is a notorious fact, that cavalry regiments suffer less than regiments of the line from consumption. Their beards and mustaches act like a respirator, and the same line of reasoning applies with greater force to stone-masons. In the south of Germany—in Bavaria and Württemberg, for example—where freestone is extensively worked, and where the masons are fine-looking, unsouled fellows with large beards, such a disease as phthisis is never heard of. . . . Abridged from a series of articles *On the Condition of the Working-classes in the Edinburgh News*.

SCENES IN THE TROPICS.

The soil appeared to undulate, from the effect of mirage, without a breath of wind being felt. The sun was near the zenith, and its dazzling light, reflected from the surface of the river, contrasted with the red-hot vapours that enveloped every surrounding object. How vivid is the impression produced by the calm of nature, at noon, in these burning climates! The hearts of the forests retire to the thickets; the birds hide themselves beneath the foliage of the trees, or in the crevices of the rocks. Yet, amidst this apparent silence, when we lend an attentive ear to the most feeble sounds transmitted through the air, we hear a dull vibration, a continual murmur, a hum of insects, filling, if we may use the expression, all the lower strata of the air. Myriads of insects creep upon the soil and flutter round the plants parched by the heat of the sun. A confused noise issues from every bush, from the decayed trunks of trees, from the clefts of rocks, and from the ground undermined by lizards, millepedes, and centipedes. These are so many voices proclaiming to us that all nature breathes; and that, under a thousand different forms, life is diffused throughout the cracked and dusty soil, as well as in the bosom of the waters, and in the air around us. — Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*.

FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

'Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy;
I have some jewels in my heart
Which thou art powerless to destroy.'

SUNNY eyes may lose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth may know decay;
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain-flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudier flowerets dead;
So when outward charms are gone,
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gentle, kindly loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail
When on life's rough sea we sail;
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,
And the wit no longer glow;
But more smooth we'll find the sea,
And our course the fairer be,
If our pilot, when we start,
Be a kindly loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old—
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Doth this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world had enstomped o'er,
Feelings good and pure before—
Ere ye sold at Mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life be ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart!

T. R.

REPOSITORY OF TRACTS.

We have been asked by various persons, whether the cheap publication lately commenced by us, under the title of **CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS**, is a re-issue of the **MISCELLANY OF TRACTS**, published a few years ago. We have to intimate, that the **REPOSITORY** now issuing is an entirely new work; it resembles the **MISCELLANY** only in size and price; the matter is new, and prepared on purpose. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume, neatly done up for the pocket, at the end of every two months. Two volumes (i.e. each) have now appeared.

Part V. just issued, price 5d.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

Price 12d.

MUSINGS OF A REGENT-STREET PHILOSOPHER.

PHILOSOPHERS who dwell in the country are usually very loud in their admiration of the pithiness of all things in nature to each other: how the fleece, for instance, grows luxuriantly upon animals which have to bear a good deal of cold in the open air; how the colour of the herbage is calculated to have such a refreshing effect upon the human eye; how weak animals get strong, horns, and venomous to all who wish to protect themselves; and so forth. It is all very well, and so is the raving of the rural poets about primroses and daffodils, and rosy-cheeked maidens, and

Shallow waters, to whose tail
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

But, in my opinion, all the good things to be had in the country are to be had in town, with many more besides. In Covent Garden Market, we have the whole spots of the country laid at our feet every morning. In the Opera-house, we have human beauty of all kinds from the blonde to the olive, concentrated every evening. Besides all this, we have society beyond what the country can give, or what cannot be had in the country—an exemption from society. As for those curious adaptations, why, I never take a walk along the streets without seeing something much to the same purpose, or which amuses me quite as much.

For example—we are now in the midst of an uncommonly severe February—keen north winds, frequent snow and sleet, Humane Society in active employment on the Serpentine, trains tipped, and deaths in the drift reported every morning in the *Times*. Well, what do I find when I take my usual morning-walk along Regent Street? Why, all the mercers' windows are filled with the most inviting of Scotch lambs' wool hosiery. Every doorway of the clothes-shops holds forth examples of fictitious gentlemen, rendered perfectly comfortable by the Albert Pallium at 36s., or the still more reputable Wellington at 12, 10s. Double kids turn out their turrey linings under your eyes in every window, leaving you no room to doubt, that if you have cold fingers, it is your own fault. The very night-caps have put on a more cozy aspect at this biting season. Thin cotton in summer, they have become thick woollen now. What better adaptation could you have? It is the same with the ladies' mercery. Thick shawls, Merino vests, velvet cloaks lined throughout with silk and quilted, legions of squirrel hair, fill every window. The *Sortie de Bal*, edged with white fur, vies with the

Fourche de l'Opéra, which unites grace with comfort. Furred boots and carriage-muffs have sprung up everywhere, in obedience to the exigencies of the hour.

At the same time, there is not a single article of apparel to be seen that you could imagine to be adapted for a different season. The whole tribe of light summer articles you might have observed six or eight months ago, is gone like the contemporary balendrashery of nature. You have no chance of catching cold from the sight of a suit of Nankeens, as is said to have happened by an unfortunate accident to a friend of mine many years ago! You are spared the agony of the cold shiver which would be occasioned by the sight of the Gossamer Plouse, 1s. 1s. 2s. If it exists at all, it is kept in humorous obscurity, to come out again with the roses and the butterflies. Even the Sylphine Ventilating Hat, under 2 oz., 14s. 6d., is kept back for the present, as a kind of impertinence. Now, is not all this very merciful? Have not we in town reason to be thankful for the kind consideration with which we are treated?

But doubtless we shall have, by and by, though it is difficult at present to imagine it, the fine weather back again. The time of joyful summer will return to Pall Mall. We shall be fain to study in our daily walks how we are to get shak as we go along. The refreshing sound of the water-cart will be heard in the club-salons through the open window. All London will be enjoying an excessive heat. And what will be the character of the mercers' window-exhibitions then? Why, there will not be a single article calculated to convey sensations of comfort to be seen. The Albert and the Wellington Palliums, the half introverted double kids, will all have been withdrawn. A woollen night-cap would now be felt as an insult to the public sensations, and accordingly it has disappeared. Fur-bordered cloaks and furred jackets for the ladies are also prohibited. Instead of all these things, we have an abundance of light gauzy articles, of which cotton and silk are the principal constituents. No coat pretends to weigh above three ounces, or any hat above two. Everything designed to clothe us has a breezy, fluttering character, suggesting nothing beyond the barest deference to that detestable of public opinion which rules that we shall walk about covered. Black having a special affinity for heat, most things are now of light colours, particularly hats. Now, is there not here also a fine case of adaptation? I must say, for my part, I could desire nothing better.

By and by, as season comes when an unaccountable desire of going to the country seizes upon the public. It is a time I hate, but I cannot help it. Migrate we must, or pretend to it. Well, for those of us who really

are to leave town, see how pat everything becomes! Portmanteaus and carpet-bags for the luxurious traveller, knapsacks for the pedestrian, instantly assume a prominence in the street scenery they never bear at any other time. Shooting-coats, Tweed-trousers, thick shoes of powerful armature, fishing-boots, and all sorts of headgear, excepting only the respectable English hat, are presented at one-half of the clothiers' doors, provoking us unfortunate towns-people with suggestions of rustic recreations, which we are all willing to believe we are up to, till we come to make positive trial. Even for the mere railway excursion, there is something piquantly suggestive; for see, of all the wrappers, the Tantivy's now stands foremost. Fresh from reading Scrope's *Nights and Days of Salmon-fishing*, and St John's *Wild Sports of Somersetshire*, we see cooking apparatuses and liquor flasks, which whisk us off along the cheap line of the imagination to the borders of sunny rivers and slumbering lakes, converting the most intense club-men at once into something little better than gypsies. One-half the integuments seen anywhere are water-proof, because water-proof is wanted. It is an amazing thing. You will certain articles, and, lo! they are in the shop-windows, as it were by the use of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. Let London alone for miracles after all!

For my part, I never really go to the country. I always talk of it, and believe I am to go; but when the time comes, I find I cannot think of quitting Regent Street. I believe nature does a few clever things, and is very well for those who have a taste for it. But that has never been my case. On one or two occasions I got what appeared promising invitations to the country, and went, but with all the attractions of a good country mansion, the thing proved dull decidedly. The talk was all about small local affairs, in which I could take no interest. But only once a day, no morning paper. Shooting proved on trial rather hard work for me. I came back to town on both occasions, with the conviction, that country-life is a mistake. In fact, residing in town, there is no need for a man taking trouble about anything now-a-days, whether to be a sportsman, or a statesman, or anything else. You sit at home, and you get it all in the *Times*.

A VOICE ON EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

BY A COLONIST.*

BEING home at present in England, I wish to offer a few hints on emigration to the gold-colonies of Australia, to which so many are rushing at the present moment. From personal knowledge, my belief is, that far more persons are now hastening to Australia than can possibly be successful. The rush is too indiscriminate. People are not reflecting on the disordered social condition they will have to encounter, or the risks, the fatigues, and the distress of mind, to which many of them will be less or more exposed. They should remember, that the colonies are still in a state in which the most robust in body make their way best. No doubt, the prospect of speedily realising a fortune by gold-gathering is very fascinating. But think of the prodigious labour; and it may be labour without success. Digging for days and days, like a navvy at a railway-cutting, and all ending in nothing; for this is really the lot of thousands. It is only stout, hearty men, who have wrought all their days with pick and

shovel, to whom the labour of gold-seeking is quite suitable; and by them alone is it endurable.

A plain question may be put: Have you soft hands? If you have, the notion of gold-digging is absurd; and if you go, you will rue it. What shoals of disappointed would-be diggers have I seen returning crest-fallen to Melbourne, and then for the first time glad to take any kind of employment! To sail to the opposite end of the globe to dig for gold, when the body is totally unprepared for the labour, is as wise an act as that of the lunatic who, fancying himself a fish, plunged into the stream, and was drowned; especially as all may readily test their fitness for such employment by a few weeks' hard toil in a brick-field, living at the same time roughly in a tent, eating only mutton and cakes; the latter made of flour and water, with a little salt, and baked in wood-embers; drinking no beverage except tea, made with muddy water; sleeping on a rough, hard bed, and all the time enjoying only the society of their fellow-experimenters, nor once visiting the haunts of civilisation. I repeat, the only individuals who could in prudence travel 16,000 miles to work the Australian gold-fields without a previous trial of their powers of endurance and self-denial, are excavators, field-labourers, brick-makers, sailors, and miners; all of whom, as a class, suffer but little in body or mind from the toils, privations, successes, and disappointments of gold-digging.

The clerk or professional man may ask: Could not I, it is useless to say as a gold-miner, trade to advantage? In certain favourable circumstances and situations, this may be done. But trading in Australia requires a prodigious degree of shrewdness, with sharp business qualifications. To individuals of staid habits, slow and cautious in their movements, and with no great bodily strength, I can hold out little hope of finding a good opening in business. Supposing, however, that prospects of success present themselves, difficulties of a very serious kind are experienced at the outset. First, it is scarcely possible to get goods ashore without suffering loss by thieves and extortioners. A man with many packages to carry and look after, is robbed on all hands. Boatmen rob him, porters rob him, draymen rob him; and after being deceived in various ways, he may not be able to get a place to put himself or his goods in. What use to think of keeping a shop, when no shop is to be had, although an enormous rent be offered for it? Young men with capital are seen coming out, with the view of being gold-purchasers. It is only when they arrive and look about them, that they learn the thing is hopeless, because no place of business presents itself; and so off they go to the diggings in a sort of despair—in plain language, they at once sink from the position and habits of gentlemen, to those of day-labourers, and as such, must bivouac under blankets, and live like savages. Latterly, a number of emigrants have been taking out wooden and metal houses. I quite approve of this precautionary step; only let it be understood, that it may be no easy matter getting standing-room for these houses. They may require to be set up a good way out of town, where there is no kind of security for life or property even in broad daylight. A shop with a tempting show of goods in a situation exposed to continual alarms and depredations, will not be found a satisfactory speculation. It is only when one comes to experience the troubles and hazards of such an undertaking, that he really has a full sense of the value of law and order.

Something also requires to be considered by persons proposing to live by the investment of capital. So

* This article is contributed by a gentleman lately arrived from Australia, in whose views and counsels we are inclined to place great reliance. His statements deserve the serious consideration of intending emigrants, and may prevent much unnecessary suffering.

great has been the rise in the price of everything, consequent on the gold-findings, that money now goes but a short way in making purchases. I can have no hesitation in saying, that a person who arrived in Australia two or three years ago with £1000, would have done as well in the way of investing it as he could now do with nearly ten times the amount. This important change in the value and capabilities of money deserves the serious consideration of capitalist emigrants. The days of making money by sheep-farming and otherwise on a small sunk capital are gone by.

The indiscriminate flood of emigrants to Australia has borne a large proportion of clerks, and other classes of young men, ill adapted for our rude condition of affairs; and great has been the disappointment and suffering accordingly. The headlong way in which 'genteel young men' have come out is quite astonishing. Just before leaving Melbourne, I heard of a young man who had lately arrived from England. He had been bred in a warehouse in Manchester, where he had a salary of £150 per annum, and had come to Australia to better himself. Finding no situation vacant, this youth went off to the diggings, returned in utter disgust; and at length, by a rare piece of good-luck, obtained a situation at £250 a year; but considering the expense of living, he is really not better off than he was in Manchester. I say distinctly, young men should on no account leave situations that are even tolerable, in order to go to Australia.

Let it be understood, that the trades most in demand in Australia are the more useful ones of carpenter, wheel-wright, smith, farrier, bricklayer, brick-maker, sawyer, butcher, and baker. The wages paid to masons, carpenters, and bricklayers, were from 7s. to 8s. a day in Melbourne in September last. Thus, a good mechanic of these classes may be supposed to earn a wage of at least £1.2s. 2s. per week, which is perhaps nearly double what he could realise in England. But let it be remembered, that food, drink, dress, and lodging, are all high in proportion. What signifies high wages, when you have to pay proportionately high prices? A weekly wage of 18s. in England, with bread at 1½d. per lb., will, I am quite sure, go as far as a wage of £1.2s. 2s. in Melbourne, with bread at 5d. to 6d. per lb. Working-men, however, do not usually think on the relationship between wages and prices; and it is only on going to Australia, that they find how the matter really stands.

As there is plenty of work in Australia for working-men of the classes mentioned, and also good openings for draymen, with carts and horses, I would not willingly dissuade men from emigrating who find themselves uncomfortable at home. Let every one, however, judge for himself as to his present comforts or discomforts. If a man feels that he is in fair employment, with a chance of its continuance, and no real pressing necessity for change—then, I say, stay at home, and make the best of it—you may go further, and fare worse.

Emigration seldom improves the immediate comforts—whatever it may do as to the prospects of single men. The life of unmarried men in most parts of Australia is a horrid struggle with vice, dirt, and confusion—a kind of animal existence. At the best, it is full of annoyances. Saving money, whatever the good-luck in getting it, has seldom been practised. Wild carousing, headlong spending, are the order of the day, beneficial to none but the public-house keepers, some of whom are little better than robbers in disguise. In numerous instances, within my own knowledge, men have been robbed of all their money in public-houses; and it was believed, by serving them with drugged liquor. Young men of any class going to Australia, are strongly counselled not to frequent public-houses, as the doing so is attended with extreme danger.

To unmarried young women, Australia scarcely affords the brilliant prospects some would have us suppose. England, be it remembered, enjoys an advanced civilisation unknown to the rest of the world; and the rays of which, although faintly gleaming on the Australian capitals, do not, and for ages to come will not penetrate to the bush of that sunny land, where, indeed, most of the bushmen, or working pastoral class, are poor in purse, illiterate in mind, low in morals, and dirty and coarse in habits, using profane oaths on all occasions, keeping aboriginal concubines, paying no reverence to the Sabbath, and living in an altogether unchristian-like manner. Such men as these, dwelling in a land where want, in the European sense, is scarcely known, will of course be eager to receive as wives the poor but beautiful needlewomen, governesses, spinners, and widows of the middle classes of London, Manchester, and other great cities. But should we, as Englishmen, advise our fair sisters and daughters to sacrifice in this way their affection and their beauty? To relinquish the intercourse and refinements of civilisation, and dwell in huts akin to Irish cabins, in a boundless, solitary wilderness, trodden by few or none but black savages; and where there are myriads of fleas, flies, mosquitoes, ants, centipedes, and other tiny tormentors, to say nothing of poisonous snakes and the deadly death-adder? I can say, from personal acquaintance with the Australian bush, and with the towns and their inhabitants, that nothing would induce me to recommend the unmarried of the gentler sex, who, although poor, live only amid the elegances, decencies, and endless accommodations of large towns, to look for husband, homes, and happiness in Australia. As for the respectable settlers, who will wed only those with whose character and previous career they are acquainted, they commonly either send, or come themselves to Britain, for wives. Many persons talk of the civilising influence of wives in the bush, and the propriety of the bushmen bettering their condition by means of marriage, and populating the land with a brave, fair, energetic race. This is all right, but there are daughters and widows, as above shown, of the labourers, the agricultural and pastoral peasantry, and the excavating and mining population of England, to whom life in the Australian bush would be no mendicable hardship; and who to the bushmen, would make more happy, more genial spirited, and altogether more suitable wives, than the town-bred daughters of the middle classes of society.

Educated females, who would emigrate with the view of obtaining light, genteel employment, must be informed, that holy-like occupations are, in Australia, few and scarce, and the aspirants for them are so numerous, that persons emigrating with the idea of commencing in their new home as governesses, schoolmistresses, fancy-needlewomen, or the like, are nearly sure to be disappointed in their expectations, and driven to the less genteel but more useful callings of chamberwomen, washerwomen, dairymaids, cooks, and servants-of-all-work. For this last class of domestic servants, there are of course openings at Melbourne, Sydney, and other towns; and the wages paid are probably a half, or a third more than in England. A female cook, for example, who gets £1.11 a year in a family in England, may get £1.20 in Melbourne; but in this, as in the cases already mentioned, the rise is nominal, for prices are proportionally high. It is true, that, as domestic servants have not to buy their own food, the price of provisions is immaterial; but as articles of dress or convenience they may require must be paid for, the money is sensibly diminished. I may say to female domestic servants, as I have said to others, emigrate if you are unhappily situated, and see no way of getting into a comfortable and respectable place; but, on the other hand, if you are well off, with no serious grievances, and are esteemed by master and mistress, stay

at home, and be thankful for your mercies. In leaving home, friends, and the orderly state of things about you, a scene of danger is to be entered on; and even if kept out of mischief, you will, for a time at least, suffer toils and degradations that are enough to daunt the most heroic heart.

These of either sex who emigrate to the gold colonies, must in no small degree be self-relying. The qualifications for success are neither high literary attainments, nor polished manners, but a robust, enduring constitution; a strong, dauntless will; an independent, self-relying mind; a practical acquaintance with the world; a quick, ready genius for makeshift contrivances; an eye to discover and a mind to turn to account the natural sources of wealth; some experience in battling through life without a monetary aid from friends or others; and, if possessing a little general mechanical skill and scientific knowledge, all the better. One thing, however, is certain—every man who emigrates must make up his mind to do anything—to drive a cart, if nothing better is to be found. When I left the colony of Victoria, labour of the rougher kinds was still in demand, and with this fact before me, I should have had no hesitation in counselling emigration on a pretty considerable scale. Late accounts, however, make it evident, that the labour-market is getting into a state of glut; and this voice, however unwelcome may be its tones, I send earnestly forth, to warn all whom it may concern to wait for further information, and ponder well their condition and their prospects, before committing themselves to so perilous an adventure.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

Who does not know the importance of trifles, so-called? and who, in the present day, when we have learned that we owe our chalky cliffs to insects, and that the same apparently insignificant creatures have gained the sea with islands of coral, will venture to despise 'small beginnings'?

If we look closely into life, we shall find, that in it as in nature, scarcely any event is of itself unimportant, or incapable of being turned to useful account. The poet tells us that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

And this is true; but there are also unnoticed currents and shifting winds playing over the great ocean of time, and these if skilfully and boldly seized, may prove as important to our progress as the mighty flood tide itself. Our reader have, doubtless, long since remarked, out of what slender threads the web of great fortunes have been woven by skilful and energetic hands: using means and seizing opportunities which the feeble and indolent either overlook or despise. A few remarkable instances of this 'compelling fortune,' we are now about to offer them: the successful result of one of which came under our own personal observation, whilst the heroine of another is at this present time living in France. Giving her history the precedence due to her sex, we shall begin with it, and thus shew our readers the importance of a handful of wool! Eugenie was the daughter of a merchant living at Marseille, and in her early youth married a Catalan officer, in the service of Don Carlos. She followed his fortunes through all the disastrous chances of civil war, suffering, during this period, privations and dangers, which were doubtless needful to nerve her frame and mind for the trying lot which awaited her. In one of the guerilla skirmishes

of the war, he fell, and lay unburied on the mountain height; but the heroic love of his wife would not suffer his remains to be left for the carrion-crow, 'or the wolf to batten o'er him.' In the silence and darkness of night, she dug a grave for him with her own hands—a task fraught with as much peril as that which threatened the Antigone of Grecian fable, or even greater; for no Creon ever equalled in barbarity the ferocious soldiery of both sides in that hateful war. Neither her sex nor her foreign birth would have saved her, had a Christiano found her engaged in her holy task. Dramatic fiction surely never imagined a more terrible situation than this, with all its adjuncts of wild mountain scenery, the gloom of darkening night, and threatening dangers—not to speak of the heart-suffering of the actor in it—the woman whose delicate hands laboured to form a grave for her beloved. The task was, however, achieved in safety, and then the young widow fled, with her two infant children, into the deepest solitudes of the hills, taking refuge, finally, in an old ruined convent, situated on a steep acclivity, and visited only occasionally by shepherds, who brought their flocks from the valleys below to the mountain pastures. One can scarcely fancy a more wretched or hopeless position. She was utterly penniless; and the only comfort nature afforded her, was the abundant wood to be found near the spot. Of this, the dauntless mother laid in a good supply ere winter. She also offered to assist the shepherds in tending their sheep, and to stable them during the night in her ruined dwelling, while, in return for these pastoral services, she received from them a scanty crust and milk for her infants. The peasants, touched by her patience and industry, bore the tidings of the strange lady's doings to their own homes in the valley; and, moved by curiosity, the women, when next they came up with tools for their husbands, visited the recluse. She entered frankly into conversation with her guests.

'It is a long and weary journey for you the days you are obliged to ascend the mountain, and a great impediment to your work.'

'Yes, señora.'

'And it must be dull in your lonely homes, when your husbands are away?'

Again an affirmative reply.

'Well, if you like, I will clear out the great refectory of the convent, and you may bring your wheels and spin here together.'

The offer was thankfully accepted, and the whole female population of the village soon assembled daily in the large airy hall, bringing their children with them. They came at the peep of dawn, and returned late at night to the dull hovels below. The contrast must have been a delightful one, from the monotony and gloom of the valley beneath. Here they had light, fresh air, warmth—wood being abundant—and the fellowship of others. At the end of each week, the grateful peasants presented to their benefactress—for such, in truth, she was—a handful of spun wool each, and out of this small offering she wove her fortune. Descending occasionally to the nearest town, she sold these little wool-gatherings, and in a few months had accumulated enough to purchase the shepherds' raw wool, and to beg for an hour's labour, instead of the handful of material from her guests. Before the summer was over, she collected, by management and industry, enough of money to pay them for their work; and, at the next sheep-shearing, she became the purchaser of more than half the wool.

Her energy and talent inspired her poor neighbours with similar zeal and activity. They spun merrily and briskly under her eye, sure of a purchaser for the produce of their labour, without having to wend their steps down the mountains. It is surprising what the impetus of a master-mind can achieve. Labour gained a new life from the example of the spirited

Frenchwoman; everything prospered with the mountain Arachnes; and during the second spring following her first appearance among them, Madame L.— was able to leave her children to their care, and journey, under the escort of some of her shepherd-friends, to the frontier, where she contracted with one of the greatest wool-buyers of France for the produce of the next winter's spinning.

In three years, the old convent was converted into a spinning-factory; became renowned throughout the north of Spain for the fineness of its produce; and proved a source of domestic comfort and prosperity to the poor peasants who had once, out of their humble means, exercised charity towards its desolate inmate.

Madame L.—'s web of good-fortune waxed every year. She is now a wealthy capitalist. She has four factories in Spain, and seven in France, besides cotton and flax mills in Belgium. She has by her energy, prudence, and kindness, compelled fortune; and out of a handful of wool has extracted prosperity for herself, her children, and the many who labour for her. Her character appears to us in every respect a counterpart of that of the wise woman of the Proverbs, with a nearness of resemblance indeed surprising, when found under the influences and prejudices of western civilization. We have heard that she has not lost any of her really great qualities under the trial of prosperity; but continues as energetic, patient, and simple in her habits as when she dwelt in desolate poverty on the hills of Spain.

Above the grave, so touchingly hallowed by the circumstances of its formation, there now stands, in a wild and solitary pass near Probada, a magnificent monument of white marble, bearing in letters of gold, the name—'Jago L.—, Aged 27.' In poverty and wealth, the love of that faithful wife is changeless.

And now, transporting our readers from the Pyrenees to the palm-groves, we will endeavour to illustrate the title of our article by an Oriental tale, which, when we first heard it, recalled to our memory the once devoutly-believed stories of the *Arabian Nights*. There dwelt, many years ago, in the island of Bombay, a young Parsee, or fire-worshipper, one of the poorest of his tribe, but endowed with a sagacity as great as that of the more cultivated dame of Christendom, and with as large and benevolent a heart. This man began life with less substantial grounds for hope than the dreamer Alnascharr possessed; for whereas he of the Arabian story had a basketful of glass and earthenware, our modern Guebre possessed but two old wine-bottles. They were, to be sure, of more value there than they are here, being articles held in great estimation in some parts of India—as, for example, in Souda, where, when it was first occupied by the British, a couple of bowls could be obtained for an old porter-bottle. Still, it was a decidedly 'small beginning' for a merchant; but he managed to sell them advantageously; bought more, again made a profitable bargain, and became a regular bottle *wallah*—that is, seller of bottles. In a country where nature so abundantly supplies the wants of her children—where a basket of charcoal and a handful of rice form the *cuisine* of the poor, it is easier to save than in a land where many wants consume the hard-earned pittance. Our Parsee accumulated annas till they grew into rupees, and became a thriving trader. Then the opium-trade engaged his attention. Some doubtful speculation in it was mentioned in his presence, and seeing with instinctive sagacity the probable profit, he closed with the proposal unhesitatingly; and thus—for it proved most successful—in the words of the friend who told me his history, 'he cleared L.10,000 by a stroke of his pen.' From that moment, his rise to the summit of prosperous fortune was rapid. Nor could it be called the work of chance, or a mere caprice of destiny. He studied to meet the exigencies of his

new position. He learned to speak the language, and understand, in a great measure, the commercial policy of the European strangers who rule the land. He was industrious, self-denying, and quick-witted. When we saw him, in his advancing age, he possessed, as the fruit of his own thought and energy, an income of some hundreds of thousands yearly; and he spent his wealth as liberally as he had earned it carefully. His charity scarcely knew a bound. In one year, he gave away in alms to the poor, English and natives, the enormous sum of L.90,000, for which he received the thanks of the Queen of England, and her likeness set in diamonds, besides the first title of knighthood bestowed on an Oriental since the days of Saladin. He founded a noble hospital. His wife gave her jewels to form a causeway between the islands of Bombay and Salsette, many lives having been lost amongst the natives in making the somewhat dangerous *cajet*; and he never drove out without carrying in his carriage bags of small coin, to fling to the mendicants who thronged his path. It was a *white* seated at his own table—in a bungalow he had purchased on the Kandallah Hills, and which he lent to our party as a place of rest during the ascent—that we first heard the story of the achievement of this wealth, and, gazing at the splendour around us, the 'two bottles' appeared little else than an Eastern fable. The land for many a mile round was his; the plantations of roses, covering whole acres, and so sweetly clothing the wild mountain-side, were but a lovely portion of his merchandise—their essence but a fragrant addition to his heaps of gold. And then the luxury of this country retreat! The European furniture—the costly, china dinner-service, manufactured for him, and bearing his arms and initials—the plate, and servants, and rich vases—all from such a small beginning! It was marvellous as a fairy tale.

But Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy is now no more; but the memory of his good deeds is still and will be long cherished in the East.

We cannot conclude our sketch of 'small beginnings' without speaking of a certain singular little *republic* which has some claim to be remembered under such a heading, though its history is no modern instance, and will lend us some fourteen or fifteen hundred years into the shadows of the past. It is only fitting the antiquity of the tale, to say that, once upon a time, there existed a certain peasant of Dalmatia, named Marino, who was by trade a *mason*—a worthy, honest, industrious man, and devout according to the light v. imbued to him. This artisan was employed in the reparation of the town of Rimini; and when his task was ended, he retreated to a neighbouring mountain, built for him of a cell, and embraced the life of a hermit. After a time, his sanctity and charity were renowned abroad; and the lady of the land, the Princess of Rimini, visited his hermitage, was charmed by his piety and intelligence, and bestowed on him as a gift the high and craggy mountain where he had fixed his home; no very great bounty, if we consider that it summit, usually veiled in clouds, was covered with eternal snow; but Marino, or, as he was now styled, St. Marino, traced the barren land to good account. He invited all whom he deemed worthy of sharing his solitude; many a lowly and homeless peasant, many a wanderer seeking a precarious crust, to dwell with him in the eagle's nest. Nor did he, as might have been supposed, probably, enjoin a monastic life on them. On the contrary, he assisted and directed their labour in the construction of a town, and in the cultivation of such parts of the mountain as were capable of being rendered productive. A most useful saint never lived! As there was neither spring nor fountain on the hill, he taught them to construct huge cisterns and reservoirs, which they filled with snow-water, or left for the reception of rain. They planted vineyards on the mountain-

...which produced excellent wine, and became in a brief space a flourishing colony.

San Marino gave them wise and just laws; lived to see his poor brethren prosperous and happy; and dying, became their tutelary saint, had a church dedicated in his name, and a statue erected to his honour.

The miniature republic of San Marino existed for centuries, free and unchanged, amidst all the mutations of the governments of Italy; and Addison, in his *Travels*, gives us a pretty picture of this tiniest of independent states; to which there was but one road, a severe law prohibiting its people from making a new way up the mountain—where the chief officers of state were two *capitani* (answering to the old Roman consuls, but chosen every six months), a commissary or lawyer, a physician, and a schoolmaster—where everybody had 'some tincture of learning,' and the ambassador of which, when sent to a foreign state, 'was allowed out of the treasury one shilling a day!—where the people possessed the simplicity and virtues of the golden age, and revered for centuries the memory of the peasant who had given their forefathers a home, and bequeathed to them an inheritance of freedom and contentment.

We might add many other instances of the importance of small beginnings, but time and space fail us, and we shall therefore conclude our sketch with some beautiful lines by Charles Mackay, which most appropriately 'point the moral' of this brief record of a handful of wool, an old bottle, and a sterile mountain:

A traveller through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the sea;
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore.
It stood a glory in its place—
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where wenny men might turn.
He walled it in, and bung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and, lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues—
And saved a life besides.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And, lo! its light became
A lamp of life—a beacon-ray—
A monitory flame:
The thought was small, its issue great—
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far and wide,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart—
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ, O shoot, O seed of love!
O thought as random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

REVIVAL OF MACBETH.

If the cry of the decline of the drama be, as it undoubtedly is, at least partially true, it is some comfort to the lovers of the stage representation of plays, that there is a large proportion of our dramatic literature which cannot decline, but will rise triumphantly on upon the wings of its genius, as long as England is an existing nation, and English a spoken language. And more than this. If the modern drama be degenerate, and still degenerating, at all events the representation of the early drama is becoming more and more admirable, more and more true to the manners and physical aspect of the age represented, and more and more picturesquely beautiful to the eye, and morally consistent and harmonious to the judgment. In Shakspeare's days, the setting forth of dramatic works was rude in the extreme. A curious experiment was some years ago tried at the Haymarket Theatre, by the production of the *Taming of the Shrew* in the style of the age in which it was written, and without scenery: played before a simple curtain, on which, as the scene changed, the name of the fresh place represented, legibly inscribed upon a placard, was affixed by an attendant. Along the sides of the stage were placed chairs for the most important of the spectators, and these were occupied by actors representing the court-gallants of Elizabeth and James, who thus formed a portion both of the show and the audience. It is probable, however, that the Shakspearian plays produced at the Fortune and the Globe were still more primitively represented in the matter of costume, the dresses being either purely fanciful and allegoric, or simply those of the day; while the rough freedom of the whole may be easily inferred from the well-known fact, that, until after the Restoration, the women's parts were invariably played by men.

Nor does there seem to have been much improvement from the time of James to that of his grandson. When Nell Gwynne sold China oranges to Pepys, the pit lay open to the weather. Soon afterwards, however, it was roofed in with a glass cupola; and of the two royal theatres, that called the Duke's, and managed by Davenant, began to attempt the introduction of painted scenery. The dresses at this period were magnificent; but they were not costumes. Charles, his queen, and the Duke of York, presented their coronation robes to the players; and it was customary with the nobility and fashionable classes to send their old court-dresses to swell the manager's wardrobe. Thus it naturally happened that Brutus, in a cast-off suit of Buckingham's, might quarrel with Cassius attired in a frayed cloak and doublet of my Lord of Rochester; that Killigrew might play Othello in the love-locks and fluttering ribbons of the period; and Davenant Macbeth, with a Parisian rapier, and ruffles of Machlin point-lace. This fashion continued till the beginning of the reign of George III.; but even then, if the actors began to buy their own stage-clothes, they did not in the least think of ordering any garments save the dress-suits of the day—a fact which may be readily ascertained by a reference to any of the theatrical portraits of the latter portion of the last century. Garrick played Shakspearian tragedy in a court-dress; Kitty Clive represented Fortia in a powdered wig; and even as to theatrical costumes within the present century, we see prints of Miss O'Neill, as Jane Shore, in the high-waisted robe, which was the thrice-ugly fashion of the day. Not, however, that with the passing century did not come in a taste for spectacle, even in dramas and operas, in which magnificent fancy dresses

All glitter and gaudy colours, were introduced; but it was not until the time of the later Keanes that propriety of scene, of furniture, and costume, began to be really and severely studied. Mr Macready, when he attained to management, walked strictly in the steps of his predecessor, and produced many Shakspearian plays—amongst others, the *Tempest*, *King John*, and *Macbeth*—in a style full at once of poetry and logical propriety of feature, the scenery painted by men who are now Royal Academicians; and the 'effects,' both scenic and dramatic, rendered by ceaseless rehearsals absolutely perfect.

Since Mr Macready's retirement from the stage, Mr Charles Kean has undoubtedly succeeded to the throne of London dramatic representation. In many respects, his revivals outstrip all their predecessors. They do this mainly in the curious exactness and particularity with which the costumes, weapons, furniture, and adornments of the age to be delineated are studied; and in the lavish outlay, by which alone they can be placed upon the stage. For the grand chronicle play of *King John*, every attainable authority, written, drawn, or emblazoned, was consulted; and the whole of the armour worn both by the nobles and the common men, was specially forged in exact facsimile of Norman arms, for this one representation. *King Henry VIII.* was an earlier and a noble revival; and latterly, we have had set before us a version of *Macbeth*, which all London is now running after. The tragedy of the Scottish thane offers peculiar attractions, and opposes peculiar difficulties to a harmonious and consistent 'getting up.' The story looms from out the mists of early times; and the truth is, that no one knows whether Macbeth was a real historic entity, or a mere traditionary and perhaps fabulous personage. At all events, his character has been traditionally handed down to us in very different lights; while as to the state of manners and customs in Scotland at the supposed period of his reign, we know less than we do of those of the antediluvians. On the English stage, therefore, *Macbeth* has been long acted in stage conventional Highland costume. The thane and his kernes might have been Rob Roy and his gillies for all that appeared in their tartan plaids, kilts, and broad-swords, to distinguish them; Duncan wore spangled robes, such as a king might sport in a Christmas spectacle; the banquet was generally served in pasteboard imitations of modern vases; and the witches were too often invested with more of the ludicrous than the terrible. Mr Macready in Drury Lane changed all this. He made the witches awful and yet fearful, and, if our memory serves us right, discarded the conventional forty-second tartan. Mr Phelps of Sadler's Wells followed his old manager's lead, but contrived to spoil a very poetic representation by literally adhering to the text, and making Macduff enter with the head of Macbeth on a pole—a catastrophe which utterly upset the elevated and excited feelings of the audience. To Mr Charles Kean, however, it has been reserved to present *Macbeth* with a completeness previously unimagined, and upon a principle hitherto unattempted.

Although shut out from all direct knowledge of Scottish costume or weapons in the early part of the eleventh century, we yet know that a regular line of princes ruled the land—that they sometimes made war, and sometimes alliances with the Norwegian nations, but more often with their southern neighbours the Saxons. Now, upon the supposition that the Scots in Macbeth's time would be very likely to have adopted, in great measure, the dresses and the arms of the Scandinavians and the German peoples, with whom they were in constant communication, Mr Kean has consulted the records, written and pictorial, which do exist, and in great plenty, of the nobles and warriors of Denmark, and of Saxon England, and has applied to the Scots the copious information so acquired. Thus

in the new version of *Macbeth*, everything—architecture, furniture, dress, and weapons—becomes Saxon, or at least thoroughly Teutonic. The robes of the pious Duncan are of tranquil cerulean blue: no palpable cotton-velvet here, no tricks of spangle or of lace. The king simply wears a rich golden circlet round his head, and sandals on his royal feet—just such as we should conceive appropriate to one of the monarchs who sleep beneath the ruins of Iona. Lady Macbeth, again, on her first entrance, is arrayed in a homely hooded dress—such as an ancestress of Rowena might have worn—with capes or fringes, marked by white borders, encircling the back-part of the figure and the entire skirts of the robe. The dress is at once graceful and household-like, conveying an idea of one of those noble ladies of the olden times who twirled the distaff among a bevy of their maidens. As queen, the costume is altered to a long white robe, drooping in doubled and wavy folds from the bosom over the tightly-swathed and girdled waist, while round the head glitters a narrow golden band. Altogether, the draping of the figure puts one in mind of the statues of the ancient Carolingian queens of France, whose sculptured images may be seen in the cathedrals and abbey-churches of that portion of the land, which is peculiarly French, where the people still possess the regular Frankish features, and the Frankish curls of long brown hair—the Valley of the Loire, from Orleans to Angers.

From costume, let us pass for a moment to architecture. Here, again, all is Saxon. We are first in 'Forres, a room in the palace.' Huge pillars, formed upon no Corinthian mould, but simply the trunks of noble forest-trees, rudely pointed and decorated with Saxon emblems, support a roof of roughly-cut timber-beams and cross-pieces, rising into a sort of great square sky-light. Behind, the Saxon arch—if the word can be applied to an acute-angled triangle, each side formed of single slabs of stone—appears conspicuously, in the form of windows; and the stools are all of the curved and cross-legged cast used by our Teuton forefathers. The castle-furness is similarly represented. In the court-yard view, we have the old Saxon round towers; and, again, the straight and pointed Saxon arch. But, after all, the great triumph in witching the mind back to the old times, in investing the play with a new atmosphere, and the spectator with a new sensation, is the banquet-scene in the Castle of Dunain. Figure then, again, the vast oak-like Saxon pillars—again, the rude and angular Saxon windows—and, again, the posts and beams filling up the triangular space beneath the roof carved at their extremities into rough heads and knots of barbarous ornament. At the back is a dais, hung with rude tapestry embroidered with figures, in the style which it is now the fashion to call pre-Raphaelite. Across, at the back, and along the stage, on either side, run many tables and forms; and here are assembled the rough and round multitude of guests, lighted by pine-wood torches blazing in iron clasps above them, or carried hither and thither by the attendants. The dresses are skins, hides, and woollen mantles; the viands are great masses of meat, grim boar's heads, and other greenwood game; huge black bowls hold milk; and fruit is amply spread upon the untraped table. The effect is quite peculiar, and altogether away from that of ordinary theatrical spectacle.

The next noticeable feature in the revival is perhaps the treatment of the witches. Here, also, Mr Kean has acted strictly upon principle. The ordinary gathering of the swarm of evil beings represents a throng of miserable ragged creatures, grotesquely painted, and each holding a withered branch as a staff. Mr Kean's idea in treating the subject is very different. He wishes to arouse the sensation of terror and mystery; and for this purpose he resorts to obscurity. In the opening scene, the stage and the house are deeply darkened, and it is some time before the eye penetrates both

the gloom and the skilfully-managed gauze mediums, and makes out the dim outlines of the figures of the weird sisters. As Macbeth and Banquo enter, the atmosphere appears partially to clear and brighten, and lightning flashes momentarily reveal the very picturesque forms of the 'posters of the sea and land,' until, by the ingenious working of a sliding inclined plane, they appear to be caught up and away into the murky air. In the scenes in which the whole congregation of wizards and witches assembles, the same principle of awful obscurity is preserved. These passages, it is to be observed, are interpolations of Shakespeare's work. In the original, only the three witches, Hecate, and the apparitions which they call up, appear; but common consent agrees, that the ghastly yet eminently lovely music of Mathew Locke may fairly compensate for the liberty taken with the work of the mighty master: at all events, the witch solos and choruses, the words of which are borrowed from a play of Middleton's, have always been performed, except perhaps on rare occasions, and by stiff-faced managers. Mr Phelps, indeed, kept rigidly to the text at Sadler's Wells, and left poor Mathew Locke entirely out of the question, to the manifest disappointment of the most intelligent portion of the audience, who rightly deemed that a series of compositions, displaying the genius of what is commonly called the 'music in Macbeth,' may fairly enough be introduced to aid, as they undoubtedly do, the wild and weird effect intended by the poet. To this end, the obscurity which we have mentioned greatly adds. The congregation of the unholy is visible but as dusky blots of shadows, and dubious patches on the darkness, until suddenly, at the noble chorus of 'We should rejoice!' the forest of naked arms, triumphantly tossed aloft, gives token of the darkly-robed crowd beneath. In the cavern scene, a new feature is introduced, in a practical answer to Hecate's appeal to 'Black spirits and white,' by the sudden appearance up from the earth, and down from the air, of an infinity of goblins of the colours specified, and which 'mingle, mingle, mingle,' with the general circle of the witches in their dance round the glimmering caldron fire, the whole assembly disappearing in an instant as Macbeth strides solemnly through them towards the sisters.

Such, then, are a few of the main features of the last London revival of *Macbeth*. This is not, of course, the place to enter upon any criticism of the acting, more than to say, that in several points it was as novel and as striking as the spectacle and accessories of the play. We wished simply to convey an idea of the nature and principle of the 'get up' of the revival, as a feat of dramatic energy, industry, intelligence, and, we will add, liberality not often paralleled. The tragedy, with the new dresses, was first played at Windsor Castle; and on the second night of its London performance at the Princess's Theatre, her Majesty was again present.

NATURAL HISTORY OF A BLUE BOOK.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to a volume before us, not because it is the autobiography of a working-man, but because, irrespective of the author's literary opportunities, it is full of amusement and instruction, and, at the same time, suggestive of cheering and ennobling thoughts.* One might think, at first sight, that the life of a journeyman printer, spent in a laborious and merely mechanical employment, could possess but few points of interest; but it is a theory of ours, that the history of any individual whatever, high or low, rich or poor, if related with

frankness and intelligence, would be found not merely interesting, but exciting to his fellow-men. The incidents of life receive their modification mainly from the character of the person. When looking back, we have all pretty nearly the same landmarks for review, and the situation of the traveller lost in a desert, is not in itself better adapted to excite our sympathy, than that of the poor compositor out of employment in the streets of London, leaning his back against the wall, and looking up wistfully at the lighted windows of a printing-office.

Our journeyman appears to have been all his life a steady and industrious workman; yet he neglected no opportunity of acquiring either useful knowledge or elegant accomplishments. He learned several modern languages, became well acquainted with Latin, dabbled in Greek, and practised music and painting. The strange companions he fell in with while plodding his way in the world, are just such characters as we see in the higher class of novels of social life—only better drawn, being taken from nature, not fancy. It is the sketches of his own calling, however, in the provinces and the metropolis, in London and Paris, which have most of the new and curious; and in giving the reader a touch of his quality as an author, we propose confining ourselves to this department of the work. We are struck more especially by the history he gives of the birth of a Blue Book; and we trust that our abridgment of the narrative will turn the attention, not only of the general public, but of the honourable gentlemen for whose service Blue Books are born, to the volume itself.

The office distinguished by parliamentary patronage was remarkable both for antiquity and dirt. So ruinous was its condition, that every now and then it was made the object of a survey, and the walls shored up with beams and timbers. The survey, however, never extended to the interior, where the tropical heat, the villainous odours, and the dust of many cycles, were left to deal as they chose with the constitutions of the men. Yet these men had, in many cases, passed the whole of their working lives upon the premises, and were bringing up their sons to take their place. The number busily employed throughout the whole session of parliament was 200 adults, with the usual complement of boys. The following is a description of the scene of their labours: The ceilings were black as printers' ink with the candle-smoke of two or three generations, and the walls, save where they were polished to a greasy brown by the friction of the shoulder, were of the same colour. The wind and the rain were patched out from the clattering casements and the rotting window-frames by inch-thick layers of brown paper and paste. Type of all descriptions, old as the building itself, or shining new from the foundry, was abundant as gravel in a gravel-pit, and secured about as much care for. Pots, pans, dishes, and cooking-utensils ground the face of it, as it lay upon the men's bulks; and the heels of this busy crowd, as they tracked their sinuous path through the piles of forms stacked together in every available space, raised the corners of the pages nearest the ground. Everything like comfort, order, economy, and even decent workmanship, was sacrificed to the paramount object of dispatch—the turning out the greatest possible quantity of work in the shortest time. So great was the disorder consequent upon such a system, that, notwithstanding the plethoric abundance of materials,

* The Working-man's Way in the World: being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. London: Cass. 1855.

of every sort, those wanted were rarely to be found at the instant they were required; and the most villainous parties, in the use of which the men displayed an ingenuity which nothing but long practice could have manifested, were resorted to, to meet the demands of the moment. The result of all this was shewn in the appearance of the work produced, which being done for the legislature, nobody thought of criticising, and which came damp from the press with the aspect of printing a century old, impressed by some supernatural agency upon the modern composition of gypeum, rags, and rubbish, which, under the name of paper, is palmed upon the government, and becomes the transitory vehicle of the public and national records.

When the session of parliament was about to commence, the old printing-office awoke from the lethargy into which it had sunk at the prorogation. Colonial papers, reports of committees, election-returns, and numerous other documents, poured in; every composing-frame in the house was occupied; and each individual work was hurried on to its slovenly consummation: but suddenly a stop was put to all. Parliament, getting into a frenzy on some particular subject, demanded the instantaneous production of a Blue Book, and then came the tug of war. In cases of little exigence, this would give rise to what compositors call a 'spurt'; but in one like the present the result is 'a regular fly.' By and by comes a procession of porters from Westminster, each bearing a batch of copy. These ingenious gentry understand their profession to a miracle. Instead of competing for employment, by emulating each other in matters of punctuality and despatch, they make common cause together, and most probably share the aggregate profits. At anyrate, they split their packages into small portions—so small, indeed, that it will take a dozen of them to carry a ream of paper—a division of labour which, as each receives a shilling compliment from the printer, is found to answer in a manner perfectly satisfactory. The manuscript received, collated, and folioed, and a few other necessary preliminaries first settled, a general order is issued for all hands to suspend everything in progress, to mount cases of a certain specified type, and prepare for copy. Then there is a general burrowing and rummaging in all the dark holes, dusty corners, and damp cellars of the crazy edifice for the type in request, and no small amount of squabbling and skirmishing for its possession when found. The foraging, at length successful, furnishes material for the rapid and pattering shower of wet metal into the dusty cases. While this lenden sleet is descending, the clicker of each companionship, who has received his allotment of the copy, gives notice to all that it is waiting in readiness; and the men, as they successively finish "distribution," apply to him for a "taking;" generally, a few leaves is sufficient to employ them for two or three hours. In the meantime, the "quoin-drawer-man" drags forth fresh stores of type from the hoarded stock in the cellar, being specially charged to continue the supply to prevent the possibility of delay through lack of material. At one o'clock, the men are admonished by the clicker that the "line is on"—or, in other words, business recommences, at a quarter to two. Some few, who live at a distance, thereupon send for dinner to the nearest cook-shop, and dine in the office, resuming work after a hasty meal. At two o'clock, the overseer makes the round of the office, visiting every room, either in person or by deputy, to ascertain that every frame is filled, and that every occupant is in a condition to do his duty. A significant silence prevails, broken only by the low, whispering clatter of type rushing into periods and paragraphs. The overseer retires, and soon after the word is passed for night-work—a word far from welcome to any, but particularly disagreeable to the older hands, who have had too much experience of the tax it levies upon the constitution, without any compensating con-

tribution to the pocket. During the afternoon, hundreds of thousands of types are lifted into line. About four, the kettles are singing on the fire, and at five Mrs Grundy and her maids bring round hot tea on trays for those who decline the trouble of brewing for themselves. There is a cessation of labour for half an hour, the men congregating round the fire, and thrusting lumps of bread on long toasting-forks between the bars of the grate. Having "tipped their twankay," and consumed the short interval of repose, the men resume work. The first few sheets of the forthcoming volume are by this time made up into pages, and the noise of mallets used in locking-up the forms, resounds from different quarters. The clicker runs to the stair-head, and bawls out "proofs!" at the top of his voice, and forthwith appears a pressman with a quire of wet paper across his naked arm, and perhaps an inking-roller in his hand. He pulls the proofs at one of the thousand-and-one identical old wooden presses at which Benjamin Franklin wrought as a tectotaller fourscore years ago. The proofs, when pulled, with the copy of each sheet folded within it, are carried to the overseer's desk.

Towards evening, the welcome cry of 'Beer, gentlemen—beer!' resounds through the building, and the portboy of the public-house enters with a quantity of pewter pint-pots, each containing *half* a pint. It may be supposed with what avidity the poor souls in that tropical atmosphere drain their measures, and with what jealousy they look upon any attempt, on the part of the publican, to defraud them in quantity. The test they apply to the measure is curious: 'When a thirsty comp. suspects that he has an unfair half-pint,' he immediately depresses the pint-pot to an angle of 45 degrees, which of course brings the grateful beverage to the very verge of the vessel; he then knowingly glances towards the bottom of the pot, and if any portion of that is not submerged in the liquid, he knows that he holds short measure in his hand—and he knows, too, to what extent it is short: "Because," says he, "a half-pint is a half-pint, length-ways or breadth-ways, and no mistake about it."

When at length a bundle of first-proofs have accumulated on the overseer's desk, he despatches them, with the copy (manuscript) from which they have been printed, to the several readers (correctors) to whom the volume has been committed. By and by, these proof-sheets return to the compositors with the corrections marked on the margin; and after they are attended to, a second proof is sent for correction. This is carefully read and corrected anew; and sometimes, when necessary, even a third proof follows.

Last the reader, however, should envy the correctors their golden opportunities of becoming as wise as senators, we must show him what press-reading is, taking our example from something more entertaining and better known than a Blue Book. Each corrector, with the proof before him, has a boy to read the copy; and it is after this fashion the impromptu:—"This ending *passion* two ital par the most en'ring of all the *passions* which obtain a mastery over the mind close is described in Pope's epe thus turns odious in woollen 'twould a *sant* *provoke* close were the last words that poor *marcia* spoke turns no let a charming clintz and Brussels lace wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face one need not sure be frightful though one's dead and Betty." (Here the reader dips his pen in the ink, and the boy takes the opportunity to blow like a young grampet for a few seconds, and then resumes.) "Give my check a little red close turns again I give and I devise close old Lucio said and sighed turns my lands and tuncments to Ned close turns again your money sir close turns again my money sir what all why if I must close then wept turns again I give it Paul close turns again the manor sir close turns again the manor hold close he cried turns again not that I cannot part

with that close and died pop up one o'clock p two five three." But let us go back to the Blue Book.

"Supposing the work to have commenced at twelve o'clock in the day, before eight in the evening all these operations are going on together, and the whirl, bustle, and Babylonish din of a printing-office are at their height. The banging of mallets, the sawing of "furniture," the creaking of the old press, the shuffling feet of messengers, the bawling of twenty voices, and the endless gabble of reading-boys in the little closets which abut upon the composing-rooms—all together form a concert of sweet sounds, which tells unfavourably upon the labour of him who has not sufficient power of abstraction to concentrate his attention upon what he is about.

"At half-past nine or ten, the men begin to think about supper; and the old stagers, knowing the effects of night-work upon the system, are careful to victual their garrisons for the siege they have to undergo. For supper come smoking sheep's-heads in halves, pork and mutton pies, "slap-bang" or boiled beef, and "spotted dog"—a very marly species of plum-pudding—from the cook-shop, together with loaves of bread, pats of butter, and lumps of cheese, and the indispensable pots of foaming beer. The temptation to prolong this repast to an inconvenient length, is dissipated by the vision of the overseer flitting past the outskirts of the party, or by the sound of his voice in an adjoining room, at which the relics of the meal are swept aside, and the work resumed. Towards midnight, there is another vision of the powerful Ganymede, who, walked completely off his legs by miles of burdensome stair-climbing, declares himself "dead-beat;" and having dispensed the last allowance of nectar, vanishes with the determination to "go in for the horizontal in less than no time." Under the impetus of supper, the work now progresses rapidly. For three or four hours there is neither pause nor relaxation; but two o'clock or three in the morning—the hour when "deep sleep falleth upon men"—though there be no delay, there is a marked change in the character of the scene. The conversation, at first spirited and general, has flagged by degrees until every voice is hushed into silence, and the only sounds to be heard are those produced by the various operations of labour. I have often fancied, at such seasons, that I had derived some sort of refreshment from the comparative lull of a few hours, although they were hours of close application to a process not altogether mechanical—and that the body, which is as much the slave of habit as the mind, had actually undergone some restorative action, although defrauded of its natural rest. This may be a mere notion, though I don't think so; but I leave it to wiser heads to determine the question, if it be worth determining.

"Morning, dank, misty, and foggy, looks in upon the hot, smoky, and reeking den. By this time, the atmosphere of the series of black caverns in which business is carried on, is become disgustingly nauseous, as well as stiflingly hot. Notwithstanding the cold and raw weather without, the perspiration streams from every face within. The entire building is one huge vapour-bath of dismal stench, from the rank steam of which the soot-black walls and ceilings glimmer with moisture. The most severe and inveterate catarrh is sweated out of the system, to be renewed with increased intensity at the first contact with the out-door air. As the dull wintry light steals on by slow degrees, the candles one by one disappear; and now a few of the hands who, from feeble health or advanced age, had been allowed to escape the night-work, re-occupy their frames. Coming in from the fresh air, they are struck aguish with the horrible odour which prevails, and make some attempts at ventilation; which being clamorously resisted by the majority, they are compelled to relinquish. Breakfast now comes to recruit our flagging energies, and the true value and virtues of

hot coffee are brought home to many a thirsty science. After breakfast, most of us are lively and animated as ever, and the work goes on with unabated energy, except in the case of men past the meridian of life, who, by way of economising their strength, stick pretty fast to their stools. By eleven o'clock comes the Ganymede again, with his bunches of clean pots, but the same unwashed face as yesterday. "Beer, gentlemen!—gentlemen, beer!" meets the same ready response as usual. By and by the overseer paces round with a satisfied expression on his countenance, and we learn, from hints dropped to the clicker, that we are breaking the neck of the business, and shall accomplish the undertaking in time if we "look alive." At once, all hands run off to dinner, but not without an admonition that time is precious. A return within the hour is hardly to be expected; and a little tardiness at this crisis, if not allowed, is wisely winked at by the managers. By half-past two, however, all are again in their places, refreshed with a wash and a clean shave, and some few, perhaps, with a brief nap. But the rate of progress is sensibly diminished from that of the same hour on the previous day. When darkness comes on, and the candles are lighted, they burn red, emit a visible smoke, and do not give above half the light they would yield in a pure air. The five-o'clock tea has lost its refreshing qualities; and when it is over, we drag ourselves unwillingly from the sleepy fresco. The tripping footfall of the boys and lads is transformed to the lounging, lethargic tread of the clod-hopper. Reading-boys and apprentices are missing from their places, and do not answer to their names when loudly called for, and at length are discovered snoring in some dark and out-of-the-way recess, whether they had stealthily slunk off to sleep. Men, too, here and there stretched under their frames, forget themselves, in the hope of being themselves forgot while they smuggle a surreptitious "forty winks." Though generally discovered, they are allowed to lie for half an hour or so before they are "kicked up," and again set to work.

"Notwithstanding these and various other trifling drawbacks, before daylight dawns upon the second sleepless night, the whole of the formidable Blue Book is standing in type, and the corrections only remain to be done. As this process will furnish occupation but for a small number of hands, lots are now drawn for the liberty of going home to bed; and those who are lucky enough to win, start off without beat of drum, and leave their less fortunate companions to finish the business. A young fellow fresh from the country, when left in this predicament, presents but a sorry spectacle to the view. A vigil of, it may be, more than fifty hours, passed in an atmosphere that would poison a culture, has added twenty years to his aspect, and, indeed, he will never thoroughly regain his former look. He begins to wander in his speech—answers incoherently to questions, and staggers about in a semi-somnolent state—and does the last necessary office to his last sheet more like a prize-fighter collecting his exhausted forces for the last "round" than anything else I can compare him to. When the concluding sheet is at length despatched to press, the readers crawl forth from their dusty cribs, and the composing-rooms are empty for the remainder of the day. In the meanwhile, the operations of the pressman or machinist, the warehouseman and the bookbinders, have all gone on simultaneously with, or else followed so closely upon, those of the compositors, that by twelve o'clock in the day the Blue Book is born into the world, and a small but sufficient number of damp copies are in existence to lie upon the table of "The House."

Such is the strange eventful history of a Blue Book—and such is a specimen, we trust not an average one, of the London dens in which it is produced. If we had a little more space at our command, we should like to

give, as a companion, the history of a very different sort of work—the serial Romances so popular among the vulgar and the depraved. But for this, and many other remarkable pictures of real but little known life, we send the reader to the book itself.

THE WEATHER IN 1852.

EVERYBODY has remarked, that the weather of 1852 was something singular. It was wet and boisterous almost throughout, and gave an impression that our climate had undergone a revolution. Before the year is quite out of remembrance, let us recall some of its meteorological features.

Starting in our review from the commencement of the year, we find that from January 1 to February 3, the mean of the daily temperature was often in excess from 10 to 12 degrees—that is, warmer than the average—with south-west winds, and rain on twenty-three days, the fall at certain places amounting to 1 inch in twelve hours. At Ennis, the fall during January was more than 8 inches, and at Roscommon nearly 13 inches. The quarter on the whole, was stormy; no fewer than ten thunder-storms having occurred, with frequent hail and snow, but in very small quantities. It is remarkable, that while, in the southern half of England, the wind was generally from the south-west, it was from the north-east in the northern half and in Scotland; and it was doubtless the conflict between these two currents that produced the storms. On the 10th February, the north-east wind obtained the mastery—the temperature fell, and continued at about 1 degree below the average; the sky was swept clear of clouds; and from this date till the end of March there were but six falls of rain, while the mercury in the barometer stood remarkably high. The change of wind completely altered the character of the season; the air felt dry, harsh, and irritating; but although the temperature fell below 32 degrees on seventy nights, the mean temperature of the quarter was slightly above the average of eighty years. The stream of air that passed over Greenwich measured 420 miles, averaging 140 miles per month.

In the second quarter, the same keen bitter weather continued, wearying invalids and those of sensitive organisation, and chilling the healthy into inaptitude. Eyes were directed towards weather-cocks many times in the day, with a feeling something like that of hope deferred; and the opinion that our seasons have undergone a change, was renewed and confirmed almost unanimously. Day after day it kept on, surprising every one with its pertinacity, and giving us a specimen of what a north-east monsoon really is. This, indeed, is said to be the explanation of the phenomenon: as the Gulf-stream at times comes nearer than usual to the shores of England, so does the monsoon extend its limits into our latitudes, and bring us withering blasts from the bleak table-lands of Tataria and the wilds of Siberia.

With the exception of a sudden and brief visitation of warmth on the 14th April, welcomed as the breath of the sunny south, the cold continued till the 6th May. From the 7th to the 20th, there was a slight improvement; but after the 20th, the temperature fell lower than before, down to 4 degrees below the average, 3 degrees colder than the previous quarter, and this persisted with little intermission till the end of June. How we wrapped ourselves up against the frigid wind, will be best remembered by those who suffered most from its influence. How weary we all were of the perpetual blue sky, never relieved by a cloud! The sight was one that caused some people who were about going to Australia to alter their minds, for if a few weeks of cloudless azure were so exasperating in England, how could the eight or ten months of unbroken glare be endured at the antipodes? Every month brought

with it a repetition of the sudden and extreme changes; the first two or three days of May were within 2 degrees of being as cold as the coldest days of the winter quarter, while on the 9th, the thermometer shewed 71 degrees in the shade; then, again, towards the end of the month, the cold was very severe, with frosty nights. Unlike the former quarter, the mean temperature was below the average of eighty years, and on thirty-one nights the temperature fell below freezing. Snow fell at four or five places in the midland and eastern counties during April; on the 16th of the same month, the lilac was in flower in Jersey, not till the 15th May at Nottingham, and not before the 31st May at Dunino, thus showing the retardation caused by difference of latitude. At Greenwich, the amount of rain that fell during April was only half an inch; in June, it was more than four inches, double the usual average, and of this 2.4 inches fell in one continuous downpour, that lasted forty hours, on the 9th and 10th. Altogether, there were twenty-eight wet days in June, with blustrous winds from the south-west; and in such a succession of uncongential weather, it was difficult to recognise the 'leafy month' that poets sing about.

The anomalies were, however, to become still more anomalous: at the beginning of July, the temperature made a sudden leap upwards; and on 5th July, the thermometer marked 90 degrees all over the kingdom, except on some high situations, in a few places near the sea, and parts beyond the fifty-fourth parallel. The mean temperature of that day was 14 degrees above the average; on the 6th, it was 12 degrees; and up to 2d August, the daily excess was rather more than 5 degrees. Then the fluctuations recurred; and from the 3d to the 16th it was below the average of the quarter; on 17th August, it rose again; and up to 11th September was more than 2 degrees above the average; after which it fell again to 2 degrees below, and the weather became cold. Taking the whole quarter, from July to the end of September, the mean temperature, as observed at Greenwich, was rather more than a degree and a half above the average of eighty years. This fact alone will show the proportion of cold, for with such an extreme of heat, we might have expected a far greater advance beyond the average. The wind-current measured 207 miles; and the amount of rain 10.7 inches. Thunder-storms of the most terrible nature, with fierce and furious lightning, large hailstones, and torrents of rain, took place almost every day throughout July and August; in fact, the twenty-eight rainy days of June led off a series of pluvial phenomena, which, with few pauses, were repeated until the end of the year. Some of the rainfalls were most extraordinary—2½ inches fell at Durham and Shields in five and a half hours; on the 25th July, 1 inch fell at Greenwich in fifteen minutes; again, at Shields, on 11th August, 3 inches in nineteen and a half hours; and again, from 26th to 29th September, 6½ inches fell. Hail as big as walnuts came down repeatedly: in one instance, there was a fall of ice in large angular pieces; and on 20th September, snow fell on Ben Nevis, and the higher peaks of the Grampians.

In the storms of this quarter, we had examples of the phenomena that take place in the tropical regions. On many occasions, the water came down in sheets and streams, not in the succession of drops to which we are accustomed.

While rent, the clouds
Poured a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquenched,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggled through,
Ragged and fierce.
Followed the lowened aggravated roar,
Enlarged: deepening, mingling; peal on peal.
Crashed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Furious and destructive floods were the consequence
of the frequent and excessive rain: the foundations in

the valleys of Severn and Teme on 5th September, were among the first, speedily followed by others of equal or greater violence in different parts of the kingdom, destroying and damaging property to a large amount. In the districts untouched by floods, the crops suffered greatly from the heavy rains, and the harvest was fatally delayed. The mischief was not confined to Britain, for France, Germany, and Switzerland were visited by terrific floods; roads were washed away near Chamouni; the Rhine rose thirteen feet above its highest known water-mark, burst the levee at Strasburg, and overflowed the country for miles around; Etna was in violent eruption about the end of August; earthquakes were felt in many places; the world appeared to be getting out of joint in reality.

The last quarter of the year brought no indications of the elements resuming their normal course and character: the low temperature prevailed till the 19th October, from which date, up to the 30th, a series of fluctuations followed, and then a change took place; the temperature rose, and became remarkably warm, so much so, that the period will remain among the most striking phenomena of meteorology. According to the returns published at Greenwich, the temperature of the latter end of 1852 was higher, and continued longer than in any other corresponding three months on record. The figures of the observations afford the best evidence of the fact. The mean temperature of November was 48·9, being 6½ degrees above the average of eighty years; only once in that long period has it been exceeded—namely, in 1818, when the temperature of the month was 49 degrees. December showed a still greater excess—the mean was 47·6, or 8¼ beyond the average, making it the warmest December ever known—that is, within the retrospective range of our observations. The nearest approach was a mean temperature of 46·8 in December 1806. On the continent, it was similarly mild; observers in Austria found it to be the warmest autumn within the present century; at St Petersburg, the weather was soft, gloomy, and rainy at Christmas, instead of being characterised by deep snows and intense frost, as is usual at that season. In Montenegro, too, according to the foreign correspondent of the *Times*, the advance of Omer Pacha was greatly facilitated by the genial weather. Shrubs and plants burst into bloom; primroses were abundant in the latter half of December; vegetation was green and lively on our banks and hedges; and such was the number of flowers blooming in the open air, that a lady in Hampshire gathered thirty-one different sorts, and sent them to a friend as a bouquet. Overcoats were at a discount, and every one began to believe that we were going to have a winter without cold.

But, with all this, there was incessant rain, and heavy withal; in some parts, more rain fell during the three months than in a whole year at the established average. The annual average rainfall in England is from 28 to 30 inches; the excess of 1852 may be judged of from the fact, that in Devonshire and Cornwall, the fall amounted to 50 inches nearly; most inland places had from 30 to 40 inches; while at North Shields and at Stonyhurst (Lancashire), the fall was more than 58 inches. With these facts before us, it is not difficult to account for the wide-spread autumn-floods, that came, as it were, to put the finishing stroke to the summer inundations, carrying distress and disease into the houses of thousands of the population.

In other parts of the world, people had reason to say: 'The rain, it raineth every day;' the dry diggings of California were abundantly deluged; and at the other end of the American continent, an earthquake in Chili kept up the series of inexplicable disturbances. And being at the antipodes appears to have made but little difference, for the accounts from Australia state the last winter to have been very wet—the winter in that country, it will be remembered, corresponds to our

summer quarter—a hail-storm fell in July; a novel sight to the settlers, many of whom were reminded, by its making the ground white, of the wintry aspect of the home-country.

To return—during part of December, 10½ inches of rain fell in the region round Windermere, causing such deep and sudden floods in the valleys of the hill districts, that the people had to scramble for their lives to the house-tops, or to climb trees, till the waters subsided. The Lake-country, generally, was severely visited; the prodigious rainfalls of January 1851 appear to have been perfectly harmless in comparison; in that month, nearly 29 inches fell at Seathwaite, in Borrowdale, and nearly 39 inches on the Stye; a greater quantity, in one month, was never before registered in Britain. The rains of 1852, however, owing to their universal diffusion, were more injurious. In Ireland, there was not more than twenty-four hours' cessation of rain from the 1st of October till near the end of December, which was regarded as extraordinary even in Dublin, where the number of rainy-days in a year is 209; in London, the number is 178—snowfalls included in both instances. During December, too, we had frightful thunder-storms and furious hurricanes; and the last week of the year produced a melancholy catalogue of wreck and disaster.

We thus see that 1852 presents a strikingly anomalous character—one that it will be difficult to account for. Notwithstanding the great rainfall, some of our philosophers say, that the quantity has not more than sufficed to make up for previous dry seasons; and that, had it not come, our underground supplies might have been exhausted. It is certain that many wells and springs are now flowing which had long been dry; and it is also certain that, before long, we shall have explanations of the extraordinary phenomena presented to us in the course of the past year. The Meteorological Society and the British Association will take up the subject, and the physical causes will be diligently looked for. The researches already made shew a more intimate connection among different countries meteorologically than has hitherto been supposed; observers in numerous stations are busy recording and discussing facts; the minds to generalise them are not wanting; and we may look forward with reasonable hope, that the laws of the weather will be comprehended and elucidated.

MONSIEUR TRICTRAC.

For nearly thirty years, Baptiste Pyrrhonien was landlord of La Belle Espérance, a pretty little hotel near Fontainebleau. Baptiste was a fat man, with a dull eye and a big nose. It took three good yards to circumscribe his huge corpus. His voice was as deep as a well; and when it was about to give words to his thoughts, you might hear it gurgling and struggling far down.

One beautiful evening, in a summer not very long past, while Baptiste was sitting in his *berceau*, smoking his pipe, his attention was attracted by the clatter of hoofs on the highway. A horseman rode rapidly up, and stopped at his door. Baptiste waddled forth at the top of his speed, touched his cap to the traveller, and held the bridle while he dismounted. The stranger descended to *terra firma* in a very awkward fashion; never had Baptiste seen a man get off his horse so clumsily; indeed, had not he himself held out his hand with dexterous promptitude, the traveller's head would have touched the ground before his feet.

'Confound you! what are you doing?' cried the clumsy one in a rage, as if Baptiste were the cause of his *maladresse*.

'Pardon, monsieur, pardon,' murmured Baptiste, with a bow, which told the other that notwithstanding he had taken a great liberty, he should be excused.

'To the stable with him!' cried the traveller, tossing his hand towards his steed, which appeared to have

been subjected to severe exercise. 'Rub him down; give him beans and hay; and put a bucket of water near him, so that he may drink when he likes. Take great care of him.'

'Bien, monsieur?' And Baptiste handed the animal to his *garçon d'écurie*, and gave him instructions with great state.

'Holla! I forgot. Off with the bags, and bring them after me.' A couple of bags were detached from the saddle, and carried into the bar of *La Belle Espérance*, whither the traveller had slowly proceeded, walking laboriously and painfully, as if jaded by long riding.

'Monsieur Trietrac! Trietrac—Trietrac—Trietrac—a remarkably odd name,' muttered Baptiste, as he spelled a card attached to one of the bags.

'Odd! What's the matter with it?' exclaimed the traveller, whose sharp ear had caught the *aside*. 'Come, come; don't take my name in vain, or I shall be angry!'

'Pardon, monsieur!' exclaimed Baptiste as before, a little flushed at finding himself in collision with so mettlesome a gentleman. M. Trietrac was a very elegantly-built young man, *petit* and slender, with a profusion of rich brown hair, and an effeminate voice. Of his features, Baptiste could not see much, for he held a laced handkerchief over his mouth; but a pair of bright black eyes, restless and piercing, seemed to shoot their lightning glances on all and everything at the same time.

'Warm weather,' said Baptiste, evading his guest dubiously.

'I should think you felt it so!' returned M. Trietrac, scanning the landlord's vast corporation with a saucy air. Baptiste was not pleased.

'A very host of hosts,' continued M. Trietrac. 'A hundred hosts rolled into one!'

Baptiste's red nose blazed. 'Can I do anything for you, monsieur?' asked he laughingly.

'Yes, you can. Show me a room where I may sleep, and when I am there, send me bread and meat, and wine. Come! *vite, vite!*' There was an imperiousness in M. Trietrac's manner, which actually had the effect of expediting the movements of the solemn Baptiste; and when the former was happily got into his chamber, and a repast set before him, the worthy landlord sat down with the air of a man harassed beyond endurance, and bade his wife give him a cup of wine, and fetch his pipe from the *kegerie*, where he had laid it down on the arrival of his new guest, for he could not stir more.

The pipe was no sooner brought and relighted, however, than M. Trietrac's bell was rung violently.

'Mon Dieu! It is too bad!' groaned Baptiste.

'I will go,' said his wife.

'Thou go!' cried Baptiste with great scorn. 'He will affright thee beyond recovery!'

Baptiste hobbled up the stairs, which creaked loudly beneath his weight. M. Trietrac wanted the saddle-bags. Baptiste descended to the bar, took up the bags, and thus laden reascended.

Pierre Savon the barber, and Jacques Menublé the miller, came in to smoke their evening pipes with Host Baptiste, as their custom was. To them was related the story of the new guest—how he came, riding as if for the life of him; how giddily he descended from his horse; how he abused Baptiste, and ordered him right and left; what an extraordinary name he had; how quickly he started into cholera at the mention of it. 'And now,' continued Baptiste, 'I have but just left him, and the moment I was outside the door, he turned the key with a violent hand, and locked himself in. "Bon soir, monsieur!" said I. "Bon diable!" quoth he, wringing *e'en* at civility.'

'Trietrac! I warrant he is of my calling—a brave miller!' said Jacques Menublé, laughing at his own joke. 'Take care what you are about, Host Baptiste,' chirped Pierre Savon, shaking his little head myste-

riously. 'This looks mighty suspicious. If the police pay you a visit all along of this man, don't say I haven't warned you!'

'Bah!' rumbled Baptiste scornfully, though obviously alarmed at the idea.

'It's no joke to harbour a criminal—as I warrant this man is, from what you tell me,' continued Barber Savon.

'Maybe, he had a hand in the goings-on at Lyon,' conjectured Jacques Menublé.

Thus the trio continued chatting, as they smoked their tobacco and sipped their wine. The night advanced. As it grew dark, the lamp was lighted. The dame and the rest of the household retired to rest. M. Trietrac furnished an exciting topic for the three cronies: busied in speculations respecting him, they remained with Baptiste until long past the usual hour. When at length they prepared to depart, they discovered that it was raining heavily, and so returned, and recommenced smoking and talking, resolving to wait till the storm was over. A vivid flash of lightning eclipsed for a moment the feeble rays of the lamp; the thunder-clap that followed seemed as if it would shatter the little hostel. A violent summer-tempest ensued. The trio, weary and awe-stricken, ceased their talk, and sat listening in silence to the hurly-burly of the elements. As the thunder continued to roll in frequent peals, quick and heavy footsteps were heard overhead. M. Trietrac could not sleep, it appeared. Baptiste wondered whether his fiery guest were rating the weather. At any rate, it was very unpleasant—enough to make any one feignety and nervous—to hear, amidst thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, the incessant sound of footsteps, as of a person pacing hither and thither, agitated and restless.

'Hark!' exclaimed Pierre Savon all at once, starting forward with a face dismally pale.

'What?'

'Listen! Again and again.' The others listened attentively, but heard nothing. 'It has ceased now,' said Pierre; 'but no—there!'

The low and mournful sound of a distant horn, seeming to come from the forest behind the house, was now plainly distinguished by all. As they continued to listen, the sound, which was repeated at short intervals, became more and more distinct, as if whoever produced it were rapidly approaching.

Apparently, M. Trietrac heard the sounds also, for he crossed his agitated promenade, and opened his window. And what was the astonishment of the three listeners, when, as if in response to a sustained note from the distance, they heard the sound of a horn issuing, sharp and clear, from the chamber of the strange guest! Thoughts of conspiracy, revolution, robbery, rapine, and everything horrible, took possession of the trio; and each involuntarily rose to his feet as the loud notes streamed from the window of M. Trietrac. The sound of approaching hosts, as of several horses urged to the top of their speed, was presently distinguished, and shortly afterwards four horsemen stopped in front of the house.

Almost beside himself with astonishment and alarm, Baptiste hastily extinguished the candle and went to the window. The storm had ceased—the clouds were tearing wildly away—it grew lighter every instant.

One of the horsemen, who kept himself somewhat in advance of the rest, doffed his cap, and bowed towards M. Trietrac's window, at which, no doubt, that individual had stationed himself.

'You are come! it is well; and you see I am here also,' said M. Trietrac.

'Ten thousand thanks! Oh, how shall I repay thee?' exclaimed the horseman in a tone of passionate gratitude. 'Do I not swear that nought should make me break my word? and, behold, here I am, in spite of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain!'

the door-keeper, who happened to be returning from the clerk's desk.

'What are you doing here with these chickens? Get out, sir, get out,' whispered the door-keeper.

'No you don't, though; you don't come that game over me. You've got chickens yourself for sale: get out yourself, and let me sell mine. I say, sir (in a louder tone to the Speaker), are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here.' And he held up his string, and shook his fowls, until their music made the walls echo. 'Let me go, sir (to the door-keeper); let me go, I say. Fine large chickens (to the Speaker); only six bits a dozen.'

'Where's the serjeant-at-arms?' roared the Speaker. 'Take that man out.'

'Now don't, will you? I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the door-keeper); you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say, sir (to the Speaker in a louder voice), are you buying chickens to—'

'Go ahead!' 'At him again!' 'That's right!' whispered some of the Opposition members, who could command gravity enough to speak.

'I say, sir (in a louder tone to the Speaker)—cuss your pictures, let me go—fair play—two to one ain't fair (to the Speaker and serjeant-at-arms); let me go. I say, sir, you up there (to the Speaker), you can have 'em for six bits! won't take a cent less. 'Take 'em home, and eat 'em myself before I'll take—' 'Drat your hides! don't shove so hard, will you? you'll hurt 'em chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day, anyhow. I say, you sir, up there'—

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried; and the members, almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the door-keeper about the meanness of selling his own chickens, and letting nobody else sell theirs; adding that, 'if he could just see that man up there by himself, he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits.'

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol, saying as he went down the stairs: 'Well, this is the roughest place for selling chickens that ever I come across, sure.'—*American paper.*

IMPROVED RETURNS FROM THE RAILWAYS.

A statement of the weekly published traffic of eleven of the principal railways, for the twenty-six weeks ending 26th December 1852, which has been drawn up for private circulation, by Mr Reynolds, accountant of the Great Northern, strikes us a good deal as indicating the improved prospects both of railways and of the country. We should not indeed have adverted to such a document, if it did not serve as a convincing proof of the rapidly advancing prosperity of England at the present moment. It appears from this paper, that the returns from all the eleven railways in the summer weeks of 1851, excepting a few, greatly exceeded those of the corresponding weeks of 1852—a fact which is readily accounted for by the extraordinary amount of travelling created at the earlier period by the Exhibition. But when we come to the middle of October, a remarkable change takes place. The receipts of 1852 after that period, in every railway, greatly exceed those of the corresponding weeks of 1851. We find, on the London and North-western, an advance of £2000, £3000, £4000, and even £5000 on some weeks. On other lines, the advances are in proportion. And the general consequence is, that on the Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Eastern Counties, York and North Midland, York Newcastle and Berwick, and the Great Northern—six of the eleven—there is an *increase* on the totals of the half-year '52, a result which no one could have anticipated as to happen in the year immediately following on the Exhibition.

ANECDOTE OF A CROCODILE.

The Indians told us, that at San Fernando scarcely a year passes without two or three grown-up persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being drowned by these carnivorous reptiles. They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the

jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her go, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, reached the shore, swimming with the hand that still remained to her. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse daily turns on the best means that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a boa, or a crocodile; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that may await him. 'I knew,' said the young girl of Uritucu coolly, 'that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your fingers into his eyes.' Long after my return to Europe, I learned that in the interior of Africa the negroes know and practise the same means of defence. Who does not recollect with lively interest, Isaac, the guide of the unfortunate Mungo Park, who was seized twice by a crocodile, and twice escaped from the jaws of the monster, having succeeded in thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes while under water? The African Isaac and the young American girl owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*

'INNER AFRICA OPENED.'

WITH reference to the question mentioned in No. 470, touching the snow-clad mountains of Africa, we have received the following communication from Lieutenant W. H. Church, R.N., in charge of the Admiralty Survey of the south-west coast of Ireland. Lieutenant Church must be considered very competent authority on the subject, having been engaged for seven years in the Admiralty Survey of the African coast:—

'With respect to snow-clad mountains, perpetual or otherwise, in the equatorial regions of Africa, one fact is preferable to a boat-load of opinions; I therefore desire to inform you, that when employed as assistant-surveyor in Her Majesty's Steamer *Etna*, under the command of Captain Alexander Vidal, surveying in the Bight of Biafra, in February and March 1836, I beheld the mountain of Cameroons capped with snow. This magnificent mountain, rising quickly from the coast-line, in the bottom of the bight, just eastward of the low flat Delta of the Quorra (Niger?), to the height of 13,000 feet, at the distance of about sixteen or seventeen miles inland, was beautifully capped with snow on our arrival in the neighbourhood: it vanished, to the best of my recollection, in March; but as I have not my journal of the voyage by me, I cannot be exactly sure as to the date. Now, the latitude of the Cameroons Mountain (4 degrees 24 minutes north) is nearly the same as that of the mountains described by Krapf and Rebmann; and the sea was no very great distance from its zenith at the time in question; and I cannot conceive why doubt should be thrown on the statement of the travellers, that lofty snow-topped mountains exist in the place mentioned by them. Nor is it at all paradoxical to suppose, that they might be amongst the fountain-heads of the Nile. The splendid mountain of the Cameroons, which I mentioned, is one noble head of a series, coming from the north-east, we know not how far, which here meets the sea in the Bight of Biafra—submerges—again appearing in a south-west-by-south direction (true), in the islands of Fernando Po, Prince's, St Thomas, and Anabon. Fernando Po is also a magnificent mountain—its highest peak rising to about 10,000 feet above the sea. Both it and the Cameroons Mountain appear very much like volcanic cones. Fernando Po Peak, from some directions, appears nearly as sharp as the Peak of Tenerife. On the summit of the last-mentioned, I have observed the lat. barometric height—round of angles to the other Canaries, &c.'

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ON A REMARKABLE CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE changes which from time to time take place in the external forms and characters of animals, are an interesting department of the science of the philosophical naturalist, for they serve to illustrate the principle of a certain definite subserviency of organised creatures to the conditions in which they live. It is but following out this principle a little further, and still keeping, as we think, within the proper range of that science, to examine and report upon those moral changes which take place in the highest of animated species through the effect of the conditions of social life. It is fully admitted that the variability of humanity—if we may use such an expression—is very great; and of this truth no one can doubt, who considers the difference between the cruel and treacherous savage and the highly-educated man of civilisation. We do not need, however, to take these extreme ends of the history and condition of a people. Even in a single century, or, say, three generations, such improvements take place in national characters, as it would perhaps be difficult to believe, if we had not the best evidence of the fact.

I wish to call attention, on the present evening, to a remarkable change which has taken place, within about a hundred years, or a little more, in the character of the female of our own species. I must first, however, apologise for the nature of the evidence which I have to bring forward. It unfortunately happens, that the human female—at all times an almost hopeless mystery to the naturalist, indeed to men of science generally—was very little studied by zoologists in the days of Seba and Buffon. I am not aware of a single observation on the subject in that age, which can be said to have been set down with scientific accuracy. This is very unfortunate, but it cannot be remedied. It happens, however, that another set of observers—namely, the poets—paid a good deal of attention to the ladies, and have left an immense number of references to them scattered throughout their writings. Now, I am far from saying, that the poets can be accepted as, in themselves, singly, good witnesses, because it is well known that they decline swearing to the truth of what they advance. Yet, when we consider, that we could not attempt to write the history of Greece, or trace its ancient manners, without making use of the writings of its poets, it will, I trust, appear as a thing utterly preposterous, that we should altogether reject such evidence. It is a kind of testimony we cannot dispense with in many cases; and my impression decidedly

is, that, if carefully examined and collated, and accepted only when it is found perfectly self-consistent, and in harmony with the usual tone of men who aim at speaking the truth, we may make a certain limited use of it, even for scientific purposes.

So much being premised, I proceed to remark on the great improvement which appears, from this evidence, to have taken place in the general affections of the human female since the middle of the eighteenth century. The creature, whom we all know to be now yielding, gentle, and kind, to a remarkable degree, is described in the writings of those irregular naturalists, as I may call them, as one of exceedingly barbarous and unrelenting character. From some of the poetical references in question, a literal interpreter might imagine that there were even some organic differences of a notable kind between the women of those days and the present. We hear, for instance, of eyes which had a killing power like those attributed by mediæval zoologists to the basilisk; likewise of bosoms of a marble-like coldness, as if the female of our species had not then been developed, in the circulating organisation at least, beyond the reptilian stage. I must consider these allusions, however, as most probably only metaphorical; for we can scarcely imagine, that even such early naturalists as Aristotle and Pliny would have failed to record such singular peculiarities, if they had had a positive existence. I come at once to the moral characteristics of which they may be accepted as part of the evidence.

It fully appears, then, that the human female, down to the time we are speaking of, was a very cruel creature. While addressed by individuals of the opposite sex with a degree of deference and adulation now totally unknown, she beheld them all with an unbending severity and disdain equally unexampled in our days. The memorials are so abundant, that the difficulty is to make a selection. Turning up, however, a single volume of Ritson's collection of English Songs, we find such passages as the following:

But oh, her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inspire;
And while in ice that frozen lies,
Her eyes dart only fire.

Between extremes I am undone,
Like plants too northward set;
Burnt by too violent a sun,
Or starved for want of heat.

The whole book, indeed, seems to be a series of preachments on this one text. What Aaron Hill says in one page—

Chill, as mountain snow, her bosom,
Though I tender language use,
'Tis by cold indifference frozen,
To my arms and to my name.—

Is echoed by Henry Carey on another—

Must I, ye gods, for ever love?
Must she for ever cruel prove?
Must all my torments, all my grief,
Meet no compassion, no relief?

It appears that even towards a patient reduced to the last stage of bodily distress and weakness, no sort of pity was shown by this merciless being:—

When drooping on the bed of pain,
I looked on every hope as vain;
When pitying friends stood weeping by,
And Death's pale shade seemed hovering nigh;
No terror could my flame remove,
Or steal a thought from her I love.

The mischiefs wrought by some specimens in their dealings with other mortals, were occasionally of the direst kind. One gentleman solemnly says of a particular nymph he had had the misfortune to rank among his acquaintance:

Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

Seeing a woman and suffering extinction of life being thus syllogistically connected, we may imagine the wretched consequences to society. The most piteous appeals, such as—

— look to you celestial sphere,
Where souls with rapture glow,
And dread to need that pity there
Which you denied below—

seem to have been presented in vain. Myra, Lesbia, Clorinda, or by whatever other *soubriquet* these poor swains might designate enchantresses who little deserved such delicacy at their hands, are invariably described as keeping up their savage cruelty to the very last. Some of the victims describe their feelings when approaching the only end which griefs like theirs could have—

Grim king of the ghosts, he true,
And hurry me hence away;
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay:
To th' Elysian shades I post,
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

We have not, indeed, any means of knowing the amount of destruction produced by those pitiless creatures, there having, unfortunately, been no register of mortality, giving, in a reliable manner, the causes of death, till some time after the female character had begun to undergo a favourable change; but from the prevalence in literature of the allusions to such tragic results, we cannot doubt that the evil was of very serious amount. It may, indeed, admit of some doubt, whether the very large mortality of former as compared with the present times, was not owing rather more to this cause than to inferior sanitary conditions, the virulence of small-pox, and other circumstances, to which it has been usually ascribed.

It will be acknowledged as something quite beyond our province to speculate on the teleological aspects of the question, and attempt to define the design which Providence had in view in permitting so much evil to exist. But it is our grateful privilege, as merely observers of the facts of nature, to remark that with that mercy which shines through the universal ~~being~~ had been so arranged that the savage tendencies of the female breast were limited to a particular period of life. The power and the disposition to treat men cruelly appears seldom to have appeared before the age of seventeen; and the instances in which it lasted beyond twenty-five are rare. After that period of life, if marriage had not intervened, the female heart was usually observed to relent; and I have not been able

to discover a single well-authenticated case of cruelty recorded against an unwedded woman above thirty-five. Thus it appears to have put on very much the aspect of a kind of calenture; and we are left to believe that many a woman, who had acted as a perfect tigress in early life, was converted in due time into one of those winning old maids, or one of those benign widows, who are also the themes of so many allusions in our by-gone literature. In this respect, physiologically, the whole subject assumes a very curious character. We find the hot head still applicable to the young man, avarice to the old; all the great characteristics assigned to particular epochs of male life by our old writers, still remain as they were. How singular that the sanguinary character attributed to the female between eighteen and twenty-five, should alone have undergone a revolution!

That the revolution is a complete one, need not, I presume, be largely insisted on, as the Society must be well aware, from their own observation and experience, that coldness and rigour towards the opposite sex no longer mark the demeanour of womankind at any period of life. A poetical complaint against Myra or Clorinda is never heard; and Mr Farr can at once make clear beyond dispute, that deaths from either the lightnings of female eyes, or the coldness of female bosoms, are not the subject of any return. At evening-parties, the waltz and polka demonstrate the amicable footing on which the two sexes live. Instead of holding out that she is to be sighed for by many, and will, at the utmost, take one, and kill off the rest, the young lady, with that submissiveness and courtesy which mark a high civilisation, and which was doubtless designed to be the highest development of her nature, does not now object that the question should rather be: Who is going to take her? Since Woman has thus been put into her proper social attitude, we see how much sweetness has been infused into those assemblies where the two sexes meet; barring, indeed, certain competitions which occasionally take place amongst the ladies themselves with regard to particular swains, and the little jealousies which will thence arise—a trivial incidental drawback from a great good.

A NEW SCHOOL OF REFORM.

ON a former occasion, we described a little institution for reclaiming criminal and vagrant youth, founded by Mr Nash, the teacher of a ragged school in Westminster; and we took the opportunity of going into some general considerations connected with the subject.* We have now to draw the attention of our readers to another institution of the same kind, then only glanced at in passing; but we shall confine ourselves to a delineation of the plan, and a notice of its results.

On the 10th of April 1848, among the mixed multitude which filled Trafalgar Square, there were, as there always are in large crowds, some of the young pick-pockets who infest our metropolis. To one of these, a youth of seventeen, is due the origin of the movement in question. This poor boy—for his case was really a pitiable one—had not taken to bad courses from any liking for them. His mother, a worthless woman, 'drove him out to steal.' She perhaps had been, in like manner, mistaught by her mother; and so up, from generation to generation. However this may have been, the result was, that the boy became a confirmed thief, and, as most persons would have supposed, a thoroughly bad character. He had been several times imprisoned, and had been whipped, with no effect but to harden him still more in vice. But on the evening of the day just mentioned, his mind was filled with unaccustomed thoughts. Perhaps the tumult had excited him. Perhaps some casual expression of an ardent orator had struck his ear, unaccustomed to

* See 'An Evening in Westminster,' No. 427.

public speaking, and produced an effect which the master himself had not expected. At all events, as the night closed in, the lad in melancholy humour quitted the square, and, with half-formed resolutions floating in his mind, took his way northward towards the New Road. In Brook Street, not far from the Regent's Park, there was a Ragged School, which he and some of his companions had occasionally attended. Sometimes they went to make a disturbance, and 'have a lark.' At other times, the patient kindness of the teacher made an impression on their not wholly callous hearts, and they remained to take part in the lessons. It was to this school that our young pickpocket now repaired, and opened his mind to the benevolent teacher. He was anxious, he said, to leave off his bad habits, and begin a new course. If he could only find a friend who would assist him, and get him something to do, he was willing to work, and to lead an honest life.

Mr Ellis, the teacher, pondered the subject in his mind. He had long been considering the question, how it happened that the frequent punishments of juvenile criminals in our prisons produced so little effect in reforming them. He had come to his own conclusions on this point, and an opportunity now seemed to offer for trying the effect of a different system. He spoke about the matter to the committee of gentlemen who supported the Ragged School. They hesitated at first, for their school-funds were small, and the prospect of reforming such hardened young reprobates did certainly not seem very bright. Mr Ellis, however, though himself but a poor hard-working bootmaker, undertook the entire management of this 'criminal class,' and the committee agreed to contribute towards their support. He began, in April 1848, with three boys—one of whom was our young thief, and the two others were lads of twelve and nineteen, the latter a lame, destitute boy. The manner in which he set about the work of reforming and instructing them was thus described by himself last year to a committee of the House of Commons:—'I thought that one cause of their crime was want of employment. They had never been used to work, and no one had ever taken them in hand to train them into the way of work. I employed them at shoemaking, and I made that employment of shoemaking as amusing to them as I possibly could; and I found that the boys were very fond of making things themselves, such as shoes. I used to go and sit with them for two or three hours a day, and I used to tell them that they might, by governing their tongue, and governing their tempers, and governing their appetites, and governing themselves generally, be much more happy if they would put themselves in harmony with the laws of their own physical nature; and I showed them how wrong it was to break the social laws that bind society together, and also the laws of God. I considered that my conversation with them for two or three hours had a great effect; and I provided them with wholesome food, and I gave them clothes to wear, and I surrounded them with as many comforts as I possibly could. My principal object always was to put in their power the means of getting a living, by teaching them a business. With respect to their morals, I thought I could not do better than set before them a good example; and I ate with them, and drank with them, and slept with them, and I associated myself with them, in every way; and as far as religion goes (I don't profess to be a religious teacher), I shewed them the law of the Gospel as well as I could.' In short, Mr Ellis was of opinion, that the boys had fallen into evil habits chiefly from the want of the training and example which they should have had from their parents; and his simple plan was just to supply this want, and act the part of a good and faithful parent to them. It is deserving of notice, that he was greatly aided in these efforts by his son, who, though only eight years old when the school commenced, was even

then remarkable for his strong moral feelings. He associated with the lads in the school, and allowed nothing wrong to be done in his presence.

The committee, at the end of six weeks, were so well satisfied with the result of the experiment, that on the 15th of May they added two more boys to the class. This was done at the urgent request of the first three, who begged for the admittance of their two comrades; and when they were told that the funds were very small, they said they were willing that their rations should be divided into five portions, in order that the other boys might share in the advantages that they were enjoying. The class gradually increased, until, on the 4th of December, the number amounted to fifteen. These youths, it must be understood, were not selected for their good qualities. On the contrary, they were nearly all genuine rogues of the very worst description. 'I have been on duty at Saffron Hill, at St Giles's, and at Westminster,' remarked a policeman confidentially to Mr Ellis, 'and I never knew a more determined set of thieves than those are that you have got with you.' And well he might say this, seeing that, remarkably enough, most of them had been chiefs of 'gangs.' It appears that the young thieves in London, and other large cities, carry on their depredations in regularly organised bands, comprising from half-a-dozen to as many as twenty-five lads in each. The captain of a gang is of course the most knowing and daring rogue in it. It seems surprising that boys of this character should have come voluntarily to place themselves under Mr Ellis's instruction; but intellect and force of character have always something in them which tends towards self-improvement. Mr Ellis remarked, that those who came to him with the worst characters, turned out to be his best pupils. 'I would sooner,' he observed, speaking on this point, 'take a courageous thief—I would sooner take a daring highway robber—than what we call these poor beggar-boys about the streets; for I find, generally, that they are lazy vagabonds, and that they have a wonderful knack of finding things before they are lost: they have not the courage to steal boldly. But give me mind, and I will be bound to convince the mind. If I could not convert the heart, I could alter the mind.' This, perhaps, was not an altogether philosophical way of speaking; but the worthy teacher evidently meant, that while a boy of feeble intellect must be slowly and patiently trained into good habits, an intelligent and resolute lad may be induced, by appeals to his reason, to make strong efforts for self-amendment. This was shewn in the conduct of the boys in this school. They voluntarily formed themselves into a sort of society, and made rules and established fines for the regulation of their own conduct. One of the penalties which they imposed was, that a portion should be stopped from the meals of those who infringed the regulations. They prohibited smoking and swearing, and required every one to be in clean trim on Sunday by nine o'clock. In fact, as far as possible, they were a self-controlled community.

This good result, however, was not brought about all at once. In some cases, it was a year before a new-comer was redeemed from his bad habits and dispositions, and became accustomed to the regular ways of the school, or rather of the household, for such it might properly be called. But all was done by patience and kindness. No punishment was ever inflicted by Mr Ellis. The only threat he ever had to use, was a warning, that if the misconduct were repeated, the boy should be expelled from the house; but this threat was always sufficient, and was never put in execution. All the boys, without exception, were reformed, and have turned out well. Mr Ellis's observation and experience had led him to disapprove of punishment as a means of reformation. He thought that the sacrifice made, and the mental pain experienced, in leaving off bad habits, which was like

being off the hand, or plucking out the eye, was a sufficient penalty for any offences. He had been led to believe that ordinary punishments, such as confinement and whipping, only hardened the culprits, and engendered in them a spirit of revenge, of hatred, and malice. An occurrence, which had strongly impressed this opinion on his mind, is thus related by him: 'My father was a soldier, and was flogged, now upwards of fifty years ago; and I have heard him speak of the effect that that punishment had upon him. As he was going over to the West Indies, as he crossed the Line, he received fifty lashes; and I have heard him say, that that created in him a feeling of dislike against the colonel who ordered that punishment, such as he could never forget; and although the colonel offered to make him a sergeant when they got to the West Indies, he refused it, and would not be friends with him. He was punished for damaging the king's stores; and a great many of these boys' crimes are analogous to that.' In other words, their transgressions do not proceed from wilfully bad intention, but from carelessness or ignorance.

The occasional waywardness or backsliding of his pupils was Mr Ellis's least difficulty. He had troubles at first from various other sources. The former companions of his boys were enraged when they found themselves deserted by their leading spirits. At first, he thought sometimes they would have pulled the house down. They came in a body, and carried away some of the lads from the school; but these soon found their way back, having learned by experience where they were best off; and at length they even succeeded in reforming some of their associates. After awhile, the street-boys ceased to molest those in the school, finding it impossible to draw them away. On the other hand, Mr Ellis's neighbours were strongly averse to his project, and tried, by warning and ridicule, to induce him to give it up. Even the city-missionary would have dissuaded him, believing that the attempt was a hopeless one. The inspector of police advised him, seriously and candidly, to abandon all hope of reforming the boys. He said that the police had done all they could for them; that they ought, every one of them, to be transported; and that it would be far better for Mr Ellis to mind his own business, and to leave them alone, as they would be sure to get themselves transported. As some of them had been in prison as many as six, seven, and even fourteen times, this prediction was fairly warranted, and, in the ordinary course of things, would have been fulfilled. But Mr Ellis was not to be daunted. His heart was in the work, and he determined to go on with it. When the committee of the Ragged School, owing to the lack of funds, could no longer assist him, he continued his undertaking entirely at his own expense. He heard that a certain strong-minded London alderman had declared that he would walk twenty miles to see a reformed thief; and this declaration of incredulity incited him to persevere. Another magistrate, of a different turn of thinking, came to the school, and spoke encouragingly, saying, that if it proved successful, he would call a meeting of the Middlesex magistrates, to establish schools in connection with prisons, so that the lads might be received into them as soon as they came out of prison. He kept his word; but the strong-minded alderman disapproved of the plan. He wanted more whipping, more prisons, more treadmills, and other such means of putting crime down; so he got a majority of three against the prison-school project, and put that down too.

Mr Ellis persevered, and had his reward in the complete success of his benevolent labours. His neighbours, who were at first so much opposed to his plans, changed their opinions as soon as they could see for themselves that these lads, who were once a disgrace and pest to society, had now become smart, industrious, well-conducted young men. Those who knew them formerly

could hardly believe that they were the same persons. Many individuals who had previously been beggars in the school, now became its friends; and courtesy and kindness took the place of the aversion and ridicule which it had at first to encounter. From another quarter Mr Ellis had still more gratifying testimony to his success, of which the following instance may be taken as a specimen. He once received into his school some boys belonging to a notorious family (whom we will designate Crew), residing in a certain court. In the same court were some honest poor persons, and one of them, Mrs Bland, the mother of seven children, came to Mr Ellis when he took these lads, and said with natural warmth: 'Mr Ellis, you have passed by my poor children, who never did anything wrong, and you have taken these vagabonds.' Mr Ellis could not, at the time, explain to Mrs Bland's satisfaction why he had done this; but some six months afterwards she came to him again and said: 'I see now the reason why you took Crew's children; and I am glad you did so.' She gave the reasons for this opinion, which were of a very satisfactory kind. Since he had taken those 'vagabonds' in charge, the court was not like the same place. Much of the drunkenness and rioting had ceased. They had formerly been a pest to the court. They had stolen the fruit of the poor apple-woman, and all other articles that they could lay their hands on. They had led other children into vice, and had given the court a bad name; and now these evils had been removed, and in the best possible way, by turning the mischievous vagabonds into honest and useful workmen.

Some cases may be mentioned, to shew how thoroughly Mr Ellis has succeeded in reforming the youths whom he has taken in charge. One of these was a lad who, at the age of seventeen, had been left by the death of his father, a publican, in possession of £1700. This money he squandered in seven months. He then borrowed as much as he could of his sister; during eighteen months robbed everybody he could; was at last detected in robbing a pawnbroker of property to a large amount; was convicted, and transported to Gibraltar. After his return from that place, he was received into Mr Ellis's school. He is now living with a gentleman in London as coachman, and has been nearly two years in that situation, with great credit to himself, and to the school; is a teacher in the Ragged School; and is everything that could be wished. Another of the young men is now getting his living by wood-chopping; an excellent account has been received of him for honesty and industry. This youth had been in prison fourteen times, at the station-house thirty times, and admitted that he had committed twenty offences for every one in which he was detected. He has now so well established his character, that he can at any time borrow two or three pounds of a neighbour, in case of receiving a large order to execute. A third pupil is now getting his living, in a similarly independent and useful manner, by whitewashing; and a like good account is given of the whole number (fifteen) who, a year ago, had passed through Mr Ellis's school of reform.

Experience shews that any person who, with right motives, undertakes to do good, is pretty sure to do more than he intends or anticipates. So it happened in the case of Mr Ellis and his little seminary of reformed thieves. The reputation of the school gradually spread, until it reached a gentleman who had been led to take much interest in the painful subject of juvenile delinquency. This gentleman, Mr Power, recorder of Ipswich, came to London, visited the school, inquired minutely into its management, and on returning to Ipswich, established there a 'Dormitory and Industrial School,' of a similar character. The boys in this institution were mostly supplied from the jail, and were, of course, such as the police would at once pronounce to be incorrigible thieves and vagrants. The

school, however, and developed the boys' talents. They were in their rooms. From the back street, they formed themselves into a right self-governing community; and one law which they made was, that not one of their companions should go to bed without saying his prayers; at one time they kept a little boy out of bed a considerable time, until he had followed the rule. They made their own bedsteads, chairs, and tables; they helped to fit up the carpenter's shop. Indeed, from the first moment of their entering the establishment, until they quitted it, their interest was enlisted in the work; and everything that would develop self-control, and, so to speak, character in them, was sedulously attended to. Unfortunately, time was not given at Ipswich for carrying out the experiment fully, as, from the failure of the public subscriptions, the dormitory had to be given up. Out of the eight boys, however, who were in it five have turned out well; one has gone back to bad courses; and of the other two, nothing certain is known. Of the first-mentioned five, one case, in particular, is worth describing. A sailor-boy, having been robbed of his money in a low house in London, turned tramp, and wandered about the country until he was committed by the Ipswich magistrates for vagrancy. After he came out of jail, he was taken into this institution, and while there became a most efficient teacher in the Ragged School which was attached to it. At length, by the assistance of one of the magistrates, he obtained a berth on board ship again. He has since been several voyages, and has given great satisfaction to his captain. He has written several times to the master of the school, expressing his determination, as soon as he can save sufficient for the purpose, to send some money for the support of the school, from which he himself feels conscious that he has derived so much benefit. Thus, by the mere accident of having been committed to the only jail in the kingdom, which had a dormitory and industrial school in its neighbourhood, this youth, naturally well disposed, was preserved from becoming a hardened criminal, and converted into a valuable member of society. We can now form some idea how rapidly the number of criminals would diminish if such asylums were formed in connection with all our prisons. Who can calculate the amount of evil which would have been prevented, if that strong-minded London alderman had not, with the best intentions, succeeded in putting down his brother-magistrate's prison-school project?

But the good effect of Mr Ellis's example was not to end here. Mr Power spoke of the school to his friend Mr Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham. It is not in the least astonishing that Mr Sturge should have been warmly interested in what he heard; that he should have visited Mr Ellis's school, and been delighted with what he saw in it; or that he should have determined immediately to establish a similar institution in Birmingham, and should have invited Mr Ellis to take charge of it. Neither are we surprised to learn, that the school thus set on foot, last summer, in Ryland Road, Birmingham, proved in a few months so successful, and excited so much interest, that several other benevolent gentlemen residing in Birmingham and its vicinity were induced to form themselves into a committee, for the purpose of establishing a reformatory institution on a more extensive plan, for the industrial education of criminal children and destitute juveniles. A public meeting to consider the subject was held at Dee's Hotel, in December last. Lord Calthorpe was in the chair; Lord Lytton, Mr Adderley, M.P., Mr Scholefield, M.P., Captain Tindal, R.N., and other gentlemen known for the attention which they have paid to these subjects, took part in the proceedings. A report was read, in which Mr Ellis's method was described, and his success in gaining the confidence of the children under his charge was

fully acknowledged. The report also stated that other institutions for the reformation of criminals had been so successful, as to be almost entirely prevented. Thus, at Mettray, in France, of every 100 youths in every 100 are completely reformed; and at the institution called the Rauhe Haus (or Rough House), in Hamburg, the proportion is even larger. Our own Philanthropic Society has been able to reform, at its farm-school at Red Hill, near Reigate, about 7 in every 100 of the young criminals whom it has taken in charge. With the knowledge of these and many other encouraging facts, the meeting decided that the institution should be undertaken. The funds, of course, had to be provided by voluntary contributions; but the amount required was lightened by the munificence of Mr Adderley, who offered to build at Salfley, near Birmingham, a house, with workshops and dormitories for twenty boys, and attach to it five acres of land, with space reserved for future additions. Mr Ellis is to be placed at the head of this establishment, which, there is reason to hope, will become the model of many similar institutions to be hereafter erected in the vicinity of our large towns. But even looking only at what has been done already, there is certainly ample encouragement to all reformers in considering how many unexpected benefits to society have flowed, in less than five years, from the worthy bootmaker's first act of practical kindness towards the penitent young pickpocket who sought his helping-hand in April 1848.

THE LOST MESSENGER.

WHEN we lived at Greenwich, long ago, the scene of my greatest earthly delight was the park, and my chosen society the superannuated seamen who strolled down there, from Greenwich Hospital. Better company than some of them might have been found for a boy of thirteen, but in those days the sea filled my imagination. Readers, I am a respectable draper in the Blackfriars' Road, and the crossing of St George's Channel, in which I was terribly sick, has been the utmost limit of my voyages; but the interest now given to water-twist and fast-colours, then hung about double-reefed topsails, land on the lee-bow, and a strange craft bearing down. Great store was therefore set by the old mariners, who would talk and tell stories. Querer tales some of them had to tell, and few were slow to communicate; but the most satisfactory acquaintance I found among them, was Tom Patterson. Tom said he was the last man that ever lost an arm by Bonaparte. How he came to the exact knowledge of his own distinction in that respect, I never discovered, but his right arm had been carried off by a cannon-ball, in action with a French vessel, almost at the close of what it is to be hoped we shall long continue to call the 'last war.'

It is my belief, that Tom had come from Scotland in his day. His education was certainly better than that of foretop-men in general; he could read and write well; there were even traces of the Latin grammar about him; and at times Tom let out recollections of an old manse, which stood somewhere on the Firth of Clyde, and a wild, graceless lad, who ran away to sea. That part of the past was reserved for his memory's private domain. I cannot tell what ruins might be in it. Tom spoke little on the subject, and was never explicit; but if he had been the wild, graceless lad, there was a good work done by Time, the changer; for when I knew him he was a grave, quiet man, religious withal, after a discreet, sober fashion, and more thoughtful and

intelligent than the majority of Greenwich pensioners. Whether Tom patronised me or I him, is still an open question. Half at least of my pocket-money (and that fund was not large) went in good-will offerings of tobacco and pipes for his behoof and benefit; and he talked with me about ships and sea-adventures under the park's old chestnut-trees on summer evenings. Noble trees are they, those said chestnuts, with the circular benches round their roots, on which so many have rested. There is one, in particular, said to have been planted by Henry VII. soon after Bosworth Field had made him king of England. I go to see it yet sometimes, though not now to see Tom Patterson. His cruise on this side the stars has been long finished; but the bench below, overlooking the broad walk and the busy river, was the evening resort of my sailor-friend. On that seat, Tom appeared to me profoundly edifying, as he described the bombardment of Copenhagen, drew a parallel between Nelson and Collingwood (by the way, the latter was his crack-man), or explained how Acre was defended; but none of his historical essays ever made such an impression on my mind as a story he told me once, while we sat together in an April sunset. It was the Easter holidays, and Easter hadn't come early that year. The chestnut-trees were in full blossom, and the park in full green. Half London had come out, as usual, to trample it down; but the crowd was growing thin, for the sun was setting, and we sat on our accustomed seat, watching its diminution, when the great attraction of the day passed by. 'This was a Chinese—whether real or fictitious I know not; but he sold paper-lanterns, wore a loose cotton gown, a pair of flannel shoes, and an enormous pigtail. I was admiring that weapon of his warfare, and Tom, with the pipe between his teeth, watching him with a look of indefinite suspicion, till he was fairly out of sight, when the old man turned to me and said, in his own sedate fashion: 'Master Harry, I don't like them these Chinamen!'

'Why, Tom?' said I, having by this time picked up his prejudices. 'Are they as bad as the French?'

'They're worse, Master Harry, by several chalks,' said Tom. 'No Christian can ever be up to them. They're as deep as the South Sea, and I'll tell you what first made me think so. When I served on board the *Rattlesnake*, in 1809, our ship was ordered to the China Sea, where the pirates had grown brisk from the scarcity of cruisers. Our captain was a jewel for conduct and consideration, though maybe too young for such a command. Most of our officers had seen service; there wasn't a lubber in the crew, nor a troublesome soul on board but Dick Spanker. We gave him that surname unanimously—for Dick had none of his own that ever I knew—when he threw a somersault in the rigging off Formosa. Where he was born appeared to be a puzzle to himself. Sometimes he said he was a Yorkshire, and sometimes a Cornish man; but one thing was plain to everybody—Dick was no beauty. Low-set, strong, and square of build, he had a dark complexion, very red hair, and a nose broken out of all shape by some blow or accident; but the most remarkable particular about him, was an enormous right thumb. It was positively half the breadth of an ordinary hand; and just below the nail was a double x in deep blue. Dick said he put on that mark among the South-sea whalers, with whom such things are in fashion. A wild life it must be among far seas and savage isles; but Dick had spent years in it, and quite became his schooling. He swore hard, and drank harder when he got it; would have ventured on anything, with either tongue or hands; and was never known to keep out of a scrape or quarrel when he could get into one.

'I can't say that any of us liked Dick, for he had a raw nature—maybe there was a crack somewhere in

his brain; but we would have missed him as the odd man of the ship. With some sorts of captains, Dick would have had hard times—as it was, his grog was stopped now and then; but things went quietly on in our ship. The voyage out was prosperous. We never lost a man or saw an enemy. The Malays, too, had got wind of our coming, and kept well out of sight. Sail where we would, there was not a prow to be seen; but after beating about Fokien and Formosa for nearly a month, the East India Company's packet, *Maharajah*, from Canton to Madras, hailed us one morning; and her captain came aboard with a long story of something that had happened between the tea-merchants and the mandarins. It wasn't much of a matter either. The Chinamen wanted more bucksheesh than the merchants were willing to give; but our captain thought the sight of an English schooner in the river might help to settle things, so the helm was put about, and the *Rattlesnake* steered for Canton. After we dropped anchor in the river, the bucksheesh somehow became satisfactory. The tea-merchants and the mandarins grew good friends again; and the Chinamen came by scores about us, offering to sell everything, and do any work at all. Master Harry, it would take me a fortnight to tell you what rogues they were—how they cheated us in silks and tobacco, in pigs and in tea. The main-deck was never clear of a row while that trade lasted; but nobody dealt or squabbled more with the Chinamen than Dick Spanker.

'Dick bought everything while he had a fraction—Nankeen pantaloons, crape-cravats, tobacco-stoppers of sandal-wood, besides two fans, a scarlet shawl, and a set of small china, for a sweetheart he said he had at Deptford; of course, the Chinamen cheated him in every bargain, and the rows between them were terrible. Dick came across the discipline two or three times himself in consequence; and officers and men were glad when his money was done. By and by, we all began to wonder what made our captain lie so long in the river. Some said, it was to get a lot of uncommon grand crapes for his lady—a fine woman I'm told she was, living at Woolwich; some, that he was only on the look-out for shawls and tea-pots; and some, that the cards and dice were rather plenty at the Company's factory. The captain and most of our officers went there every day. Fine rooms they had, lined with china and looking-glasses, I can tell you. But we seamen were restricted to the boat-town, having a general order not to go on shore, on account of the Chinese laws against foreigners. There were forty thousand junks anchored in the river, in long lines, with streets of water between, through which the ships of all nations came and went. In these boats, all manner of trade and shop-keeping was carried on, and people had lived and died for I know not how many generations. However, there was nothing to be seen but eternal flocks of ducks, with dirty men and boys among them. Just think, Master Harry, what a dull spot it must be where a woman's face is never visible, though I'm sure I heard some of them scolding inside! That's done everywhere, you see; but it was our belief, that the boat-people were neither so smart at their work, nor so clever in cheating, as the men who came down from Canton.

'They told us such fine things about their town, that we grew tired of the river, particularly Dick, who latterly got in a manner wild for the shore, and used to grumble to himself by hours at the general order. Among the Canton-men there was one called Loo Chin, who dealt in all sorts of things, from pigs to porcelain; doing a little private trade in arrack and opium also. There was not a language heard at the port of Canton Loo Chin could not speak—English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese, besides the Malay and Tartar tongues. He boasted that his uncle was gate-keeper to the governor, and his brother the first player in the province; but I don't think a greater knave than himself came down the river. Loo

Chin was small, squat, and dirty: he had a pair of narrow slit-like eyes, whose very light was cunning; a pigtail that nearly touched the ground; and the blackest teeth I ever saw. That Chinaman had got Dick's last cash; but he didn't know it; and it was laughable to see him offering our messmate whatever nobody else would buy, at a price considerably raised for his special benefit. Many a furious squabble they had; but Loo Chin always came off safe, for when falsehoods failed him, he fell to flattery; and rough as Dick was, that smoothed him down. He praised his beauty and his manners, his riches and his generosity, always rising higher in the strain the more he intended to cheat, till Dick half believed him, but nevertheless reserved for his own entertainment the fact that his money was done, and none of our crew would spoil sport by mentioning it to the Chinaman. Loo Chin was by far the grandest describer of Canton and its wonders. He told us of a great fish-pond, with a tame dolphin in it; of a temple to their god of the wind, where holy hogs, with golden collars round their necks, were kept; and, above all, of his brother's playhouse.

'I had always remarked that Dick had a singular turn for play-going. There wasn't a single house of the kind in all England in whose galleries he had not been; and the establishment of Loo Chin's brother appeared to take his mind's-eye completely.

"Do you think one could get inside?" he inquired one day, when the Chinaman had been doing his best to sell him a yellow silk jacket full of holes, and describe the blue paint and gilding which decorated the said playhouse.

"Most sure," said Loo Chin, looking doubly cunning.

"Would one get safe back, I mean?" said Dick.

"With no doubt," said the Chinaman, bolting down the ship's side into his own trading-junk, on the bulwarks of which he balanced himself for a minute, made a queer motion with his yellow hands, as if to tie up something in a bundle, gave a short wicked laugh, and dived below among his goods. I meant to keep a watch on Loo Chin after that; but whether it was his ill success with the yellow jacket, or the coming of an American ship, that kept him from the *Rattlesnake*, we saw no more of the Chinaman. However, all hands were river-sick by this time, and a public meeting was held on the fore-castle, to petition Captain Paget for leave to go on shore. The boatswain's mate, who had been the son of a schoolmaster, and once saw his father sign a petition to parliament against the hearth-tax, drew up our memorial in the same form which he said was the thing furthest off mutiny, and commenced, "May it please your Honourable Cabin." Captain Paget favourably considered our petition, as he did all the complaints of his men; but to keep the Chinamen's minds at rest, we were allowed to go only in parties of a dozen strong, every man taking his turn, with strict orders not to lose sight of each other, and to return to the ship an hour before the shutting of Canton gates, which took place at sunset. We gave three cheers that astonished the boat-town, when the captain told us all that in a speech from the quarter-deck. The boatswain's mate said, if we had been in a Christian country, it should be printed in the newspapers; but the part that made most impression on us, was what the captain said in his wind-up—that he hoped we would justify the confidence our officers placed in us, by a prudent and orderly course of conduct, as became British seamen.

'The captain was not entirely mistaken in that hope. We took a general resolution to behave well: even Dick looked settled; and for some time, the parties came and went without disturbance, strict to orders, and punctual to time. We saw the Company's factory, and the governor's palace—at least the outside of them—the narrow streets, the queer houses, and queerer shops of Canton. The Chinamen stared at us,

and called "Fanqui;" the children fled before, and the dogs barked after us; but our honour being concerned, not to speak of the going on shore, we took no notice.

'A party to which I belonged were getting the boat ready one day, and I was brushing my best jacket over the bulwark, when Dick Spanker came to me, and said: "Tom, can you lend me a few cash?"

'The Chinamen hadn't left me much, but I knew Dick was going with us, and might want a trifle; so, having some in my pocket (Master Harry, it was the only loan ever I regretted), I gave him the half, and we started. The day was spent, as usual, strolling through the town, and being called Fanqui. We bought water-melons and some arrack—not much, for all hands were sober. The time of return was drawing near, when we got into a new street, and saw a great wooden-house without windows, with a Chinaman at the door beating a little drum. As we came nearer, Dick knew him to be his old acquaintance, Loo Chin. "What sort of a pigeon is this you have got?" said he, running up to him (pigeon is the Chinaman's word for business).

"Calling people to the play," said Loo Chin.

"Is this your brother's playhouse then?" cried Dick.

"Be certain it is," said the Chinaman.

"Messmates, we'll all go in and see the play. When does it begin?"

"I don't know, and there's too many of you," said Loo Chin; and he fell to his drum faster than ever.

"Come along, Dick," said I, not liking the fellow's look; "it's time we were homeward bound."

'Dick did come; and we had got on a few steps, when, glancing back, I saw Loo Chin making signs to him. Just then, there came a great sound of gongs and bagpipes, which, they say, is the height of Chinese music, and down the street ran a crowd, making all sorts of noise for joy, because they were taking home a bride shut up in a covered chair like a great hoy, painted blue. We ranged ourselves along the wall, to let them pass quietly, and the capers they cut took my attention completely; but when all was over, and we had marched almost to the river, Dick Spanker was nowhere to be seen. We could not go to the ship without him, and a terrible search we had for the street. By the time it was found, the playhouse was as full as it could hold, with bands of men at the door—who drew knives and clubs, and roared at us as we tried to get in—but Loo Chin wasn't among them. If our cutlasses hadn't been left in the *Rattlesnake*, I'm not sure that the captain's orders to keep peace at all hazards would have been obeyed; but unarmed as we were, there was no chance. The crowd was thickening about us every minute, the bars with which they close the street were getting ready; we called on Dick with all the strength of our voices, but got no answer; and as the gates would be shut in another minute, we had a strong run for it to our boat. Of course, the captain was told the moment we got on board. He sent the first-lieutenant up in the cutter by daybreak, to make a report to the governor. That great Chinaman promised that Dick would be inquired for throughout the province; but the end of all was, that nothing of our messmate was seen or heard of after.

'Captain Paget inquired, threatened, and demanded leave to search the playhouse; but the party he sent for that purpose—I was one of them—were taken to the street; shown the spot where the house had stood; told that the players had taken it with them on their journey to the northern provinces, which they made once a year, all theatres in China being movable; and also that no stranger would be admitted to a Chinese playhouse. Loo Chin's whereabouts nobody knew; and the captain at length concluded that Dick had gone with him to see some bargain or other, got into a quarrel, and perhaps met with foul play. Gradually we all

became of that opinion; but no one cared for going on shore again; and as the time of the *Rattlesnake's* cruise shortly expired, we sailed home to Chatham. There it was found out that the ship wanted sundry repairs; her hands were accordingly drafted off to different vessels, and I, with some score of comrades, sent on board the *Thunderer*.

There is no use in going over all that happened there; but the service wasn't so easy as it had been in the *Rattlesnake*—we had fighting in the Mediterranean, fever at Fernando Pó, and a storm in the Western Pacific, that made us glad to run into Manila. The Spanish governor there held fast by King Ferdinand; and as England's armies were doing some tight work for him in Spain, Manila was a friendly port for an English vessel. I remember it was just three years since we sailed from Canton—actions, fevers, and drafts hadn't left one of the *Rattlesnake's* men on board the *Thunderer* but myself. The new messmates weren't quite up to the old; and though our captain was a good officer, he had a spice of pride in him that taught the whole ship their distance. There were no meetings in the fore-castle, no petitioning of his Honourable Cabin, I can tell you; but going on shore was no trouble at Manila.

It is a dirty town, and the worst part of it is the Chinese quarter. I had strolled in there one evening with three comrades, quiet smoking fellows, who knew the place, and would have me to see a Chinese play. I thought of the old story at Canton, but they said it was uncommon curious, and Chinamen abroad have no such hatred to strangers as at home. The playhouse stood in an unupaved street, narrow and very dark, with old Spanish houses, which the Chinese had got hold of, and set up their shops and trades in. It was like the one I had seen at Canton—wooden and windowless—but very full of the Chinamen, standing thick and close round a raised space in the middle, lighted by great torches, with a trap-door in it, by which all the wonders came up. I can't say what the play was about, though I and my comrades got places quite near the rail. There was a man with a tame lion; another with two serpents twined about his arms; and last of all, the glory of the house, a great dragon, which the Chinamen said could talk all the tongues in the world, and had been brought from Peking. It came up like a huge crocodile, only covered with a hairy skin. It had a long tail, a pair of fiery eyes that seemed far sunk in its head, and a mouth with great tusks in it. There was a boy on its back, and the performance consisted in his riding round the stage in a very gaudy dress, with a large China cup on his head, full of tea, of which a grain wasn't to be spilled. The dragon went round twice, and the cup kept steady, to the Chinamen's great delight; but, by way of gaining more applause, the boy began to strike it with a bamboo to hasten the motion. At the first blow, the creature stopped, and, to my amazement, began, in a smothered snuffling voice, to swear hard in good English. The boy struck it again, and it tried to throw him. He kept his seat wonderfully; but the dragon kicked and plunged, flinging its feet about, and trying to turn over. Strange paddles the feet were, covered with the same hairy skin to the toes; but somehow it had got split on one of them, and through the rent I saw, as the torch-light fell on it, a great thumb marked with a double x in blue below the nail. The next minute its rider had got the dragon hauled near enough the trap-door, and with some help from below, he rode it down. I didn't stay five seconds after in the house. My comrades laughed at my story; but I flew to the ship, craved to see our captain, and told him all about it. The proud, cold man bade me go to my duty, and he would inquire into the matter. Next morning, an officer did go on shore, but the Chinamen's governor said it was all a mistake, and sent a present of imperial tea to the

captain. We sailed for Acapulco three days after. The hands on board sometimes made jokes to themselves about the grog being too strong for me at Manila; but, Master Harry, I'll never believe that that swearing dragon was not my lost messmate!

COAL-MINE EXPLOSIONS.

Or the many Blue Books that have recently been laid before parliament, none is more full of matter for grave cogitation than that now to be referred to on coal-mine explosions.* This Report, only one of a series, makes known, in a very emphatic way, the terrible loss of life in coal-mines; one fact alone being sufficiently appalling—the loss of 900 lives by mine-explosions within the short space of twenty-one weeks, in the year 1852.

All reports on this subject of serious concern concur in stating, that for explosions the only proper remedy is better ventilation; and they all deprecate placing too great reliance on the safety-lamp. They affirm, that while many accidents are traceable solely to the use of this instrument, it is perfectly compatible with science to reduce these melancholy occurrences to a small fraction of their present number, and that, ultimately, mines may be rendered perfectly safe. Little good, however, can be done while operative miners entertain an undue, and what may be called a superstitious confidence in their Davy-lamp, no matter how much that lamp may be out of order. With them, this useful companion is not so much a delicate scientific instrument, as a thing of talismanic power. Danger may be most imminent—the lamp completely out of trim—but all is right, provided the miner has only a Davy. Stories, most ludicrous but for their associations, are told in abundance respecting this childlike simplicity. We select two. The first was brought out in evidence at the investigation of an explosion which happened last year in Staffordshire. It there appeared that the fireman, who ought to have examined the safety of the workings ere the miners entered, had, on the morning of the accident, deputed this duty to another person. The deputy went round with a lamp not closed, and was seen going into the workings closely followed by some men and boys, each with a lighted candle in his hand! Again, T. E. Forster, Esq., an extensive viewer, relates, that last year he visited a pit in Lancashire. On going down, the overlooker told me: "We work this mine entirely with safety-lamps." I said: "Very well, Jonathan. I should like to see these lamps, that they are all right before I go in." The first lamp he put in my hand was Clanny's, and between the gauze I could put my little-finger in. I said: "This will not do; I will take one of the others." I examined one, and the gauze was perfect, but very dirty. We proceeded along the railway from the bottom of the shaft. And in the face of the workings every man had a Davy-lamp; but every man had the gauze out, and it was a naked light! I said: "If you are not more particular than this, you will have a blow-up." And next week they had it. So much for mere carelessness; but we shall by and by advance more serious charges against the lamp. Meanwhile, as to know the disease is half the cure, let us look for a moment at the dread agent of destruction.

The reader who takes his idea of a gas from the ordinary illuminating medium of our streets, will, in studying fire-damp, find himself not very far off the mark. Relieved from the pressure of the superincumbent strata, light carburetted hydrogen exudes in great abundance, often from almost every pore of the coal in our mines; and on examining our gas-works, we find

* Report on Coal-mines. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 22d June 1853.

ingulose machinery to separate and convey away the tar, ammonia, and the other chemical products of the distillation of coal from the carburetted hydrogens, the only useful ingredients for the purposes of light and heat. If so, why do we not hear of catastrophes in our streets and parlours similar to those so much dreaded underground? The reason is simple. Ask any chemist, and he will tell you, that the danger lies not in any property of the gas or gases themselves, but only when they are combined in certain proportions with the oxygen of atmospheric air. Every housewife knows, that if our ordinary coal-gas be allowed not to burn, but to escape into the atmospheric air, an explosion will follow the introduction of a light into the room, rivalling only in degree the dread catastrophes of the mines.

Though, from its small specific gravity, light carburetted hydrogen easily escapes into the atmosphere, the coal still retains a large portion of it; and this has been amply proved by experiments of a most painful nature. Even coal-ships at sea have been the scenes of these demonstrations. For instance:—On the 5th August 1816, the ship *Flora*, of London, having just taken a cargo of coal on board in Sunderland harbour, blew up with a terrible explosion: the deck-beams were broken, and the decks torn up. On the 4th July 1817, the *Fly*, of Ely, lying at Brandling-staith, on the Tyne, with a cargo of coal just taken in, the gas from it exploded, burned the captain in the cabin, tore up part of the deck, threw a boat from the hatches, and did other serious damage. Upon the 21st July 1839, the sloop *Enterprise*, when at sea, with coal, from Pembroke to Newport, Isle of Wight, had an alarming explosion, which fortunately only frightened, but did not injure the crew. And the schooner *Mermail*, of Guernsey, upon the 29th August, this year (1842), lying at South Shields, sustained an explosion; she had been laden that day with Hilda coal, and the hatches immediately battened down, when, six hours after, the gas from the coal exploded at the fore-castle-lamp: one man was knocked down, and much burned in the face, another injured, the mate struck down in the cabin, and a hatch started.

It is very remarkable, that it is only with a certain quantity of atmospheric air the fire-damp explodes; minus or plus that quantity, and the danger vanishes. In three or four parts of atmospheric air to one of carburetted hydrogen, there is a slight explosion; but the most terrible calamities happen when the mixture is seven parts of carburetted hydrogen to one of atmospheric air. The margin of explosive quantity appears to be from about five to thirteen; above or below these points, and there is no explosion. Hence we see the necessity for a thorough ventilation in mines; for any system by which an imperfect quantity of air is diffused, so far from diminishing, only increases the danger. Another striking anomaly is, that, dreadful and terrible as the explosion itself is, it is only the means for the elimination of an agent of destruction still more fatal. The miner may not have suffered the mechanical violence of the explosion, but frequently he escapes only to die placidly and surely by the fatal after-damp. A principal ingredient is the deadly poison, carbonic acid; and so fatal is it, the committee inform us, that it was stated in evidence, that 70 per cent. of the deaths from explosions were occasioned by this after-damp. So speedy is its action, that Mr Mather, about two years ago, entering a pit where it preponderated, was taken out insensible in a few minutes. He says: 'You are struck down, and you scarcely know how or why; you naturally sink down asleep.' Those who have suffered from its influence may easily be known from those who have died by the explosion; as is shewn in the following extract, which likewise proves that dangers, perils, and heroism are not confined to battle-fields or to the raging deep. It relates to the explosion

of the St Hilda pit, in 1839:—'The deadly gas, the resulting product, became stronger and stronger as we approached. We encountered in one place the bodies of five men who had died from the effects of the gas, and had apparently died placidly, without one muscle of the face distorted. Then there were three more that had been destroyed by the explosion; clothes burned and torn, the hair singed off, the skin and flesh torn away in several places, with an expression as if the spirit had passed away in agony. Going with a single guide, we encountered two men, one with a light, the other bearing something on his shoulders. It was a blackened mass—a poor dead burned boy he was taking out. A little further on, we found wagons that had been loaded, overturned, bottom upwards, scattered in different directions; a horse lying dead, directly in the passage, with his head turned over his shoulder, as if, in falling, he had made a last effort to escape: he was swollen in an extraordinary manner. At one point, in another passage, we suddenly came amongst twelve or fifteen men, who, striving to reach the places where bodies or survivors might be found, had been driven back by the surcharged atmosphere of this vast common grave; their lamps were burning dim and sickly, with a dying red light, glimmering as if through a fog.'

How, then, are these dread casualties to be prevented? Firstly, the miner has been furnished with a lamp, with the flame so shielded that it cannot come in contact with the dangerous atmosphere; secondly, the foul air has been swept away by ventilation; and lastly, it has been proposed chemically to decompose the noxious gases, and thus prevent explosion. Of the two first methods, we shall immediately speak; of the last, suffice it to say, that although Mr Blakemore has offered through the Royal College of Chemistry, a premium of £1000 for the discovery of some simple practical means by which the explosive gases may be decomposed or neutralised, still science has as yet been unable to obtain this desirable object.

Many safety-lamps have been proposed, but, as our readers know, the favourite has been that of Sir Humphry Davy. Some practical miners, indeed, prefer the lamps of Dr Clanny and of Stephenson; but as these are used in but few collieries, we will confine our remarks to the Davy-lamp. Its illustrious author, after a visit to the Newcastle coal-mines in 1815, began a series of beautiful experiments on the properties and structure of flame. From these he was led to conclude, that it could not pass through minute metallic tubes, and therefore wire-gauze, consisting of a congeries of these tubes, was a safe prison wherein to confine it: a miner, therefore, with a lamp whose flame was thus separated from the explosive atmosphere, could pursue his avocation in perfect safety. In every chemical handbook there are noted many striking experiments regarding this peculiar property of wire-gauze; and in the new calorific-engine, the heated air is cooled and conducted into the regenerator by means of this substance. Nothing can be more beautiful in theory than Sir Humphry's instrument, and in the laboratory or the lecture-room it truly seems perfect. All praise and honour to the intellect that laboured so well for the service of humanity; and let the commendations of the many it has saved from destruction, and the many more it has redeemed from poverty, be the everlasting monument of their noble benefactor! But let us beware of even scientific idolatry. And let us not take for perfect, that which even its inventor pronounced in some degree faulty. Be it always remembered, that the mine presents conditions often totally different from those of the quiet laboratory of the chemist. In a still atmosphere, radiation will destroy the flame ere it has time to pass through the wire-gauze. But should there be also a current of air at the time, its operation may be counterbalanced,

and there is then no security. Moreover, particles of carbon, oil, dust, sulphur, are always floating about the mines, and lodge themselves on the Davy-lamps. The wire-gauze, then, red hot, and the lamp in such a state, explosion is almost inevitable. So dirty are the lamps often, after being brought up from work, that one of the witnesses says, 'no practical man would go into an explosive mixture with them.' This being the case, we can well sympathise with another witness, who thinks 'it a safe lamp in cautious hands, but lately I have got a little nervous about it.'

Were miners to receive proper instruction as to the nature and properties of the dangerous gases they constantly inspire—did they possess a staid, scientific deportment, instead of their noted recklessness, then we might trust them with this delicate scientific instrument. But all these they deplorably want. As it is, we must therefore believe with the committee, that, 'under circumstances of excitement, when danger is threatened, it is not improbably, far oftener than imagined, the very cause of the explosion which it was intended to prevent.' Many instances are on record, where the explosion was alone traceable to the Davy. It was so at Wallsend, where, in 1835, 102 people were killed. For two days previous, they were working under red-hot lamps, the flame filling them to the top; and when these were afterwards examined by the coroner, they were found to be perfect—only, as if they had been intensely hot, and 'had been passed through a smith's fire.' The lamps found after the explosion at Haswell Mine, where 95 people were killed in 1846, were in a precisely similar state, and the catastrophe could be traced to no other source; as were also several similar, though smaller, accidents happening only last year. Besides all this, we find that while, during the twenty years previous to the introduction of the Davy-lamp, 679 lives were lost, the number was increased to 744; thus leaving a balance against the safety-lamp of 65 lives. This may be accounted for by the increased extent of works, and greater number of mines; but every witness concurred in stating, that the recent fearful increase of accidents could not be thus explained.

Who can wonder, then, at the general adoption of the opinion, that to get rid of the gas altogether is preferable to guarding against it? The evidence now before us testifies, that however our leading mining engineers and capitalists may differ as to the method, they all consider ventilation as the sheet-anchor of the safety of the mines. The committee whose labours we have been considering, have principally occupied themselves in investigating the merits of the two rival systems of ventilation—the furnace and the steam-jet: we have not now the space, even had we the inclination, to follow them in their inquiries; suffice it to say, that while the furnace acts by rarefaction, the steam-jet acts in a strictly mechanical manner, propelling the air before it through the mine, like the piston of a steam-engine in the cylinder. The committee state that—'The furnace-system, under favourable circumstances—that is, of the area of the shafts being large and deep, the air-courses sufficient, the goaves (or old workings) well insulated, and the mine not very fiery—appears to be capable, with strict attention, of producing a current of air that will afford reasonable security from explosion; but when the workings are fiery and numerous, as well as remote, and the intensity of the furnace or furnaces requires to be raised, in order to increase, in any particular emergency, the amount of ventilation, then the furnace not only refuses to answer the spur and to increase ventilation, but from a natural law (discovered by Mr Gurney, and scientifically and practically confirmed before your committee) there arises a dangerous stoppage to the ventilation going on throughout the mine. . . . Your committee are

unanimously of opinion, that the steam-jet is the most powerful, and at the same time least expensive method of ventilation for the mines. Previous to 1848, when Mr Forster introduced the steam-jet into the Seaton Delaval Mine, the fire-damp was constantly seen playing around the face and edges of the goaves and other parts of the workings. Since that period, the mine is swept so clean, that it is never observed, and all danger of explosion seems removed in a very fiery mine. The increase of ventilation is from 68,000 cubic feet per minute under the furnace-system, to 84,000 under the steam-jet; and to double that quantity, which Mr Forster considers sufficient, would, he says, only require the application of some extra jets. Mr Forster states the original outlay for the steam-jet to be less than for the furnace by L.39, 15s. 6d.; and the annual cost to be less by L.50, 12s. 1d.; while the power of ventilation is increased nearly double.'

Additional inspectors, increased power vested in them, a central board of control, mining-schools, a special coroner, a preliminary examination of managers and overmen, and the other topics touched on, all invite comment, but we forbear; and that the more willingly, since Lord Palmerston has stated that he may perhaps be able, this session, to introduce a bill on the subject. Let us hope that he may do so, and that a little time will be spared from polemical discussions and devoted to the cause of practical humanity.

POETRY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

We suspect that the poetry of Mr Landor is very little known to general readers; and that, even among the studious and most cultivated classes of his countrymen, there are few who can be said to be thoroughly acquainted with it. We remember De Quincey saying, that for many years he believed he was the only man in England who had read *Gebir*; and that, after some inquiry among his friends, he found Southey to be the only other person who had accomplished the same feat. To say the truth, it is not an easy matter to get through *Gebir*; and perhaps it is still more difficult, even after a deliberate perusal, to give an intelligible account of its meaning and intention. A dim and misty fable, wherein the supernatural is incongruously mingled with the natural, and brief glimmerings of poetry alternate with heavy passages of vague description and turgidity—the work presents next to no attractions on the surface, and, with the most laborious efforts to understand it, yields at the utmost but inadequate results. We cannot recommend *Gebir* to anybody as a pleasant entertainment, but we are still prepared to say, that none but a man of genius could have written it. It has an undoubted originality, which, while it gives no attraction to the poem, proves the author to be at least a man of power. The great defect is a certain crudeness of the judgment, implied in the selection of the subject-matter, and a further want of skill and perspicuity in the treatment. *Gebir* possesses some interest as a poetical curiosity, but, except in a few passages, it has none of those peculiar graces of style and sentiment which render the writings of our more prominent modern authors so generally delightful. Such passages as we speak of can never convey any accurate notion of a poem, but, as illustrations of the poetic faculty of the writer, they may, in such a case as Mr Landor's, be easily detached and cited, without occasioning either misapprehension of his genius, or injury to his reputation. One or two we shall here accordingly present, by way of shewing the kind of gems which, at wide intervals, are imbedded in the otherwise dark and dreary caves of *Gebir*. Let us begin with some lines containing an image which Wordsworth afterwards expanded, in a famous passage

of the *Excursion*. A river-nymph is described as saying to a shepherd :

'I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave :
Shake one, and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.'

Readers of Wordsworth will remember the lines beginning—'I have seen a curious child,' &c., and notice their resemblance to the above. Among other striking and extractable passages, the following has seemed to us deserving of quotation. It will be seen that it expresses a pagan sentiment on the holiness and efficacy of prayer :—

For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails,
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods,
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixed,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the prayers,
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Though different, glows with beauty ; at the throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand.

Stray lines of pithy sense and wisdom are frequently occurring in the poem. Thus, of brave men it is said :—

The brave,
When they no longer doubt, no longer fear.

Again, in regard to the lessons of experience, we have this—

From our own wisdom less is to be reaped
Than from the barest folly of our friend.

In the way of description, in which Mr Landon is sometimes, but not always happy, the following representation of an Eastern morning displays a rich and pleasing fancy :—

Now to Aurora, borne by dappled steeds,
The sacred gate of Orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strains of harmony ;
The waves beneath, in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanton coyness toward their queen,
Heaved softly ; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
When from her sleepy lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
Of coming kisses fanned by playful dreams.
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee,
For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate,
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

Gebir is a sort of epic, in seven books, and is luckily the only long poem which Mr Landon seems to have attempted. Without offence to him, or to anybody else, we think it may be said, that there is no description of poetry for which his talent is so unsuited. In dramatic writing, he has succeeded better, though he has given us nothing that can be properly styled a drama ; indeed, he calls his pieces of this sort simply 'acts and scenes,' and informs us, that although in a dramatic form, they 'were never offered to the stage, being no better than *Imaginary Conversations* in metre.' As such they are not by any means uninteresting, though they mostly refer to scenes and circumstances so remote from the studies of the general reader as to offer few attractions to him ; and, except here and there in pointed thoughts and fine expressions, they manifest no extraordinary ability. It is chiefly in his

collection of Miscellaneous Pieces—short occasional poems, written to express some *fitting thought* or pensive fancy—that Mr Landon is likely to find any considerable body of readers. Many of these pieces are purely personal, but are not on that account deficient either in grace or sterling excellence. As it is the vocation of the poet to reflect the mental states of other men, and be the interpreter of their aspirations and emotions, whatsoever affects, interests, or perplexes him, will serve in the representation to excite the sympathies, and more perfectly express the sense of all who anyway partake of kindred thoughts and feelings. So considered, these brief and unpretending poems of Mr Landon seem to be calculated to impart a fine intellectual pleasure, and yield matter for meditation in moments when the heart is inclined to be still and commune with itself. The merit of this poetry lies mainly in its tone of calm reflectiveness, in a certain suggestive power which sets the mind of the reader thinking, and engages him for the time in the serious contemplation of some striking and peculiar view of human life. Such pieces as we have selected for quotation may be not unsuitably introduced by the following lines on the outlooks of middle-age :—

When we have parted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy :
'Of all our fields, how very few are green !
And ah ! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between
Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy.'

It will be seen that, in this little poem, there is nothing gorgeous or particularly felicitous in the language—not a word of imagery or sentimental softness—yet the thought is eminently poetical, and simply as it is set forth, suggests a great deal more than is expressed—the whole throng of cares and pent-up sadness which the tried and weary soul conceals, even while they press on him as the inner burden of his life. Our next extract is of a more imaginative aspect, and shews how admirable a picture the author can delineate in words. *One seems to see the majestically-attired Evening moving slowly over the landscape, and covering all things as she advances with the folds of her misty drapery :—*

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed :
First through the deep and warm and secret glens,
Through the pale-glimmering privet-scented lane,
And through those alders by the river-side :
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollowed out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But ah ! look yonder ! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides,
Until they sink and melt away like chalk ;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone
(All one vast ocean), and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

We quote next a somewhat longer poem, wherein the influences of wrath and gentleness are very beautifully contrasted :—

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
Thou whose passion swells so high ;
See those ruins that resemble
Flocks of camels as they lie.
'Twas a fair but froward city,
Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
'Till he came who, deaf to pity,
'Tost the imploring arm away.
Spoiled and prostrate, she lamented
What her pride and folly wrought :
But was ever Pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught ?

Strong are cities; Rage o'erthrows 'em;
 Rage o'erwhelms the gallant ship;
 Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
 Flaws it not the ruby lip?
 All that shields us, all that charms us,
 Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
 Yield to Wrath; another's harms us,
 But we perish by our own.
 Night may send to rave and ravage
 Panther and hyena fell;
 But their manners, harsh and savage,
 Little suit the mild gazelle.
 When the waves of life surround thee,
 Quenching oft the light of love—
 When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
 Drive not from thy breast the dove

The following, as the reader will perceive, contains a consoling and excellent suggestion in regard to the transitoriness of earthly sorrows:—

The wisest of us all, when no
 Darkens our narrow path below,
 Are childish to the last degree,
 And think what *is* must always be.
 It rains, and there is gloom around,
 Slippery and sullen is the ground,
 And slow the step: within our sight
 Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
 Meanwhile the sun on high, although
 We will not think it can be so,
 Is shining at this very hour
 In all his glory, all his power,
 And when the cloud is past, again
 Will dry up every drop of rain.

From another point of view, it is shewn how the most brilliant spirits are the most susceptible of suffering and depression:—

The brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,
 Becomes the gloomiest: so the stream, that ran
 Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,
 When wintry storm and snow, and sleet descend,
 Is darker than the mountain of the moor.

In the next quotation, the reader will get a glimpse of Mr Landon's views concerning the poetic art:—

Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the fumes
 The little dainty poet blows for us,
 Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
 And patted on the head by passing maids.
 Who would discourage him? who bid him off?
 Invidious or morose! Enough, to say
 (Perhaps too much, unless 'tis mildly said)
 That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
 Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed;
 While the broad chump leans back against the stones,
 Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
 And heats the chamber round from morn till night.

Some further ideas on this subject are presented to us in some lines addressed to Southey, between whom and Mr Landon, notwithstanding the widest difference in their political and social views, there existed a close and uninterrupted friendship. A good deal of sound criticism is here condensed into a small compass. Pope's celebrated Essay contains nothing of equal merit, either in point of judgment or in the graces of expression:—

There are who teach us that the depths of thought
 Enrulf the poet; that irregular
 Is every greater one. Go, Southey, mount
 Up to these teachers; ask, submissively,
 Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
 Yet mortals see his steadfast, stately course,
 And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
 Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
 As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
 He knows the swiftness; he plants apple-trees
 Amid Aleinous's cypresses;
 He covers with his aged, black-veined hand,

The plummy crest that frightened and made cling
 To its fond mother the ill-fated child;
 He walks along Olympus with the gods,
 Complacently and calmly, as along
 The sands where Simois glides into the sea.
 They who step high and swing their arms soon tire.
 The glorious Theban then?

The sage from Thebes,
 Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
 And combatants had paused, deserves more praise
 Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak,
 Who by the lightest breezes are borne up,
 And with the dust and straws are swept away;
 Who fancy they are carried far aloft,
 When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
 Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
 Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
 Light-bodied Fancy—Fancy, plover-winged,
 Draws some away from culture to dry downs,
 Where none but insects find their nutriment;
 There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.

Great is that poet—great is he alone,
 Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
 Yet only where his eye may well discern
 The various movements of the human heart,
 And how each mortal differs from the rest.
 Although he struggle hard with poverty,
 He dares assert his just prerogative
 To stand above all perishable things,
 Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

From these extracts, the character of Mr Landon's minor poems will be partially perceived; readers hitherto unacquainted with them must now consider for themselves, whether they possess attractions of a kind likely to be acceptable to their particular tastes and temperaments. It will be seen that the poetry is mostly of a contemplative cast; not remarkably imaginative, nor imbued to any great degree with the graces or charms of fancy; nowise stately or magnificent in diction, or particularly polished or exquisite in style; but, in modest and simple guise, wisely thoughtful and reflective; full of hints and intimations of a peculiar experience, and rich in that quiet wisdom which a man of fine gifts and extensive knowledge has constantly in store, and the utterance of which is to him as natural and easy as is the delivery of commonplaces to ordinary persons. No one can read these poems without observing their unelaborate and simple structure. They have all the air of spontaneous effusions. They seem to be the little sparks of light which the revolving mind casts off in token of a latent heat which cannot be contained or all concentrated in that subtle and vast activity, whose product in other forms of literature has been so admirable and magnificent. They have taken shape without premeditation and without labour, and have the appearance of being almost involuntary utterances. Indeed, they might have been in some instances improved by a little more care and manual painstaking in the versification; but for this mechanical excellence Mr Landon appears to have no regard. He says once, in addressing Wordsworth:

That other men should work for me
 In the rich mines of Poesie,
 Pleases me better than the toil
 Of smoothing under hardened hand
 With attic emery and oil
 The shining point for wisdom's wand.

Accordingly, what poetry he is in the habit of writing, he throws off from him with an easy carelessness, satisfied if the words and images he uses be such as will just serve as a body to the thought which it is his purpose to express. It is always rather the substance than the form which constitutes the merit of these productions; and though they cannot be said to present any very lofty views of human life and destiny, any grand conceptions of man's relations and vocation in

the universe, they yet contain many excellent and consolatory reflections, many just and pure sentiments, much of that solemn and pensive beauty which, like the rays of moonlight about ruins and lonely places, gives a charm and a quiet glory to the sobered sadness that haunts the chambers of a soul deeply learned in manifold experiences. One suggestion may be given as to what seems the proper way of reading them: they yield most pleasure when perused deliberately, one at a time, following out the thought with its various suggestiveness, until its full meaning is gathered up and taken in. They will, most of them, be found to have a wonderful completeness, and each of them a separate and definite signification. They are not endless repetitions of a few fixed ideas and feelings, but they express a multitude of intellectual and emotional conditions: they are records of all the moods and phases which the author's mind has undergone, in the course of a life now considerably advanced, and bear witness to his large devotion to the interests of truth and beauty. For all men anyway like-minded, they cannot fail to prove pleasant and congenial reading; and to such of these as may not yet have been attracted to them, we here take the opportunity of recommending them. We hold them to be worthy of careful and deliberate study, and can testify that a prolonged acquaintance with them increases the gratification which they are calculated to afford.

THE GIVING BEE.

Among some of the pleasantest of my reminiscences of New York state, is that of a few months' sojourn on the banks of the Croton River, the stream which supplies the great metropolis of the Union with the means of cleanliness it so much requires. The country around my residence was wild, mountainous, woody, and haunted by half-forgotten tales of love and war—traditions of the struggle between the royalist and the patriot. On one hill-side, deep in the woods, was still to be seen 'Old Sarah's Cave,' where for upwards of forty years the half-crazed victim of an unhappy passion had expiated her follies and sins in solitude and suffering. The old people of the neighbouring town of Salem loved to tell how they remembered her coming, Sabbath after Sabbath, to their church, and how, being missed one day from her accustomed place in the middle aisle, she was sought at her dreary home, and found there dead. In a cottage, too, quite near us, dwelt a descendant of one of the three captors of poor André; and here and there, among the surrounding villages, the gray and tottering ruin of many a revolutionary hero still existed to reward the search of the curious. It was, indeed, quite romantic ground for the New World.

The 'ville,' on the outskirts of which we lived, had risen in a pleasant spot; straggling along the left bank of the rapid and stony-bedded river, and sheltered from the cold winter blast and the sultry summer sun by mountains wooded to their summits. At one corner of the single street, shaded by majestic sycamores, stood the smithy, that, in all lands, most picturesque of workshops; a little beyond, the 'store' claimed attention—the coach-office, post-office, and gossiping place of the neighbourhood. The mill clacked and rumbled on the opposite side, and then followed a few pretty white houses occupied by humble mechanics and labourers, of which the fringed window-curtains and precise neatness of exterior gave evidence that the inmates resembled, in some respects at least, their near neighbours—the good folks of Connecticut. A neat church, in summer almost hidden by the lofty locust-trees that grew around it, and only separated from the minister's dwelling by his garden and orchard, terminated the village street; beyond it began the heavy white limestone walls that in this part of Westchester county are

frequently used, instead of rail-fences. To divide the corn-fields and meadows, and which, with the ugly red barns and outhouses of the farms scattered on the hills around, were far from improving the charm of the landscape.

Both the owners of the comfortable homesteads, and the poorer inhabitants of the ville, were a stolid, unsophisticated race, sociable, and primitively hospitable. Many were the moonlight tea-drinkings, and quilting-frolics, and Dorcas-meetings at which I assisted, in company with Mrs Jones, the miller's wife, and her gossip, the blacksmith's better-half. But of all the village-gatherings, the Giving Bee gave me the most pleasure, and has remained the most interesting recollection of my visit.

Our minister—a man he was to all the country dear—was 'hired,' as the native expression is, at a salary of 200 dollars a year, and a house, garden, orchard, and pasture for his horse and cow. He added somewhat to his income by preaching every other Sunday afternoon at Salem, seven miles off, and by instructing half-a-dozen children in branches of education not taught at the district-school. The flock, however, did not consider their pastor yet sufficiently remunerated, and therefore held an annual 'bee,' as an assembly for any kind of work is sometimes termed in the States, to supply him and his family with a portion of their yearly necessities.

It was rather late in the afternoon of the day appointed by the elders—it was a Presbyterian community—that I started with my offering for the minister's dwelling. The December day was dying, the Croton shut up beneath ice two feet thick, and the ground covered deep with snow; but the air was so still and clear, that the cold was far from being unpleasantly severe, and the rapid motion of the sleigh so exhilarating, that the drive was delightful. The ville presented a gay scene: vehicles of every shape and size, mounted on runners, drawn by horses decked profusely with tinkling bells, and laden with noisy parties from the farms, and stores of good things, were rushing in swift succession towards the place of meeting; while grouped beneath the bare locust-trees around the church, were to be seen numerous empty cars, the horses taken out, and bestowed somewhere under shelter; where all the poor animals found refuge that evening, I never discovered. On reaching the house, I was received at the door by some young ladies, farmers' daughters, who for that occasion had taken possession of the entire domicile—the master and mistress appearing in the character of guests, a delicate simulation, which put both giver and receiver much more at their ease than they could otherwise have felt. I was conducted to the company bed-chamber to unwrap, and to deposit my little gift in the adjoining room, appropriated to the reception of the 'freewill-offerings.' It presented an odd scene of confusion: barrels of flour and apples; bags of buckwheat and Indian meal; hams, and huge hanks of yarn for the goodman and childer's stockings; calico and homespun; pickles and preserves; a box of sugar; a jar of honey; a roll of flannel; a bundle of 'comfortables'; cheese and crackers; all were heaped or scattered upon the floor, forming, it seemed to me, a year's supply of clothing, and almost of food.

'I guess it will be a kind of help,' remarked one of the young ladies in answer to my exclamation of admiring surprise; 'but it's amazing what a profusion of such articles is consumed in twelve months!'

On entering the parlour, I found a numerous assembly of the neighbours, rich and poor, engaged in general conversation, and awaiting the summons to tea. The ladies before mentioned were busy preparing the meal, for which they had brought every requisite from their own homes, and had taxed the house for nothing except fire, water, and a kettle. Tables were spread to form one that nearly filled the modest 'keeping room,'

and was yet too small to accommodate at one time all the members of the Bee; the seniors of the party, therefore, took the precedence, and were first served, the mistresses of the ceremonies attending the guests. The great staples of the entertainment were smoking-hot butter-milk rolls, and waffles—a cake inherited from the Dutch, and made of butter; it is poured into curiously-shaped iron moulds, and baked in the midst of a glowing fire. Great plates of butter, cheese, and thinly-shaven smoked beef, accompanied these; while deep crystal dishes of various kinds of preserves, gave an air of lightness and elegance to the somewhat heavy display of good things. Every one was helped to everything; and it was amusing to see the heaped-up plate of each individual surrounded by a host of satellites in the forms of Lilliputian saucers, filled with preserved cherries, peaches, quince, and ginger, all to be discussed with the beef, cheese, and butter. There was no conversation during the repast, which fortunately was not a protracted one; both relays had soon finished, and the waiting-maids proceeded to make merry together; then, after restoring everything to its former order, and packing their baskets for the return-journey, they joined the rest of the party.

The evening passed pleasantly in conversation—the elderly folks discoursed on the ‘split’ which had recently taken place among them on the subject of church government; the matrons debated domestic mysteries; and the young men and maidens talked, laughed, and even flirted; while I, as a stranger and a ‘Britisher,’ received much attention, and had to talk and listen more, it seemed to me, than was quite fair.

‘You are from the old country, madam,’ said a Mrs Brown; ‘pray now, did you ever become acquainted with my son Hiram?’

‘Never, ma’am,’ I replied rather emphatically.

‘Do tell!’ exclaimed the lady; ‘and yet he’s been there four years, and he’s in public life!’

‘Indeed; in what capacity?’

‘He’s with Major Jerry Crane, the great wild-beast speculator! They travel with a splendid caravan, as my son calls it, all over the country, and make considerable money.’

‘It’s a remarkable good profession in the old country,’ observed Mr Jones the miller, who sat near: ‘I guess all the wealthiest gentlemen in this section have made their fortunes by it. That splendid hotel at Somers, “The Elephant,” was built by one of them!’

‘I opine you have no such meetings as this in England?’ remarked a pleasant-looking young farmer, as he took the seat next to me.

‘We have not,’ I replied; ‘but you are aware that all church matters are conducted very differently there from what they are in America.’

‘I hope so,’ said the candid gentleman; ‘I reckon, too, a “giving bee” would be considerable of a help to some of those poor curates I’ve read about! I’ll be darned if I could sit and look such a one in the face, while he preached “do unto others, as ye would they should do unto ye!”’

How our native land seems part of ourselves when we are far from it—I blushed as if his words were personal!

About eight o’clock, a general cessation of conversation took place, and a silence of three or four minutes was broken by the minister rising and solemnly inviting us to join him in prayer. All rose, and stood with heads bowed and eyes cast down, while he gave thanks with all the eloquence of unaffected piety for the blessings each enjoyed. When he had ended, another brief silence ensued, and then rose tremblingly, at first from a single voice, the sweet notes of a hymn of praise—soon all joined, and the sacred strain swelled loud and loud. The moment it was concluded, the departure began—hands were hastily shaken, and all ran out to seek their sleighs and horses, while

the women collected their baskets and wraps. The night was glorious—the moon shone with the purest, softest lustre, making the white ground sparkle, and silvering the snow-laden trees; and as each sleigh dashed off with its merry load, their ringing-laughter awoke the mountain echoes.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORICAL WORK.

THE *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*, just completed, may be called Lamartine's greatest work; * we should be glad to learn, that it has also been the most successful. As an account of the transactions which closed the Bonaparte war, and placed the Bourbons on the throne of France, it has to drag its way through numberless party intrigues and squabbles, and to discuss various measures of state policy; yet, like its lively and fascinating writer, it is never dull, and may, for the most part, be read as pleasantly as a romance. The work, however, has other merits. While undoubtedly rhetorical, Lamartine is candid and impartial. Sometimes he falls into error; but it is chiefly in details. As a Frenchman, his observations on England and Englishmen are surprisingly correct. His own countrymen have the most reason to blush under his strictures.

Originally a Legitimist, and now a Republican, Lamartine is prepared to be strictly impartial towards Bonaparte. Rising above the illusions which obscure the understanding of so many, he speaks of the great Napoleon exactly as he deserves—an ambitious and selfish man, who caused the death of millions of human beings to promote what he called the glory of France, but which was, in reality, the glory only of the army, with himself at its head. Beyond this barren bequest, Napoleon left little but his name; yet, as he at least did not retrograde into antiquated imbecilities, or conduct his administration through palace intrigues, he has in late times been identified with liberalism and progress. A perusal of M. Lamartine's amusing work will, we think, satisfy the most sceptical, that the permanent reign of the Bourbons was an impossibility. The fault was less in the family itself, than in its immediate followers. From the day that Louis XVIII. arrived at the Tuilleries, all the affairs of the government were managed or deranged by courtiers, as the case might be. The best intentions of the king were continually upset by coteries of meddlesome old ladies and gentlemen, secretly working for some rival interest. One can see that, with the form of a constitution under the charter, no party knew what a constitution was. In Great Britain, ministers hold their place in virtue of possessing parliamentary majorities; and the consequence is, that court intrigue, to install this or that officer of the crown, is totally unknown. In France, under the Bourbons, this great and safe principle was reversed. All was made to depend on court manoeuvre. Lamartine gives an account of the strange and underhand means adopted to remove M. Decazes from the confidence of Louis XVIII. This most able minister, sagacious, moderate, and practical, had the misfortune not to be of noble birth, and the whole influence of the old Royalists was accordingly employed to ruin him. Princes and priests, decayed noblemen and titled ladies, conspired to destroy his fame by the most unscrupulous calumnies. Every plan failing in its aim, a plot was at length devised to sap the king's confidence in the favourite. It consisted in employing a lady of beauty and accomplishments to ingratiate herself with the king; and having done so, she was gradually to whisper malignant untruths into the royal ear. This base scheme was partially successful in its operation; but what really ruined Decazes, was the industriously-circulated and greedily-believed falsehood, that he was

assassinated in the assassination of the unfortunate Duke de Berry. The account of this sad tragedy may be taken as a specimen of the work before us.

For a number of years, a fanatic named Louvel, by trade a working-saddler, had meditated the murder of the Bourbons, by killing them off one by one, as circumstances favoured the enterprise. With this terrible crime constantly before him, he purchased two daggers, and frequently left his employment to wait for his victims. At balls, operas, hunting-parties, did this man, for years, lurk about in the expectation of getting near a Bourbon—the king, Count d'Artois, Duke d'Angoulême, Duke de Berry—it was all the same which. No one knew his intentions.

In the meantime, the Duke and Duchess de Berry, solely occupied with their happiness, and strangers to all political factions, gave themselves up, with all the eagerness of their youth and natural dispositions, to the pleasures and fêtes which the carnival multiplied, during the last days of the theatrical season at Paris. Beloved and popular amidst that world of art, of music and the dance which prolongs the Opera-nights till day, they delighted in the enjoyment of this popularity. On the 13th February (1820), they purposed going to the Royal Theatre, where they had not been for some days before. Being both eager and curious in pursuit of amusements, it might be supposed that they would not allow this festive season to pass without making their appearance there. While they were enjoying the prospect of the evening's pleasure, and were occupied with their toilet and with the costumes for the night, the assassin who watched their door, and almost read their very thoughts, conjectured on his part that the attraction of pleasure was about to deliver his prey into his hands.

He had already, for two evenings before, been watching the doors of the Opera-house, and now he attended to execute his purpose. In patience he waited the hour when the company should depart.

Meanwhile the prince and princess, only separated by a wall from the man who was numbering the minutes of their existence, were enjoying in their box, without any presentiment of evil, the pleasures of the performance, and of conversation between the acts. The Duke and Duchess de Orleans were present that evening in a neighbouring box, with their children. The two families, who were very intimate owing to the relationship of the two duchesses, saluted each other with smiles of recognition. During an interval between the performances, the Duke and Duchess de Berry paid their cousins a visit in their box. The duke embraced the children, and played with the little Duke de Chartres, who was also doomed to a tragical death in the flower of his age. On passing through the lobby to return to their own box, the duchess was struck in the breast by a box-door, which was violently thrown open at the moment she was passing. She was then *enceinte* a few weeks; and fearful that the blow, the fright, and fatigue might be injurious, she expressed a wish to retire before the end of the opera, and the *bal masqué* which was to follow it. The duke rose to conduct her himself to the carriage, intending to return to his box to enjoy the remaining pleasures of the night.

On the summons of the prince's attendants, the royal carriage drove up to the door. The young duchess, supported on one side by her husband's hand, and on the other by that of her equerry, Count de Mesnard, entered the carriage; the Countess de Béthisy, her lady-in-waiting, following her. "Adieu!" said her husband smiling to her, "we shall soon meet again." The footmen folded up the steps of the carriage, and the prince turned round to enter the vestibule from the street. At this moment, Louvel, who had approached like an inoffensive spectator, or a servant who was waiting for his master, sprang, with all the vigour of his

resolution, between the sentinel who was presenting arms, and the footman who was closing the carriage-door, and seizing the left shoulder of the Duke de Berry with his left hand, as if to secure his victim under the knife, he struck him with the poniard in the right side, and left the weapon in the wound. The rapidity of the act, the confusion of the bystanders, the uncertain light afforded by the torches, and the staggering of the prince under the blow, prevented the Count de Choiseul and the Count de Mesnard at the moment from discerning the murderous act and gesture of the unknown. He fled unpursued towards the Rue de Richelieu; and having turned the corner of the street, walked with a careless pace towards the Boulevard.

The Duke de Berry, struck by an invisible hand, and thrown by the force of the blow against the Count de Mesnard, had only, as it always happens, felt the shock and not the wound. On recovering himself, he put his hand on the place where he had been struck, and it there fell upon the hilt of a dagger. A horrible sight broke in upon him. "I am assassinated; I am a dead man!" he cried. "I feel the dagger: that man has killed me!" At this exclamation, the Duchess de Berry, whose carriage had not yet departed, uttered a piercing scream. "Open the door! open the door!" she cried to the footman, who still had his hand upon it: without waiting for the step to be lowered, she sprang out and threw her arms round her husband, who had just extracted the poniard, which covered her dress with his blood. They seated the fainting prince upon a bench in the outer hall, where the servants wait for their masters. They tore open his dress, and the blood flowing from the wound, indicated the spot where the blow had been struck, upon the right breast. "I am killed," he repeated on recovering his senses; "send for a priest: come here, my dear wife, that I may die in your arms!"

During this momentary pause in the vestibule, the sentinel, the footmen, and three gendarmes, horror-struck at the deed, ran in pursuit of the assassin. He had already passed the façade of the Opera-house, in the Rue de Richelieu, and had concealed himself in the shadow of an arcade, which runs from this street under the broad arches of the Bibliothèque. A waiter of a café, named Paulmier, there seized him round the body, struggled with him, and, assisted by the sentinel and the gendarmes, brought him back to the place where he had committed the murder. He had nearly fallen a victim to the fury of the spectators, who collared and dragged him towards the vestibule; but the officers of the prince, trembling lest they should destroy with the criminal the secret of the plot of the crime, saved him, and had him conducted to the Opera guard-house. M. de Clermont-Lodève followed him there to witness his first examination. They found upon him the second dagger, and the sheath of the one which he had left in the bosom of the prince. M. de Clermont returned with this weapon, and these evidences of the crime, to the vestibule.

The Duke de Berry was no longer there. He had recovered his senses, and had been removed in the arms of his servants to a small saloon behind his box, where he was surrounded by medical men, who were probing his wound. "Alas!" said he, on learning the apprehension and name of the criminal, "what a cruel fate, that I should die by the hand of a Frenchman!" A ray of hope for a moment inspired the princess and the medical men: he did not, however, partake of it, nor wished he to flatter his wife with an illusion which must only redouble her affliction. "No," said he, with a cool, firm, and incredulous tone; "I will not delude myself. The poniard entered up to the very hilt, I can assure you." His sight was now becoming dim from failing strength, occasioned by loss of blood, and he felt about for his wife, stretching his arms in all directions.

"Are you there, Caroline?" he demanded. "Yes," the princess tenderly replied; "I am here, and I shall never quit you!" The surgeon of his household, the companion of his exile, shocked at the rumour of the crime, had hastened to the side of the dying prince; and the blood having ceased to flow, he sucked the wound. "What are you doing, Bougon?" eagerly demanded the dying prince; "perhaps the poniard was poisoned!"

"His first word had been to ask not for a doctor but a priest. Struck in the very noontide of youth and of pleasure, there had been in his mind no transition between the thoughts of time and the thoughts of eternity. He had passed in one second from the spectacle of a fête to the contemplation of his end, like those men who, by a sudden immersion in cold water, are snatched from the burning delirium of intoxication. The priest came at length; and members of the royal family hurried to the place on learning the dreadful intelligence. Surgeons, the most celebrated in Paris, also attended; but the case was beyond their aid. Life was fast ebbing. His wife did not quit him for a moment. "He put his fingers on her head, as if to exhibit one last act of tenderness by caressing her beautiful hair. "Caroline," he said to her, "take care of yourself, for the sake of the child you bear." This was the first revelation of the birth of a son who escaped the crime, but not the evil fortune of his race. He recommended his servants with tears to his father; and expressed a wish to see his assassin, to demand of him the cause of his hatred, to reproach him for his injustice, and pardon him for his death. "Who is this man?" he murmured; "what have I done to him? It is perhaps some person that I have unknowingly offended." The Count d'Artois assured him that the assassin had no personal animosity against him. "It must be some maniac, then," said the duke. "Ah! that I would live until the king arrives, that he may grant me the pardon of this man! Promise me, father—promise me, brother—promise me all of you, to ask the king to spare this man's life!"

"They all promised him this, to calm the ardour of generosity and pardon which preyed upon his mind. His natural goodness displayed itself at the price of his own blood."

The king, apprised of the disaster, arrived at day-break. "The clattering of the horses of the escort on the pavement of the street made the dying prince start with joy. "Uncle!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw the king, "give me your hand that I may kiss it for the last time!" Louis XVIII. held out his hand, and grasped that of his nephew. "Uncle," resumed the prince anxiously, "I beg of you, as my dying prayer, to spare the life of my assassin!" "My dear nephew," replied the king, "you are not in such danger as you imagine—we will speak of it another time." "Ah! you do not consent," replied the duke, with an accent of doubt and sorrow. "Oh! say yes, say yes, that I may die in peace. Pardon, pardon for the man!" As the king, however, was silent, or endeavoured to divert his nephew's thoughts to other subjects: "Ah! the pardon of this man," murmured the duke, with an expression of bitterness upon his lips, "would at least have consoled me in my last moments! If," he persisted, "I could only have the gratification of knowing that this man's blood would not be shed for me after my death!"

"A few moments after, he expired, still articulating in his delirium the ungratified wish of his heart. He died in the act of pardoning; a great soul obscured in life, shining forth in death; a hero of clemency, having at the first effort accomplished the most difficult and the most meritorious act of humanity—that of dying well."

"The deep sobs which had hitherto been repressed, gushed forth at his last sigh. His wife, in a state of

delirium, cut off her hair, as a last token of affection, and laid it upon his body; then wildly cursing the country in which her husband had been murdered, she demanded of the king, in angry accents, permission to retire for ever to Sicily. The king knelt down beside the bed, and closed with his own hand the lips and eyelids of the last living hope of his race."

While the Parisians were horror-struck with this unforeseen crime, and lamented it as an irreparable disaster, the ultra-royalists of the palace hailed it as an opportunity of ruining Decazes, by accusing him of being an accomplice of Louvel. With the view of aiding the surgeons in their consultations, Decazes had thought of ascertaining whether the dagger was poisoned, and he accordingly, in an under-tone of voice, asked the question of Louvel. This whisper, reported to the courtiers, was held up as a proof of complicity; and before any inquiry was made, the minister was denounced in the Chamber of Deputies as being an accomplice in the assassination. On the trial, and at the execution of Louvel, the wretched murderer declared that no one had conspired with him, and that the deed was entirely his own. The world at large acknowledged the truth of the declaration; but not so the court, and, greatly against the will of Louis XVIII., he was under the necessity of dismissing by far the best minister of the Restoration. The whole transaction, as faithfully and graphically detailed by Lamartine—the honest indignation of Decazes, the distress of the king, and the meanness of the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, and the Duchess of Berry, in pledging themselves to a falsehood—forms one of the most instructive facts in modern history.

LOSSES OF HUMAN LIFE BY WAR.

The last number of the *Companion to the Almanac* contains a curious return, compiled from official sources, of the killed and wounded of the regular British troops in the military and naval actions from 1793 to 1815. The results exhibit a less amount of bloodshed than the popular imagination usually connects with great wars. The total number of killed was 19,796, of whom 1160 were officers. The total number of wounded was 74,359, of whom 9720 were officers. The proportion of killed in the navy as compared with those in the army, is about one-fourth; but the wounded were in a much less proportion; a fact which would seem to imply, that the means of destruction is much more effective in the former branch of force. It would manifestly, however, be wrong to speak, in round numbers, of 20,000 lives as the total amount of loss by sea and land during these twenty-two years of war. We know not how many of the wounded never recovered, or had their lives shortened and embittered by the injuries they had sustained. We are also without any means of stating the number of the *missing*, or of tracing their fates. It would probably be nearer the truth to speak of 40,000 lives sacrificed by the war. The actions of that warlike period were not of a sanguinary character during the first few years. For example, the loss of men in 1797 was only thirty-eight, three of whom were officers. Even in the year of the arduous campaigns of Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt, the loss was no more than 507 men and twenty-two officers. In the years of the Peninsular campaigns, the numbers increase to 1380 in 1809, which includes the slaughter at Corunna; and 1028 in 1811, which saw the bloody encounters of Barossa, Fuentes de Oñore, and Albuera. The slain of 1813 were nearly 3000. At Waterloo, there fell 171 officers, and 2341 private men, while the wounded were respectively 680, and 9005.

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A PEEP INTO AN ITALIAN INTERIOR.

Two or three years ago, I enjoyed an opportunity, which rarely falls to the lot of strangers, of becoming acquainted with the domestic life and manners of Italy. An invitation from my uncle, an English merchant at Ancona, to spend a few months there with his family, was gladly accepted. My experiences of Italy consisted of a gay winter in Florence and the 'holy week' at Rome, and I was still young and enthusiastic enough to accept with delight any proposal which tended to increase my acquaintance with the country that had so much enchanted me. It was therefore with a light heart I found myself, one lovely autumnal morning, the fourth in a *vettura*, having been confided by my family in Florence to the care of an English lady, who, with her two daughters, was going to Ancona, in order to embark from thence for Smyrna, where her husband was established.

I had never travelled in a *vettura* before, and I thought the lumbering, crazy old vehicle, with its high, narrow step, small windows, hard seats, and peculiar smell of mouldering straw, quite novel and refreshing, and the four lean horses, with their gay tufts of scarlet worsted and bells, the *vetturino* or driver himself, with his pipe and blouse and low-crowned hat, seemingly devoid of all human sympathy save for a mongrel quadruped, which alternately formed the apex of the pyramid of boxes and carpet-bags upon the roof, or limped dolorously in the rear—all promised me an inexhaustible store of amusement even for the four days which the journey was to employ.

Soon after leaving Florence, the road begins to ascend; and before twenty miles were over, we found ourselves in the defiles of a magnificent mountain-pass, and in a temperature of exceeding coldness. That night we stopped at an inn amongst the Apennines, and it would be difficult to convey an idea of the contrast its rude inhabitants and miserable accommodation afforded, to the luxury of Florence, which lay behind us. The people of the house spoke in some uncouth dialect it was impossible to understand—the Romagnolo *patois*, I was afterwards told—and looked so savage and repelling, that one involuntarily recalled all the stories of robbery and assassination with which the neighbouring country had been so rife a few months before. They all, old as well as young, stared at us as if we had been wild beasts; and from the time we arrived till supper could be got ready, and the rough hostess prevailed on to make our beds, there was an incessant coming and going of spectators. They gave us some soup, which, to our English palates, appeared nothing but warm water with a little coarse *vermicelli* in it, followed by the

miserable fowl of which the broth had been made, with its head on, and inefficiently plucked; and then an omelet—the last being an invaluable accessory to such repasts. It was bitterly cold, and we asked for a fire; a large bundle of fagots was brought and lighted in a huge chimney, almost roomy enough to contain settles, like those of olden time. The flame soon kindled cheerily, and cast a bright glow over the squalid room, with its filthy, unwashed brick floor; an open cupboard, containing the available crockery of the establishment; six rush-bottomed chairs, so dirty that we were fain to cover them with our handkerchiefs; and placed upon the shelf, that served as a mantle-piece, two broken figures in coloured plaster of Paris, representing a valorous Greek looking rapturously at a rubicund Zuleika opposite.

We had time to notice all these details, to count the rafters of the cobwebbed ceiling, to become familiarised with the barefooted urchins who gazed curiously at us from the threshold, ere the requisite preparations for our sleeping-apartments were completed, and the slipshod landlady informed us that we were at liberty to retire to rest. But, fortunately, before allowing her to depart, we remembered a caution that had been given us, to be particular in inspecting the bed-linen; and thence ensued a dispute as to the perfectly unsullied state of that which was first assigned to us. Seeing us determined on rejecting her sheets, she at last made a sullen gesture to her daughter, who soon reappeared with another supply, whose freshness compensated for the nutmeg-grater texture of the homespun hemp of which they were made.

We mounted upon chairs to climb up into our beds, and then had all sorts of laughing alarms at the strange noises that seemed to pervade the house: the gruff voices of the *vetturino* and stable-boys, the stamping and snorting of the horses which were located beneath us, and the screams of another unhappy fowl, immolated for the reflection of a fresh party of travellers, whose arrival about midnight completely disturbed the short interval that remained to us for repose. At three o'clock we were called, and shivering, sleepy, and miserable, made a hasty toilet, and hurried to the carriage; it being one of the peculiar delights of this mode of travelling, that inasmuch as the entire journey is performed with the same horses, the day is divided into two stages, morning and afternoon, and the driver's object is to insure as long a rest, or *riposata*, between these as possible. Thus, often long before noon, one stops for three or four hours of ennui and discomfort, such as the uninitiated in these matters can with difficulty conceive.

It was of course dark when we set off, and by the

time day had fully dawned, we had emerged from the mountains, and were in a broad, fertile country, approaching the boundary-stone that separates Tuscany from the Roman States. A custom-house on each territory is of course encountered; the Tuscans first see that you carry nothing contraband out, and then the Romans ascertain that you take nothing forbidden in. With us, the examination of our luggage was merely nominal; offering the keys of our boxes, with the assurance that they contained nothing illegal, they were immediately and politely returned to us; and thus the magic of our English name, seconded by the donation of a few *pauls*, carried us in triumph through both ordeals. To the Italians themselves, it is a very different sort of affair, as they are always subjected to a very rigorous search, chiefly, I believe, with a view to discovering whether they are carrying arms or prohibited publications.

About ten, we reached Forlì, the first of those large, deserted, decaying cities which are to be met with at every fifteen or twenty miles' distance in the Roman States, and which, in their grass-grown streets, their ruined palaces, and ragged, idle population, give a more striking testimony to the workings of the dominant system, than the most heart-stirring eloquence could achieve. As we sauntered through the dreary town, to while away the hours that must elapse before we could resume our journey, we saw no evidences of industry or employment beyond a few wretched shops, where tobacco, cigars, tape, needles, and such gear were sold. The only place where any of the *persi* congregated, was one of the cafés, in which, as in many a place, we observed numbers of fine, well-grown men, until they were tolerably lounging and smoking, or sitting at a table with a vacant sort of interest; and all these were the rising generation—the gentry and nobility of Forlì. I say *one* of the cafés, because another that was pointed out to us near the theatre, was occupied solely by Austrian officers, and consequently unfrequented by any of the citizens. Priests, soldiers, and beggars straggled about the streets, the last besieging chiefly the cafés and church-doors, and exhibiting their withered limbs and deformities as an incentive to the compassion of the charitably disposed. Near the chief square, and evidently the fashionable locality, we saw one or two ladies, followed by a dirty lackey, in a threadbare livery-coat hanging down to his heels, with a faded gold band round his hat, and altogether with such an air of poverty and squalor as rendered this attempt at maintaining traditional dignity pitifully ridiculous. The only public building that looked flourishing or in good repair was the theatre, which subsequent observations have shown me to be the case in most, if not in all towns in the Papal States. At Cesena, for instance, which was our next halting-place, a new opera-house, scarcely yet completed, was shown to us, on the erection of which the municipality—of course with the approbation of the government at Rome—had expended a very large sum; while the town bore the semblance of a vast lazaret, its unsheltered poor, in every variety of human wretchedness, lying huddled together by night beneath porticos and arcades, and by day shocking every sense by the display of their wounds, nakedness, and suffering.

But I am digressing, and must return to Forlì, and to our hotel of La Posta, where we dined in a very

large hall that must have been a banquetting-room centuries ago. Our places were laid at one end of a long table, the other extremity of which was soon occupied by several white-coated Austrian infantry officers, belonging to the Army of Occupation which a few months before had entered Romagna. They came in clanking their swords, and speaking in a loud, overbearing tone, evidently being in the habit of frequenting the house, to judge by the free-and-easy manner in which they comported themselves. They were fortunately too far off for us to be annoyed by overhearing their conversation, except when they raised their voices to abuse the waiters, which they did in execrable Italian, but with a surprising volubility of expletives. These remarks were generally prefaced with, 'Voi pestia d'Italiano,' or something equally remarkable for good taste and feeling. But this was nothing to what occurred about the middle of the repast, when a party of Italians, two ladies and a gentleman, evidently of the upper class, our fellow-travellers at the mountain-inn, entered the hall, and sat down opposite to us, waiting till their dinner should be brought, for each party was separately served.

Though they spoke low, and with an evident desire to avoid notice, the Austrians speedily discovered to what nation they belonged, as I perceived by their whispering and laughing amongst themselves, and frequent bold glances towards the new-comers. After a little time their mirth grew more offensive, and reached an unwarrantable height, when one of the party loudly apostrophizing the unfortunate waiter, on whom their wrath so frequently descended, asked him if he could tell him in what light he and all other Austrians regarded the Italians. The man's sallow cheek grew a shade paler, but he made no reply, as he busied himself in changing their plates and knives, making as much clatter as possible—so it seemed to me—to drown the voice of his interrogator. 'Do you not know, *pestia*?' reiterated the officer, stamping as he spoke; 'then I will tell you: we all of us look upon you Italians as the dust under our feet, as the little creeping beasts we crush every moment of our lives, at every step we take—ha! ha! ha!' And then they all roared in chorus, and swore, and twirled their mustaches, and called for coffee and cigars.

I cannot describe what I felt during this scene for the cruel outrage on the feelings of the family who sat opposite to us. When the insult was too palpably proclaimed to admit of a doubt, the brow of the gentleman grew dark and lowering, and I saw by the strong heavings of his chest, and firmly-compressed lips, what bitter, unavailing struggles were at work. The ladies exchanged glances; and the younger of the two who sat beside him, and who I afterwards discovered to be his wife, laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up imploringly in his face. I never shall forget the look—indignation, sorrow, entreaty, were all so blended there. He shrank from her touch, as if irritated at a movement that might call further attention to his position; but the moment afterwards, seeming to recollect himself, he whispered a few words into her ear, accompanying them with a slight movement of the shoulders, with which an Italian always indicates helplessness or despair.

We left Forlì as early as half-past one, although Cesena, our halting-place for the night, was only thirteen miles off; but the vetturino told us, he was anxious to reach it long before sunset, as the neighbourhood

bore a very bad name, and carriages were often stopped and robbed at dusk or early morning. In the mountains, where we had been the night before, he told us there was no fear—nothing unpleasant, in fact, ever being known to take place till beyond the Tuscan frontier. These precautions made us rather uneasy, and it was some comfort to perceive that the Italian family set out at the same time as ourselves, and that the two carriages always kept within sight of each other; but no evil befell us—though, in less than a week afterwards, a carriage was stopped on the same road in open daylight—and we jingled gallantly into Cesena, in the mellow sunlight of the October afternoon.

As I am not going to give a journal of our route, but have merely attempted a sketch that could convey some idea of the state of the country which we traversed, I shall hasten over the two following days. We passed through Rimini, La Cattolica, Pesaro, Fano, Sinigaglia—all names which once belonged to history, but now may be briefly classed in the same category of ruin and debasement—and found ourselves, at the close of the fourth day, in sight of the place of our destination—Ancona, the third city in the Roman States.

It is approached by a beautiful road which follows the curve of the bay from the opposite point of Capo Pesaro, and built upon a promontory that runs boldly into the sea, and can be descried from a considerable distance. The first impression the aspect of Ancona produces upon the traveller, is favourable in the extreme. It had been visible to us for the last twenty miles of our road, and looked exceedingly picturesque, rising from the very edge of the water in terrace-like succession, till it reached the summit of the mountain, crowned by an old cathedral, whose quaint semi-byzantine architecture, gilded by the setting sun, stood out in admirable relief against the glorious sky.

The shipping in the harbour lay calmly at anchor, every detail of mast and cordage reflected as in a mirror in the azure sea, which, in the distance, verging on the horizon, appeared suffused with the same golden light as the illuminated heavens. It was a beautiful scene, one of which I thought I should never weary; and although, from what I had seen upon the way, I had schooled myself into a considerable abatement of the anticipations with which I had quitted Florence, I now permitted my hopes to revive, and drew good auguries from the prepossessing exterior of Ancona.

As we drew near, we saw more indications of employment than we had yet encountered: heavy wagons, laden with bales of merchandise, proceeding slowly in the direction from which we came; and carts of a most primitive construction, painted with rude figures of saints, and drawn by white oxen or cows, conveying the produce of the recent vintage into the town. Leading to the gates was an avenue of trees, planted on either hand of the post-road, and under whose shade the population were wont to disport themselves for their Sunday's promenade; but the finest had been all cut down a few months before, to make barricades against the Austrians when they were advancing to besiege the town, and their stumps alone remained. On the side nearest the sea, appeared some little square patches of shrubs and flowers, interspersed with a few benches, and four terra-cotta urns on pedestals, dignified by the name of the Public Gardens; and on the opposite part of the road was a long row of very miserable houses, with arcades, beneath which vendors of fruit, salt-fish, and coarse pottery, held their stalls.

On we went through a handsome gate, where the usual formalities of passports had to be endured; and then along a sunny sort of esplanade, with the sea on one side and dirty houses on the other; and through a low narrow archway in a huge blank wall, and we were fairly in Ancona, the Doric city, as it is admirably called by its inhabitants. The vetturino cracked his whip, the horses did their best to gallop, the dog

barked, and we plunged and jolted through the steep narrow streets in right good style, till we drew up in front of the hotel of La Pace, the Meurice's of Ancona.

Our arrival apparently had been expected, for two or three half-naked, black-bearded porters or *fachini*, who had acted as our running-footmen from the gate, now shouted, as soon as they came within hearing, that the *Nipote del Signor Carlo* was come; and instantly there was a rush made by some boys who were lounging before the inn in the direction opposite. Meanwhile, a bevy of waiters flung open the door, and with many bows assisted us to alight, saying that Signor Carlo had apprised them we were coming, and that rooms were ready for the lady and her daughters. By this, I began to comprehend that Signor Carlo must mean my uncle, Mr Charles D—, whom I was not prepared to hear so unceremoniously designated; but before I had time to speculate further on this peculiarity, the person in question made his appearance, attended by a complete staff of small boys and porters, who at once broke out in furious altercation with those they found already enrolled in our service. My uncle seemed perfectly at his ease amidst this uproar, tucked my arm under his, saw my boxes transferred to the shoulders of three or four sturdy, strong-limbed *fachini*, stamped and raved at some of the most refractory, and then observing we should be late for dinner, and that my cousins were impatient to see me, hurried me up an almost perpendicular ascent—an alley of steep and narrow stairs, strewn with mouldy orange-peel and broken earthenware, which led to a street of scarcely wider dimension, with lofty dingy houses on each side, that seemed nodding towards each other, and produced an unpleasant sense of suffocation. My uncle told me, with a smile, that this was quite the West-end of Ancona, where some of the first families resided. The Palazzo, of which he rented a large portion, was amongst the best; and the entrance, a large court with arcades, and a broad stone-staircase, carried me back again to visions of Italian splendour. My cousins came running down to receive me, followed by the servants, who all, male as well as female, pressed forward to kiss my hand, and called me Eccellenza.

It was all very novel and amusing, and I was quite delighted with the appearance of the house, through the centre of which ran a spacious and lofty hall, upwards of fifty feet high; the walls were painted in fresco by Pellegrino Tibaldi, and the ceiling was richly gilt and emblazoned with the arms of the Farnese family, by one of whom the palace had been built nearly three centuries ago. Opening from this, and in strange contrast with its stately appearance, was a large drawing-room, fitted up in the English style with books, pictures, and other indications of female occupancy and accomplishments. It was like a fireside scene of home transplanted to this distant land, and as much a marvel to me as the thoroughly English accent, appearance, and manners of the family amongst whom I found myself for the first time.

My cousins had been born abroad, and, nursed by Italian women, waited on by Italian servants, had blossomed into girlhood without ever visiting England, or knowing it but as the land of their pride, their aspirations, their religion, and their love. It was curious to witness, in this out-of-the-way old place, such genuine feeling and enthusiasm; and, stranger still, to understand by what spell so strong a veneration for the unseen fatherland had been infused into their very being, as to prevent their taking root or binding themselves by strong bonds of affection to the country in which their lot seemed cast. And yet they were not kept from intercourse with the natives; on the contrary, I found them here moving in an exclusively Italian circle, and apparently looked upon with sincere respect and esteem by all of whom it was composed.

On the next and following days, several ladies, acquaintances of the family, came to call upon me, and in the evenings most of the gentlemen came to pay their respects in form to the new-comer; so that, aided by a few hints from my cousins, I was soon quite *au fait* as to the leading tastes and characteristics of my present associates. What struck me most at first, was their excessive ceremoniousness and formality. I never had before seen such courtesies and bows exchanged, or could have deemed it possible that rational beings could endure to hear themselves addressed, or address each other so unceasingly by their titles, as did the *principi, marchesi, and conti* by whom I was surrounded. Then the observance of certain rules of etiquette was laughable in the extreme—it seemed to be an understood thing, that the mistress of the house, on the departure of any lady-visitor, should offer to accompany her to the door. This politeness was to be refused, then insisted on, still remonstrated against; and so on, till the contested point being reached, the visitor should retreat with a gentle pressure of the hand, and a profound reverence. Amongst the ladies, I perceived I was surveyed with a good deal of interest on account of some fashionable novelties in my wardrobe. One lady took up my dress, and after looking attentively at its texture, asked me what it had cost, and whether I thought she could send for one like it from Florence. I found out afterwards this was meant to be a great compliment to my taste, and that the loan of a new pattern for a dress or mantle was looked upon as an inestimable benefit.

The conversation did not seem very brilliant, and yet, after all, what is ladies' morning-visit prattle at the best? I think it was better than some it has been my lot to hear in a more brilliant sphere, for there was no gossip or harm in this, at any rate. They talked of the weather, and the opera there would be after Christmas—we were still in October!—and of their children. Yes, let us do them justice there. I do not think more maternal love and anxiety and tenderness can anywhere be found than in the hearts of Italian women. To say truth, however, this affection so extended itself to the minutest particulars, that I grew rather tired of hearing how such a baby was suffering with his first teeth, or of the apprehensions entertained for another with the measles, or the difficulty of providing a wet-nurse for a third, and his mamma's grief at being debarred from undertaking that office herself, particularly when I found these little incidents to be as much discussed by the gentlemen in their evening-visits, as any other topic; in fact, the accuracy with which they spoke on such matters, and their extended medical details, were sufficiently singular and amusing.

The plan of society seemed thus constituted: during the day, the men lounged at the café, played a game at billiards, or read such new-papers as the severity of the police allowed them at the casino, and generally concluded by strolling a little way beyond the gate I have described on my entrance into Ancona. The ladies did not, in general, go out every day; but when they did so, it was to pay visits, or dawdle about the street where the principal shops were to be found. In some families of the *very old régime*, however, or in some of the strict ones of the middle class, it would not have been thought decorous for the female members to be often seen abroad, and an hour's airing at an open window towards the Ave Maria, or dusk, was considered as a substitute for daily out-door exercise. I do not know what an English sanitary commission would have said to this custom, could they but have tested the pestilential atmosphere which the Anconian belles smugly inhaled, as leaning on some old damask drapery, consecrated from time immemorial to this purpose, their glossy hair wreathed in rich plaits around their classically-shaped heads, their dark eyes beaming with excitement, they watched every

passer-by, and often from one glance or gesture, laid the foundation of more passion and romance than it were fitting in these sober pages to record.

On Sundays and festas there was of course the mass in the morning, which furnished to the women a great opportunity for dress and display, particularly at one of the churches where the best music was to be heard, and the fashionables usually congregated. But there was nothing comfortable in their way of going to church, if I may use the expression. You never saw husbands and wives, and their children, all walking in pleasantly together. The men would have been laughed at for such a conjugal display; and hence those who went at all, went by themselves; and of these, how many had any serious purpose in their heart, save keeping well in the jealous eyes of the government and priests, or fulfilling some appointment, or whiling away half an hour by listening to the best airs of Ernani, or the Lombardi adapted to the organ, I should be unwilling to hazard a conjecture. In the afternoon, the promenade outside the gates was crowded, and four or five very antiquated-looking equipages drove slowly up and down the dusty road, forming, what an old count very complacently designated to us, as '*il Corso delle Carrozze*.'

Our acquaintances could not comprehend our taste for long country-walks, and used to wonder what inducement we could find every day for rambling over the hills and cliffs, that rendered the neighbourhood really beautiful.

'Heavens!' said one little contessa, 'I should die of the spleen'—this was a very favourite newly-introduced term with them—'if I saw nothing when I went out but the sky, and sea, and trees. What can you find to amuse you? It is so melancholy! And then that Jews' burying-ground you are so fond of!'

This was a most singular spot, remote, undefended, spreading over the summit of a cliff that rose abruptly to a great height above the sea; but so grand in its situation, in the desolate sublimity which reigned around, in the reverential murmur of the waves that washed its base, that it was one of our favourite resorts.

It was in vain to explain to her our admiration; she shook her head, and went on: 'That burying-ground—to be amongst so many dead Jews!'

'But we must all die like them,' urged one of my cousins; 'and it is good for one to be reminded of these things sometimes'—

'Pardon me,' interrupted the lady, with a slight shudder; 'but that is such an English idea! O that terrible death! why talk or think about it?'

'How strange this terror is that so many people feel,' rejoined I; 'it must come upon all of us sooner or later. Nay, if the prognostications of many thinking-men in this age are to be relied upon, we are not far from the end of the world.'

The poor lady absolutely turned pale, as she cried out: 'Oh, pray do not talk so—you make me miserable! Besides,' she said, recovering herself a little, 'I have been told, that in the Bible it is expressly said, that for seven years before that dreadful day no children are to be born; and that gives me comfort; for, at every fresh birth I hear of, I say *sgun yet!*'

The seven years at least have not been more than one or two exceptions, being all participants in these wholesome reflections likely to be dread of retired walks, and their time in the manner induced thereby, idled away that of a little *croquet* or I have described, with the air most studious *they* fancy-work; or, amongst the translation of a French novel, always call reading *study*—the *son* brought with it its usual conversazione. Every member, or so, who were house some half-dozen gentler, while she held her unvarying in waiting upon her

levée at her own house, or in her box at the theatre; nay, so unfailing was their attendance, that if indisposition confined her to her bed, you were sure to find them assembled round it, making the *società* as pleasantly, and in as matter-a-fact a way as possible. As they all dined early, the evening commenced betimes; soon after six in winter, and went on till midnight, all dropping in at different hours, some early, some late, according to the number of their habitual engagements. In general, every one had at least two or three families, where he was expected to shew himself every evening; and, from a long course of habit, each house had its own hour assigned to it. Many of these intimacies had subsisted for twenty, nay, even thirty years, without any perceptible variation in the usual tenor of intercourse; they always kept up the same ceremony, the same old-fashioned, laborious politeness; assembled in the same half-lighted comfortless saloon, and sat and talked; lamented the good old times, and grew gray together.

It was an odd, disjointed sort of life for white-headed men to lead, particularly when they had houses and families of their own where they could have passed their evenings, instead of toiling up two or three sets of stairs, and making their bow to two or three sets of people, before they could think of returning to their own roofs to supper and to rest. When I write of Italians and their dwellings, I avoid using the word *house*, for it would be strangely misapplied. They do not know of the existence of such a blessing as that most beautiful term of ours implies; neither, to say truth, would they appreciate it in their present imperfect views of domestic life.

It may be asked whether, in these coteries, there was not usually one more distinguished by the lady's preference than the rest; and in many instances this was no doubt the case, although by no means so invariably as in former generations. Where such a partiality did exist, it was not apparently noticed or commented upon by the others, but accepted as a matter of course—as a proceeding whose harmony it would have been invidious to disturb. The cavaliers, in general, paid a visit every day—not, however, to chocolate and the toilet, as old-fashioned novels have it, but about one o'clock, to communicate the fashionable intelligence, offer his opinion on some new dress or piece of millinery, give *bon-bons* to the children, and perhaps accompany the husband to the stable, to discuss the merits of a new horse or set of harness.

I was told of one old lady who had entered her threescore-years-and-ten, still served with the same homage by her veteran cavaliers as she had imperiously exacted some forty winters before. All her contemporaries had died but himself, and he was the last that remained of her *società*, which had no attractions for younger visitors. And so they used to sit in the evening opposite each other, a lamp with a dark shade diffusing an uncertain light upon the time-worn room and faded hangings; both half-blind, deaf, and helpless, nodding drowsily at each other, holding little earthen baskets filled with fire, called *scaldini*, in their trembling hands; yet still, from force of habit, keeping up this semblance of conversation till eleven struck, when the old man's servant came to fetch him, and wrapping him in a large cloak, led him carefully to his own house.

Happily, we did not have regular *conversazioni* at my uncle's; as he was a widower, and my cousins unmarried, it would not have been thought correct. We used only to have occasional visits in the evening, or else invited the people regularly to tea—which, though never appearing at their own houses, they yet fully appreciated at ours—and played whist, and had a little music, and did our best to amuse them—all which, on the whole, was a more pleasant, if not more intellectual, way of spending an evening, than that of sitting down to a late dinner with a sham appetite and pretty much sham

ceremony and make-believe enjoyment. Here I stop, however. I shall take another opportunity of bestowing a little more upon the reader, as I am desirous of drawing a more complete picture than has as yet been exhibited of an Italian Interior.

IS THE SMOKE-NUISANCE CURABLE?

It is really provoking that, at a time when so much is being said, written, and done in relation to sanitary improvement, our manufacturers leave unanswered the question: Is the smoke-nuisance curable? Nay, they need not answer the question at all—the nuisance is curable; and it is too bad that our great firms should still continue to pour forth volumes of black smoke into the air, heedless of the social mischiefs they are spreading around them. It is too bad; for they are not called upon to make pecuniary sacrifice, or to lessen the efficiency of their work, or to bend to an unreasonable despotism, or to patronise any one crotchety inventor, or to prop up any languishing patent, or to benefit one town at the expense of another, or to use one kind of fuel as a substitute for another. They are only asked to take a little trouble to put a little money in their own pockets, and to leave the atmosphere a little in the state in which Providence has vouchsafed it to us.

It is not without sufficient ground that we once again direct attention to this subject. On two former occasions* we advocated the adoption of means for removing, or at anyrate lessening, the smoke-nuisance; and as some ground-work on which to build our advocacy, we stated what had been done in our own establishment, as printers on a somewhat extensive scale at Edinburgh. For those who may not have the former articles at hand to refer to, we will just recapitulate a few facts. The steam-engine, a high-pressure one, was originally constructed for ten horse-power; but now, by some improvements, it works at the rate of fifty strokes per minute, and is raised to about twenty horse-power. This engine, working smoothly and steadily, moves eleven printing-machines, some hydraulic pumps, and other apparatus. Among other things, it turns a shaft which acts on an apparatus at the furnace to consume the smoke. This piece of mechanism, called Jukes's Patent Smoke-consuming Apparatus, was supplied in 1848, previous to which the coal was shovelled into the furnace in the usual way. The expense of the Jukes's apparatus was £1,100—the price being regulated by the size of furnace, horse-power of the engine. The coal consumed in the furnace in the year preceding this alteration, was 284 tons; and in the year and a half next following the change, it was 335 tons, equivalent to 261 tons per year. Now, even at this limit, twenty tons of coal per year in Edinburgh afford a handsome interest on an expended capital of £1,100. But the matter did not end here; with the aid of the 284 tons we printed 7,200,000 sheets, whereas with the aid of the 264 tons (and the Jukes's apparatus), we printed 8,500,000 sheets—one ton to about 25,000 sheets in the former case, and one ton to about 32,000 sheets in the latter. It is therefore quite evident that, in so far as regards the consumption of coal, we have been gainers rather than losers by the change. And how far has the change been successful in respect to the immediate object in view? We stated in 1850, in 1851, and we now state again in 1853, that not only has there been a steady saving of fuel, but that there is scarcely any smoke produced in our furnace. The chimney furnishes the requisite outlet for the gases; but very little smoke accompanies them—for the greater part of the day, not a single particle. Smoke, as most persons are now perhaps aware, consists mainly of

* No. 354, October 1850; No. 383, May 3, 1851.

fine particles of carbon, which constitute 'blacks,' or soot, when they fall; but it is owing to some defect in the construction or management of the furnace, that any unconsumed carbon finds its way from the furnace to the chimney; and Jukes's apparatus is one among many patented contrivances for removing this defect. In respect to our own furnace, the brickwork requires somewhat more frequent repair than under the former system, owing to the greater efficiency of the fire; but this is more than counterbalanced by a saving of half a man's time, the engine-man being less frequently called to attend to the furnace than before. All things taken into account, we consider that we save that which is equivalent to a ton of coal per week—no small matter with a twenty-horse engine.

In regretting the backwardness of manufacturers to attend to this subject, as an act of justice to their besmoked neighbours, we ought to notice what has really been done in several quarters; and this is the main object of the present paper.

Although this matter of smoke-prevention had come incidentally under the notice of the legislature, very little was done till the appointment of a committee of inquiry by the House of Commons in 1843. The committee examined a considerable number of manufacturers and men of science, including Mr. Muntz, Dr. Ure, Mr. Wireks, Dr D. B. Reid, Mr. Wye Williams, Mr. Jukes, Mr. Houldsworth, Sir Edward Parry, Dr. Arnott, Mr. Solly, Professor Brande, and Dr. Faraday. The balance of evidence was very decided in favour of the possibility of avoiding the smoke-nuisance, and of the desirableness of so doing. Mr. Beckett, the member for Leeds, stated that the manufacturers of that town had voluntarily agreed to form an association for the purpose; and that already much good had resulted from it. The scientific men examined, by pointing out how smoke is produced, pointed out, at the same time, the means by which the evil might be remedied; while the practical men discussed the relative value of different contrivances for producing the required effect. It transpired, in the course of the inquiry, that associations had been formed in many of our large towns to attack the smoke-nuisance, and that in Bradford the results had been decidedly advantageous; one manufacturer in that town saved 21 per cent. of coal by the use of Billingley's apparatus. When Dr. Molesworth, vicar of Rochdale, set on foot an association in Manchester, a paper was issued by it to the public, to the effect that 'in Manchester there are nearly 500 chimneys discharging masses of the densest smoke; the nuisance has risen to an intolerable pitch, and is annually increasing; the air is rendered visibly impure, and no doubt unhealthy, abounding in soot, soiling the clothes and furniture of the inhabitants, and destroying the beauty and fertility of the gardens, as well as the foliage and verdure of the country. It would be easy to furnish a long list of the evil effects arising from the excess of smoke. It may, however, for the present, be sufficient to say, that by the general adoption of some of the recent inventions for the consumption or prevention of smoke, it has been calculated that there would be a saving to the inhabitants of Manchester, in dress, furniture, soap, washing, &c., of at least £1,100,000 per annum, besides the additional comfort arising from a purer atmosphere.' Dr. Molesworth here speaks of the saving to be effected indirectly; but many of the witnesses examined before the committee, proved the saving by actual economy in the use of coal in the furnace itself. The three things ought to be urged simultaneously—the saving in fuel, the saving in indirect modes, and the moral advantages resulting from cleanliness.

Without dwelling on the details of evidence, we may simply state, that the committee were satisfied of the practicability of greatly reducing, if not altogether removing, the smoke-nuisance. The committee did not hesitate to recommend that a bill should be brought in,

'to prohibit the production of smoke from furnaces and steam-engines.'

In 1844, when the Health of Towns' Commission was holding its sittings, Mr. Thomas Cubitt, the Leviathan builder of Belgravia, insisted very strongly on the possibility, the economical urgency, and the moral honesty of battling against the smoke-nuisance. There is much thoughtfulness in these few words: 'If persons come from a country district, when they come first to London, they have frequently cleanly habits; the women are very careful about their linen when they first come up to London. A man, coming with his family from a country district, have their linen much more nice than after they have been in town longer; they have been more accustomed to a clearer atmosphere, and their habits are better; but after they have been sometime here, they feel that they cannot conquer their difficulties with the dirt, and they yield to circumstances.' Speaking as a builder, Mr. Cubitt asserted that London smoke interferes injuriously with London trade, inasmuch as delicate and rich paper-hanging, house-painting, and upholstery, are looked at with much misgiving by many who would purchase them, were it not for the dismal effects of the blacks, which settle on everything in the metropolis.

In 1845, another committee of the House of Commons examined this subject, and accumulated yet more evidence in support of the principle. The iron-smelters, the distillers, and others, pointed out reasons why they ought to be exempted from the operation of any law on the subject—for it was in connection with a proposed smoke act that the committee sat. But there is always tendency enough among men to escape from laws which control their neighbours; and those who feared that the change might occasion them a little expense, almost fell in love with the smoke, declaring that it hurt neither them nor their neighbours, nor their clothes nor their gardens. Attempts made to pass a smoke-prevention act, were frustrated in the House of Commons; but when the Health of Towns' Act was passed, a door was opened through which each town might, at its own time and in its own way, attack the sooty enemy. Some towns, by virtue of local acts, had before obtained a certain degree of power in this matter; and others have since obtained the power by clauses in their 'health' acts. There is, therefore, so far as the legislature is concerned, a fair field before us; and it rests with the principal inhabitants of our manufacturing towns to do their duty to themselves and their neighbours.

No one will attribute to us an intention to 'write up' any particular smoke-apparatus. We spoke of Jukes's, from practical knowledge of its action and effects; but there are more than twenty patented contrivances, and a still greater number not patented—all of which have a right to work their way into use according to their merits. There is a significant difference between smoke-consumption and smoke-prevention; and this difference marks the principle of different contrivances. In some arrangements of furnace, the heated smoke meets with a fresh supply of air at a particular point, sufficient to kindle and consume it—this is smoke-consumption; but there are others, in which the fuel is so supplied as to ignite before it has time to assume the form of smoke—this is smoke-prevention. As we briefly explained in the former article, Jukes's apparatus is one of those which aim at the smoke-prevention principle. The coal is admitted in a continuous stream from a hopper; but so little advances forward at a time, that it is seized on by the fire and becomes instantaneously a red mass; thus, no time is allowed for the smoke to be formed. A more beautiful and complete adaptation in practical science could scarcely be imagined, and exceedingly worthy of attention.

Among other towns, Birmingham sought to control the smoke-nuisance by local corporate powers, some years before the passing of the Health of Towns' Act;

and the report of the committee who had this subject under their charge, showed how much could be done and how much had been done by 1851. In that year, there were no less than 264 furnaces in Birmingham, having 234 chimneys, in which smoke-apparatus of some kind or other was employed; leaving only 55 factory-chimneys in the town utterly without. The patented contrivances by Beddington, Williams, and Hall, are those mostly used in Birmingham. The committee compared two rolling-mill furnaces, two nail-mill furnaces, and two screw-mill furnaces, to obtain fair comparisons of the effects produced by the adoption or the non-adoption of smoke-consuming apparatus. The result is striking: in an average of the three pairs of furnaces, there was five times as many minutes' smoke per hour in the one series as in the other; and the smoky chimneys consumed *more than double* the quantity of coal consumed by the others, for every horse-power obtained. These inferior furnaces must, however, have been either more than usually bad, or wretchedly managed, to render such comparative results possible. In a town where coal can be had for manufacturing purposes at six shillings per ton, a saving in fuel would not be inportant, if any inconveniences of moment appeared on the other side; but there does not seem to be any proof that the Birmingham factories are less efficient or less easily managed with than without the use of smoke-consuming furnaces; and, therefore, allowing that the fuel saved will pay for the apparatus, there is a clear gain of all the advantages which a town experiences by a lessening of smoke—less soiling of person, dress, furniture, and houses; less consumption of soap, less wear and tear of linen; less withering of trees and spoiling of gardens; less weakening of eyes and choking of lungs; less opposition to the good old maxim, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.'

In Manchester, the advance within the last few years has been very great. At first, the manufacturers viewed the town-council's proceedings with some jealousy; but as fair-play was observed, as the members of the council—most of them manufacturers—honestly fined each other for breaches of the rule, the use of smoke-preventing contrivances gradually spread. A large Manchester firm works with 216 horse-power, and consequently consumes a large quantity of coal: it has been lately stated, that this firm have *saved* 1700 tons of coal per annum by the use of smoke-consuming apparatus in their furnaces! It was chiefly by new and improved boilers that this was effected—for many of the contrivances refer rather to the boilers than to apparatus applied to them—and these boilers were entirely paid for in twenty-two months by the saving of coal. Mr Houldsworth, a distinguished manufacturer, has lately calculated that Manchester would save from £200,000 to £300,000 a year by the adoption of these reforming measures.

The authorities of the city of York adopted an excellent plan, when they took up this subject in 1852. They placed themselves in communication with the principal towns in which the reform had been commenced, and sought all the information which could be obtained respecting the mechanical, the sanitary, and the legislative features of the subject. On the body of information thus gained, they propose to adopt such plans as may give the fine old city of York the benefit of this purification.

These signs of activity being observable, it may seem strange that we opened this paper with such urgency; but when it is seen how listlessly the second city in Great Britain is looking on, how little Glasgow has done in this march towards improvement; when it is remembered, too, that the towns which have really taken the matter up in earnest bear but a small ratio to those which have not, a little gentle pressure may not be without its use. The Glasgow manufacturers

have not done themselves credit in this smoke-reform. The corporate authorities sought to found certain arrangements on a local statute passed in 1827. This statute specified the dimensions which furnaces and chimneys ought to present, according to the opinions then in vogue, and established an ordeal by which all persons might be compelled to avoid smoke-production in manufacturing establishments within two miles of the Cross at Glasgow. It is evident that these clauses of the statute became a dead-letter; and an attempt was made in 1850 to throw some new life into them. The Police Board issued circulars to the principal manufacturers, and caused inquiries to be made into the various modes of applying smoke-consuming apparatus. In December of that year, they published a report descriptive of three kinds of apparatus then actually in use in Glasgow, on the patents of Mr Jukes, Mr Robertson, and Mr Beddington, respectively—all of which were spoken of favourably by those who were then using them. The board then held weekly meetings, to which 300 manufacturing firms were invited, for mutual consideration and suggestion; about half the number took notice of the invitation, and a large portion out of this half expressed some sort of willingness to adopt smoke-consuming apparatus, but without giving a pledge thereto. Scarcely any addition being made to the number of those who conformed to the new order of things, the board availed themselves of a clause of their statute, and appointed an inspector. This inspector visited no less than 300 establishments in Glasgow, mainly with a view to induce the owners, by friendly representations, to adopt smoke-consuming apparatus, and thus obviate the necessity for any compulsory proceedings on the part of the board. A report made to the board in 1851 by the inspector, Mr Muir, gives a curious insight into the motives which seem to actuate the bulk of manufacturers in this matter. 'The whole body of smoke-producers may be comprised under one or other of two classes: first, those who are willing to adopt really effective means; and second, those who are unwilling. There are degrees of willingness, descending from those who are really anxious to prevent nuisance, to those who are willing to do as others do; and there are degrees of unwillingness, arising from apathy, or a desire not to be annoyed with whatever can be avoided, to those who refuse point-blank to stir a hand, or expend a sixpence; and who do not hesitate to say, that smoke cannot be and never will be consumed; that it is not hurtful either to health or comfort; that the whole agitation is a piece of humbug, and should be put down; that Glasgow was made by smoke, and that without smoke its prosperity would cease.' The inspector was somewhat disheartened with his labours, and, in a published report, expressed his opinion, that nothing less than stringent legislation would insure the reform.

How much better it would be if good sense, instead of acts of parliament, could accomplish all this! It is a wholesome feeling among Englishmen, to dislike legislation as long as we can do without it; and when so many facts tend to prove that we can keep our town-atmosphere tolerably free from smoke, by an arrangement which economises rather than squanders money, surely nothing more than a knowledge of these facts will be necessary to induce manufacturers to buckle on the armour of resolution, and fight the enemy carbon with the useful ally oxygen? London can add to the number of instances illustrative of our principle. We have been lately informed, on good authority, that one of the large sugar-refiners near Whitechapel computes his savings at £500 a year, by the saving of coal, consequent on the use of coal-consuming apparatus; that the owner of a steam flour-mill, on the banks of the Thames, names £600 to £700 as the saving accruing to him by similar agency; and that one of those vast breweries, which are among the wonders of the

metropolis, and which have so figured in the recent 'beer-question,' effects a saving of no less than L.2000 per annum by this economising of coal. It must be remembered, that of all our great centres of population, London would be the most sensibly affected by any such reform as this, on account of the high price of coal. To talk to a Londoner about coal obtainable at six shillings a ton, is to him a sort of myth—a freak of the imagination which he can hardly believe to be real; and a saving in coal is hence a more important matter in his eyes than in that of a Yorkshire, or Lancashire, or Lanarkshire man. Let the Londoner, then, do his part in the reform.

Mr Muir, giving expression to a judgment formed after visiting 500 establishments at Glasgow, speaks of Jukes's apparatus in the following terms:—'Its first and greatest advantage is, that as a smoke-preventer, so perfect is its operation, that a chimney connected with a furnace consuming a wagon of coal per day will not discharge so much smoke as an ordinary kitchen fire. Its second merit is, that instead of causing the fireman additional trouble, it saves him much to which he is subject when working a common furnace. Third, the fire never being damped from the throwing upon it of green (fresh) coal, the supply of steam is full and constant. Fourth, the fuel being supplied with a constantly closed door, the fire is not damped by the admission of cold air, nor the boiler injured by frequent expansion and contraction. Fifth, it is best adapted for the cheapest kind of coal.'

But, as we before observed, it is not any one method we would advocate. Give all fair play, we say; they are all, or nearly all, *chemically* right; and what has to be determined is, whether they are *mechanically* effective. As to the moral, and social, and commercial aspects of the question, we really think it is not necessary to say another word.

THE INDIAN'S RUSE.

It was the Indian summer—those few, pleasant days which come like an oasis in the desert of winter, cheering and gladdening all things; the leaves in the forest were all yellow and faded, yet not one fell; the tall grass on the prairie was unruffled by the slightest breath of wind; a light-blue vapour like smoke enveloped every object; there was no brightness, no dazzling glare; but all was as still and silent as moonlight. It seemed as if the spirit of the departed summer had returned, soft and balmy, yet cold and lifeless, to haunt the scenes it had once made bright. The sun, that in the past summer had been so hot and fierce, was now pale and yellow; then, at his setting, he lighted up the west with his deep red light, like a departed hero leaving his glory behind him; now, he sunk calmly and moon-like to rest, a few feeble rays only remaining to tell of his departure. The sun had set; the shades of evening were falling fast over forest and prairie; the stars were coming out one after another, as the graceful figure of an Indian lad glided from the dark pine-forest, and made his way through the rank herbage of the prairie, where the undulating motion of the grass, which in some places reached far above his head, alone enabled the eye to follow his track. A short distance from the border of the forest lay the carcass of a deer. When within about twenty yards of the spot, the Indian paused; and after examining the priming of the rusty, primitive-looking musket he carried, he crouched in silent watchfulness among the thick grass, which here only reached his chest.

Na-na-ma-kee (Thunder) was of the tribe of Sacs. He numbered nineteen summers, and longed to become a warrior. His heart burned within him when he listened to the tales the old men told of mighty chiefs now gone to the happy hunting-grounds, or to the boastful recitals of deeds of bravery or cunning the

warriors related around the camp-fire. But there was another reason more powerful in his breast than ambition: Na-na-ma-kee loved the daughter of one of the chiefs of the tribe, and the maiden loved him. She was very beautiful; her long black hair and soft dark eyes any European lady might have envied; her voice was so soft and silvery, they called her the Humming-bird. Often, as they wandered together, did the lovers talk of the day when Na-na-ma-kee should be enrolled amongst the braves, and demand the Humming-bird for his bride.

Two grizzly bears he had already slain: one more, and all his hopes would be fulfilled. Whilst hunting the wild turkey, he had that morning found a freshly-killed deer. The heavy footprints of a bear told clearly how the animal had met its death, and Na-na-ma-kee well knew that 'the grizzly' would return for another feast on his victim. He had waited but a few minutes before a loud rustling was heard in the tall grass: nearer and nearer it came, until he could clearly distinguish bruin's heavy shuffling tramp. The noise ceased; and the Indian knew, by an occasional low guttural growl, that the creature was busy at his repast. Rising softly, he crept forward, step by step, with cat-like tread, until within a dozen paces. He could see the huge brute plainly tearing and crunching his prey. He knew that to level at any part except the head, would be worse than useless. Keeping his eye, therefore, steadily fixed on him, he waited, musket in hand, in readiness for the first opportunity. At length the grizzly's head was raised with a fierce growl. Na-na-ma-kee was on the lee-side, therefore he knew the bear could not have winded him; but he saw his suspicions were aroused. No time was to be lost. Instantly he fired, and the ball entered the creature's neck. The blood gushed in a torrent from the wound; but it was not mortal, and with a roar of mingled rage and agony, the bear rushed towards his unseen enemy. The Indian clapped his hand instinctively to his belt, where hung the powder-flask, to reload, but it was gone. His only remaining chance of safety lay in flight. If he could reach the forest, he was safe, for the grizzly bear never climbs. He was fleet, and the bear would follow by scent only; for except, by rising on his hind-legs, he could not look over the high grass. It was a long chase, but the bear gained fast. Na-na-ma-kee gave himself up for lost, when a sudden burst of dogs, on a burning scent, brought fresh hope to his heart, and in an instant more, his pursuer was brought to bay by half-a-dozen fierce deer-hounds. The Indian turned back; but ere he reached the spot, the sharp crack of a rifle rung in his ears, and the huge beast rolled over lifeless.

The hunter soon made his appearance—a thick-set, weather-beaten man, entirely clad in leather; his hunting-shirt, breeches, and gaiters, were all of the same material. Many a cut from Indian knife and tomahawk had this singular dress turned aside; often had it preserved its wearer from wolf's teeth or serpent's fang. Buffalo-hide, as the Indians called him, was a noted hunter. He stepped forward as quietly, and with as little appearance of excitement, as if it had been a racoon or prairie-dog that had fallen before his unerring rifle, and beat off the hounds which were now mauling the dead body, striving in vain to tear the tough skin; then drawing the long hunter's knife from his belt, he proceeded to haunch the bear, in order to 'blood the dogs.' In the meantime, the Indian had regained his musket, but the powder-horn was not to be found. The darkness enabled him to escape unobserved to the wood. Sadly he sat on the trunk of a fallen tree: all his hopes were now blighted. He almost wished he had lost his life in the contest. Although he was not yet a warrior, his spirit would surely have gone to the happy hunting-grounds, if he had fallen nobly fighting. What a pleasant time to go

now, he thought, at the season of the great hunting-feasts! He wondered how many thousands of miles of prairie must be burning there now to make the air here so warm, and full of smoke, from a land so distant, that none knew where it lay. When he thought of the Humming-bird, and how sorrowful she would be if he were dead, these thoughts vanished, and he felt life was still dear to him. But perhaps before he should be a warrior, some other might buy her; for the girl was active and clever, could cook a bear's ham, or embroider a moccacon as well as any squaw. He would have the skin! Had he not as good a right to it as the Pale-face? He found the bear—he first struck him; perhaps he might have killed him without the white man's aid; he must have faced his pursuer, and with his long knife he surely had a chance against a wounded bear! The next question was how he could obtain the skin. His powder was gone; and he knew in close combat there was no hope for him. Perhaps he could stab the hunter in his sleep. Na-na-ma-kee glided, snake-like, to the spot where the curling smoke of the hunter's fire rose above the tops of the tall grass. Buffalo-hide lay a few yards from it asleep, but around were his hounds, tied in couples to pegs driven into the ground, ready to warn their master of the approach of any hostile foot. The Indian was foiled in his murderous project, yet each obstacle served but to increase his eagerness. There lay the dead bear at his feet; he dared not attempt to skin it, for the slightest noise would arouse the dogs. His resolution was soon taken. Creeping back a short distance cautiously, as before, he lay down to watch. Long and wearisome appeared the night. He heard the howling of the wolves, far distant on the prairie, occasionally answered by a low growl or short bark from the hounds; the dismal hootings of the owls in the forest; and all the strange sounds of night in the backwoods sounded clearer and more terrible in the perfect stillness of inanimate nature.

At length morning came. At the first dawn, the hunter rose, and having fresh-primed his rifle, and substituted the hunting-shirt for his sleeping-blanket, commenced skinning the bear. In almost breathless eagerness, Na-na-ma-kee watched him. One leg after another was freed from its covering; a few more dexterous strokes of the knife, and it would be finished. The Indian rose, and slunk round until he came between the hunter and his rifle. The fierce yells of the dogs startled Buffalo-hide. Looking back, he saw a pair of piercing black eyes gleaming at him, and the muzzle of a rusty musket within half-a-dozen yards of his head.

The hunter had his share of courage, yet could not help feeling he was by no means in a pleasant situation. The Indian was too near to admit a chance of his missing, and yet quite far enough to give time to fire before the hunter could grapple with him. He felt it no small relief when he heard in the Sac tongue these words: 'Stand still, and the Indian's gun speaks not. The Red-skin seeks not the Pale-face's blood.' 'Hey!' said Buffalo-hide, forgetting that although he understood Sac, the Indian might not know a word of English. 'I'm tarnation glad to hear it; but if you'll oblige me, just point that rusty musket of yours the other way—I should feel a trifle more comfortable talking to you, I guess.'

Na-na-ma-kee waited with grave courtesy until this speech was finished, although it was perfectly unintelligible to him. 'The Great Spirit has given many tongues to the Pale-face,' he said; 'the Red-skin has but one tongue.'

Buffalo-hide gave the Indian a translation of his speech as civilly worded as possible, with the addition, that a bear's ham was at his service, if he would like one.

'When Na-na-ma-kee is hungry, he can kill for

himself; he is not a squaw, that he should want others to hunt for him,' was the reply.

The hunter began to fear lest he had unwittingly insulted the Indian, for the ominous-looking musket was still pointed at him. 'What do you want of me?' he asked.

'I would have the skin,' replied Na-na-ma-kee. 'I found the grizzly bear; I watched for him long and patiently; the carcaw,* on the banks of the Ottawa, awaiting the coming of the thirsty deer, hides not more cunningly among the leafy branches, than I in the thick grass. I first struck the creature, but missed the head; for the Great Spirit made the Red-skin's eye to guide the arrow. The fire-stick is the Pale-face's weapon. Na-na-ma-kee fled, the grizzly followed, as the dog pursues the wild turkey through the corn-field; the rest the Pale-face knows. You saved my life, why then should I take yours?'

Well, thought the hunter, I've heard tell of they Ingin varmint shewing gratitude, and such like, but I can't say as ever I met with it afore. It would have been strange indeed if he had, as none of them had anything to thank him for, except not wantonly taking their lives; and in this respect he shewed the same kindness to a prairie-dog as to an Indian; for, just the same reason—there was no use in shooting the one or the other. They say, thought he, that an Ingin's exactly like a dog—never forgets a good turn done him; but, to my thinking, they're more like skulking wolves—bold enough if there's a pack o' 'em, but skeary timorous devils when alone. 'Hark ye! Red-skin,' he said; 'I've a fancy for this same skin; 'tis a righter screamer; beats all the bear-skins ever I set eyes on holler! I've a nice pack o' beaver yonder worth twice the money, I'll get that for you instead.'

Na-na-ma-kee saw the hunter's meaning by his motions, although he understood not his words: his brow darkened, his eye glittered like some deadly serpent's, when the reptile is coiled in readiness for the fatal spring. 'The tongue is far from the heart,' he replied; 'the Pale-face's heart says, my long gun lies by the beavers' pack, my force dogs stand around it. Is Na-na-ma-kee a fool? I seek not the skin to sell it,' he continued, 'but that I may be a warrior. When I return with it, the chiefs will say: "Na-na-ma-kee has slain three grizzly bears, let him be numbered amongst the braves." Then will I wear their claws as a neck-lace; I will take to myself a wife, beautiful as the fawn, with a voice sweeter than the mocking-bird's. I go,' he added; 'bring the skin after me; and remember, lessen the distance between us but a bow's length, and the Pale-face will never more hunt the deer in the forest, or the buffalo on the plain. Come!—I lead the way.'

The hunter rose, and sulkily followed him, keeping himself in readiness for any opportunity that might offer, to fling himself on his guide and disarm him; but the Indian's quick eye was turned back restlessly every instant. Once or twice, when Buffalo-hide contrived to approach him more nearly, the Indian faced suddenly round, and by a significant glance at his weapon, gave the hunter plainly to understand, if he valued his life, it would be prudent to keep his appointed distance. Nearly half a mile they proceeded thus, until Buffalo-hide began to fear lest he should be led to some camp to be tortured as a prisoner of war; but when he recollected that his life was even now in the hands of his conductor, his fears on this head were at rest. At length Na-na-ma-kee stopped. 'It is enough,' he said; 'go.'

The hunter needed not to be told a second time; dropping his burden, he set out at a brisk pace, and soon reached the spot where he had passed the previous night. He knew it would be useless to pursue the robber, as he made up his mind to the loss of the bear's-skin.

* The Canadian name for the glutton.

Na-na-ma-kee returned in triumph to his tribe; he was made a warrior, and the Humming-bird became his bride. Many years had passed away. It was winter, the snow lay thickly on the ground, and the trees were clothed with its fantastic foliage. In a village of the Sacs, around the council-fire, sat the braves in deep and grave deliberation. The squaws and papouses were hurrying to and fro, or standing in groups of three and four, conversing in eager whispers. All was excitement. A war-party had returned, bringing with them a Pale-face, whom they had captured. The prisoner stood bound to a sapling, his arms fastened behind him. He was an old man; the snows of many winters were on his head, yet he was still strong and active; his figure unbent, and his arm full of vigour. But one pipe was smoked ere the chiefs had decided the captive should be tortured. They unbound him from the tree, and had already commenced tying him to a stake in the centre of the village, when a tall figure was seen coming over the prairie.

The prisoner's eye brightened for a moment as that form approached; the knot of Indians who stood round all made way for the new-comer. His moccasins, thickly fringed with scalp-locks, his rich and massive wampum-belt, and handsomely ornamented pipe, all showed he was a great chief. From what he could learn, the captive found he had been long absent on a trail, and the tribe knew not when he would return, or the council would not have been held in his absence.

'I have something to tell the great chief before I die,' said the captive. Na-na-ma-kee—for it was he—came forward; unwillingly, he, too, had evidently recognised an old acquaintance.

'Speak,' he said, at the same time motioning the Indians to withdraw: 'what seek you?'

'Don't you recollect the day when I saved you from the hug of the bear?' said the old man: 'you said then you could not take my life, will you let me be murdered now?'

The chief's lip curled with a smile of scorn, as he replied: 'Na-na-ma-kee owes him nothing; the grizzly bear was slain for his skin, not to save a Red-skin's life! Na-na-ma-kee's gun was empty, his powder gone, or the white hunter's bones would now be bleaching on the prairie, as a punishment for his daring to enter the hunting-grounds of the Sacs.'

'You sneaking serpent!' said Buffalo-hide, who, finding his entreaties of no avail, gave vent to his indignation at having been thus imposed on—as usual, when he was excited, making use of his native tongue, unmindful whether the person addressed understood him or not—'you reptile, to desave me with your fine speeches of gratitude. Homsomever, sure as shootin', I'll sarve ye out. If you and yer dirty friends there murder me, I'll let 'em know the shabby trick you played me about that same skin—took it home, I'll answer for it, and said as how you'd a killed un yourself! But I'll let 'em know the truth. "That there Injin," I'll say, "has got a forked tongue," as you call it in your fine humbugging way of speaking—"a rattlesnake's is nothing to it." He paused, as if astonished that this speech had no effect on the chief; but when Na-na-ma-kee turned to leave him, without giving any answer, he recollected that most probably the Indian had not understood a word of it; he therefore commenced a speech of like import in the Sac tongue. The stern features of the Indian were convulsed and distorted, as the whirlwind of passion swept over them; it was but an instant ere they became grave and calm once more.

'Pale-face,' he muttered, 'it is enough; your life shall be saved. Yonder, where the tall chestnut towers above the trees on the river's edge, lies a canoe—the river passed, you are safe. My brethren and my children,' he said, turning to the crowd, who were waiting, eagerly impatient to begin torturing their victim—the

Pale-face mocks us, saying: "In the days of my youth, I was swifter than the fawn; I bounded over the tops of the prairie-grass, and it bent not beneath my feet; even now, with the snows of sixty winters on my head, it were as vain for the Red-skins to pursue me as for the bear to chase the squirrel among the boughs of the tall pine-forest." Let us try this lying warrior, and prove his words to be but wind. Loose him; let him run as far as his arm can cast the tomahawk. When you bring him back, let his tortures be double, as is his face.' A shout of applause from the warriors greeted this speech. Buffalo-hide was unbound, a tomahawk placed in his hand, which he was told to throw in whatever direction he pleased; in an instant, it went whizzing through the air, and remained quivering in the ground, nearly half-way to the tree which Na-na-ma-kee had pointed out. A contemptuous laugh burst from the assembled warriors. 'The Pale-face's arm is strong,' said they; 'but knows he not where the river lies? the rapids are strong and the stream wide—no swimmer can cross it.' The captive walked slowly to the spot where the weapon had fallen; Na-na-ma-kee raised his arm, and fifty braves were instantly in pursuit, whooping like demons.

The old hunter, as he ran heavily before them, looked like a wounded buffalo chased by a pack of hungry wolves; his broad massive form contrasting well with the light symmetrical figures of the Indians. The distance between them and their prey had lessened one-half by the time he reached the river. The canoe lay precisely where Na-na-ma-kee had told him: he leaped into it, and with a few vigorous strokes, was soon far from the land. Loud and terrible rang the yells of his baffled pursuers in his ears; a few hurled their tomahawks at the canoe, but they dropped harmlessly in the water around it. The canoe was within a few yards of the opposite bank, when one, better aimed than the rest, struck the hunter in the shoulder, and his arm dropped useless by his side. A moment's delay would have been fatal. Without heeding the pain he suffered, he applied his whole strength to the right-hand paddle, and brought the canoe to graze the bank; one spring, and he was in safety. The canoe shot like an arrow down the rapids, and was dashed to atoms over the falls.

MR LAYARD'S NEW WORK ON THE MESOPOTAMIAN CITIES.

THE publication of Mr Layard's first work, *Nineveh and its Remains*, in 1848, produced a sensation of interest which will not be soon forgotten. To find so much all at once revealed to us, of cities rendered familiar in name by Scripture, but which had been lost to the observation of civilised man since long before the days of Alexander the Great, took everybody by surprise; nor was the gratification lessened by the reflection, that the revelation had been, in the main, the work of an unpretending *attaché* of the British embassy at Constantinople. While we were enjoying the account of his excavations, and rushing to the British Museum to see the many remains of ancient sculpture which he had disinterred and sent home, the author of the work, as we now learn, had returned to his duty at the Turkish capital—there, however, to rest but a little time. So early as August 1849, Mr Layard was once more on his way to the banks of the Tigris, commissioned by the trustees of the British Museum to make further investigations, and obtain further relics. He prosecuted this work for another year, and the result is now before us in a goodly volume, containing many pictorial illustrations.*

* *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert: being the Result of a Second Expedition, &c.* By Austen H. Layard, M.P. Murray: London. 1853.

In this work, we have full details of the remains which the author has brought to light by his new researches, particularly at Kouyunjik and Nimroud—places near Mosul, on the Tigris, constituting ancient Nineveh—and at Hillah, on the Euphrates, where are to be seen the mounds forming the sole remains of the Great Babylon. The objects actually excavated or cleared from the rubbish, are chiefly of the same kinds as those described in Mr Layard's former work. There are many additions to those colossuses representing human-headed and winged bulls, which appear to have been so extensively used by the ancient Assyrians as ornaments for their palaces. Some of these edifices are now pretty well cleared out, fully manifesting the grandeur of that ancient kingdom. All of the rooms and passages being, as before, panelled with alabaster sculptures representing events, and some of them bearing cuneiform inscriptions, which have been interpreted, we obtain a still improved insight into the history of ancient Nineveh and its line of kings. Clear traces of a progress in the arts are discernible, from about twelve down to seven centuries before Christ, when the kingdom was near its termination.

One of the most remarkable of the new facts, is the discovery that Sennacherib, the king spoken of in Scripture, was the builder of the great palace of Kouyunjik. His name appears as such in an inscription, and the wall sculptures and inscriptions depict his victories. Among his other collisions, that with Hezekiah, king of Judah, is faithfully recorded there, in tolerable conformity with the narrative in the Book of Kings. Even the amount of gold treasure taken is the same in both of these histories; while there is a difference in the statements regarding the silver.

The bas-reliefs from a particular chamber in the palace at Kouyunjik, 'represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city evidently of great extent and importance. It appears to have been defended by double walls, with battlements and towers, and by fortified outworks. The country around was hilly and wooded, producing the fig and the vine. The whole power of the great king seems to have been called forth to take this stronghold. In no other sculptures were so many armed warriors seen drawn up in array before a besieged city. In the first rank were the kneeling archers, those in the second were bending forward, whilst those in the third discharged their arrows standing upright, and were mingled with spearmen and slingers—the whole forming a compact and organised phalanx. The reserve consisted of large bodies of horsemen and charioteers. Against the fortifications had been thrown up as many as ten banks or mounds, compactly built of stones, bricks, earth, and branches of trees, and seven battering-rams had already been rolled up to the walls.' The besieged, on the other hand, were seen to have made equally great and suitable preparations. 'Spearmen, archers, and slingers thronged the battlements and towers, shooting arrows, javelins, stones, and blazing torches upon the assailants.' Part of the city having been taken, a great number of prisoners and a large quantity of spoils were seen before the king, who sat on his throne, with two arrows in his left hand and a bow in his right—the umbrella, significant of royalty, over him—the captives brought before him for sentence, and led-horses with attendants behind. Above his head was inscribed: 'Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment before the city of Lachish. I give permission for its slaughter.' The Jewish physiognomy of the prisoners is striking. Mr Layard, therefore, sets up these slabs as an illustration of the capture of Lachish, alluded to in the 18th chapter of the Book of Kings.

The sculptures are generally well executed to a certain extent; that is, profile figures are represented in tolerably fair proportion; but there is no such thing

as grouping, still less of perspective. The style of the arts must be considered as advanced, for the buildings shew the true arch, and the architectural proportions seem to have been magnificent. Iron was used, but in connection with bronze or copper, as if that earlier metal had not yet given way. And here we may cite a remark of the author, that, since tin was probably obtained by the Assyrians from Phœnicia, that used in the bronze articles lately brought from the banks of the Tigris to the British Museum, may have been exported from our island nearly 3000 years ago!

The whole process of extracting blocks from the quarry, and placing them as colossal sculptured figures at the gates of the king's palace, is delineated on a succession of slabs. We first see the block carried on a river in a boat—then landed amidst crowds—then, in its carved form, drawn forwards to assume its proper place in the building. Wonder has often been expressed regarding the means by which the ancients raised, transported, and finally posed large blocks of stone. We here see a half-civilised people, of perhaps the tenth century before Christ, engaged in that very work. The mass has been placed on a kind of sledge or truck, moving over rollers, which, as soon as left behind by the advancing sledge, are brought again to the front by parties of men, who are under the control of overseers armed with staves. A multitude, arranged in four rows, pull on the mass by as many ropes, while others help it forward from behind with levers. The figure, when about to be put into its final position, no longer lies horizontally on the sledge, but is raised by men with ropes and forked wooden props. It is kept in its erect position by beams, held together by cross-bars and wedges; and, what is curious, such was precisely the kind of framework used by our modern workmen when they moved these huge sculptures in the British Museum.

Mr Layard had fully a hundred men, natives of the country, engaged in his excavations, and in removing the sculptures. They were amply remunerated with about fivepence a day each. He describes the whole of the operations in a most interesting manner, here and there writing in a pleasing strain of sentiment, as in the following instance:—By the 28th of January the colossal lions, forming the portal to the great hall in the north-west palace of Nimroud, were ready to be dragged to the river-bank. The walls and the sculptured panelling had been removed from both sides of them, and they stood isolated in the midst of the ruins. We rode one calm cloudless night to the mound, to look at them for the last time before they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at her full; and as we drew nigh to the edge of the deep wall of earth rising around them, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of the human heads, and driving it before the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms. One by one, the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before us. I shall never forget that night, or the emotions which these venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more, and they were to stand no longer where they had stood unscathed amidst the wreck of man and his works for ages. It seemed almost sacrilege to tear them from their old haunts, to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them; for they had guarded the palace in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin. Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, who had ridden with us to the mound, was troubled with no such reflections. He gazed listlessly at the grim images, wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards the tents. We scarcely heeded his going, but stood speechless in the deserted portal, until the shadows began to creep again over its hoary guardians.

In addition to all the interest arising from the

excavations, the descriptions of the remains of ancient art and grandeur, and the additions to history thus acquired, Mr Layard's book has a value altogether apart from these considerations, in its reports of the present condition of Mesopotamia, and its animated descriptions of the half-barbarous life which prevails there. We see, in a most striking light, how a government which can oppress but not protect, will, in a few ages, reduce to a comparative desert a land which nature has calculated to be the seat of a large and happy population. The nearest approach to the same state of things in connection with European history, is presented by the condition of the American dependencies of Spain, where a monstrous selfishness has constantly been seen defeating its own ends. The two beautiful valleys connected with the Persian Gulf, where, thirty centuries ago, there were large commercial cities, an organised government, palaces, canals, roads, and a laborious culture, are now occupied by a few Arabian tribes, possessed only of herds and flocks, constantly at war with each other, and exposed to continual pillage from wandering robbers, having no dwellings better than hovels, no roads, no canals, no bridges, no organised social arrangements of any kind. It adds not a little to the extraordinary and striking character of Mr Layard's enterprise, that he had to live in continual readiness to protect himself and his workmen by force of arms. Often they saw the rapacious Bedouins, but always under such precautions as prevented attack. Of course, the whole social state of the country is of a wretched character; and yet there are not wanting a few streaks of relief in certain moral habits, as that which forbids all injury to a guest, and even in the external romance which belongs to so stirring and so rude a life.

Amongst the Arabian tribes, as amongst the ancient Spartans, theft is held in honour, and discredit attaches only to him who is detected or frustrated in his attempts. While travelling in company with a sheik named Suttum, Mr Layard found one morning a ragged sickly-looking youth seated in his guest-tent. He was a relation of Suttum, and his story was highly characteristic. His father being too poor to equip him in life, he had to provide for himself, and his first step was to obtain a horse. 'Leaving in his father's tent all his clothes, except his dirty keffich and his tattered aba, and without communicating his plan to his friends, he bent his way to the Euphrates. For three months, his family, hearing nothing of him, believed him to be dead. During that time, however, he had lived in the river-jungle, hiding himself during the day in the thickets, and prowling at night round the tents of the Aneyza, in search of a mare that might have strayed, or might be less carefully guarded than usual. At length the object of his ambition was found, and such a mare had never been seen before; but, alas! her legs were bound with iron shackles, and he had brought no file with him. He succeeded in leading her to some distance from the encampment, where, as morning dawned, to avoid detection, he was obliged to leave his prize, and return to his hiding-place. He was now on his way back to his tents, intending to set forth again, after recruiting his strength, on new adventures in search of a mare and spear, promising to be wiser in future, and carry a file under his cloak. Suttum seemed very proud of his relative, and introduced him to me as a promising, if not distinguished character.'

In this anecdote, an important feature of the economy of Arab life is touched upon. We have all heard much of the love of these people for their horses, and how they have sometimes refused enormous sums for a favourite animal. 'To understand,' says Mr Layard, 'how a man, who has not even bread to feed himself and his children, can withstand the temptation of such large sums, it must be remembered that, besides the proverbial affection felt by the Bedouin for his mare,

which might perhaps not be proof against such a test, he is entirely dependent upon her for his happiness, his glory, and, indeed, his very existence. An Arab, possessing a mare unrivalled in speed and endurance, is entirely his own master, and can defy the world. Once on its back, no one can catch him. He may rob, plunder, fight, and go to and fro as he lists. Without his mare, money would be of no value to him. It would either become the prey of some one more powerful and better mounted than himself, would be spent in festivities, or be distributed amongst his kinsmen'—for, it appears, the Bedouin only robs for the sake of excitement, and not with any view to enrich himself, his custom being to be as free in giving away, as zealous to acquire.

A first-class Arabian horse would not fulfil to the eye that beau-ideal of the animal, which has been formed in a country where size and condition are primary requisites. 'The Arab horse,' says Mr Layard, 'is more remarkable for its exquisite symmetry and beautiful proportions, united with wonderful powers of endurance, than for extraordinary speed: its colour is generally white, light or dark gray, light chestnut, and bay, with white or black feet. Black is exceedingly rare; and I do not remember ever to have seen dun, sorrel, or dapple. Their average height is from 14 hands to 14½, rarely reaching 15; I have seen only one mare that exceeded it. Notwithstanding the smallness of their stature, they often possess great strength and courage. I was credibly informed, that a celebrated mare, of the Marekia breed, now dead, carried two men in chain-armor beyond the reach of their Aneyza pursuers. But their most remarkable and valuable quality, is the power of performing long and arduous marches upon the smallest possible allowance of food and water. It is only the mare of the wealthy Bedouin that gets even a regular feed of about twelve muddils of barley, or of rice in the husk, once in twenty-four hours. During the spring alone, when the pastures are green, the horses of the Arabs are sleek and beautiful in appearance. At other times, they eat nothing but the withered herbs and scanty hay gathered from the parched soil, and are lean and unsightly. They are never placed under cover during the intense heat of an Arabian summer, nor protected from the biting cold of the desert winds during winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, nor are they ever cleaned or groomed. Thus apparently neglected, they are but skin and bone; and the townsman marvels to see an animal, which he would scarcely take the trouble to ride home, valued almost beyond price. Although docile as a lamb, and requiring no other guide than the halter, when the Arab mare hears the war-cry of the tribe, and sees the quivering spear of her rider, her eyes glitter with fire, her blood-red nostrils open wide, her neck is nobly arched, and her tail and mane are raised and spread out to the wind. The Bedouin proverb says, that a high-bred mare, when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and her tail.'

Some few odd matters may be selected from Mr Layard's book for the amusement of our readers. For example, we learn that the Arabs have no opiates. On an English doctor asking what they did with one who could not sleep, the answer was: 'Do! why, we make use of him, and set him to watch the camels.' They have a singular custom called *Thar*, by which, if a murder has been committed, and not atoned for in the usual way by payment of the prescribed fine, not merely the murderer, but any person related to him within the fifth degree, may be put to death by the relatives of the victim. A consequence of this strange rule is, that the Arabs are always scrupulous about divulging their names when away from home, lest they should encounter some one who has a revenge to take for some long-past murder. 'Frequently the homicide himself will wander from tent to tent over

the Desert, or even rove through the towns and villages on its borders, with a chain round his neck and in rags, begging contributions from the charitable, to enable him to pay the apportioned blood-money.' It is striking how nearly these customs resemble certain practices amongst the people of Scotland in early times. Travelling with a sheik named Mijwell one day, Mr Layard was surprised by his distinguishing the footprints of two men in the loose soil, as those of a couple of Shammar thieves returning from the Kurdish encampments. 'The sagacity of the Bedouin in determining, from such marks, whether of man or beast, and, from similar indications, the tribe, time of passing, and business, of those who may have left them, with many other particulars, is well known.' . . . He 'can draw conclusions from the footprints and dung of animals that would excite the astonishment of a European. He will tell whether the camel was loaded or unloaded, whether recently fed or suffering from hunger, whether fatigued or fresh, the time when it passed by, whether the owner was a man of the desert or the town, whether a friend or foe, and some times even the name of his tribe. I have frequently been cautioned by my Bedouin companions, not to dismount from my dromedary, that my foot-steps might not be recognised as those of a stranger. . . . This quickness of perception is the result of continual observation, and of caution encouraged from earliest youth. When the warriors of a tribe are engaged in distant forays or in war, their tents and flocks are frequently left to the care of a mere child. He must receive strangers, among whom may be those having claims of blood upon his family, and must guard against marauders, who may be lurking about the encampment. Every unknown sign and mark must be examined and accounted for. If he should see the track of a horseman, he must ask himself why one so near the dwellings did not stop to eat bread or drink water? Was he a spy, one of a party meditating an attack? or a traveller, who did not know the site of the tents? When did he pass? From whence did he come? Whilst the child in a civilised country is still under the care of its nurse, the Bedouin boy is compelled to exercise his highest faculties, and on his prudence and sagacity may sometimes depend the safety of his tribe.'

Mr Layard has given us many interesting notices regarding the wild-sports of Mesopotamia, and one which seems peculiar and curious—hawking at the gazelle: but our space is more than exhausted, and we must bid a reluctant adieu to one of the most fascinating books it has been our lot to meet for a long time.

AN UNFORTUNATE FEATURE IN GREAT CITIES

THE House of Commons recently granted to Mr Hume a return of the number of persons apprehended for being drunk and guilty of disorderly conduct, in the streets of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, respectively, for a series of years, up to the close of 1851. Taking the last year embraced in this curious return, it appears that the number of persons drunk and disorderly picked up in London (or more properly, the whole metropolis), was 24,203, the population being 2,526,693—or about 1 in 106; in Edinburgh, with a population of 166,000, the number was 2794—or about 1 in 60; while in Glasgow, with a population of 383,657, the number was 14,870—or 1 in 25. In other words, Glasgow seems to be three times more given to intoxication than Edinburgh, and five times more drunken than London!

These statistics have led to some altercation. Instead of simply adopting the facts, and making the best of them, certain journalists of Glasgow have attempted to explain away the apparent drunkenness of their

city, and to fasten a quarrel on the *Scottish* newspaper for having drawn attention to this subject. All these wranglings are profitless. That Glasgow is distinguished for its intemperance, is a misfortune to be looked distinctly in the face; and whether other cities are a little less given to the same vice, is of no importance, one way or other. Each city has the duty of caring in a peculiar manner for itself; and on this ground, what the Glasgow authorities have to do, is, to consider by what prudent means the great reproach can be removed from amongst them. Having always felt a warm interest in Glasgow—looking, indeed, on its rapid rise, its great energy, and its wealth, as something marvellous and to be proud of, in a country which was so poor and backward as Scotland was a century ago—we cannot be supposed to refer to the present subject in an invidious spirit. Our object would be to aid in curing a great evil, of which all have occasion to be ashamed.

It has been remarked in favour of the western capital, that its population is substantially different from that of Edinburgh and London; but when we take the similar city of Manchester, where it appears, from a newspaper report, that the annual captures of drunk and disorderly persons by the police are only 523, or *one in six hundred*, we see that this forms no sound defence.

The comparative drunkenness of both Edinburgh and Glasgow, in contrast with southern cities, appears to us a subject eminently worthy of consideration and inquiry. It cannot be pretended that the means of education, or of impressing the religious and moral feelings, are wanting in either city. It is indeed said, that these are most abundant in the more drunken city. How comes it that, while the external life and professions of so many are decent, there are at the same time so many who are given up to a shameful career of intemperance? It shows a sad want of what we would call moral coherence and unity in these populations, raising the idea, that there must now be vast numbers of people in our large towns who are not reached by any of the existing means of discipline, or rather, may be said to stand in antagonism to all such appliances. These are unhealthy traits of our social state, and we hope they will receive attention, with a view to some remedial measure, instead of being sheltered from public discussion.

Since the above was in type, some revised statistics have appeared, by which it would seem that the manner in which the cases of drunkenness coming under the cognizance of the police of Edinburgh and Glasgow have been recorded, leaves some reason for doubt as to which of the two cities occupies the least favourable position. But the matter in its whole aspect remains pretty much as it was, and in any point of view is deserving of the enlightened consideration which we have craved for it.

A WORD ON CANADA.

THE glut which has lately taken place in the matter of emigration to the gold-colonies of Australia, will naturally turn observation once more towards the United States and Canada, either of which offers a boundless field for the reception of an industrious and well-disposed class of emigrants. At present, one of the great subjects of debate in the United States' legislature, is the Homestead Bill, by which it is actually intended to give sections of government-land for nothing, the mere cost of title excepted, and that will probably be only a few shillings. Something of the same kind is agitated in Western Canada; the object being to attract emigrants; for the more settlers there are, the more is the prosperity of the country promoted. Independently of these plans of giving land gratis, there is everywhere an abundance of properties wholly

is partially cleared, which may be obtained on remarkably easy terms. From the papers which from time to time reach us, it appears that great improvements are taking place in Canada, and that, in point of fact, there is an emigration into the colony from different parts of the United States. The emigration from the States into our district of Lower Canada has been so considerable, as to make a perceptible increase in the population. Through this tract, a railway is now in process of construction from Montreal to Portland. Great part of Upper Canada is equal to the best lands of the United States, and some of it is even more fertile. High authority states that, near Toronto, one hundred bushels of wheat have been obtained from a single acre. A gentleman, for several years a resident of Upper Canada, states that that portion of it which lies between Kingston and Sandwich, and extends back from the shores of Lake Erie—from some points forty, and from others one hundred miles—is capable of supplying all Europe with the grain it requires, besides producing cattle and sheep, hemp and flax, and yielding iron, copper, lead, lime, marl, and gypsum. Another resident states, that 'Upper Canada is capable of supporting, by agricultural pursuits alone, at least 5,000,000 of additional inhabitants.'

In regard to farming, the same mistakes were at first made in Canada as are in all new colonies and countries. Now, however, over large tracts of some of the best land of the province, is to be seen as good farming as one could desire to meet with. Gentlemen of independent property have set the example in many of the most eligible situations for settlers; substantial farmers from England and Scotland have followed, and have introduced with success all the best practices of the old country. Great attention has been paid to the importation of the best stock from Britain; the markets, therefore, of Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, and other towns, are supplied with excellent meat. An objection to the growth of roots and crops that had been entertained by the smaller farmers, without much capital or enterprise—namely, the difficulty of preventing their freezing in the winter—had been easily overcome by the superior class of farmers.

Of Lower Canada, we have space only to say that it, too, is improving, though it is allowed that the extremes of heat and cold which characterise it, render emigration thither less inviting. Here it must be said, that the climate of the Western Canadian territory has been considerably misrepresented. In Upper Canada, in conformity to a general law of the North American climate, which becomes milder as the degrees of longitude increase, the cold is not by any means so severe in the winter so long. An interesting pamphlet on this subject has lately been published by Professor Hind of Toronto, in which he shews very convincingly the 'decided superiority' of Upper Canada 'for agricultural purposes over the state of New York, the northern part of Ohio and Illinois, the states of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, the Far West, and the whole of New England—in a word, over the wheat-growing states generally;' and that the emigrant, 'in preferring any part of the United States for farming purposes, is actually selecting for himself a climate of greater winter cold and summer heat, and not only more unhealthy, but also far more hazardous to the agriculturist than that which obtains in the Canadian peninsula.'

Within the last few years, by the construction of canals, and other favourable circumstances, the industry of Canada has been stimulated and her resources developed with extraordinary rapidity. From Lake Erie, and of course from Lakes Huron and Michigan, sailing and steam vessels can now descend to the ocean and return. To enable them to do this, the Welland Canal, passing by the Falls of Niagara, and connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, has been constructed; and also along the St Lawrence, where falls in that

river occur, several short canals, all with rapids, locks, and all together measuring above ninety miles. Besides these, the Canadians enjoy the benefit of two other canals—the Rideau Canal, 128 miles long, connecting Kingston on Lake Ontario with By-Town on the Ottawa; and the Chamby Canal, eleven miles long, which connects Lake Champlain with the St Lawrence, near Montreal. Through the canals on the St Lawrence, in 1850, passed 7166 vessels and steamers, of which 6827 were British and 839 American, and the aggregate tonnage was 547,322 tons; and through the Welland Canal, 4701 vessels and steamers, of which 2692 were British and 1799 American, and the aggregate tonnage was 587,100 tons. In 1840, the exports amounted to 1,475,000 dollars, and in 1850, to 13,290,000. The imports have increased in nearly the same ratio, being, in 1850, about 16,950,000 dollars.

The resources of Canada are soon to be still further developed by the construction of railways, which are much better adapted for the country and climate than canals. Let any one, says Mr Tremenhoe, take up the map of British North America, and consider what will be the effect of the completion of that magnificent system of railway communication, which, beginning at Halifax, is about to pass from Nova Scotia, through New Brunswick to Quebec, from thence to Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and through the entire length of Upper Canada to its western extremity, opposite Detroit; thence to meet the already constructed railway across the state of Michigan to Chicago, and onward towards the Mississippi, which will be reached within the next few years, by a line now in progress. Let the branch-lines from the main one be then traced—from Prescott on the St Lawrence, to By-Town on the Ottawa, now under construction; from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, and on to Lake Huron, already commenced; from Toronto to Guelph and Goderich; from Hamilton to Niagara, to connect with the lines through the state of New York, &c.

Glance next, for a moment, at their towns:—Hamilton, beneath a bold escarpment, and infolding hills, richly covered with the primeval forest; the undulating plain on which it stands diversified with foliage, cultivation, and villas; the inlet from the Lake, which forms its harbour, presenting an agreeably varied outline: Toronto, spreading over a wide and gently-rising plateau on the lake shore; handsomely built, increasing rapidly, and possessing public buildings which, in dimensions, in taste, and solidity, are surpassed by few of a similar kind in the second-rate towns in England: Kingston, also shewing signs of prosperity and progress; occupying an important position at the head of the Rideau Canal: Montreal, alive with commerce, and pleasing the eye with the graceful forms of the hills around; some of its old, narrow, and somewhat picturesque streets, reminding one of Europe: Quebec, with its undying interest, its beauty of position and outline, its crowd of masts along the wharfs, its fleets at anchor below the citadel, its quaint old streets, and busy population.

Let all these circumstances be weighed—the great natural resources of these provinces, the energy now at work in developing them, the inducements thereto held out by the home-growth of a consuming population, and by the expanding facilities of transport, either to the home or the foreign market—and it will be seen how extensive a field is there opening for the still further employment of British labour and capital. The ordinary interest of capital in Canada is 6 per cent.; the ordinary price of common labour in Upper Canada is 2s. to 3s. a day; and as all common articles are admitted under a low revenue tariff of from 2½ to 12½ per cent., the usual articles of consumption, including provisions, are cheap and good. The principle, indeed, of the Canadian tariff, is to levy pretty

high duties on sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, wines, spirits, and other articles not produced either in the colony or the mother-country, and to place revenue duties on manufactures as low as the wants of the province admit. It may be said that parties emigrating to Canada will never know what taxes are; for the home-country relieves the colony of all charges as regards external policy, and the expenses of the local government are comparatively trifling. In short, what a man makes by his industry in Canada is his own; while what he realises in England needs to be divided with the tax-collector.

The manner in which the great question of elementary education has been dealt with in Canada is worthy of attention, not only from the effect which it is likely to produce in Canada itself, but also from its general interest. Having in a recent paper gone considerably into this branch of the subject, it need here only be mentioned, that the province has been provided with an excellent system of schools of different grades—a system infinitely more perfect than that which prevails in the parish-school establishment in Scotland. It is encouraging to know, that the number of publicly-supported schools reported as existing in Upper Canada this year amounts to 3059; and that the number of pupils in these schools is 151,891. With what earnestness the people have engaged in the cause of education, is shewn by the published account of the 'Proceedings at the Ceremony of laying the chief Corner-stone of the Normal and Model School and Education Offices, by the Earl of Elgin, Governor-General,' at Toronto, in July 1851. From an address delivered on the ground by the Rev. Dr Ryerson, chief-superintendent, we learn that the institution is designed to accommodate 200 teachers in training, and 600 pupils in the model school; and that the land set apart for it is an entire square, consisting of nearly eight acres, two of which are to be devoted to a botanical garden, three to agricultural experiments, and the remainder to the buildings of the institution, and to grounds for the gymnastic exercises of students and pupils. To accomplish this project, a public grant has been made of £15,000—'an enlightened liberality on the part of our legislature, in advance of that of any other legislature on the American continent.' Near the close of his address, the chief-superintendent remarks: 'There are four circumstances which encourage the most sanguine anticipations in regard to our educational future. The first is, the avowed and entire absence of all party-spirit in the school affairs of our country, from the provincial legislature down to the smallest municipality. The second is, the precedence which our legislature has taken of all others on the western side of the Atlantic, in providing for normal-school instruction, and in aiding teachers to avail themselves of its advantages. The third is, that the people of Upper Canada have, during the last year, voluntarily taxed themselves, for the salaries of teachers, in a larger sum, in proportion to their numbers, and have kept open their schools, on an average, more months, than the neighbouring citizens of the great state of New York. The fourth is, that the essential requisites of suitable and excellent text-books have been introduced into our schools, and adopted almost by general acclamation; and that the facilities for furnishing all our schools with the necessary books, maps, and apparatus, will soon be in advance of those of any other country.' In fact, the system of education now established in Canada, far exceeds, in its comprehensive details, anything established in the United Kingdom. While all the ordinary plans of national education in the mother-country have been delivered over to sectarian dispute and obstruction, those in Canada have been perfected and brought into operation to the universal satisfaction of the people.

All things considered, Canada is apparently destined to be a great country; but while admitting thus much,

it is not matter for surprise that the progress of ultimate importance excites so little sympathy in Great Britain. We are all, of course, glad to know that Canada is going on in a prosperous career, and we naturally have no small pride in thinking that England is the parent of so important a colony. At the same time, let the fact not be disguised, that Englishmen do not perceive how Canada is in any respect an advantage to them. The province, with all its greatness and its growing wealth, is a heavy burden on the tax-payers of the home-country. While we are put to great cost in protecting it with fleets, and with an obligation to protect it with armies should that be required, it does not yield a shilling to our exchequer, nor would it send a man to help us, if we get into a war on its account. It is true, we have its trade; but in these days of commercial freedom, we enjoy no monopoly in this respect. The ports of Canada are very properly open to everybody; and therefore we have its trade only because the Canadians cannot do better. The truth is, Canada has outgrown the necessity for being pampered or protected. It is no longer a child, but a full-grown adult; and a condition of dependence on a distant parent, who claims the right of interfering in its affairs, is alike unsound and unsatisfactory. We wait for the great statesman, who, breaking through the traditions of office, will courageously devise that form of independence for Canada, which, though not quite a state of disconnection with the British sovereignty, will still be a condition mutually free and advantageous.

AN INCIDENT IN AN AMERICAN SETTLEMENT.

The first settlers in Maine found, besides the Indians, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise, without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep-pen or pigsty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf; and often, on a cold winter evening, did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking men, unless driven by severe hunger, and then seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity. The following incident is related by the *Bedford Journal*:— 'A man, who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr H—, was, one autumn, engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work. One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home. Just by the edge of the forest, he saw a curious pile of leaves: without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when, what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep! It was but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, and there watch the result. After watching a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered on the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him upon the spot. When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled about,

plunged into the forest, and disappeared: within five minutes of their first appearance, not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy, after playing till he was weary, had him down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf found him, and covered him with leaves until he could bring his comrades to share in the feast; but himself furnished the repast.

STORM PHENOMENA: CYCLONES.

We have received several communications of the nature of the following, which we select for its brevity:—**MANCHESTER, March 18, 1853.**—I have been much gratified by the perusal of your paper on the phenomena of storms, contained in the March part of your Journal; and from the data and descriptions there given of the peculiarities of various storms, I feel convinced that the theory of cyclones is reasonable and correct. In describing the storm which visited Ireland in November 1850, you conclude with these words: ‘Among the irregularities or inexplicable effects which more or less accompany all natural phenomena, it was noticed that the force of this storm was far greater south of the line of passage of its centre, than on the north, the highest speed of the wind being fifty-five miles an hour for the former, and thirty miles for the latter.’ Now, in my opinion, this seeming irregularity demonstrates most conclusively the correctness of the theory; for it is strictly in accordance with the laws of nature, which I will endeavour to illustrate as intelligibly as I can. Suppose the storm in question had moved in a direction from east to west, with a uniform rotary motion of forty miles per hour, and a progressive one of fourteen miles in the same time, and that the southern part of the cyclone revolved in the direction of the line of progression, westward, and the northern portion of course in the contrary direction. Now, the wind in the south would receive an additional impetus of fourteen miles an hour from the onward motion of the cyclone, and in the north its force would be reduced in precisely the same ratio, from the same cause; therefore the amount of force exerted by the wind in the south, would be equal to a speed of fifty-four miles per hour, and in the north twenty-six miles—thus satisfactorily accounting for the apparent anomaly, and proving beyond a doubt the rotation of storms.

ROBT. GARNSIDE.

HELP YOURSELF.

Beg, borrow, seek office, fish for place, trust in patronage, wait for old men to die, worship fortune, who does not one or other of these? Who does not expect to rise by the help of others? Help yourself, and God will help you.—Nine-tenths of the world will live and die infidels of this truth. So destitute are most people of the knowledge or belief of this truth, that give them the slightest indications that they may rely on you, eat you, clothe themselves out of you, and they will do it without mercy. They will drop their tools and their labour and do it. This it is that makes the world so hedge-hoggy. The self-helpers know that, in the common-run, if they help others, they may help and be taken up. This it is that spoils most, if not all, the experiments to apply the science and economy of association to practical human life. Take people as they rise, and put them together in a bee-hive community, and half of them will turn drones and live upon the rest, because they have not been educated to rely upon themselves, but just the reverse. No wonder that the swarm should be eaten up by these drones, or exhaust itself in an effort to turn them out. Yet men are naturally self-reliant. The moment a baby can go alone, it goes itself, and imitates all kinds of work, proud to be doing something. But this disposition is not encouraged, but discouraged. The rich are ashamed to have their children do anything menial, as if menial and mean were the same word. The poor cannot be bothered to teach work to babies, and when their babies get to be old enough, they overload them with it untaught.—Hence the child comes to maturity educated to sloth, ‘bad health,’ and reliance on others, or to hate the burden which crushes him, and longs to be relieved entirely from

it. Self-reliance is destroyed every way—in work, thought, and opinion. Whole classes, we say races, of men are taught to feed upon others, without returning any fair equivalent. They even think themselves generous to leave a little which they don’t eat.—*Chronotype.*

THE ELLE-MAID GAY.

The Elle-maid, or Wood-woman, is a German elf, who in front appears like a beautiful damsel, but seen from behind, is hollow like a mask. She is often found sitting by the road-side, offering to unwary youths a cup of wine and a kiss; but whoever accepts either, immediately becomes mad.

Ridest by the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig—

Ridest by the woodland gray?

Who sits in the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig?

It is the Elle-maid gay.

A kiss on thy lip lies, bridegroom Ludwig—

Pure as the dews of May.

Think on thy own love, brown-haired Ludwig,

And not on an Elle-maid gay.

She sits beneath a linden singing, singing,

Though her dropped lids nothing say;

But her beauty hures whether smiling or singing,

For she is an Elle-maid gay.

‘Thou hast drunk of my wine-cup, Ludwig, Ludwig;

Thou hast drunk of my lips this day:

I am no more false than thou, young Ludwig,

Though I am an Elle-maid gay.

‘Ride fast from the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig!’—

Her laughter tracks his way—

‘Didst thou clasp a fair woman, Ludwig, Ludwig,

And found her an Elle-maid gay?’

‘Thee—flee!’ they cry. ‘He is mad, young Ludwig;

He rode through the streets to-day

With his beard unshorn, and his cloak brier-torn—

He has seen the Elle-maid gay.’

‘I fear him not, my knight, my Ludwig,’

(The bride’s dear lips did say),

‘Though he comes from the woodland. He is my Ludwig;

He saw not the Elle-maid gay.

‘Welcome, my love!—my love!—my Ludwig!’—

But her smile grew ashen gray,

As she knew by the glare of the mad eyes’ stare

He had met with the Elle-maid gay.

‘God love thee—God pity thee, O my Ludwig!’

Nor her true arms turned she away.

‘Thou art no sweet woman!’ shrieked wildly Ludwig,

‘But a foul Elle-maid gay.’

‘I kiss thee—I slay thee—I, thy Ludwig!’

And the steel flashed bright to the day:

‘Better clasp a dead bride,’ laughed out Ludwig,

‘Than a false Elle-maid gay.’

‘I kissed thee—I slew thee—I, thy Ludwig!’

Now we will sleep sweet away!—

Still green waves the woodland where rode Ludwig;

Still there sits the Elle-maid gay.

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HOW LONDON GROWS.

A DROP of ink from our pen, falling upon the pad of blotting-paper upon which it is our custom to lay the narrow strips of 'cream-laid' upon which we write, suggests no inappropriate figure of the subject we are going to write about. A round, well-defined drop at first, it gradually dilates and expands in size, and assumes a ruggedness of outline as it enlarges, the little ridges flying off in every direction, radiating still further and further from the centre, just as the circle of London grows bigger and wider by stretching away on all sides from the original confines of the city. The comparison holds good so long as any moisture remains to be absorbed; but soon the ink dries up, and there is an end of it—which cannot be said of the bricks and mortar, the sum and substance of our theme.

In the little two-pair back-room where we now sit, with a few score of well-thumbed volumes for our sole companions, if we except the cheerful fire which brightens up gratefully for every morsel of food it gets, and all day long singeth a quiet tune—we sat on this day seven years. Nothing material has changed within the four walls since then; but without—on the other side of the thin window-pane which keeps out this cold March wind—everything is so completely transformed or superseded, that it really requires a powerful effort of the imagination to assure one's self of the fact, that we have not been spirited away into another region, or changed by wicked magic into some other respectable elderly gentleman residing in some other equally respectable neighbourhood. Then—in those days of far old—as we sat in our arm-chair, and gazed out of the window, it was a lovely landscape that met our view—lovely at least in the eyes of a Londoner. The end-wall of our patch of a garden abutted upon an extensive tract of level land, cultivated as market-gardens and nursery-grounds, among which the little one-storied brick or wooden cottages of the cultivators sent up wreaths of smoke, which curled pleasantly among the poplar-trees and aspens; while the voice of Polly Brown calling Bob her husband to his twelve-o'clock dinner, or the prattle of children, or the song of the lark in the sky, which was heard all the summer-day long—were the only sounds which struck upon the ear, save the distant hum of London when the south-west wind blew. Beyond the garden and nursery grounds, there rose a mixture of meadows and waste land, upon which we have often watched the fowler spreading his nets, and planting his decoys, waiting by the hour together on bended knee for the chance of titlark or goldfinch fluttering shyly above the toils. In the distance, stood the dark-green hill of Highgate, crowned with its

solitary spire; to the left of which, a glimpse of further Hampstead terminated the prospect. Now, if we turn our eyes in the same direction, what do we see? Bricks and tiles, and staring windows, from which, for aught we know, a thousand eyes may be looking down upon us; and there, a few yards or so to the left, the deep gorge of a railway-cutting, which has ploughed its way right through the centre of the market-gardens, and burrowing beneath the carriage-road, and knocking a thousand houses out of its path, pursues its circuitous course to the city. The cottages have vanished, and given place to a magnificent square, around which a score or more of tall streets, all undeniably genteel, and filled with inhabitants all undeniably genteel too, attest the gentility of the quarter. Where the lark sung in the clouds, there is no ornithological attestation to be heard but that confounded chattering of impudent Cockney sparrows, which are invariably the first tenants that take possession of a London house, and are to its roof what, at a later period of its existence, the rats become to its cellars—a pest and a nuisance. Where the fowler was wont to spread his nets, the poulterer now spreads his fowls; the smell of the new-mown hay is superseded by the smell of burning bricks; and as for the green fields and the distant hills of Highgate and Hampstead, they might as well be a hundred miles off, for all the good they do us behind a screen of solid brick five or six furlongs in thickness.

But a truce to complaining. Let us endeavour to trace the progress of this mighty change, and see, if we can, how it is brought about. For the first symptoms of the approach of brick and mortar—the invasion of the country by the town—we must look further afield than a stranger might suppose. The grass is waving, the oxen are browsing, and the sheep are nibbling at this moment on the sites of a hundred thousand houses, which are already in existence upon paper, locked up in lawyers' tin-cases, or in the architect's cabinet. The land upon which these are to be built is let upon short leases to gardeners, dairymen, cattle-drovers, and in some cases to farmers, who make the most of it for the short term they occupy, and with as little outlay as possible. At length contracts are completed, and the long-meditated plans have to be executed. On a sudden, the hedges and fences disappear; roads are staked out; and the verdant earth is flayed, the green hide being rolled up in strips of a foot in width, and sold for laying down in other places. This process is, however, often seriously interfered with by the travelling turf-seller, who never goes further than he can help for his merchandise, and feels that he has a natural right in all unfenced land. Then commences the sinking of clay-pits; the digging of flat ponds for

the collection of water from all the rivulets or ditches in the neighbourhood; the erection of high mounds, on which you may see a blind horse revolving in a perpetual circle, dragging round the ponderous single wheel that grinds the limestones; the setting-up of pug-mills for mixing the clay; and the piling of rough sheds, to screen the brick-makers from the heat of the sun during their toilsome labour, which, throughout the summer months, is pursued without intermission from the first glimmer of dawn until darkness puts an end to their work. In the course of a fortnight or less, the garden or the meadow is changed into a brick-factory, and soon interminable rows of gray bricks are seen stretching away in all directions, crowned with loose straw to protect them from passing showers. Then begins the burning of the bricks—a process in which the Londoners seem particularly unfortunate, judging from the lumps, as big as haystacks, which are here and there to be seen burnt into solid masses, and fit for nothing but to be broken up for road-making, and dear at a gift for that.

Pending the making of the bricks, foundations have been dug, and now a crop of handsome houses, arranged as streets, crescents, squares, or detached villas, springs out of the ground with a celerity hardly intelligible to the casual visitor. Simultaneously with the building, the carpenters' work has been going on in a huge temporary workshop erected on the spot. No sooner are the carcasses completed, than the interior fittings are ready to be adjusted; and if the demand for houses be brisk, or the neighbourhood a favourite one, you shall see a whole town born into being in a summer, and peopled ere the winter sets in by a colony of comfortable well-to-do strangers, who seem to have come into being for the express purpose of being absorbed into the evergrowing metropolis.

We have been describing the creation of a district of the genteeler sort, altogether new, and fashionably far from the seats of business. But it will as frequently happen, that the locality to be built upon is already occupied more or less with dwellings of the poorer class. There are, and always have been, within our recollection, extensive outlying districts in the suburbs of London, very strongly resembling the heterogeneous regions of squatters in a new settlement. You are walking, for the sake of exercise, some fine morning in a quarter with which you are unacquainted, and determine to explore it for the sake of gratifying your curiosity. Suddenly you step off the pavement, out of the long brick-street, which it has taken you ten minutes to traverse, and find yourself in a new world. The road is a black mould, sprinkled over with oyster-shells, broken crockery, and remnants of old sauce-pans, and sunk in ruts, a single pair, a foot deep, between which the grass grows rank and long; it is flanked by a couple of deep ditches, across which, on either side, at the distance of about twenty paces apart, a couple of rotten planks, laid side by side, serve for a bridge. Ghosts of forlorn donkeys, or at anyrate donkeys not in the flesh, wander moodily about, nosing the rank herbage, and moan wailing the dismal echoes with a bray of disappointment at the unsavoury fare. The further side of either ditch is guarded by a hedge of alders, which, being but a sorry fence, is supplemented with the staves of old casks pitched all over, and surmounted with dry twigs and sticks carelessly thrown between the straggling branches of the alders. If you step upon the bridge of plank, and peep over the top of the blue door, the hinges of which you will observe are manufactured from an old shoe, you will see at the end of the patch of ground which serves as a garden, a wretched cottage of two rooms, in one of which a woman is working at the wash-tub, while a young girl is stretching a line between the forks of a few tall fagot-sticks, in preparation for drying the clothes. There is nothing in the garden save the fading remains

of a potato-bed, and a few rows of gigantic cabbage-stumps, nearly a yard high, which may have been planted originally, for aught you know, when the cottage was first built. You pursue your way, and now the road is bedizened with fragments of shining tin, in circles and triangles, and long strips, which cling about your feet; and glancing through the hedge at your left, you perceive the tinman, or tinker, which you choose, pattering away at a kettle which he holds between his knees, as he sits on the ground at the door of his wooden hut. The tinker's garden, however, is in better trim than the washerwoman's: he has no occasion to use it for a drying-ground; and, having a fancy for onions, he has laid out a pretty patch of them, and they are thriving well. Next to the tinker dwells a shoemaker, whose wife is again a washerwoman; and next to him is a basket-maker, who has a decent fence next the ditch, having devoted a few twigs from his store to the repair of the hedge. A little further on, and you come upon a settlement that covers a space of some hundreds of square acres; and observe that, with very few exceptions, all the dwellings are cottages of one floor, having little brick-chimneys protruding crookedly from their roofs, like the feet of a pigeon in the preterpluperfect tense, through the crust of a pie. You will come to the conclusion, as you look around, that everybody's wife is a washerwoman, with the exception of the dog-stealer's, whose husband is too much of a gentleman to allow his better-half to waste her time at the tub, which she can spend more profitably in the exercise of his profession; and that a good many of the husbands, too, are in some sort washermen, engaged in the fetching, carrying, and hanging-out departments. Most of them, in spite of their confined quarters, take in lodgers, chiefly navvies and bricklayers' labourers, whom it is to be presumed, they stow away in the little cock-lofts under the pantiles. Yonder is a little chapel called Jireh, whence a very loud voice may be heard issuing on a Wednesday night or a Sunday morning; and not far from it, with a tattered union-Jack flying over the roof, is a Tom-and-Jerry shop, the landlord of which supplies treble X and nines for the accommodation of the neighbourhood.

But this happy district, which enjoys the designation of Tittlebat Fields, or something very like it, has been let for building. The tenants are served with a summary notice to quit by a certain day. The happy man who has a little freehold on the spot, is bought out, or he refuses to be bought out, and remains and lives in his beggarly cottage, till the light of heaven is shut out of it by an enclosure of high walls. The whole colony takes wing, and, scattering in all directions, settles down again in some kindred locality, further than ever from the centres of fashion. The mode of building upon a district such as this, differs very materially from that pursued in the former case. The bricks are not made upon the spot, but brought from the brick-grounds, which lie beyond the region. The level of the land is too low to allow of the required drainage, and has to be raised perhaps ten or a dozen feet. The first step, therefore, is the building of the roadways which are to intersect the district. These are raised much in the same manner as are the embankments for railways—by carting earth and rubbish from the nearest depository, and shooting it on the spot. A lively German writer, in a late work, has described the inhabitants of London as residing in houses built in ditches on each side of the roads. He would have been more correct had he said, that the roads were built up to the level of the ceilings of the basement-rooms—such being in practice the general rule. The floor of the so-called underground kitchen of a London house was never really under ground, but was laid originally a trifle above the level of the soil, and even in many cases at a considerable elevation above the level. As fast as the roads are formed, the houses, built

According to a certain plan, to which the builders are bound to adhere, rise rapidly on either side of them. It will be frequently observed, however, that they halt at a certain stage for weeks or months, and, indeed, occasionally for years, before they advance to completion. This is evidence of a state of affairs which we shall have to notice presently. As the advancing suburb pushes its way forwards, it gradually eats up the old neighbourhood. What trees there are, are felled, unless they happen to stand in some patch allotted for a garden, or in the identical spot which forms the boundary between the footpath and the road, in which case they are always left standing, and are sure to operate as a recommendation in the eyes of new-comers. The abandoned cottages are broken up into material for the new houses, of which their old bricks go to form the party-walls; and hence it frequently comes to pass, that you may remove to a new house, and find it literally swarming with vermin before it has ever been inhabited by human beings. A couple of years or so suffices to transform Tittlebat Fields into Tittlebat Town, with a splendid new church and congregational chapel, and swarming with inhabitants. Where they all come from is a mystery not easily solved, and not accountable for by the increase of population, which, as we learn from the returns, goes on but at the rate of 400 or 500 a week—though that is something.

Of the art and mystery of the builder's occupation, we do not pretend to know much; but judging from the numbers engaged in it, and from the evidences of their industry constantly rising around us, it cannot be a very unprofitable business. Doubtless it requires a good capital to carry it on to the greatest advantage; but this is constantly done, and that in a pretty large way, by men of no capital at all, beyond a little ready-money to meet the Saturday-night's wages. Whole miles of streets in London are built upon speculation, somewhat in the following way: by men who have little to lose, and everything to hope for. Chips the carpenter joins with Hod the bricklayer in renting a piece of ground for a term of eighty or ninety years. Neither of them, perhaps, has money enough to erect a single house; but between them, they contrive to get up a couple of carcasses as high as the second or third story, and there they stop. They can go no further; but at this stage of the proceeding, the houses are mortgageable; and if the situation be a good one, holding out the prospect of a speedy tenancy, capitalists are readily to be found who will advance money upon mortgage for their completion; if, on the contrary, the situation be not promising, and there be any stigma of unhealthiness resting on the locality, the speculating builders may wait a long while for the relief of the mortgagee, which explains the phenomenon we have alluded to in a former paragraph. With the money advanced upon the two first houses, Messrs Chips and Hod can finish them, and put up the semi-carasses of a couple more; and so on and on, until the whole of their land is covered. If the houses let—and that is almost invariably the case—they do well, and in course of time pay off the mortgages; if they do not let, the loss is comparatively little; and this, moreover, in the present day so rarely happens, that it forms the exception, and not the rule. Of course, in these speculations, everything depends upon the judgment of the builders. It will sometimes happen, that a row of houses built in a style of expense beyond the requirements of the neighbourhood, will have to stand empty, or to be let at an unremunerative rent; on the other hand, if the houses erected be such as to command but a low rent, the ground-rent, which is always high, the repairs, and the interest of capital, will hardly be covered by the receipts. Notwithstanding all such contingencies, however, the builders manage their affairs pretty satisfactorily. We could point to more than one who, a dozen years ago, wrought with their

own hands at the carpenter's bench, and who are now in the receipt of a clear rental of above a thousand a year each, after all drawbacks are paid. If there be any mystery in this, the solution of it will be found in the difference between the rate at which money can be borrowed in the market, and the average income it produces when invested in inhabited houses.

In the getting up of so mighty a fabric as the metropolis has become, it would be strange if some of the great principles of manufacture had not been resorted to. To simplify labour, lessen cost, and hasten construction, certain builders may be said to manufacture houses piecemeal by machinery. In the same way as the blocks and tackle of a man-of-war are turned out by the thousand, and biscuits made by the ton, in the dockyards of Portsmouth, so are floorings, joistings, doors, windows, steps for stairs, chimney-pieces, and other accessories of dwelling-houses fashioned by machines, on a scale without limit, bringing the creation of new streets within the routine of common-place manufacturing industry. Thus, partly machine, partly hand-made, does the metropolis march relentlessly onward, devouring field after field, and swallowing insatiably whatever falls in its way. The pedestrian who has been accustomed to perambulate the bounds of London during the last quarter of a century, asks what has become of all those snug and luxurious mansions imbosomed in the foliage of lofty elms, and surrounded with acres of lawn and shrubbery, the whole enclosed with high walls, and guarded by a comfortable porter's lodge, which, thirty, twenty years ago, stood like citadel sanctuaries in a hundred pleasant spots on the verge of the great Babel? Gradually they have nearly all disappeared. Mammon, under the specious aspect of 'ground-rent,' has come with the bray of his brazen trumpet, and the lofty walls have fallen as flat as those of Jericho at the blast of the ram's horns. The sacred groves have submitted to the axe; the carpeted greensward has given up its quiet being; the land being first advertised, 'To be let on Building Leases—inquire of Threelock Rule, Esq.,' is swallowed up by all-devouring London; the mansion itself is nowhere, and the owner is off somewhere, with £5000 a year added to his income.

This brings us naturally to a few words on ground-rent—the great bughair of builders and speculators, and of all who have property in houses, and have not the good-fortune to be the proprietors of a freehold. Of the ground within the boundaries of the city proper, it is probable that the larger proportion belongs to the Corporation of London. Its value for building purposes is in the precise ratio of its contiguity to the channels of traffic. An out-of-the-way spot, comparatively unfrequented, may be rented at a moderate sum; whilst a *si-cile* rood of land, in the very centre of activity, will realise a princely income. In one street, you shall hire a house of a dozen rooms for £50 or £60 a year; and in another, you may pay £250 for a couple of rooms, one of which the daylight never enters from one year's end to the other. In the best situations, the value of the ground is so enormous, that the premises standing upon it add but a mere percentage to the amount of the annual rent. We could point to houses hardly large enough for a comfortable family residence, in the occupation of tradesmen doing business behind their counters, and paying for ground-rent alone £300, £400, and £500 a year each. This abnormal value has grown up with the increase of traffic; and the question has often been mooted, whether it is morally right that a fictitious wealth, which the public has created, should be exclusively enjoyed by those who have done little or nothing towards producing it? Here is a question for the casuists, which we must leave them to decide.

Without the boundaries of the city, the land is mostly the property of the nobility and aristocracy of

the country. The Edwards and Henries of former times thoughtlessly gave away vast tracts of it to court favourites in reward for small services, real or imaginary. They little thought what a mine of wealth they were conferring upon the descendants of the fortunate recipients. The holders of these grants, however, were not slow in appreciating their value, and they bought up, while it could be done cheaply, the lands lying adjacent to their grants. At the present time, we must wander to a good distance from the city limits to get altogether clear of the estates of my Lord This, the Duke of That, or Earl Somebody, to say nothing of the lands of which Mother Church is the guardian. As London increased in size, these lands of course were covered with buildings, every one of which, in due time, became the property of the owners of the soil. The land is let for building rarely for a longer term than eighty or ninety years; and a condition of the lease binds the builder, his heirs, executors, and administrators, to deliver up the houses to the ground-landlord, *in good repair*, at the expiration of the term. This, be it observed, is no formal clause merely. We once rented a house, which 'fell in,' as it is termed, to the ground-landlord during our tenancy. Eighteen months before the close of the lease, a surveyor came down upon us, in the cause of the ground-landlord, and enforced a thorough overhauling of the dwelling from the roof to the cellars, with re-painting, re-papering, carpentering, and locksmithing, the cost of which was deducted from the landlord's rent. The effect upon the incomes of the aristocracy of this mode of doing business, may be best estimated from the single fact, that there fell in to the Duke of —, a few years ago, owing to the lapse of the ground-leases of one estate, a clear rental which was estimated at £300,000 a year. In this manner, by building on land rented for a limited period, a species of architecture is produced which stands at the lowest point in the scale of taste.

There is an old distich, which says:

The realm of Old England shall never be undone,
Till Highgate Hill stands in the middle of London.

The speculators in land for building appear to have perfect faith in this suggestive legend. Looking upon what has been done, and at what the railways promise to do, they recognise no boundary to the extension of the metropolis. Away to all points of the compass, and far beyond the limits of any town-district, all the purchasable land has been bought and sold, and sold again. Even though utterly unproductive, as some of it is, it is constantly rising in value, and a good deal of it is constantly changing owners. This branch of speculation appears to be a favourite source of excitement among retired tradesmen—old hands at business, with judgments matured in the experience of bargains, not a few of whom, to our knowledge, have more than doubled their capital since they bade adieu to the shop-counter, and gave up, as they imagined, finally, the idea of money-making. These cunning old fellows never build—they know better. They know that Highgate Hill will get into the middle of London in good time without their dabbling in bricks and mortar; but there is no reason why these substantial materials should not be made to pay toll to their sagacity as they proceed on their destined march. They may be met with on a dry walking-day, either in winter or summer, pacing a slope of ground, or measuring it with a walking-stick exactly a yard in length, or copying the conditions of a lease, or sale into their corpulent pocket-books from the black-board mounted on a pole, upon which the required information is inscribed in white letters. London advances through the gripe of their itching palms, and hastens to accomplish her destiny with a speed nothing retarded by their interference. Already have the columns of brick advanced to the very foot of Highgate Hill, and the green sides of that picturesque acclivity,

spotted with red and white patches, begin to manifest unmistakable symptoms of the advancing tide of population. Highgate Hill may never be the centre of the metropolis; but that it is destined, in a few short years, to be clad in a mantle of red brick, few who have witnessed the systematic measures in progress in that direction during the present reign will feel inclined to doubt.

MY PRESENTATION AT COURT.

Mr dowager countess-housekeeper and myself* were thrown into a state of lively commotion: it was new life to her; it was something more like impending execution to me. At ten o'clock, on Monday morning, came the delightful old man, who tells me he is courier to the British Embassy at Stockholm, and in that capacity he brought me a note from the kind and worthy representative of our own most gracious Queen, to tell me I was to be presented at the court of Sweden, and must be ready at two o'clock that afternoon, to accompany Sir E——— to the palace. Alas! alas! I cried to myself, how unintelligible to great people are the difficulties of the little! I flew to my old hostess. To be presented at two o'clock, and nothing ready!

'Have you got a train to your dress?'

'No.'

What could be done? To go, she declared to be impossible; to decline going, was not to be thought of. Fertile in expedients, where what is vulgarly called 'making shifts' may be useful, many Swedish brains are said to be; and the good lady would soon have made out a means of procuring for me, by loan or otherwise, the train of which I was deficient; but a second look at the brief billet I had in my hand, relieved my anxious breast. It was not to the queen, it was to the mistress of the robes I was to be presented that afternoon.

'Madame, in that case you will not wear the train; you will go in a black dress and a shawl.'

'I may wear any dress I like: see, here is a postscript—my usual visiting-dress.'

'Well, that is black. Certainly none of our ladies would pay a first visit, especially to a lady of the court, in any dress but a black one.'

'Well, but I am not one of your ladies. I will, however, wear my black velvet mantle with fur'—

'Madame, a shawl is necessary.'

'Allons! I have got no shawl, and very little time,' I cried, and ran away.

Presently after came my old hostess to my apartments with a thick black crape shawl in her hand. 'Madame, if you will take my advice, you will not go to the palace without a shawl. This is one I can lend you: I used to wear it when I went into the world.' To save her from talking on, and giving me all her experience of the world, and knowledge of its customs and fashions as they were forty years ago, I took the shawl, and listened to her directions: how I was to wear my black velvet till I came to the tambour or entrance-hall, of the lady's apartments in the palace; that I was then and there to take off and leave my velvet mantle and outer shoes, and to arrange the black shawl on my shoulders previous to coming into the presence of the mistress of the robes; that I might take my white gloves in my pocket, and put them on at the same time—that saved them.

This being all arranged, I took the black crape shawl and put it up carefully in my drawer, where it

* See 'The Dourne Ball,' in No. 478.

remained till I came back from my visit. Punctually at two o'clock came his excellency's equipage, and myself and my velvet mantle got into it. Rapidly did the sledge drive over beautiful Norrbro, or North Bridge, and up the snow-covered Palace Hill, and then we entered the wide cold vaults, or underground region of that fine edifice. The passage leading under the palace, or rather right through it, is considered public property. It is one of the chief thoroughfares. There is no policeman there to interdict the right of way.

We went through the long chilly vaults, or arched passages, which support the building; passed the royal kitchens, and peeped at the cook and his white-jacketed helpers; did not know at all where to go; but at last met a man in royal livery, who proved to be the very one we wanted—the servant of the mistress of the robes.

We mounted an immense flight of great bare stone-steps; and up at the top of that vast palace, we were ushered into a very little room with a very large window. The man, I think, made a movement to take off my velvet mantle; but not having the crape shawl under it, I evaded the movement by a little dip, and carried the contraband article into the actual presence of the mistress of the robes.

My good hostess had told me how I must behave, what I must do, and what I must say; but, alas! for her pupil, all her directions were locked up with her shawl at home, or as well might have been. That large window was straight before me as I came into the little room, and I saw nothing else. An exclamation of rapture burst from the lips which had been taught to utter a formal compliment. It was a beautiful idea to put that great window in that little reception-room! The frozen scenery broke away the ice of formality—even of Swedish formality. A description of such a view would be useless: it was as curious to English eyes as it was beautiful—extending over the frozen scenery of the Baltic, and its splendid tributary, Lake Mader, with the island of ships and the ice-bound vessels; the current of fresh water pouring in strength too great for frost to mingle itself with the salt. Swedish formality is only external: it is assumed, not natural—put on and taken off with facility. I forgot it altogether, and I believe its absence was not missed; for the mistress of the robes and myself chatted very pleasantly. That window opened a safety-valve for all the fears I had felt.

I was asked, if I desired the honour of being presented to her majesty; and with due humility I answered: 'That if I might aspire to it, I did so.'

'Certainly you may,' was the reply. 'You will then have only to appear at the grand ball that is to be given the night after to-morrow. Her majesty desires me to invite you: you will have a special invitation besides; but I am to inform you now, that her majesty will be happy to receive you at the fête which takes place at the palace on Carl's-day, or the Name-day of the Crown-prince Carl.'

In former times, every day in the year had its saint; and children often found a name from the almanac. Now, the Swedes have abolished a great many saints in their almanacs and in their churches, and substituted kings, warriors, or other noted personages in their stead. Every royal person must have a name-day in the almanac, as well as a birthday; and when they do not find such names there already, the law-makers change one for them. Thus, there never was an Oscar before in the 865 names of the Swedish almanac; but there is one now: King Oscar has his name-day, and some one, who lived before him, has lost his. Prince Carl found his name ready-made; for his grandfather, Carl Johan, was the fourteenth who bore it on the throne of Sweden, and he adopted it with the crown when he abdicated the French one of Baptiste.

'You will go to the palace with Sir —,' said the

kind mistress of the robes. 'I will receive and present you.'

'If Sir — will take me,' I cried in English, looking frightened. A bow and friendly smile dispelled the fear. I was about to withdraw, when I ventured to ask the anxious question—In what manner should I be dressed?

'Will you dance?' was the query in return. 'If you dance, you must wear white; then the princes will see that, and invite you to dance with them.'

'I never dance.'

'Then you must wear black. You must have short white sleeves, puckered up with black ribbon, and a train like your dress; for all the rest, you are at liberty: we are by no means strict in our fashions here. You may choose your head-dress.'

I courtesied back to the door—the room was a very little one—and hastened home to delight my old hostess with all the bustle and anxiety of preparing for a presentation at court.

The good lady most pertinaciously tries to get me to dress and act in conformity with the fashions that existed in the world of Sweden when she mixed in it about forty years ago. No other world, past or present, has she any idea of; and to be out of this, her now ideal world, is, in her opinion, to be—what? I suspect an uncivilised Briton. The conventional laws of Swedish society, as thus described, appear to me exceedingly galling; and I act the rebel on the simple plea of non-naturalisation—of being, in all respects, an alien to them. But such a thing as a court presentation, is one that places me completely under the good lady's yoke. There is not a single point in all my antecedents on which I can rest, not a precedent in all my long experience I can adduce; I know nothing that may be like a presentation at the court of Stockholm, and so the dear old dame must have her own way, and school me, as she loves well to do. Court fashions are unchanging; court etiquette and court costume are despotic.

But the head-dress had been left at my own option; glad to exercise self-will, I went to the old countess as soon as I thought of this.

'I shall wear feathers in my head,' I said, thinking of our own court, where plumes are indispensable.

'Feathers!' she repeated, looking very grave; 'you told me you were not married. Have you married since?'

'There has not been time.'

'Then, madame—you choose to be called madame, too, and not *maizell*? Well! let me tell you, however, that people may not understand. No one in our country can wear feathers who is not married—that is to say, in the head; they may wear them in bonnets; but if you are seen with feathers in your head, all the world will say you are married.'

'That would be a calumny. But where do the single ladies put their bonnets when they put feathers in them?'

'They put them on—in their heads certainly.'

'But then are not the feathers also on their heads?'

'Madame, if you do not wish to understand, it is not my fault. You may wear a feather in your bonnet if you are unmarried, but if you wear one on your head, then you are married.'

I made a bow of assent, which softened the despotism that was rising.

'No, madame, I assure you that will not go on here. You do not know our country; that is natural, for in England they do not know much of other places; but when strangers come here, it is better to learn to do as we do.'

Well, at last I was equipped for Carl's-day: in a black silk dress, with little white silk sleeves, curiously looped up with black, and with a train that was the glory of all, and which gave full employment to the ancient countess; she, standing in the centre of the

great saloon, to imitate the queen of Sweden, and still, very condescendingly, shewing me how I was to let my train fall when I made my reverence, and to gather it up when the business was over; and telling me a tale of a splendid lady who made such a beautiful reverence, and wore such a full train, that her husband went with her to draw it out when she let it drop, so that it might be seen to advantage while she courtesied.

To tell the truth, these same 'reverences' sadly disturbed my peace of mind. The Swedes, of all ranks, are undoubtedly the first courtesy-makers in the world—at least in the world that I have seen; as an Englishman of rank said: 'A housemaid here will make you a courtesy worthy of a duchess.' Circumstances recall accidental words. I studied, and studied, and studied my reverences; I am sure I never knew my face and figure so well before then, for I was continually practising at the long glass; but yet it was with a failing heart that at a quarter before nine o'clock, on the evening of Carl's day, I heard the cry: 'The carriage is coming!'—and saw the English-looking lights flashing through the gloom.

I ran full speed to the saloon, let fall my train, and made such a courtesy to my hostess, that the state-loving dame was enraptured, really thinking I meant it as a matter-of-fact leave-taking salutation to herself, whereas I only wanted to act again the rehearsal of my part at the palace. She followed me as I got on my mufflers, calling out even while venturing her nose into the miserably chilly air of the stone-passage: 'Now, madame, remember to let your train drop well when you make your reverence; and remember, you must let it drop whenever the king or queen or princes come to speak to you; and you must let your long shawl drop from your shoulders also; and you must'—The stairs were too long and too cold for me to heat the rest.

With our mufflings on, we ascended the wide and very long stone-stairs of the Swedish palace. I thought we never should get to the top. Were it in England, we should believe we were mounting to a tower-top, instead of to the reception-rooms of a king; and yet, the palace of Stockholm, viewed outside, in my opinion wants elevation. At last, having gained the summit, our boots and cloaks were taken off; my hood I displaced myself. I was the only lady of the party; and I was conducted by my kind patron to a room, where the lights, or my own pre-occupation somewhat bewildering me, I saw only a number of officers, and ladies in court-dresses ranged in lines. I was not aware of the presence of the hero of the day, the dashing crown-prince, and the crown-princess, until my recent acquaintance, the mistress of the robes, coming up, caught my hand, and saying: 'I will present you to their royal highnesses first,' turned me round, and, to my confusion, shewed me that I had not distinguished the handsome hussar uniform, which is nearly as rare now in Stockholm as Queen Anne's farthing in England. I was presented; their royal highnesses talked to me in French, and I replied, but I do not know what either of us said. An English attaché whispered me not to stay talking to them so long, but to go to the ladies; I placed myself in the ranks accordingly, but scarcely had I done so, when the mistress of the robes came hastily up, and catching my hand, said I must not stand there. She led me inside the folding-doors of the next room, and desired me to stand near the door till she should come to lead me to her majesty.

The lady went away, and I was alone; my other acquaintances were in the outer room; in the centre of that wherein I stood, a number of officers, aides-de-camp, and gentlemen of the court, were grouped together with many ladies; they were all talking Swedish, which I could read, but at that time could not readily understand when spoken, especially when many persons spoke together. I was apart from them, yet near to them; and feeling

by no means at ease, I contrived to work back until I got behind the shelter of the folding-door: a marble slab was at one side, the door at the other, and the wall at my back. Thus intrenched, I leaned an arm on the slab of marble, my back to the wall, and turned my face to the door, so that seeing nothing else myself, I thought nothing could see me.

It was strange enough to feel alone in the midst of a vast foreign palace, filled with living, moving beings, among whom one had no companionship; an atom, isolated, as it were, from the mass of society, like a bird that had broken its cage-wires and alighted among flocks of its kind, with whom it was connected by nature, but separated by circumstance—who wondered where it had come from, and to whom the notes of the others were strange. Poor little wanderer! alone, though among its kindred, it would still preserve the sense of distinctiveness, as much as if it mixed with a different order of creation.

I fell into a long fit of musing: whether my thoughts were in the past, present, or future, I know not; but I have some idea, that while I stood thus in that noble palace, surrounded with pomp and splendour, and waiting the honour of being presented to the queen of Sweden, my thoughts contrived to roll away backward, and trace out the handsome and adventurous youth who, enticed by those seductive instruments, the fife and the drum, left the Pyrenean town of Pau, to follow the wonderful career of Napoleon Bonaparte, and to rise by his own merit to be the king of Sweden and Norway. I had been in the house at Pau wherein the soldier of fortune was born; in the same town I had seen also the old castle wherein Henry IV. of France was born; and I might have been thinking how both these brave soldiers exchanged their religion, whatever religion they had, for a crown—Henry IV. becoming a Roman Catholic for that of France, and Carl Johan a Protestant for that of Sweden. And so from that humble dwelling in Pau I was transplanted to the palace of Stockholm; and I stood in it surrounded with state, and brightness, and pleasure—but he, the soldier and the king, had changed it again for another dwelling, lower still than the first—a tomb in Riddarsholmen Church.

Whether my thoughts were most in the town of Pau, in the palace of Stockholm, or in the Church of the Isle of Knights, where Sweden's kings are entombed, I cannot exactly say, but I know I was thinking of anything in the world but the presentation I had come for, and was quite unconscious that the buzz of voices, which had been as a confused noise to my ears had ceased, when a low voice spoke close beside me—spoke to me, for its few words were English, though, I believe, it could not say many more in that language. 'There is no one to present you; but I do not make ceremony with you. I know you very well; I have seen you on the promenade.' I saw indistinctly, with a half-averted head, the glitter of white satin, and gold, and diamonds. I started into an upright posture, but only so as to bring myself perpendicularly between the wall and the king and queen, who were as near as they well could be to me in front.

'And this is'—I verily believe her majesty might have said 'Oscar, for she put out her hand, and left a blank in her introduction; and the king filled it up by saying something in French, and adding: 'Je parle Anglais vecree kettie.'

'And is it possible,' I said to myself afterwards, 'that my presentation at court is over?' I had not made a single reverence; I had not displayed a bit of my train; I verily do believe their majesties to this day do not know that I had one! But what was I to do? The only reverence I could make was more like that of an Irish peasant than of a graceful Swede—a perpendicular dip; and as for letting my train drop, as I had been taught, it was just as well tucked under my arm; for

unless a wall has eyes, there were no others to see it. My poor old countess, what trouble she had had for nothing! And before I could move from the wall, and the slab, and the door, there flocked up a charming group of young princes and a princess, and formed a semicircle round all—a perfect enclosure, of a very charming and most amiable aspect—their smiling faces looked as if they bore a greeting to a friend, instead of a formal salutation to a stranger. Sweet and happy family! The stranger you welcomed that night 'has often thought of you—yes, has given to your griefs a tear, more sincere, perhaps, than the smile she once gave to your joys. One of that happy group has gone; one link in that fair fresh circle has dropped away; the first break in a happy family is caused by the death of the really lovely and most beloved Prince Gustaf, who that night looked so sweet and talked so pleasantly. That mother's heart has felt its first mother's grief; and that amiable king has wept a father's tears—the first, and may they be the last!

These pleasant and simple young persons surrounded me, talking English so well and so affably: they all had something to tell me about myself, and of course their knowledge of me was a wonder; but while I was talking to them, a general move took place; they left me, and the little old queen-dowager came up, smiling and nodding, and asking how I amused myself in Stockholm; if I found it dull; and seemingly disposed, if I said yes, to propose a 'distraction.' But putting up her eye-glass, and nodding her head, she too went off; and when I looked up I was alone—quite alone, in that royal chamber. The whole company had followed the royal hosts to the grand saloon, and I was left to meditate or to ramble about as I pleased, at discretion. I chose the latter, and set off on a peregrination through the palace. A chamberlain found me before I had gone very far; to him I was forced to explain my position—namely, as a stray sheep who had no shepherd. He very kindly offered to act in that capacity, and said if I would do him the honour to take his arm, he would conduct me to the grand saloon. We went through many chambers, came into a gallery adorned with pictures and hot-house plants, and additionally lined with officers of the household, and some persons who had come to look on; and then we entered an immense room, the aspect of which, if the perspective were not interrupted by the ill-placed pillars, would be really magnificent: there I was placed among the ladies-in-waiting, and there I sat looking on at what his majesty asked me if I did not think was 'a furious dance,' until eleven o'clock, the usual supper hour of Sweden, when we went to supper; on which occasion I should have been lost again, if the master of the ceremonies, the kind and excellent Baron Bonde, had not taken me under his protection.

This royal supper was a regular Swedish one. Fish in every form; a sort of rather coarse-looking mutton-chops; pease, which are excellently preserved in this country for winter use; and all sorts of game, are the chief dishes: ices, it may be supposed, are plentiful, and they are excellent; in the heated rooms, nothing can be more delightful, and I never thought it possible to eat with impunity so many as I have done here.

Except on festive occasions, wine is rarely used at a Swedish supper; and no party is thought anything of without a supper. The young Swedes may go out to dance, but it seems the elder ones go out to eat.

'The good people,' said a hospitable English gentleman, 'do so well enjoy a supper, it would be a pity not to give them one: it repays one to see them eat it.'

'You English,' said a Swede, 'never care for suppers, because you dine at night.' But though wine is not used at suppers, the Swedes cannot be more surprised at our taking wine openly, than our English ladies would be

to see a young girl drink off a large tumbler of foaming porter in an elegant ball-room, where it is handed as a restorative after the violent dancing exercise. The general and favourite drink here, however, is milk, which is regularly presented at all parties, and one, two, and three glasses of which are quaffed, both by men and women. At my own little tea-parties, ale, milk, and punch are first handed round, under the direction of my countess-housekeeper, who thinks that to drink so much tea and coffee as I do is a lack of sobriety. Ladies, indeed, are seldom seen to take anything but milk, or if they are invalids, sometimes milk and weak beer boiled together. At the king's supper, however, we drank the health of 'Crown-Prince Carl' in champagne.

Then we returned to the dancing-saloon, where we remained till three o'clock in the morning. Words can hardly give an idea of anything more tiresome than a great Stockholm ball to those who neither dance nor have daughters to make dance; the tender anxieties of the latter case being an occupation in itself. There is no provision made for those poor ladies who are not on the dancing or marrying lists. You have nothing to do in such a case, but to look on at the energetic dancing of these happier creatures till your eyes ache and your head grows dizzy: the amusement is not varied; no other is thought of; the noisy music of the orchestra is the only sound you can hear. You may sit in other rooms, certainly, and talk—if you find any one to talk to; but the old gentlemen are at cards in an unapproachable apartment; the others, who are not dancing, congregate by themselves in another. There is no promenade; there is no music; there is nothing for you but to follow the patient example of their majesties of Sweden, who often sit, as they did this evening, quietly in their royal chairs, looking on at the dancers from nine in the evening till two or three in the morning, excepting only from that devoted period the time allotted to the work of supper-eating. The ball concluded with a pretty dance, performed by the crown-prince and his young wife alone. It was the most pleasing to me, the royal couple seeming so good and so well matched in all respects. King Oscar, who is a most affectionate father, came up to me when it was finished, and said words I am not likely to forget: 'Do not Carl and Louise dance well together?' The tone, the look, the words, are quite an epitome of his character. If it had been the humblest of his subjects speaking with simplicity of two little pet children, the words would have been as natural, but perhaps not so well remembered. And just in keeping with the speech, was the kindness with which, when, at three o'clock, a nobleman in attendance presented to his majesty a cup of coffee, he turned to the stranger, and asked if she too would not have some. Matters that are almost less than trifles in themselves, when they indicate the character of those whose position is great, acquire some degree of greatness.

Very weary, yet much gratified by the amiability of the truly charming royal family of Sweden, I descended the vast, bare, chillingly cold stone-stairs, which always remind one of being in Scandinavia, whatever refinement above them may tempt you to forget the fact, and in the passage (having the right of entry) the sledge of Sir E—— was waiting, its windows cased with a rim of iron-hard ice, a full inch thick, and several inches high; something like a misty rain had been falling when we came, and such was the change that had now occurred. And so I got back to my room, and was afraid to leave it all the next day, lest I should have to tell my old state-loving hostess that not one of my well-practised reverences had been made, nor a single bit of my little train displayed.

She heard the story, however; and when I confessed that my train had been tucked over my arm the whole night, she lifted up both hands, and exclaimed:

"I never tell any one else of your presentation except! It is just as if you had not been presented at all." I assured her that I knew how to keep my own secrets.

SUPPRESSION OF SPIRIT-TRAFFIC—IS IT POSSIBLE HERE?

WHILE the public mind in England is full of painful feeling regarding 'involuntary servitude' in America (the new president deserves the thanks of his country for this admirable phrase), few are thinking of a movement originated and going on in the United States, by which, if permanently successful, our transatlantic cousins must gain a more than counterbalancing honour. We allude to what is called the Maine Liquor Law, which has already been the subject of some remarks in these pages. Our readers are aware, that by an act of the legislature of the state of Maine, in June 1851, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, excepting for certain peculiar purposes, was entirely suppressed. Distilleries and taverns ceased from that time to exist in the country, and an immense improvement of morals was immediately produced. Important interests were of course concerned to obtain a reversal of this law; and it might have been supposed, that it would not be difficult to induce the mob to take that side. But no—the elections have since gone hollow in favour of those who proclaim war against the traffic. So it may be said that the act has received every assurance of approval that could be desired. More than this, the neighbouring states of Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island—four out of the five constituting New England—seeing the good that has flowed from the measure in Maine, have recently passed similar laws; and a movement to the same effect is under consideration in New York and Pennsylvania. The Maine law has likewise been passed by the legislature of the British colony of New Brunswick; to this act Queen Victoria has given her sanction; so that, in the language of our friend George Cruikshank,* *there is now actually a portion of the British Empire where the traffic in strong drink is prohibited by law.* Mr Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Liquor Law, is indefatigable in propagating a faith in it throughout America. He assures a friend in this country, that 'the question is more agitated than any other in half the states of the Union, in Nova Scotia, and the Canadas.' He considers the traffic as doomed to a speedy annihilation throughout those countries; for 'the masses who have the votes are moving in solid phalanx against it, as prejudicial to the interests and happiness of all.' He adds: 'The elections in many of our states turn in some degree upon this question, and in several of them it controls the elections; and throughout the nation, within five years, the question—"Shall drinking-houses and tippling-shops be suppressed?" will be the great question at issue at the ballot-box. The law so far operates admirably, exceeding all our expectations.'

We would not be too ready to take Mr Dow's opinion on the subject, as he may well be presumed to feel sanguinely about it; but, though the law may be to some extent evaded, we see reason to believe that it is in the main successful, both in suppressing the use

of liquor and in producing the moral improvement among the masses. Such a fact as the rejection for the lower house in Maine, in 1852, of a bill in favour of the continuance of the law, and only 23 against, with 19 against 2 for the upper house, speaks conclusively as to the popular approval of the measure in that country. The reduction of the number of police cases, the increase of business at the grocers' shops, and the abandonment of a designed new jail and almshouse, are facts equally unequivocal regarding the moral results actually effected. From the greater fixity of all things in this old aristocratic country, we are scarcely prepared to receive or understand the rapidity of movement which characterises all public affairs in republican America, and hence we are apt to feel an unwarrantable incredulity respecting this sudden turn to teetotalism by law. But, whatever may be its ultimate results, there is assuredly no room for reasonable doubt, that this monster evil has been trampled down in a large part of the Union, and seems likely soon to receive its quietus in the whole of Anglo-Saxon America. If this wonderful reform shall be truly accomplished in that country, the honour, we must say, will be enviable.

Whether it would be practicable to obtain a law in this country to extinguish the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, we are not prepared to say. Every one will readily allow, that the indulgence in this class of drinks is the main cause of all the crime and poverty that prevail; that it is that, and that almost alone, which produces such afflicting scenes of vice and suffering in our large towns. But many who make this admission would hesitate to adopt as a cure the declaring the spirit traffic illegal. It has been found that a very small rise of Excise-duty on spirits, leads at once to contraband distillation; and that any particular stringency in licensing dealers in liquors produces a crop of unlicensed traders in the article. Are we to expect that, in wholly suppressing the legalised, we are thoroughly to prevent the springing up of a contraband traffic? It would be important to know how long these tendencies will be successfully met in America. Besides objections presented on this score, the disinclination to adopt extreme measures will make the English by no means hasty in following the American example. It will be asked: Is the use of wine, in the most moderate degree, to be proscribed by law, because a number of ignorant and debased persons choose to exceed all bounds, and become a public nuisance? We can hardly realise the idea of such a question being debated in the House of Commons, though we can fancy the surprise and contempt with which it would be treated in the higher circles of society. The interests of a great trade would also rally powerfully, beside those who would have scruples about interfering with the liberty of individual movement, and that other large class who simply present against such movements the dead-weight of indifference, and want of faith in whatever promises too well. Even the considerations of revenue must form a difficulty here. Yet, feeling in our own case the hopelessness of all cure besides the radical one for an evil so monstrous—satisfied, as we have finally become, that to interfere with individual liberties, where each man's freedom is a nuisance to his neighbour, as well as a danger to himself, is properly within the power of the state—we must acknowledge, that if a solution of

* *The Glass and the New Crystal Palace.* By George Cruikshank; with Cuts. London: Cassell. 1853.

the work of the Pulszkies in America, issued under a somewhat fantastic title—*White Red Black**—is one of the best books of the kind which has made its appearance for several years—shrewd in observation, generally sound in opinion, and as lively and amusing as any one can possibly desire. The book is a joint-production—Mr Pulszky doing the graver chapters, among which Madame intersperses extracts from her diary; and we are not sure that the lady is not the better writer of the two. It will, however, be asked, who are these writers? Pulszky is a Hungarian—a man of letters brought up to the law. He married the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr Walthers, a wealthy Hebrew merchant of Vienna, and with her dowry purchased an estate in Hungary, where he was returned to the Diet. From the first, he was a political ally of Kossuth, and, as some think, possessed of higher qualifications for statesmanship than the ex-governor. At the termination of the political struggle in Hungary, the estate of Pulszky was confiscated, and he was placed on the list of those who were condemned to death. Escaping from their unhappy country, the Pulszkies accompanied Kossuth in his journey through the United States, and came in for a considerable share of the ovation. Both husband and wife have resided in England, where they acquired a knowledge of our institutions; and what is more marvellous, they have learned to express themselves in English with the greatest ease and propriety.

THE PULSZKIES IN AMERICA.

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Travelling from place to place, and lodged for the most part as guests in the houses of the more respectable and intelligent inhabitants, the Pulszkies enjoyed the best opportunities of seeing private life in America, and of recording popular sentiments. Liberal in opinion, they nevertheless do not quite sympathise with all that they either see or hear, and do not scruple, on occasion, to administer something like rebuke. On the whole, the tone is candid and kindly; and the most fastidious Americans have little reason to find fault with the accounts which have been given of their manners.

Mrs Pulszky, like other travellers, notices the facility parents possess for sending forth their children into the world. She remarks that people marry young, and that 'society is in the happy state that many children are considered great blessings, and not great cares, as is generally the case on the continent of Europe. And this, as I often had opportunity to remark in America, is not owing only to the greater facility of getting employment for them, but more especially to the rational view that young men have to push their own way; and that, after they have got the benefit of a good education, they are not to depend on their parents for support. Therefore, it is not only the son of the poor and of the little educated families who must look forward to *make himself a man*, but in all classes we meet *self-made men*, who, in consequence, are independent, not only in position and fortunes, but likewise by their practical experience; and who, for this very reason, become fit to be self-governed citizens.'

She adds, respecting a gentleman who was:—He 'is likewise such a *self-made man*—yet a boy of fourteen, he engaged in business, beginning with a small capital, he now, in the prime of manhood, commands ample possessions; and yet each of his sons—so he told me—must choose some profession; for nothing is more despicable and unfortunate, he said, than men without occupation—a life of mere pleasure kills enjoyment.'

The family of the above-mentioned person, as usual, complained of the trouble with domestic servants; whereupon our lady-traveller administers a gentle hint, that, so long as the female sex is expected not to work, and while 'independence' means 'every one for himself,' little else is to be looked for.

One day, Mrs Pulszky was asked: If it was true that Kossuth had received a deputation of coloured persons? and great was the surprise that such had been the case. In that free state, 'to see coloured persons in a drawing-room, was obviously an offence against a prejudice of the aristocracy of colour, as deeply rooted as the horror of high born continental ladies for those whose pedigree cannot prove a renge of sixteen noble ancestors. I could not refrain to tell to Mr —, as a parallel case, that one of those exclusive ladies in Vienna, who often was in want of money, and found herself obliged occasionally to receive a banker who transacted her business—had her drawing-room fumigated as often as that gentleman left it. She found the aristocratic air of her drawing-room was polluted by the breath of low-born persons, who were mere bankers. But the American could not find out the parallelism of the case, and thought it monstrous that the relation of whites to whites should be compared to the relation of white men, free and equal, to coloured persons of an inferior race, slaves themselves, or at least the sons and descendants of slaves. No social intercourse on the basis of equality is possible with them, even in the free states. But it is not only the white man who looks down upon the black. From the dark mulatto to the hardly-tinted quadroon, every lighter shade claims a grade of pre-eminence, acknowledged by the full black and the white. A mulatto girl sewed for me in the hotel, and I soon remarked that one of the black waiters attended on her with uncommon courtesy, and I brought her for her dinner every dainty the kitchen and the cellar afforded, as if ordered by us. I thought this extravagant, and told it to the house-keeper, who exclaimed: "The bad girl, to degrade her if so far as to accept attention from a black fellow!" This, then, was the great error—not that she had accepted a bottle of champagne, to which she had no right, but that she had accepted it "*from the black fellow*!"

Americans are puzzled with our complicated system of titles of nobility. 'There are,' says Mr Pulszky, 'lords who are peers, and lords who are not peers; and again lords who are neither peers nor lords, but who are called so by courtesy; there are honourables and right honourables, reverends and right reverends, and nobody knows the real rank and precedence of a Roman Catholic bishop; there are lieutenants who are captains, and captains who are majors, and generals who are colonels, and the serjeants are barristers, and the barons are judges, and everybody is an esquire who wears a good coat.' But every country has its oddities of this kind. In the United States, where

hereditary titles of rank are unknown, the deficiency is compensated by the abundance of captains, majors, colonels, generals, and judges. The Americans also delight in giving nicknames, generally of an ironical nature, and seldom malicious. In the work before us, the following instructive details on this point are presented:—

General Jackson was called *Old Hickory*, on account of his inflexible character; his diplomatic successor in the White House, Martin Van Buren, was known as the *Little Magician*; and his son, John Van Buren, remains until now the *Prince*. General Harrison was *Old Tip*, an abbreviation of Tippecanoe, where he had defeated the Indians under their prophet, the brother of Tecumseh. General Zachary Taylor was designated by the name *Old Zack*, *Rough-and-ready*; and Henry Clay, as the *Millboy of the slashes*, in remembrance of his origin. Webster is the *Great Expounder*, the *God-like*, or simply *Black Dan*. Corwin, the secretary of treasury, is the *Wagon-boy*. Thomas Benton, the great Missourian, is known as *Old Bullion*. Douglas, the Democratic senator of Illinois, who is scarcely taller than Louis Blanc or Thiers, is the *Little Giant*. General Winfield Scott got his name of *Chippewa* from his victory over the English in the last war, and *Hasty Blade of Soap*, from an expression which slipped from his pen in one of his bulletins, written hurriedly on the ground where he defeated the Mexicans. General Houston, the late president of Texas, got his name of *San Jacinto* from the battle-field on which he had taken prisoner the president of Mexico, Santa Anna, and all his army. General Cass, the distinguished senator of Michigan, is the *Great Michigander*. Governor William H. Seward, the most influential party-leader in the Whig ranks, is known as *Little Billy*, because he had defeated Governor Marcy in New York, by advocating the issue of smaller bills by the banks, when the Democratic Marcy, true to his party principles, had vetoed the bill of the legislature in this respect. But not only the great men, even the cities and the states have their nicknames, and they are familiar to every American. Washington, for instance, is the *City of magnificent distances*. New York, the *Empire City*; Philadelphia, the *Quaker City*; Baltimore, the *Monument City*; Boston, the *City of Notions*, or the *Puritan City*; Newhaven, the *Elm City*; Buffalo, the *Queen City of the Lakes*; Pittsburgh, the *Iron City*; Cleveland, the *Forest City*; Cincinnati, *Porkopolis*, or the *Queen City of the West*; St. Louis, the *Monad City*; Louisville, the *Fall City*; New Orleans, the *Crescent City*. The state of New York, bearing in its arms the rising sun, with the motto, "Excelsior," is the *Empire or Excelsior State*; Connecticut, the *Free-stone State*; Massachusetts, the *Bay State*; Vermont, the *Green Mountain State*; New Hampshire, the *Groan State*; Rhode Island, *Little Rhoda*; Pennsylvania, the *Keystone State*; Virginia, the *Old Dominion*, or the *Mother of States and Statesmen*; Delaware, the *Diamond State*. South Carolina, the *Palm-tree State*; Texas, the *Lone Star State*; California, the *Golden Region*; Mississippi, the *Bayou State*; Louisiana, the *Crocodile State*; and Kentucky, the *Dark and Bloody Ground*. The inhabitants of Florida are *Cowboys*; those of Ohio are called *Backs*; those of Iowa, *Hawkeyes*; and those of Illinois, *Suckers*; the Missourians call themselves *Poles*, the Indiana people, *Hoosiers*; the Michiganians, *Wolverines*; and Wisconsinans, *Budgers*. All these nicknames are familiar to, and frequently used by the Americans.

The political parties in the States, of whose precise character so little is satisfactorily known in this country, are next treated of in a manner more clear and succinct than has hitherto come under our notice. The two great parties, as is known, are the Whigs and Democrats—the Whigs being inclined to Conservatism, in the English sense of the term, and the Democrats being advocates of the broadest popular action. Yet,

each is divided into a variety of sub-parties; for there are Progressists among the Whigs, and Retrogrades among the Democrats. One variety of the Whigs have the name of Silver-grays, who 'are allied to the old Hunker Democrats; and the Seward-men are often voting with Barnburners and Locofocos.' As for the origin of this last-mentioned designation: 'The progressive wing of Democracy was originally called *Locofocos*, or concisely *Locos*, from the fact, that at a great democratic meeting, where the Old Hunkers, after having carried their resolutions in a hurried way, adjourned and put the lights out, the progressive section remained in the dark hall, and lighting the gas up by a locofoco-match (the American name for lucifer-matches), continued the meeting, and reconsidered the resolutions of the Conservatives. The name of Locofoco, however, is now applied to the whole party; for, to the Whigs, every Democrat is a firebrand. The thorough-going liberal Democrats got, therefore, in New York, another name—namely, *Barnburners*—from a phrase of one of their orators, who said that they must burn the barns in order to expel the rats; in Maine they are called *Wildcats*. The *Softshells* form the transition between the Hunkers and Barnburners—they are half-and-halves, whilst the *Hardshell Hunkers* are the most Conservative party in the world, averse to every social and intellectual movement.'

The *Pulszkies* speak with concern of the mental excitement which arises from the undue pursuit of material interests, unrelieved by those temporary and refining elements which wholesomely prevail in advanced states of society. It is very evident, that nowhere in civilised communities does religious fanaticism assume such wild and degrading forms as in America. 'The Americans, especially those in the west,' shrewdly observes one of the writers before us, 'have little leisure to enjoy nature, no art to refine their feelings; their manners proscribe the amusements of Europe. The soul must grow weary of the tinkling of dollars, of the purely material aim of their life. They long for excitement; the ladies grow nervous, and work themselves into trances and visions, and cheat themselves and others. Spiritual circles are formed in lieu of balls and concerts and theatres. The gentlemen attend these representations, and are too much worn out by business to look deep into the matter. Besides, such fancies become epidemic. I remembered that it is here, in the west, where, in the camp-meetings and the forest-gatherings of the Methodists, people get spasmodic contortions, and begin to roll, to jerk, to dance, and to bark. They have visions and trances, and are thrown into a state of ecstasy similar to a protracted catalepsy. One of the gentlemen who had come from Turkey with Kossuth, said, that when he saw at Broussa, for the first time, the "*howling dervishes*," when they began slowly to move their head forward and backwards, repeating incessantly "God is great," and went on accelerating their movements and raising their voice until they got fits, and foamed and fainted, as if possessed, he himself was nearly tempted to join their chorus, and to exclaim with them: "God is great!" It was in the same country that the orgiastic dances of the followers of Cybele astonished the world, edified the illiterate, and disgusted the learned. And similar psychological phenomena returned again, after centuries, here in the west! I fear that the great progress of which our age boasts, is only a progress in the instruction of the understanding, not in the education of feelings. The believers of spiritual manifestations are on a level with the early believers in witchcraft in New England.'

That Fulton should for years have run steam-boats on the Hudson before any one in England followed his example, is looked on as a curious instance of the little intercourse which prevailed between America and Great Britain half a century ago. From the work of the

Philanthropy. We see that there has been a similar neglect in America of a great improvement long established in England. The improvement in question, refers to lunatic asylums. We read with a degree of wonder, that notwithstanding all that had been done by Pinel, Conolly, Voisin, and others, in Europe, to reform the management of lunatics, improvement in this respect in America was left to be carried out by a philanthropic female in times comparatively recent. The name of this lady is Miss Dix, to whom, as the great reformer of the lunatic asylums in the United States, let all honour be done. 'She was accustomed to visit the prisons on Sunday, to afford comfort to the culprits. Her attention was soon attracted by the lunatics, who often were kept in the county jails, as if they were felons. In several states, there were no lunatic asylums; in others, they were insufficient. She therefore made it the task of her life to inquire into the condition of the insane, and found that, in most asylums and private houses, they were often kept in even a worse condition than in jail. Once she found a man in a cellar, where he had been locked up for years, and had become completely savage. He had entirely left off speaking, for no one dared enter his filthy cell, on account of his violence, and his food was administered to him through the window. But Miss Dix knew, from her experience at the prisons, the power of kind words, even on souls hardened by crime. She addressed the unhappy man kindly, and he burst into tears. He could be removed without danger, and his violence ceased when he was treated humanely. "It was," the poor man said, "as if the angels had spoken to him when he heard Miss Dix." The philanthropic endeavours of this eminent lady to ameliorate the condition of the insane have been encouraged by the different states. She has succeeded in getting lunatic asylums established by the States themselves, and now sees the good results of her indefatigable labours. She spends all her time in visiting the different establishments for the insane, where she has already been successful, and in calling the attention of those states which have not yet built asylums, to the numbers and the condition of the unfortunate patients yet unprovided for. Her private means are very limited; but public merit and philanthropy are appreciated in a different way in America than in Europe. No railway company, no captain of a steam-boat, accepts the fare from Miss Dix. Every one feels the obligation of society to assist her in her arduous and noble mission.'

As we intend to return to those instructive and entertaining volumes, we may be permitted to close the present notice with an anecdote demonstrative of life in the backwoods. 'Soon after the arrival of Ujazy on the banks of the Thompson River, when he and his party had hardly pitched their tent, a young backwoodsman came on horseback up to them, and said: "Which is the daughter of the Hungarian general?" Miss Ujazy, who spoke English, asked him what he wanted. "I reckon it's time for me to marry," was the reply, "and I came to propose to you." The young lady began to laugh; but her novel suitor declared that he was in full earnest; that he did not live far off; and that he would assist her father in every way. But when he saw that his proposal was not accepted, he rode off to his business, without having alighted from his horse during the conversation. The Hungarians afterwards learned, that in the backwoods not much time is wasted in courting young ladies, or paying them attention before marriage. The pioneer visits a neighbour who has grown-up daughters, and asks: "How do you do?" places himself on a chair before the chimney, chews, spits in the fire, and utters not another word; after awhile he takes his leave; and when he has paid a couple of such taciturn calls, he says to the young lady: "I reckon I should marry you." The answer is commonly: "I have no objection." The couple, with-

out further ceremony, proceed to the justice-of-peace, and make their declaration, and when the missionary Methodist happens to come in their neighbourhood, the civil marriage is solemnised religiously.' Smart doings these! No time lost!

NAMES.

It is certain that the Saxons changed the appellation of nearly all the places in Britain to names which either bore a peculiar signification in their language, or else which resembled some particular city, river, hill, &c., in Germany, from whence they came. Thus we find Oxford or Oxenford, after a town of like name in Germany; Hereford, after Hereford in Westphalia; and so in like manner a parallel may be run between Swinford, Bradford, Newark, Mansfield, and divers others now existing German towns, although in course of time the orthography may have been somewhat varied.

'As touching the name of our most ancient chief and famous city of London,' our chronicler proceeds at some length to shew, that it never could have been derived from King Lud, 'as Geoffrey of Monmouth asserts,' seeing that that monarch reigned in Britain prior to the arrival of Julius Cæsar, who designates it as the 'city of the Trinobantes,' being evidently unacquainted with any other appellation. Besides, *towne* being a Saxon, not a British termination, it would, in the assumed case, have been Cæsar-Lud (town of Lud), not Ludstown, commonly conjectured to have been corrupted into London. 'The truth is, our Saxon ancestors gave the town the name of *London*, since varied to *London*, out of regard to the memory of the ancient metropolitan city of Lundin, in Scania, formerly a well-known place of great traffic.' And the same holds good of *Ludgate*, which, some contend, must have been also called after King Lud; whereas 'gate,' being no British word, it would in that case have been written *Ludporth*. Now, *Lud* and *Leod*, which are indifferently used, signify, in our ancient tongue, *folks* or *people*; consequently *Ludgate*, formerly also written *Leodgate*, is equivalent to *Porta populi*—that is, 'the gate or pass of the people.'

We transcribe the substance of our author's conjecture as to the derivation of the name *Ebor*—originally, *Eborwyck*—which, in the course of many centuries, came to be imperceptibly contracted to *York*. *Ebor* signifies 'a wild boar'; *wyck* is a 'place of refuge or retreat'; and as wild boars greatly infested, at a certain period, the forest of Gauries, in the immediate neighbourhood of York, it may be that our ancestors selected the above appellation, as meaning 'a retreat from wild boars.' 'And what renders it the more like,' he goes on to say, 'is, that there remaineth at this day a tale called *quid far*, which is paid for cuttill at Bowdunbar, a gate of the city, and which was first granted for the payment of grides that conducted men through the said forest, belike to save them from being hurt by this cruell beast.'

The Teutonic derivation of the Prince of Wales's motto is thus explained: *Ich dien* (I serve), is the same as the ancient *Thidien*, the identity of which will be established if the reader bears in mind that *d* and *th* were in our ancient language indifferently used. We know it was through a king of Hungary that the motto passed to us; probably the Slavonic dialect in use in that kingdom had many words in common with our early British.

The name of the Almighty Creator of the universe is God, but it may not be generally known, that the word *good* is derived therefrom—the apt accordance of this word being intended to shew, that in truth all *good* cometh from God.' In like manner, the malignant enemy of God and of all goodness is termed Devil—that is, 'do evil.'

The name heaven, formerly written *heofen*, carries with it a significant meaning—being as much as to say, 'heaven, or heaved up,' thereby indicating an elevated place. Hell has a like apt signification—namely, a place *helled over*—which is to say, hidden or covered in low obscurity.

Many other examples might be given of the comprehensive significance of the common nouns that have descended to us from our British and Saxon ancestry; but desirous not to extend our observations over too wide a space, we shall pass them over, and proceed to the consideration of some proper names in use amongst us.

Albert is only a corruption from, and abbreviation of the word Ethelbert, the name of our first Christian king, and one of constant recurrence in the days of Saxon rule. *Ethel*, sometimes also written Adel or Athel, signified noble or gentle; *bert* meant born to, conceived, (hence birth). Ethelbert was in course of time contracted to Ealbert (*cal* being the admitted contraction of Ethel), and Ealbert readily became Albert.

Athelstan or Ethelstan expressed 'most noble,' *stan* being the termination of the superlative degree of comparison, which we have since varied into *est*. We now write fairest, wisest, whereas in old times it was *fairestan, wisestan, greatestan, &c.*

The names of Alfred and Alured were one, and were intended to express 'all peace,' the *f* being at all times convertibly used with *u* or *e*; and the meaning of *fred*, *frid*, and *uod*, was alike 'peace.'

Frederic, compounded of *fred* and *ric* (rich), signified 'rich in peace.' Rye, used as an affix, also denotes a province or jurisdiction—thus we have bishopric, &c.

The particle *Ed* or *Ead* signifies oath—solemn covenant. It became corrupted to *oth* (*ed* and *e* being, as before said, frequently indiscriminately used), and hence results our modern word 'oath.' From this prefix was derived Edward and Edgan, which have equivalent meanings; both importing a 'keeper of his oath,' *gud* and *uod* being ever considered to belong to the one etymological family.

Edmund denoted a month of faith or honour, *month* and *mund* being the ancient words for month, and the signification of *ed* being as above. This termination of *mund* was common, and various instances of its compound meaning are given. Coupled with *ray* or *rai* (pure), it produced the name Raymond—'pure of mouth.' Osmond, which denoted the 'month or speaker of the house,' because *os*, *hos*, and *hok*, were old Teutonic for 'house.' Rosmund signified 'rose-month,' not rose of the world, 'as a certain Latin poet,' observes our author, 'must needs make out, who wrote in praise of Henry II.'s mistress: The jactet Rosa mundi,' &c.

Sige was Teutonic for 'victory,' and hence we have Sigismund, 'month of victory' ('belike a relater of military exploits'); Sigebert, 'born to victory'; Sigeward, in our day modernised to Seward, a 'keeper of victory.'

Gar, in composition, meant 'all,' and thus the word German (originally written *Geraman*) was employed to designate 'A man all over.' Gertrude, or Gertrude, was 'all truth'; the *d* in the last syllable being, by a common practice, substituted for *th*.

Wilfrid and Winfrid meant, severally, 'a will inclined to peace' (*frid*) and 'a winner of peace.'

The derivation of our surname Arnould would not be immediately surmised. It was in the earliest times written Earnhold, then Ernold and Arnold, and designated one who did 'uphold honour.' *Earn* was the most ancient word for 'honour'; and to the like source may be traced the name Eric, originally written Earyc, that is, 'one rich in honour.' Hence also comes 'earth,' our title of honour.

Wyne ('more properly written Wine') signified 'beloved,' and consequently carried that meaning into all its derivatives—for example, Alwine (beloved of all), since handed down to us under the more ordinary name of Allen. 'It may be,' observes our author, 'that in

regard to the pleasant liquor called wine, ~~to~~ generally loved, our ancestors did metaphorically use this word.'

And in accounting for the origin of such names as end in *ard*—a manifest corruption from *art* or *hart*—he proceeds to tell us that our Saxon ancestry being a very warlike people, seem to have been desirous that their children should imitate such properties of courage as they observed in various animals, and thus would surname them 'Lion-heart,' 'Bear's-heart,' &c.—in this respect somewhat following the practice of the North American Indians, who, we know, bestow upon their offspring these zoological appellatives. In process of time, this termination of 'heart' glided into *ert* or *ard*. Thus we have Bernard, Lambert, Leonard, Everard—which last is compounded from *Ever* or *Eber*, a wild boar. *Godheart*, modernised to Godard, describes 'a heart inclined to goodness.' Reynard signified 'pure heart' (Query, how came the fox by this sobriquet?). Richard was 'of rich heart,' and Manyard is derived from *man's heart*.

William is supposed to be Anglicised from Guillaume; and the etymology of Guillaume is thus given. In the wars between the ancient Germans and Romans, whenever a German soldier had the fortune to kill or capture a Roman officer, the golden helmet of the latter was placed upon the head of the conqueror, who forthwith acquired the appellation of *Gild-helm* (gilded helmet). This name was by degrees multiplied, and, at length, grew into an ordinary appellation; with the French it has retained more of its original sound than with us.

The name of Dunstan was given in commendation of firmness and constancy—*Dun* meaning a hill, *stane* standing for stone; so the compound signification was 'mountain-stone'—pretty much analogous to the name of Peter.

Paga meant a little girl—a wench; hence 'in reality came Peg, the miss-supposed contraction for Margaret.' The affinity, however, has with us been generally traced up through *Maggie, Ma*, and so on to *Peg*.

Enough upon these orthographical genealogies. We will conclude with throwing together a few common names, the derivation of which may not perhaps be generally known.

The word *boor* or *boon*, still commonly used in Germany, and simply designating a 'peasant,' has ceased to be employed by us. We, nevertheless, retain it in the composition of the term 'neighbour,' meaning thereby, 'the boor living nigh us.'

Smith denotes one that 'smiteth,' and 'wright' was a working-man. 'Your Worship' is contracted from your 'Worth-ship.' 'Righteousness' is corrupted from 'right-witness.'

The derivation laid down for tomboy is 'a wench that skipeth like a boy,' from *tumble*, to dance (whence also our word tumble), which interpretation perhaps lies nearer the root of the word than that afforded by Johnson—'Tom,' diminutive of Thomas, and 'boy,' 'a mean fellow, sometimes a wild coarse girl.'

The primitive meaning of 'lord' and 'lady,' derived from *Laford* (loaf-giver), being pretty generally known, we pass it over, and shall only advert to the last-mentioned title of lady, in connection with the following curious remark which we find given:—'It is an honorable appellation for all principall women, and mounteth up not only from the wife of the knight to the wife of the king, but remaineth the same to some women whose husbands are no knights, and who, having bin Lord Mayors, are afterwards only called masters, as, for instance, the aldermen of York.'

In winding up this article, the temptation is irresistible to transcribe from our author the following sentence in reference to the 'great labour and travell' he professes himself to have bestowed upon his compilation:—'And if some that may happen to read these etymologies, shall account of them as of things strayed or imaginary, this his conceit doth proceed of his own

lacks of knowledge in the propriety of our ancient language, whereas, if he therein were versed, he would even as manifestly discern them to be such as they are here shewed to be, as the etymologies of the ancient names of the patriarchs are discerned by such as are skilfull in the Hebrew tongue.' After this, who will dare call in question the accuracy of any of his surmises or deductions?

In a more courteous spirit, however, Richard Verstegan pens his *vale* to the reader: 'My desire and endeavour hath herein concurred, as neere as I could, to please all, and not in any sort unto any to be offensive. And so, desiring the benevolent reader courteously to accept of these my paines and endeavours, and at his discretion to pardon such few faults as in the printing may happen to have escaped, I here take my leave.'

SIGHTS AT SEA.

ONE fine breezy morning, I was called out of my cabin very early, to see a shoal of porpoises, which proved to be one of the drollest sights I ever beheld. Our ship was going at the rate of twelve knots an hour; and within a short distance of us, there were hundreds of uncouth-looking creatures, alternately dancing over the waves, and overwhelmed by them, sporting and frisking, gamboling and rolling over each other, with the most exuberant vivacity. But for their strange-looking pointed dorsal-fin, they resembled a herd of swine more than any thing else. They seemed to enjoy themselves in their native element as much as playful children, who have escaped from under the fan of a bathing-machine, and are indulging in a wild dance, unwearied by nurse or bathing-woman.

The cetacea are interesting, because they exhibit the elementary forms of the class to which they belong: the mammalia; aquatic tribes being always found to compose the lowest links of the ascending chain in the scale of animated beings. Their external appearance agreeing with that of fishes, might lead one to suppose their internal economy the same; but, though inhabiting the ocean, their conformation is adapted only to aerial respiration; this compels them to rise at short intervals to the surface of the water, and produces many important differences.

Being able to fill their lungs with atmospheric air, they become so buoyant, that they do not require the swimming-bladder with which fishes are provided. Notwithstanding their red blood, an additional apparatus is needed, in order to keep up the warmth of their body. This is supplied by a large quantity of oily fluid, collected under the skin. But they are so nimble, that the difficulty of catching them prevents the dolphin-tribe from becoming objects of pursuit, with a view to obtaining their oil. The form of their tail differs from that of fishes, and enables them to strike the water in a vertical direction, which gives their movements a powerful impulse, in diving or rising to the surface.

The porpoise is of a blackish hue on the upper parts of the body, and white underneath. The colouring of the dolphin is very much the same, and there is a strong family-likeness between the two. Both are considered by the sailors of modern times to indicate approaching storms; both assimilate in their habits, localities, food, and mode of living. The pointed nose of the aristocratic dolphin, gives perhaps a more piquant expression to the fleshy excrescence so remarkable in its profile, while the snout of the plebeian porpoise is blunt; but there is so little difference between them, that it is difficult to account for the different estimation in which they have been held, from classical times up to the present day. The dolphin, consecrated to the gods, and celebrated for the affection it was supposed to entertain towards the human race, has been dignified

by the appellation of the 'sacred fish;' while its less fortunate relative has been, by common consent, condemned and degraded; has been called a *sea-hog*, or *porc-poisson*, and has become a jest and a proverb.

Both animals occasionally assume the arched form, in which painters and heralds have agreed to represent the dolphin, but only when in the act of gamboling on the surface of the water: curving their back enables them to spring forward with great force. The refinement of modern taste rejects the porpoise as an article of food, when anything better is procurable; but it was formerly considered a delicacy. In the bill-of-fare for the celebrated inauguration-feast of Neville, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward IV., twelve porpoises and seals are mentioned among the provisions dressed upon that occasion.

Poetry and romance have done all they can for the dolphin; and it is impossible to prevent our sympathies being enlisted in behalf of a creature which was believed to rescue the shipwrecked mariner from the malignant Spirit of the storm, and to bear him safely to shore, undismayed by the terrors of the angry billows.

Phny, the naturalist, tells us that dolphins have been rendered so tame as to allow of persons mounting on their backs, and being carried a considerable distance on these ocean-steeds; but truth is more strange than fiction, and modern naturalists give us more wonderful accounts than this. The circumstances in which this tribe are placed, are such that they cannot avoid swallowing their food whole; and as the fishes upon which they feed have often large and sharp bones, which would injure any surface not defended by cuticle, nature has provided them with receptacles, in which the fish-bones may be separately softened and dissolved, and converted into nourishment, without interfering with the digestion of the softer parts of the food. The stomachs of the porpoise, which are extremely complicated, have very narrow communications between them—a peculiarity evidently intended to insure the thorough solution of their contents. The structure of the mouth and throat of the young of the cetaceous tribes, does not appear adapted to the process of sucking; hence arose a difficulty in understanding how they manage to obtain the nourishment common to all mammalia, until Geoffrey St Hilaire discovered in the dolphin glands, containing each a large reservoir of milk, surrounded by muscles capable of emptying them at once into the mouth of its young, without requiring from the latter any effort of suction.

Externally, the dolphin and porpoise present no appearance whatever of a neck, but the process is there, notwithstanding, and consists of as many vertebrae as this part of the spinal column in the longest-necked of the order. For instance, the vertebrae of the neck of the *caulopod* consist of seven very long tubes, joined together, endwise, with scarcely any development of spinous processes, lest they should impede the bending of the neck. In the greatest possible contrast to this, is the structure of the corresponding vertebrae of the cetacea, composed of exceedingly thin pieces, most of them united together, the number of primary pieces, even in this extreme case, being constantly seven.

Twice, during the voyage, a whale of moderate dimensions came in sight, and one approached so near the ship, that we ran on deck to watch his movements; but after exhibiting a few evolutions he slipped off, and was seen no more.

For several days a shark and a dogfish followed us, evidently in the expectation of getting something for their trouble. Sharks have often been known to keep pace with vessels during whole voyages. Birds, undertaking long flights, rest upon vessels or floating weeds; but fishes appear independent of respite and repose. Their strength seems really inexhaustible.

Sharks sometimes sport like dogs round a ship while she is going at the rate of several knots an hour. So agile are their movements, that you may try in vain to get a sight of their horrible jaws, and their hideous rows of teeth; but on a sudden they lie motionless, floating on the water, on the other side of the ship; you cross over to inspect them at your leisure; and with one stroke of their tail they cleave the waters, and are speedily out of sight.

As I was looking out of my cabin-window early one morning, when we were at a considerable distance from land, I saw what I at first took for flights of swallows; they were skimming over the surface of the water, occasionally submerged by the waves, or concealed by the spray; but I soon discovered that they were flying-fish (*Ercetetus volitans*). When the sun rose higher, and cast bright rays upon them, they looked so bright and silvery you might have fancied them flying stars. They only rose from the water to evade the pursuit of their natural enemies, the larger fish, and were able to skim through the air as long as their wing-like fins continued wet; as soon as these became dry, or when marine birds, despoiling them in the air, were ready to pounce upon them, these beautiful little creatures dipped into the water; but they were speedily chased by the bonito or albacore, and rising again with a sudden but graceful movement, they soared above the waves, and resumed their aerial dance. Their pectoral fins being very long, enable them to support themselves in the air; but the action is not flying, for they use their fins merely as an aëronaut, in descending, uses a parachute. They swim rapidly, but are soon tired, and their voyages are as short as their flights; their life being a continued series of efforts to escape from their enemies in both elements.

Every day brought some new object of interest; every night the extreme clearness of the atmosphere gave intense beauty to the starry heavens and the quiet sea.

We calculated our exact place in the vast ocean by the appearance of the Magellan clouds. The planets Jupiter, Venus, and Mars, were in conjunction, and the southern cross shone brightly. The phosphoric appearance of the sea was often exceedingly beautiful; sometimes the whole surface was gilded as with pure gold, at other times it seemed overlaid with molten silver. Sometimes merely the track of the vessel, or anything thrown into the water, looked bright, as if collision were necessary to draw forth the phosphoric light. Not unfrequently the fish all appeared phosphorescent, and, darting high out of the water, dazzled the sight with their brightness, leaving a long track of light behind them. Sometimes this luminous appearance was to be seen far below the surface; and then the fish, gliding on beneath the clear waves, used to look like wandering stars; and it seemed as if the ocean, as well as the sky, were 'strewn with countless orbs of light.'

The form of that most beautiful constellation of the southern hemisphere, the cross, in the direction in which we saw it, was that of a crucifix, in an erect, but slightly sloping position, composed of four stars, three of which are very bright. It appeared as if viewed in perspective from our side, by which circumstance the dimness of the star, which forms the furthest part of the figure, becomes anything but a defect.

Sometimes the moon was surrounded by an iridescent halo, and sometimes, as we watched the sea and the sky, we saw a distant water-spout, a moonlight rainbow, or a weather-gull. We had occasional visits from several individuals of the feathered tribes—Cape pigeons, albatrosses, sea-gulls, and stormy petrels. The latter were very pretty, with their glossy black plumage and white tufts, swimming upon the surface of the waves in the most independent manner, not a feather

disarranged by the drifting surf. I felt as if I had never before half understood the peacefulness and pleasantness expressed by the word halcyon. But the sailors, who are more superstitious than romantic, felt rather a grudge against Mother Carey's chickens, as the messengers of foul weather. Yet such is life, and halcyon-days are often the precursors of storm and tempest.

Some of the gentlemen on board ship amused themselves with their guns, and a very harmless amusement it was: often a brisk and repeated popping was heard; the birds were very much frightened, but not hurt—greatly to my delight, for the albatrosses were the principal objects of their ambition, and I should have grieved to see those noble-looking birds destroyed for mere sport. Their flight is so majestic—slow and graceful in the extreme, far surpassing that of the sea-gull, to which tribe they belong. I am sorry to say, the habits of the albatross are not so pleasing as its appearance. Rapacious as the vulture, of which it is the analogue, it is sometimes so gorged with food as to lose the power of flying, so that, when pursued, it has no resource but to disgorge its load of curd, and if it has not time for this process, it is easily taken.

One showery day, I saw a magnificent rainbow, not in the sky, but apparently formed beneath the water, close to the ship. This was a weather-gall. As soon as we got quite out of soundings, the sea became of the most intense and brilliant blue. Apparently, the colour was not occasioned by reflection; for whatever the hues of the sky might be, the dark-blue sea continued unchanged in its own unborrowed azure.

A few days after we left England, my attention was arrested by the extraordinary beauty of the colours of the Atlantic, and we stood for hours watching the 'magical dyes of purple and green.' As far as the eye could reach, the water appeared of the most delicate transparent aquamarine tint—now shading into the deep green of the emerald, now sparkling into snow-white foam. But after every long wave came a rich purple colour, which formed a beautiful contrast with the green; after blending together a few seconds, a fine brown hue was produced, which, chafing into foam, almost instantaneously resolved itself into its two component colours. This appearance never occurs in very deep water; it is caused by the presence of infusoria. There were many other natural curiosities on which I would willingly dilate, but I will content myself with only one more—that beautiful medusa, which is called by sailors the Portuguese man-of-war. It is very elegant in appearance, sometimes colourless, sometimes of a bright lilac, and resembling the nautilus in shape. It consists of a transparent, muscular, or membranaceous expansion, of extreme delicacy, which performs the office of lungs, and a few pendent filaments, like the fibrous roots of a plant, by which they seem to imbibe their nourishment. This membrane is always in a state of expansion, when the animal is propelled upon the surface of the waves, but it has the power of collapsing at pleasure. After many vain attempts at catching them, one of them was captured in a bucket, and the prize was made over to me. Everybody was of course welcome to look at it, and I prepared my pencils and colours to make a drawing of it; but the ship-surgeon wished to dissect it first. Notwithstanding my remonstrances, he stabbed it with his lancet, declaring that the infliction was for scientific purposes! He might as well have dissected a soap-bubble! To his unspeakable amazement, the delicate expansion disappeared, and in its place nothing was to be seen but a little lymph, and a small quantity of black sediment; leaving the baffled student of comparative anatomy to apologise, as best he might, to the disappointed owner of the prize.

SCRAPS FROM AN AMERICAN JOURNAL.

We copy the following characteristic paragraphs from a popular newspaper of Philadelphia—*McMakin's Model American Courier*:—

A FAST IDEA.—Passengers, before leaving Buffalo for New York, while purchasing their tickets, are handed a bill of fare. The orders are immediately forwarded by a telegraph communication to the refreshment-room at Warsaw, and numbered tickets are handed to the different passengers. Upon arriving at Warsaw, each finds upon the table, whose number corresponds with the card, the breakfast he ordered in Buffalo, and the train waits twenty minutes for him to eat it!

RELIGION v. GOLD.—There are thirty churches in San Francisco. This is about one to each thousand inhabitants, and which, judging from other cities, is perhaps about a fair average. The Methodists have four; the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Baptists, two each; the Congregationalists, Roman Catholics, Swedenborgians, and Welsh, one each.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A bill is pending in the Indiana legislature, to compel old bachelors of thirty years of age to marry, or pay 50 dollars a year into the county treasury, to go to the first lady who shall marry after the 1st of January. The provisions of the bill apply to widowers of one year's standing.

A SPECULATION.—Frederick Walcott watched the trains on the Erie road, and employed others to do the same, till he was able to prove forty-five violations of the statute in not ringing the bell at crossings. He sued the company in the name of the people. The jury brought in a verdict of 900 dollars. One half of this sum goes to the complainant.

A SCANDALOUS INSULT.—A merchant of this city has shewn us a specimen of the precious ornamental designs with which some of the English manufacturers have the effrontery and folly to ornament (!) their goods. It is a representation of the late eminent statesman, Daniel Webster, standing behind a bar, mixing a glass of rum, and the whole labelled, 'The Expounder of the Constitution preparing a smash,' &c. Now, it is bad enough to be libelled and vilified in their newspapers, but to be obliged to purchase and import those labels and insults, is too bad decidedly; and we trust that the outrage will be resented by a thrust in John Bull's only vulnerable spot, *the pocket*, by passing the word from city to city to avoid the obnoxious house, — of Manchester. [We write in reprehending the above act of indiscretion in an English manufacturing house, the name of which we omit.]

THE HEAVY HEADS.—Ever since the exact weight of Daniel Webster's brain was unfortunately stated, whenever a man of any eminence dies, his family publish how much his brain weighed. The last is that of Amos Lawrence, who had two ounces of *pie mater* more than the celebrated Daniel. Let us hear no more of this foolish custom of judging intellect by the ounce.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—A good anecdote is told of Mrs Patterson of Baltimore, the American lady connected with the Bonaparte family by marriage. Being in Italy, at an evening-party, it fell to her lot to be handled into the supper-table by a young English nobleman, who had a good share of the puppy in his composition. Thinking to quiz the old lady, he said: 'You are acquainted with the Americans, I believe?' 'Very well.' 'A monstrously vulgar people, aren't they?' 'Yes; but what could you expect when you consider that they are descended from the English? Had their progenitors, now, been Italians or Spaniards, we might look for some good-breeding among them.' The nobleman did not venture to address Mrs Patterson again that evening.

ANSWERING AN INQUIRY.—At the close of the performance at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, the other night, a fashionably-dressed stranger lit his cigar, and walked slowly along North Holiday Street, towards his hotel in Old Town. While passing Hillen Street Bridge, he was encountered by a ruffian of the O'Bludgeon order, who inquired the time of night. 'It just struck eleven,'

said the stranger blandly, without any signs of alarm. 'Eleven, did you say?' was the gruff response. 'As I don't believe it's so late, I'd like to see for myself; so pull out your watch, quick: it looks as if it might be a good one, from the big bunch of seals you're hanging to it.' 'Yes; it's a patent lever, extra jewelled,' said the southerner, pulling it and a long six-barrelled revolver forth at the same time. Resting the watch, still retained by the guard, on the barrels of the deadly weapon, he extended it towards Mr O'Bludgeon, with a request to satisfy himself regarding the precise hour. The ruffian appeared to be utterly bewildered at this prompt movement. A few inches from his nose was the glittering golden lever; but it rested on six dark barrels, from which a slight click of the trigger would send as many leaden messengers for his life's blood. For a moment only did he remain in such a dangerous locality, and with a quivering remark, that 'it was any hour the gentleman was pleased to say,' he dashed up Hillen Street, and was soon lost in the darkness.

CITY TELEGRAPHS.—In Boston, they have introduced lines of telegraph throughout the city. The various stations connect—first with the police-offices of the wards, and then with the general office of the chief of police. The object is to concentrate a powerful force in the event of a fire or riot, or any other emergency. The cost, about 12,500 dollars. The *Inquirer* thinks some ingenious and enterprising citizen should immediately apply to the councils of Philadelphia for authority to establish a similar arrangement. Our population is now nearly half a million, and it is scattered over a territory extending for miles, so that some systematic plan of communication, such as we have referred to, is absolutely essential.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.—A gentleman from New York has subscribed 106,500 dollars, the whole amount required, to form a railway from Fayetteville, N. C., to the Deep River Coal-mines, in the same state.

SMOKING.—A lad who was toiling away at the stove, trying to light an old stump of a cigar, on being advised to leave off that filthy habit, replied with the utmost gravity, that 'it was very hard work to break off smoking, as he had smoked ever since he was a small boy.' Almost daily, we may see little three-footers, with lighted projections in their mouths, swaggering along, puffing and spitting after the most approved rowdy style.

A CHANCE FOR GENIUS.—The liberal banker, Mr. R. W. Latham, of Washington, offers 500 dollars for the best national poem, ode, or epic: no restrictions as to length, and the manuscript to be sent to him by the first Monday in December 1853. Mr Latham is to own the copyright, and engages to devote the proceeds of the sale to the poor of that city. A novel proposition, and certainly a very commendable one.

NOBODY BUT A PRINTER.—'Nobody but a printer, anyhow! Who was Benjamin Franklin?' 'Nobody but a printer.' 'Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature?' 'Nobody but a printer.' 'Who was Earl Stanhope?' 'Nobody but a printer.' 'Who was Samuel Woodworth, the poet?' 'Nobody but a printer.' 'Who was Governor Armstrong, of Massachusetts?' 'Nobody but a printer.' 'Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania, James Harper, Robert Sears, and senators Dix, Cameron, and Siles! Who are they?' 'Nobody but printers, anyhow!'

LIBERIA.—The New York state senate has under consideration, with every prospect of passing, a law appropriating twenty-five dollars to pay the expenses of every coloured person who may choose to emigrate to Liberia.

"THE WATER-BUTL"

Through an inadvertency in the article under this title (No. 478, p. 133), it was stated that 30 pounds of soap are necessary to remove the hardness of 100 gallons of Thames water: it should have been 30 ounces. We will take advantage of this opportunity to mention one or two additional facts. As a matter of convenience, chemists have agreed that, when water contains 1 grain of lime per gallon, it shall be said to have 1 degree or 1° of hardness; and thus, Thames water having 16 grains of lime in a gallon, is said to have 16° of hardness. It is calculated

that there are nearly 30 tons of lime in one day's supply of water for London. About 2 ounces of soap are necessary to counteract each degree of lime-hardness. We may also state, that the Stockport Company has abandoned the twofold system mentioned in the article, supplying now only soft water, with great advantages to all parties. In respect to Mr Holland's experiments, the oxalate of ammonia, useful in softening water for tea-making, does not purify it quite enough for drinking, on account of the organic impurities which the oxalate does not affect.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

One Sunday afternoon, during a pause in a rain-storm which had lasted for six or seven hours, and during which the Genevieve and I had been fiddling and talking, and reading and dining together, he took occasion to remark upon my fondness for music, and said he could gratify it in an extraordinary way if he thought fit. I begged him to explain himself. He was in no hurry to do so; but, after some coquetting and delay, rose from his seat, and taking a large cloak from a peg in the wall, laid it open upon the bed, and then locking the door and closing the window-shutters, to exclude, as he said, even the slightest sound, seated me upon the cloak, sat himself down as close to me as possible, and pulled the hood over both our heads. Then placing his lips close to my ear, he said: 'You must not speak—you must hardly breathe. Listen!' I held my breath, and listened curiously for the best part of a minute before I was aware of any sound, and was just going to break the silence, when a small, but piercingly shrill strain seemed to traverse the very innermost chambers of my brain. I was not aware of the precise moment when it commenced, but I perceived instantly that it was accompanied by another note harmonising with it, produced by different mechanical means, and a twelfth lower. The shrill treble ran dancing with inconceivable rapidity up and down a comprehensive gamut, in a kind of fantastic variations upon some popular air, which I could identify; while the accompanying bass, which might be compared for continuity to the drone of a bagpipe, but which, unlike that, was 'musical as is Apollo's lute,' though limited apparently to five or six notes, gave the successive intonations with all the precision and certainty of an instrument. The longer I listened, the more rapturous was the music, or, which was more probable, the more sensitive my perceptions. The notation of the treble, which at first heavily seemed to glide up and down, became by degrees, never, it bore no sort of resemblance, and the notes of the bass assumed a triumphant, pealing sound. I thrilled with delight. When at length the music ceased, I awoke, and the Genevieve, throwing off the light with her p and opened the window-shutters, it was found that I had been so long asleep. He looked at me with embarrassment, and upon my complimenting him with the beauty and delicacy of the performance I had heard, he asked me whether I could shew him how to turn it to account. As he confessed that, without the precautions we had taken, the music would have been inaudible, and that the hum of the smallest fly would have drowned the whole, I was forced to acknowledge that I could see no mode of making such a species of harmony marketable.—*The Working-man's Way in the World.*

HINTS AS TO MANURES.

Hoofs, hairs, feathers, skins, wool, contain more than 50 per cent. of carbon, and from 13 to 18 per cent. of nitrogen. These, besides sulphur, salts of lime, of soda, and of magnesia. These substances hold, therefore, the first rank, as it were, among manures; and as a long time is required for their decomposition, their action may often last for seven or eight years. They yield excellent results, especially when made into a compost for potatoes, turnips, hops, hay, and, are said to amend meadow-land. Hairs spread upon meadows we are told, augment the crop threefold; and the Chinese, that manure, that is so well aware of the very great value of they have their hair carefully collect the hair every time it is shaved—and the operation is per-

formed every fortnight—and sell it to their farmers. Now, the crop of hair which every individual leaves at the hair-cutter's yearly, amounts to about half a pound; reckoning, therefore, at 13,000,000, the number of individuals who in Great Britain and Ireland are undergoing the process of shaving and haircutting, we have a production of about 3000 tons of hair—that is, of manure of the most valuable kind—since it represents, at least, 150,000 tons of ordinary farmyard manure—which might be collected almost without trouble, but which, on the contrary, such is our carelessness or indolence in those matters, is, I believe, invariably swept away in our streets or sewers, and utterly wasted.—*Farmer's Manual of Agricultural Chemistry.*

DER FRÜHLINGS-ABEND.

VON MALTHISON.

THE SPRING-EVENING.

The heavens glow with rosy hue
Of summer's sun returning,
The quivering spray is hung with dew,
Like sparkling diamonds burning.

Light dance the fountains from their bed
Where rarest flowers are growing;
Bright shines the star of Eve, where red
The setting sun is glowing.

The early violet scents the air
In every shady alley;
And flowers, than gems more bright and fair,
Deck all the laughing valley.

And Life is there—a living soul,
That binds in love together
Both great and small—a wondrous whole—
In harmony for ever.

God speaks the word, and from his hand
The insect-myriads flutter;
He speaks; and, lo! at his command
His praise new planets utter!

C. C.

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough; the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry; and the floors covered with rushes, which were not changed for months. The dogs and cats had free access to the eating-rooms, and fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer-vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given at York by the nobility in 1660, where each exhibitor was allowed to outdo the others, it was universally acknowledged that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of this supper will, as a good idea of what was then thought magnificent: it consisted of four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sausages to a huge pudding in a bag, which served for a chariot.—*The Silent Revolution.*

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A SOIRÉE AND BALL.

I was lately present at an entertainment of an extraordinary kind. There is a portion of the population of London which has long been condemned to duty without relief or relaxation, melancholy martyrs to the industrial mania of a city where all work and no play makes many a dull boy. In consequence of a spirited movement among some leading members of the body, it was determined about a month ago, that they should make at least one effort to break up the monotony of existence; that they should have an evening meeting for instruction and amusement: and Willis' Rooms, St James, was the place chosen for the purpose. I was present, but perhaps not corporally, though I thought so at the time. There has been much talk of clairvoyance lately, and I really cannot be quite sure that I had not somehow fallen for a short time into that or some similar 'abnormal state of the nervous system.' Anyhow, I have a tolerably distinct recollection of what I saw, or thought I saw, and I propose describing it all to an unsophisticated public.

By the time I walked into the room, a considerable portion of the company had arrived. I was prepared from the first for some singular assemblage, by being brought at the very first face to face with my old friend, the late Madame Tussaud, who had taken up a position just within the door, as mistress of ceremonies for the evening. There was she, with her neat little face and black-silk cloak and bonnet, in lodgely habit as she used to live and have her being long ago at her rooms in Baker Street, after having modelled all the notoriety of her age, from Robespierre to Courvoisier. I would fain have had a brief chat with the old lady; but was quickly admonished by the crowd pushing behind me, that I must move on. I now found myself in the large room, amidst a company who were for the most part walking about in pairs or little groups, to the sound of a lively kind of music, which I soon discovered to proceed from a mechanical orchestra calculated to give the effect of fully twenty instruments at once. There was that pleasant excitement which arises from a crowd and music; and novel objects; and some time elapsed ere I had so fully gathered my senses about me, as to take a cool and analytical view of the scene.

What first struck me was a kind of ideal beauty which belonged to a large part of the company. I felt not unfamiliar with the distinguished air and clear red and white complexions of many of these handsome people, and yet I could not at first pronounce where I had seen them, or imagine who they were. The gentlemen had, in every case, nicely-dressed hair and pretty

mustaches, with scarfs of red, green, or black velvet adjusted round their shoulders. They carried their heads very erectly, as if perfectly satisfied that they were models of elegance. Some had a sentimental simper on their features. One or two had a slight cast of the Italian bandit. Others had no expression at all, but were simply good-looking specimens of their race. The ladies who hung upon their arms were likewise, for the most part, very pretty, though, to be strictly just, somewhat deficient in expression; but one prominent fact in the case was, that there was not one who did not exhibit a most attractive coiffure, some wearing it in braids, others in ringlets, while a third set rejoiced in wreaths of flowers, or wheat-ears, or green leaves and berries. After a little examination, it became apparent to me that the figures were only solid so far as the bust was concerned, all below that region being of a light and shadowy character, only sufficient to make out something like the entire outline or shape of a human being. It thus gradually dawned upon me, that this portion of the company was composed of those obliging ladies and gentlemen who take their stand in the perfumers' windows, in order to exemplify such presentments of the hair as may be considered in accordance with æsthetic principles. I was even able to distinguish a few special personages whom I had long known by sight—as, for instance, a bearded gentleman from Davis's, in Great Russell Street, who, with his roguish smile, always reminds me of Don Raphael in *Gil Blas*; also a motley personage of Unwin and Albert's, in Piccadilly, who consents to enlighten mankind on the potency of the celebrated hair-die of that firm, by shewing 'Before' in red tresses on the one side of his head, and 'After' in a beautiful black semi-chevelure on the other, with a similarly exemplary suit of whiskers and mustache on reverse sides to match. I could also recall a superb Queen Elizabeth from Sacker's, in Cheapside, and a court-lady of George I. in full puff from Lenox's, in Oxford Street. There was one venerable old man with a flowing beard, from Carlo's, in New Bond Street—exactly such a face as Domenichino would have loved to depict for a Joseph. I felt, however, ashamed of a certain lady, also from Lenox's, who went about with a label on her back, 'LADIES' MAIDS TAUGHT HAIR-DRESSING.'

Mixed with these fine people were others of a miscellaneous character, all of whom manifested a marvellous indifference to the incongruity of their associations. There was thin, handsome, white-tethed, black-mustached, merry-eyed foreigner, who winks and opens and shuts his mouth at Mr Fresco the dentist's door, in Oxford Street. I could not help admiring the quizzical air with which he eyed the whole scene. There was a

standing young lady in a riding-habit, but with only a shadow head, from Woolf the outfitter's, in Piccadilly. We had a Queen and Prince in ceremonial robes, from Bradbrook the glazier's, in Park Street, Regent's Park; from another glazier's in Hampstead came the dwarf Sir Geoffry Hudson, in full arms and accoutrements, as he appeared at the court of Henrietta Maria. Several full-dressed Highlanders, taking eternal pinches of snuff from horn mulls, presented their respectable figures; one with a sharp sentimental look, from Rayner's, in Tottenham Court Road; another from Jones's, in James Street, Oxford Street, of a very solemn aspect, with knit brows, and holding out his finger and thumb with an air of *empressment*, as if it were the National Covenant. There was a cheerful pair of peasants, from Walker and Lee's, straw-hat-makers, Oxford Street, bearing each a sickle and a handful of newly-cut wheat, and thus conferring a simple rustic grace on the assembly. As if to contrast with these, five mediæval gentlemen, in complete suits of plate-armour, originally from the collection of the Grand-duke, of Wurtemberg, but more immediately from Pratt the upholsterer's, in New Bond Street, tramped heavily along the room. As for contrast in another direction, I found that a milliner of Ludgate Hill had come with a full-suited lady, which usually lies in her window for the exemplification of the beautiful of infantine attire, to the infinite admiration of continual streams of passing mannaas actual and potential. The ladies were, in general, much interested in this unconscious member of the company whom they saluted with many expressions of endearment, notwithstanding that no paper or manna was present. They were in an equal degree shocked by a little gentleman who had come, as appeared to me, only half-dressed, but walked about with an air of perfect self-possession, as if he thought himself the very glass of fashion and the mould of form. Most of the company were at a loss to understand who or what he was; but I soon recognised an old friend. He was, in reality, a gentleman of perfect propriety of manners, but whose rôle it is to stand under a glass-slide in Sandland and Crane's, Regent Quadrant, to make mankind acquainted with the merits of the Patent Belt Drawers and Shirt.

There was a portion of the company whom I at first thought somewhat vulgar and out of place, but whom I afterwards became reconciled to, seeing that a profound moral was connected with them. The substance of these people consisted in what was covered by certain special garments, while the rest, including the head, was generally of that shadowy character which has already been spoken of. There was no sort of mystery about any of them, for they all wore conspicuous labels telling what they were. There was a perfect mob of gentlemen with broad shoulders and well-developed haunches, supplemented by heads and limbs of shadow, and wearing such cognizances as BROWN'S NOBBY COAT, 16s. 6d., or THE OXONIAN, L.T. 2s. 6d., or MITCHELL'S UNIVERSAL MORNING COAT, 30s. A shape, composed almost entirely of dressing-gown, would be seen going about, bearing STYLE UNEQUALLED on his proudly-swelling breast. A navy, all shadow except in the lower part of his form, exhibited in that region a placard with the defiant legend, I KNOW YOU CAN'T MATCH ME, 5s. 6d. A clerk walked with a similarly placed announcement, THROTSERS FOR THE PARK, 12s. 6d. There were scores of people labelled THOROUGHLY SHIRRED; TO ORDER, 25s.; ALL WOOL; and so forth—each assuming in the highest degree vain of his rôle.

There were also some handsome dolls here, such as MY SUE, 13s. 6d.; HANDSOME TONY, 12s. 6d.; and I hope something more interesting, as THE FINE DUCK, or NOW OWN IT IS USQUE. They seem meant to specify certain female figures with shadowy heads and feet left to the imagination, the solid part being composed of pretty wrappers designated as NEW CURRY, EAST COLOUR, THE ROSE, VERT CHOICE, or DIAMOND FROM PARIS, with in every case a sum of money indicated, about which I could not but remark, as in all the preceding cases, there was always an odd sixpence—a mysterious circumstance, which I cannot even yet pretend to have penetrated. A few demure widows mingled in the throng, some in very deep mourning, others in half-mourning, and others with only a faint remnant of the lugubrious left in their appearance, and perhaps a bonnet ticketed TRES JOLI on their heads. I at first, as I said, beheld these shapes of humanity with some degree of contempt; but when I afterwards reflected on the great truth, that most of the people of this world are little besides shapes of vesture, I saw reason to regard them as no unsuitable part of the company.

It had been arranged that a part of the evening should be devoted to a lecture on some of the more remarkable facts and truths which have recently been elicited by science and art; and so, at half-past eight precisely, a gentleman quietly mounted the rostrum, and began to discourse. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said he, 'we are now an eminently practical people. The time for inquiries after the *to kalon* and the *to prepon* on the one hand, and the Perpetual Motion and Philosopher's Stone on the other, is past. The Exhibition of 1851 may be accepted as the type of our age. Whatever promotes the conveniences of life, whatever adds to our wealth, these are the things that now demand and receive our attention. And what is remarkable, my friends, of the reigning knowledge of our time, is, that it is not, like the coy philosophies of ancient days, to be sought in secluded libraries and laboratories, in the closet of the student or the cell of the monk. It comes forth into the highways of the busy world, so that he who runs, or even he who rushes along in omnibuses, may read. The fact is, that one cannot now take a forenoon excursion in or about London, without acquiring more knowledge than it was possible to obtain a few years ago from a week of regular study. To illustrate this, I will tell what happened to myself only yesterday. Having got into a Paddington omnibus, I there had an important fact impressed upon me—namely, that "The Albert Night-lights are the best." While thankful for the fact, I could not but admire the manner in which it was put. Observe the style of the present day—brief, pithy, simply indicative. If the author of this aphorism had made any allusion whatever to Child's or Price's Night-lights, even in the way of condemnation, he would have left the subject in a doubtful state. The public might have imagined that Child and Price were ill-used men, and a reaction might have consequently taken place in their favour. He knew better. He merely announces the truth, according to his own profound convictions, leaving it to the chance of fixing itself in the popular mind, as doubtless it will do. I had occasion afterwards to spend five minutes at a railway station on the north side of the city, and there I learned a few more important truths. One was: "No captain or emigrant should go to sea without Moore and Buckley's Patent Concentrated Milk." Another: "Emigrants should all have a supply of Borwick's Baking Powder, which supercedes yeast, and effects a great saving in butter and eggs." Not being a captain or an emigrant, I did not feel that these maxims were of so much consequence to me as that regarding the Night-lights; but, of course, in the limited circle to which they are addressed, they are truths of the greatest consequence. While on the

Barlow, however, I learned some things of more general application. For example: "A nice hot plate for your venison, game, ham, &c., is a luxury at the dinner-table which persons of refined taste can appreciate." So far it is of the nature of a truism; but mark what follows: "Every description of hot-water plate hitherto has been a complete failure: Barlow's Newly-invented Hot-water Plate, on the contrary, is warranted the very acme of perfection!" Here the clearness of the language and decisiveness of the affirmation are equally admirable. Barlow, unlike many other announcers of great truths, has nothing enigmatic in his style. That I account a great merit, and it is one characteristic of our age.

"The familiar simplicity of style in which many of the greatest facts are now presented to the world, is certainly much to be applauded. They come to us in forms as light and easy as the whispers of confidential friends, or the chit-chat of the family circle. One of these instructors of mankind assumes that a common subject of consideration with the many is, 'What shall I put on for a Light Over-coat?' and immediately adds, by way of a solution of the difficulty: 'Call and see Hobson's New Pallium, in all colours, price two guineas, with silk sleeve-linings.' Another starts with a friendly query: 'Do you keep livery-servants?' and in case you do, adds for your information: 'Deadney's Liveries satisfy both masters and servants'—a fact which we should hail with delight even if only half true. The benevolence and conscientiousness mixed with some announcements give them an additional claim to respect. One who asks: 'Where do you buy your bottled beer?' recommends himself warmly to our regard when we find him commencing his answer to the question thus: 'For your own sake, and in common justice, you should go to Earle Brothers & Co.' &c. Of more philanthropic purport still is the following:—'Embarrassed debtors should consult, confidentially, and without charge, Messrs Horne, the experienced accountants and negotiators, in order to obtain immediate relief, without imprisonment or publicity, and insure their business being conducted efficiently at the least possible expense.' &c. Surely Mr Macaulay is right when he adduces the humanity of our times as something in advance of former ages. Long ago, it was held as a great virtue to visit your fellow-creatures in prison; but here, in our day, are men who consider it their duty to prevent their neighbours from being put in prison, and are solicitous to get people to come to them, and be saved from that calamity!

The lecturer having observed symptoms of impatience in his audience, here brought his remarks to a somewhat abrupt close, amidst an applause which, I am afraid, was partly an expression of relief from restraint; and presently the mechanical orchestra struck up a series of lively polkas, and all was in a moment bustle and excitement. A score of couples started off at once along the floor, clearing a ring for themselves amidst the admiring spectators. As one by one these dropped out of the circle exhausted, another and another took its place, so that the stir was never allowed for a moment to slacken. I observed the most curious associations—mismatched examples of the perfect gentleman's chevelure tripping it with ladies in wrappers, and dignified men in dressing-gowns gyrating with the elegant dames who demonstrate the highest ideas of Unwin and Albert on the decoration of the female head. The NOTED BLACK CAMBRIDGE kept it up amazingly with Sacker's Queen Elizabeth, and Woolf's dashing female equestrian put one of Pratt's mailed German knights to his highest mettle. A Scotsman walked for some time about with his mail, in evidently a puritanic censorious mood, occasionally heard muttering to himself: 'A' gaun daft teigither!' 'Sic a set o' widdy-fous saw I never!' 'See the linkies, how they loomp!' and so on; but at length encountering an

Inverness-shire acquaintance, whom he hailed as 'Long John,' he was led aside for a few minutes, and uttered a 'wee thoct' of the said worthy's 'gatherings of mountain-dew from Ben Nevis;' when presently came our quondam grave Caledonian, red-hot fox, and seizing a lady from Truett's, in Burlington Arcade, round the waist, commenced a corant with her which, for vigour and vivacity of movement, threw all the waltzes and polkas of the evening into the shade. At this crisis, the company received an accession of friends, who, from a mistake in the sending of the invitations, had not been able to come sooner. They were a queer people, their figures being wholly shadowy and supplemental, except the front half of their heads. I soon recognised them as a set of ladies and gentlemen who keep watch and ward over the doors of certain middle-aged houses in Bedford Square, Kentish Town, and other parts of the city. They are of all varieties of expression—some severely classical and grave, others grotesque and ugly, a few not a little resembling Silenus and the Satyrs. Here all broke out into intense merriment alike, even the helmeted Minerva relaxing from her severe grace, while the old grotesque gentlemen winked and laughed and lolled out their tongues in the most waggish manner imaginable. The whole scene was so inexpressibly droll and fantastic, that I felt it would not be possible to bear it long. It was therefore a positive relief when, at the stroke of one of Hewitt's songs from Fenchurch Street—one of those which he tells us is 'calculated to alarm the country for miles round!'—the music ceased, the dancers came to a pause, and the *font cannone* of the company began slowly to fade before my eyes, like a dissolving view in the Polytechnic Institution, so that in about five minutes I felt myself standing alone on the empty and silent floor.

TITTLE-TATTLE ON TAILS.

It has lately been necessary for me to glance over several classes of animals, for I am a naturalist by profession and inclination, and I was, while so occupied, struck with the importance of tails, and the little consideration which is shown towards these graceful or useful appendages. The following remarks, made with but little reference to technical order, may perhaps excite in others some interest in the subject.

There seems to be an innate principle in man, to make himself of as much consequence as he can; and one of the means to effect this was, at various periods, an attempt to give himself a tail; but, with great inconsistency, instead of following the indications of nature, he had recourse to an opposite part of the frame, and placed his tail or ear upon his head. There was the thick *band* of hair, hanging down between the shoulders; the smaller tail, tightly bound up with black ribbon; the loosely-tied tail; the tail of the courtier, with a bag attached to it; the short medical tail; the gentleman's tail, and military tails of several kinds—the most whimsical of which was that invented in the time of the Duke of York, which, looking like a small riding-whip, and hanging between the shoulders, was supposed to ward off the cut of a sabre, but which caused so much pain and inconvenience when fastened to the hair, that officers frequently attached theirs to their caps, or helmets; and a row of tails might be seen hanging up in the hall, while their owners were at dinner rejoicing in their freedom. But all these tails have nearly vanished from society; and there is now no nation which perseveres in courting the caudal graces except the Chinese. But as the reception into China of barbarians, & Englishmen, who delight in pulling John Chinaman by the tail, is every year increasing, there

* See Timberlake, 19 Albany Street.

is little doubt that even these tails will eventually disappear with other peculiarities.

I now turn from superior, but tailless man, to those animals which most nearly approach him; which, though differing much among themselves, may be all included under the familiar name of monkeys. Those most like man have no tails, and some of inferior rank are also tailless; but the most careless observer must be convinced of the ungraceful appearance they make. The most active are well provided with these appendages; and few can behold unmoved a rogue of a semnopithecus, for example, walking with an air of indifference past his companions, while they are busily employed in eating fruit. In order to look still more unconcerned, he appears to be very busy with his tail, and carefully examining its tip, which he carries between his fingers; but, just at the moment when his intended victim is off his guard, down goes the tail, the delicious morsel is seized on its way to the mouth, and as the thief springs off with it, the tail swings aloft in triumph. Watch a number of the same genus clambering up some tall trees to a height which makes the eye ache to look at them: the monkeys are in search of the tails of their neighbours the parrots, the feathers of which they pull out, that they may suck the juices from the quills. Just as one appears to have attained his prize, his own tail is pulled; and while he is held forcibly, another rushes over him, whose tail he in turn seizes; and both slip down together, screaming and chattering, and the birds make their escape.

But few are aware of the value of monkeys' tails, unless they have kept these animals in their possession. If a rebellious pet should become savage, grim, chatter, and shew signs of an intention to bite, lay hold of him by the tail, and hold him up by it: he cannot turn upon you then, and you have him at your command till the fit is over. Another use of monkeys' tails is to steady themselves when riding on the back of one another, which they are very fond of doing. A good-natured fellow of my acquaintance, with a red skin and bright blue face, used often to treat a party of five small brethren to a morning excursion. As they clustered together upon his back, their only means of steadying themselves was by throwing their tails around their steed.

The spider-monkey, with his long legs, sits, by the half-hour at a time, looking as if he were composing an epic poem; then, as if to laugh at our opinion of his wisdom, he suddenly curls his long tail round the bough of a tree, and swings to and fro in the air; after which he as suddenly stops, and inserts the sad tail into crevices and hollow places, to seek for honey or other food. The pretty little marmoset, or outibiti, perfectly envelops itself in its long, ringed-tail; and is so chilly, that it is a question, even in this climate, if it could live through a cold night without the warmth which the tail affords. The young leopards do that in earnest which others do in sport; and firmly adhering to their mother by means of their tails, accompany her in all her lazy movements.

It is in the feline tribes that tails are most beautifully developed. The lion, when peaceably inclined, stands sideways before us, his grand head turned round, and his tail hanging down in graceful repose; but, awaken him to anger, and the tail instantly begins to swing from side to side; then, as his anger rises into fury, he lashes himself with it; and when he springs upon his victim, it is triumphantly raised in the air. So is it with tigers and leopards. In cats, this mode of indicating emotion is carried still further. Nothing can be more graceful than the curve with which they throw their tail round their feet, when seated in a contented frame; but if a strange dog should appear, every hair on it stands up; it becomes like a bottle-brush, and adds to the fierceness of their demeanour. Then puss welcomes you home by sticking her tail up, and rubbing against your legs; and who can forbear a

smile, when, in youthful giddiness, she twirls round after it; or, in a maturer age, swings it about as a plaything for her children? Thus affection, contentment, fierce indignation, defiance, and fear, are all expressed by puss's tail.

To the dog, the tail is invaluable as a means of manifesting his feelings, even when partial amputation has been resorted to, under the false impression of improving its beauty. If he casts an imploring look, and petitions for something greatly desired, away goes the tail in double-quick time; if he wishes to say how pleased he is to see you, the tail wags faster than ever; if he thinks you are in affliction, he comes gently towards you, licks your hand, or lays his chin upon your knee, and the tail keeps pace with the subdued character of his feelings: in joy, its motion is accelerated; but if he sorrows, the tail goes down immediately. Conscience will sometimes strike him, and he then goes up to his master or mistress, with his tail between his legs, and does his best to confess his errors; and shame and misery are as evident in the depressed tail, as in the eyes and carriage of the head.

Timid, skulking animals seldom raise the tail, as may be seen in the wolf and hyena. The fox usually carries his downwards, but raises it higher than the wolf does. Otters, and other amphibious animals, generally have their tails horizontally compressed, so that they serve as rudders in the water; but the tail of the squirrel is always erect, spreading like a feather, and serving as a rudder in the air when the animal takes its vigorous leaps. The tail of the beaver is the subject of a curious mistake, having been represented as employed by the animal in the capacity of a trowel for the construction of its house. In reality, it enables the owner to raise himself. The prehensile tail of the opossum is an important auxiliary; for frequently, when the mother goes in search of food for her family, she insures the safety of her little ones, by hanging them by their tails to the bough of a tree, as the peasantry of the south of Europe used—and perhaps still do—to hang their swaddled children against the wall while attending to their necessary avocations. The kangaroo may be said to possess a fifth limb in its tail: it gives steadiness to its upright position; it enables it to take its enormous leaps, and facilitates its ordinary leaping movements; and, when the animal raises itself, to look out for its enemies, it, like the beaver, may be said to stand on tip-tail.

Few, I presume, have not heard of the ingenious rat which dipped its tail into the treacle-jar, and sucked off the sweet coating which it had acquired, when the opening was too long and narrow to admit of any other mode of access to the delicious feast. The tail of the porcupine is short and insignificant, but the negroes of Western Africa raise it into importance by drying it, and sticking it into a musical instrument called a sanko. The whizzing noise which it sends forth, is supposed by them to be a pleasing addition to the sounds which the strings produce.

Some animals seem to have tails as a means of ridding them of the insects which torment them; and I suppose there must be a division of labour, in the instance of the elephant, between the tail and the trunk, for the former is inadequate to the whole service. Neither does it increase the beauty of its owner's appearance, for it is clumsy, and expanded at the tip into a semicircle, set with straggling bristles. Man, however, makes use of these tails in the very way for which they seem so little adapted, for he cuts them off, spangles them with gold, and has them waved before him to scatter his winged enemies. He also has them made into whips, and all backs that have undergone their application, will bear testimony to their efficacy.

The glory of tails lies among horses, and in one of the bovine race. It is a strangely perverted taste that, wholly or partially, deprives animals of those means that,

have been bestowed on them for their beauty or comfort; but the fashion of docking horses has abated, and we now more frequently see their tails merely clipped, to avoid their trailing in the dirt; and certainly additional grace and dignity have been preserved by not interfering with nature's decrees. The yak, or grunting cow, can cover its body with the long silvery hair of its tail, like a cloak, and its beauty has caused it to be adopted by Eastern nations as a standard. Others of the genus bos boast of long tails, with a tuft of hair at the end, which serves to whisk off the flies. The warriors of Ashantee have some incantations performed over these tails by their priests; and when decorated for battle, wear them as charms, hanging from their wrists, and the tops of their large red boots. I cannot quit ox and cows' tails without mentioning the excellent soup manufactured from them, or alluding to the youthful prank of that distinguished traveller, Mungo Park. On one occasion, every man, boy, or able-bodied female, was turned into the hay-field, to save the crop from an approaching storm; and Mungo Park alone was spared, that he might watch the cows, and prevent them from straying. Not much liking the office, he took a book with him, and seated himself under a hedge to read. Whenever he lifted up his eyes, the cows were at a distance, and wide apart; and it gave him so much trouble and fatigue to bring both back again, that he knotted their tails together, a proceeding which, for a time, greatly diminished his trouble. Presently, however, the unruly animals became impatient of the restraint which this manœuvre imposed, and tried to separate themselves; they pulled and tugged with such violence that, at last, one of the tails was wrenched off. The suffering animal rushed about in a frantic manner; and Mungo Park, hoping to conceal his share of the adventure, detached the loose tail from the other cow, and threw it into some bushes. When the inhabitants of the farm returned, they found the cow still raging, and as the boy did not betray himself, the accident appeared to be inexplicable. A few days after, the tail was found, and as some one must have thrown it there, the future traveller was questioned, and his delinquency was clearly manifested.

The tremendous power which lies in the tail of the cetacea, especially the whale, surpasses description. Large boats full of men are tossed high up into the air by it; and its strength can only be appreciated by those who have come to close combat with these creatures.

The real tail of birds is but a trifling prolongation of the vertebrae; but this prolongation forms the foundation for the most splendid decorations of this beautiful portion of animal life; and all those birds in which the tail-feathers are short, have an awkward or unfinished look—witness the kingfisher, which, in spite of its otherwise brilliant plumage, is a stumpy, clumsy-looking bird for its size; and still worse is the Cockin-China fowl, presenting a complete contrast to our domestic hens, which look so compact and demure, from the neat shape of their stiff and regular tail, while the cock struts about like a commanding-officer with his waving plumes.

Of all the strange, and, at the same time, elegant tails which adorn the feathered race, those of the lyre-bird of New South Wales are the most distinguished, for the two outside feathers exactly resemble the supports of an ancient lyre, while the more slender feathers of the middle look like the disordered strings of the instrument. The climbing-birds make use of the stiff feathers of their tails, to assist them in ascending trees and other upright surfaces. The peacock, the argus, and other pheasants, are glorious among their tribe, owing to their tails; which, in the two former, are supposed to be given to them to frighten their enemies; and in all, to make them handsome in the eyes of their mates. Turkeys display theirs with such an air of importance and pride, that it is scarcely possible to avoid giving them a character for conceit. They find a singular use

for them when they emigrate in their wild state in search of food. As they roost in trees, the larger birds of prey pounce upon them; but the cunning turkeys put down their heads, and so turn up their tails as to cover their backs, and form an inclined plane. Their enemies thus alight on a smooth and slanting surface, and instantly slide down to the ground. The tail of the ostrich conveys to every one ideas of grace and elegance.

It is chiefly in the lizard form, among reptiles, that tails are conspicuous. Those of the serpent-tribe are so much a part of their bodies, that they may, in truth, be considered as such only because they are placed at the opposite extremity to the head. In some instances, the difference is just distinguishable; but two only seem to demand notice—namely, that of the rattlesnake, which is provided with horny rings, which clash together when it moves, and thus warn other animals of their owner's dangerous approach; and the boa constrictors, which have a fleshy hook, by which they are better able to grasp the boughs of trees when they lie in wait for their prey.

The mighty crocodile lashes the water in which it may be into foam when it is enraged; but it has by no means the romantic serpentine tail given to it by various authors and artists; it can make a wide curve with it and the body, but not more. That of the alligator is more slender and yielding, but does not emulate the serpent in its movements.

In some lizards, the least touch will take off the tail; and nothing can be more ungraceful than a tailless lizard, and nothing much more whimsical than a lizard with two tails; for such is the exuberance of the reproductive powers of these creatures, that if a wound be made in the tail with which they are already provided, another will often spring forth.

The tails of fishes sometimes exhibit great beauty of form and colour. They form the rudders by which the animals are guided through the element in which they live. In a few cases, this organ helps its owner to climb trees. It is by the force which resides in these tails, that fishes take those enormous leaps which have been recorded, especially by those who capture salmon.

The tails of lobsters, prawns, and shrimps, are much too good eating to be omitted in this rapid view of the subject. That of the scorpion is a dangerous weapon for those whose blood may be in bad condition, but for those who are healthy, the poison which lies at the end of it merely causes irritation for a few days.

The tails of some insects are formidable on account of the stings which lie in them; and nothing can be more wicked-looking than that of the 'devil's coach-horse'; but this class of animals presents too wide a field to be entered into here. I could go on at much greater length, but I trust I have already made out a good case in favour of tails, and rescued them from that want of respect with which they are too apt to be treated.

THE PULSZKIES IN AMERICA.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

MR and MRS PRISKY, who, as formerly mentioned, accompanied Ko-suth in his journey through the United States, possessed opportunities of a peculiarly favourable kind for seeing the interior of American society, and hearing the expression of opinions on many interesting topics.

Travelling from city to city, from the northern to the southern states, they of course everywhere remark the distinctions of colour, as well as the general effects of 'involuntary servitude.' Yet on this distracting subject a praiseworthy discretion is maintained, while views of the slavery question are presented, which invite consideration in this country. One or two points may be referred to. England, as is well known,

draws almost its entire supply of cotton from America, and this cotton 'is exclusively the result of slave-labour.' As it is further notorious, that the prosperity of Great Britain depends in a very large degree on the existence of its cotton manufacture, how is it proposed to find a sufficiency of cotton to keep the mills of Lancashire and Lanarkshire going, if slavery is abolished in the United States? According to Mr Pulszky, the true way to finish American slavery is not to attack it by argument—which will never come to much good—but to undermine it by ceasing to import American cotton. But this transatlantic cotton will continue to be bought, until the article can be had cheaper elsewhere. Would it not, then, be consistent with common sense, to look about, in the first place, for this cheaper article? Yet this is what the people of England—Mr Bright, and a few thoughtful men in Manchester excepted—will not take the trouble to do. The following is Pulszky's doctrine on the subject, and sounder sentiments were never uttered:—

'The price of a full-grown, strong slave, occupied in the cotton-fields, is now on an average 800 dollars; and though his maintenance for one year is assumed to be only fifty dollars, the profit which he yields to the owner is, on an average, not more than one cent on the pound of cotton. If cotton becomes one cent cheaper in Liverpool, either by supplies from Asia and Africa, or by a process which would cheapen the flax, the "peculiar institution" will soon decline. The English Abolitionists, therefore, could not further their object better than by urging the reform of the government of India. As soon as India is covered with a net of highroads, canals, and railways, as soon as it offers a sure field for investing English capital, the East will again compete with the southern states of the Union, and slavery will be abolished. A little less of martial spirit in the governors-general, and at the Board of Control, and a little more attention paid to the development of Hindoo agriculture, will soon liberate the African race. George Thompson would have more successfully advocated abolition by pressing the East Indian question in parliament, than by his lecturing-tour through the northern states. We are told that Port Natal, in Africa, Moreton Bay, in Australia, and the banks of the Parana, are likely to produce cotton to any extent. If this be the case, the great difficulty of the United States will be solved without concussion. The effects of a good government in those countries will be felt in every slave-cabin from Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. From abroad there is scarcely any other effective mode of action for the abolition of African bondage in America. Declarations against the institution, uttered by foreigners, are of no use; on the contrary, they inhibit the southerner, to whom an Abolitionist is just such a bugbear as Proudhon is to a Paris banker.'

Mrs Pulszky bears willing testimony to the excellence of the New-England character, which she seems to think has been too frequently undervalued. 'New England is said to be the country of money-making Yankees and political schemers, of theoretical scholars and blue-stockings. But, on the other hand, we found in the west and south, that wherever a place thrived more than the neighbourhood, it was principally due to emigrated New Englanders; and the clean and nice appearance of Cleveland, and the Western Reserve, in Ohio, peopled by Yankees, gave me the most favourable

impression of the character of the inhabitants of the north-eastern states.' Entering Concord, which, like Massachusetts, was founded on religious principles, we find many pleasing evidences of at least external progress. 'I had heard that the Yankees are sacrificing every feeling to gain, and bending every faculty to acquisition; but I found myself most agreeably surprised by the charming appearance of Newhaven, with its broad places, and the magnificent double alley of elms, which, forming a vault with their branches, resemble a gigantic cathedral with two side-aisles round the nave. The court-house, an elegant building, facing an extensive meadow, was the place where the city authorities addressed Kossuth, under the colonnade, to which a broad staircase leads from the green field below, crowded by a respectfully listening multitude. From the opposite window of the hotel, where I was seated, the view was gay and brilliant.'

Proceeding from Newhaven, they visit Whitneyville, the seat of a large musket-manufactory, placed in a picturesque valley, watered by a fine stream. Mr Whitney, the proprietor, is the son of Eli Whitney, who became eminent for his invention for cleaning cotton. In this retired spot, he has erected a manufactory of firearms, on which the tourists pass no opinion. Mrs Pulszky's wish was to see the workmen's houses, and she and her husband visited them, while the other members of the party were receiving the ceremony of a public welcome. We shall allow her to describe what she saw. 'The houses are neat whitewashed buildings, one story high, surrounded by a garden, all of pretty equal size. We entered one, and found on the ground-floor a nice carpeted parlour—a piano stood at the wall, a round table in the midst of the room, several elegant chairs around, and various ornamental trinkets upon the mantle piece. The upper story was occupied by three bedrooms, each containing a large bed, a wash-stand, a table, a drawer, and a couple of cane-chairs. In all these rooms we noticed books. I was curious to see what kind of literature interested the working-classes. I found the Bible, and instead of novels, the Life of the Virginian statesman Henry Patrick, travels, history, a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and a heap of newspapers. We visited a second house; it was of the same description. We parted with deep respect from a community where the workmen earn so much as to enjoy life with their families, and to cultivate their minds.' It does not seem to have occurred to the writer, that amount of earnings is really of little consequence, if there be not self-denial, self-respect, and a certain refinement of taste.

Entering Massachusetts, the travellers were now in the land of schools and colleges, where every child is educated, and where everybody reads and has the faculty of thinking. In Boston, the capital of this intelligent community, they were politely received into the best circles, and brought in contact with some of the most eminent literary and scientific men in America. Society is described as being learned and select. 'In London or in Paris, many more celebrated men of science may be found; but these capitals are of such immense extent, and so many different interests divide and split people into sets and coteries, that the literary and scientific element is entirely diluted, whilst in Boston it forms one of the principal features of society. Love of science is inherent in New England; the Whig principle—that knowledge is the best safeguard of

freedom, more so than armies; that therefore every citizen, whether childless or blessed with many children, must contribute to public education; that the common schools must be free to every child; and that the state must afford the greatest facility for higher education, prevails here generally, even amongst the democrats. In other states, they favour rather the voluntary principle of education, establishing the schools by public money, but endeavouring to make them self-supporting, by the fees of the students, as they take the education of the children to be the duty of the parents, not of the citizens at large. It is through schools and instruction that Massachusetts strives against crime and oppression; and in the regular expenditure of this state, public education has the prominent place which in Europe is given to the army and navy estimates. Such being the case, we cannot wonder that workmen's houses are something different from what are usually found in Great Britain.

Among the distinguished residents in Boston is now included the celebrated M. Agassiz, who has quitted the attractions of the Old World to carry to the New a love of natural history. 'We observed to him,' says Mrs Pulszky, 'that it must be painful for a man who in Europe was surrounded by all the facilities for observation, and who could there work and combine the results of the investigations of many others occupied in the same line, to be in some way excluded from the benefits of co-operation, as not even all the scientific publications on natural history find their way across the ocean. But the discoverer of the theory of glaciers [?] told us, that he is most satisfied with his position; he might have acquired greater renown in Europe, but he certainly is more useful in America; for, though he loses precious time in details, which in Europe others would work out for him, he originates here a school of naturalists, who will not fail to advance the science. He is now engaged in microscopic researches on the infusoria, and in observations on the metamorphoses of animal life. The tadpole and the caterpillar are not the only instances of those transformations; and one of the last discoveries of M. Agassiz shews, that several species of the infusoria are nothing else than the embryos of mollusca. Embryology has become, by this discovery, a chief object of his attention; but whether he speaks on the recent coral formation of Florida, and of the fossil corals which were heaved up in the Jura range, or whether it is the transformation of the crabs and mollusca, he always gives to science that lively interest and practical bearing which is sure to captivate the hearer. By his energetic activity, he finds time also for the general interests of humanity, and especially for the important question of education, in regard to university reform.'

Further on, in treating of the national character of the Americans, it is shown that, like the English, they are a deeply earnest and religious people; and nothing could be more evident than that they are so, for in no country in the world is so much done, in a spirit of freewill-offering, for the support of religious ordinances. It does not appear to us, that this remarkable feature in the American character has ever been done justice to in England. In our own country, the support of religion is a traditionary institution, originating in the piety of ages long since past. In America, the piety is not legendary, but a living thing of modern society; and what it does in the way of maintaining not only the faith, but the body and soul of religion throughout the land, presents a forcible view of generosity of character. The Americans, says Pulszky, 'provide for the religious wants of the entire population by churches and preachers, though the church is nowhere maintained by the state, and cannot draw its revenues, year by year, whether felt to deserve them or not. In the 36,000 churches of the Union, there is accommodation for 12,520,000 worshippers; and people avail themselves

every Sunday of this opportunity to an extent unknown to the lower classes in England. The Americans, unlike their English brothers, take care of the education of all the white children of the free states—not only in the cities, but also in the rural districts—and endeavour to do the same in the south. The American government, in the States and in Washington, does not rest on the exclusive influence of the wealthier classes, but on the education of the people at large. Contrary to English custom, it is the state, not the church, which provides for the schools; yet secular education has not impaired the religiousness of the people.'

In noticing the book before us, we have refrained from making any remark on the special circumstances which took the Pulszkies to America and made them, to a certain extent, the guests of the nation. Kossuth appears to have been everywhere received with enthusiasm; but, as is well known, his aims met with no practical response, or, at all events, ended in nothing but a few gifts and good wishes. Much, also, of the enthusiasm displayed, was undoubtedly ascribable to the rage for novelty and excitement. In some places, the party were visited by crowds, who thronged as if to a show. With an account of one of these demonstrations, which took place at Washington, we may close our notice of this amusing work.

'The visitors thronged to Brown's Hotel, to claim an introduction to Kossuth; and as they were considerably more than our apartment could hold, we could neither request them to sit down, nor of course would we keep them standing; therefore we had no choice but to bow and to shake hands, without attempting any conversation. Yet there was a great deal of variety in this pantomimic intercourse. One moment a lady trips in, wrapped in velvet and furs from head to foot, a fan in her hand, her uplifted veil flowing down over her plumed bonnet. The gentleman who accompanies her, proclaims her name; I mutter: "Most happy indeed;" we look at each other; we both bow; the tip of her fingers lightly touches my hand; she passes on. An old senator follows; he emphatically presses Madame Kossuth's hand, saying: "Welcome to our shores." Next a lady, in a rather weather-beaten morning-attire, with a shawl and bonnet that must have witnessed many a New-year's Day levee; she stares at us most intently, and only utters: "How do you do?" I re-echo her salutation; she stares again, and most probably would long continue to do so, but she is pushed on by another lady, looking very determined, with several children at her side and at her heels. "Take off your hat, Charley!" says she, to discipline her son. The children behind her cry: "We can't see!" a little confusion ensues. The lady elbows right and left; "Now the girls can see," exclaims she, and begins to inquire how many children Madame Kossuth has, and how many I, and where they are, and how they are, poor little things! But the gentleman who has the trying task of introductions, gets impatient, and exclaims: "This will not do; please, ladies and gentlemen, to pass on; so many are coming; please, ladies, not to stop." And ladies and gentlemen, old and young, pass now in so quick succession, that I can hardly retain the name or the face though many of them are well worth remembering: members of the senate; generals and colonels; officers of the navy and their ladies; interesting and sweet countenances from the north and the south, the east and the west. . . .

'The room begins to grow emptier, a few visitors yet appear, amongst them a lovely woman. She has tears in her eyes as she welcomes us to the land of the free; she leads in her hand a little girl of striking beauty, who wistfully glances up to us, and her mother says: "Darling, these are the ladies of whom you have heard so often, the ladies who have suffered so much with their children—should you not like to have like-

wide the dear little ones with us?" Such warm greeting we had repeatedly experienced in every quarter of the States which we had visited; at the firesides of the rich, amidst the crowds of the people; in the shops of the working-classes, in the asylum of the blind. But that tearful sympathy, freely expressed likewise in the drawing-room, deeply impressed me with the conviction, that artificial conventionalism has here not deadened that delightful sensibility, whose absence leaves so many fashionable resorts void of every genuine charm.

IRELAND AS A SUGAR COUNTRY.

Some interesting discussions have lately taken place with regard to the practicability of rendering Ireland a sugar-producing country. The present condition of Ireland, more than the increased consumption of sugar in Britain, has been the cause of these discussions; and of the many remedies that have been suggested to give stimulus to agricultural improvement and rural industry, this seems to be one well worthy of consideration.

Many publications have recently appeared on this important subject; we have now before us Sir Robert Kane's Report,* embodying a series of valuable investigations to which it will be well to call the attention of our readers, and which will enable us, at the same time, to give some general details respecting the nature and peculiarities of the beet-crop. Although inclined to regard some of the conclusions drawn in the Report as too sanguine to be verified by actual experiments in practical farming, still we cannot too highly commend the admirable manner in which it has been drawn up, and the many really valuable scientific results obtained.

The percentage of sugar contained in beet, as well as its general composition, has been the subject of much careful investigation on the part of continental chemists, from the time of Margraf of Berlin (1717) to the present day. He obtained from the bulb of the white or sugar-beet, 6.25 per cent. of sugar; from the roots, properly so called, 5 per cent.; and from the red beet, 4½ per cent. Half a century later, Hermbstadt obtained 4.5 per cent. of crystallisable sugar, and 3.5 per cent. of uncrystallisable mucilage sugar. This led him to conclude, that a part of the sugar contained in the beet was uncrystallisable. This opinion prevailed until 1831, when Pelouze's researches proved that the whole of the sugar contained in the beet was crystallisable cane-sugar, and that neither grapes-sugar nor mannite existed in the beet, except when it had undergone alteration. These results have been confirmed and extended by M. Peligot. Besides confirming the two important results of M. Pelouze—namely, that the whole of the sugar was crystallisable cane-sugar, and that the percentage of sugar gradually increased until the beet was fully ripe—he has shown that the amount of sugar which the beet may contain is very large, very little inferior, indeed, to the sugar-cane, and thus fixed a sort of goal to which good cultivation should finally arrive.

It is not enough, however, for the purposes of the sugar-manufacturer, that the beet-root contains sugar in sufficient proportion to its other constituents; it is requisite

that that sugar should not be dissolved in too large a proportion of water. This is a difficult point for determination by mere experiment, for even the best juice is not a solution of pure sugar, but is mixed up with other ingredients, so that specific gravity cannot be depended upon as a sure test for indicating the percentage of saccharine matter.

The beet-sugar question, in its relation to Ireland, is of a twofold nature. In the first place—Is the sugar-beet suited to the soil and climate of the country? If so, will it yield a sufficient acreage of sugar, fit for manufacture, to render it a remunerative crop in a commercial point of view?

In regard to the former of these questions, there can be no sort of doubt, as the natural history of the beet settles the question. The beet is a production indigenous to Great Britain and Ireland, and is, therefore, a sure crop everyway suited to our ungenial clime. All the cultivated varieties contain sugar, but the one generally employed in the sugar manufacture is the white Silesian, usually known under the name of sugar-beet. Indeed, the chemical composition of the different varieties does not appear to differ to any appreciable extent, the accidental variation among specimens of the same variety being, however, occasionally very considerable. In Russia, the Siberian beet, an inferior sugar variety, is still much employed.

With reference to the question, whether the sugar-beet is likely to prove a remunerative crop in Ireland, Messrs Sullivan and Gages' Report (Appendix B) affords valuable information, their analyses of Irish-grown beet having been evidently made with the view of establishing this point, which, however, they found to be a very complex one. At page 25 of their Report, it is observed:—“An impression appears to prevail, that heat and sun-shine are so intimately connected with the production of sugar in plants, and especially of cane-sugar, that as we proceed north from the tropics, its quantity must gradually diminish. Such a view applied to the case of the beet, would of course lead to the conclusion, that the south of Europe would be best adapted for its cultivation as a source of sugar, and that cold countries like Ireland, however well they may be adapted to produce foliage and large roots, would necessarily produce beet of inferior saccharine properties. Another opinion has gained ground, that with the diminution of sugar would occur a change in its nature; or, in other words, that the same quantity of crystallisable cane-sugar would not be contained in roots grown in Ireland, and of course, for the same reason, in the northern parts of Europe generally—that is, in places north of the actual beet-sugar districts. It is certain, however, that in Russia, geographical position has but little influence upon the percentage of sugar; it depends almost entirely upon culture and manures. The fact is even stated as the result of practical experiment as well as of laboratory investigation, that there is no material difference in beet grown over a region extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Caspian Sea, and from the Mediterranean to very near the Arctic Ocean.

According to Messrs Sullivan and Gages, roots containing less than 8 per cent. of sugar could not, at the usual price paid for them, be employed with economy in the manufacture of sugar, at least not generally. Their analyses shew—as the result of examination of beet, grown on the most various soils, manured in every possible manner, not to speak of the necessarily inferior cultivation to which, as a crop new to Irish farmers, it must have been subjected—that 76 per cent. of the roots contained sufficient sugar to enable a manufacturer to extract it with profit, and 24 per cent. rendered it unfit for the purpose. Of 118 roots examined, seventy-two yielded more than 8 per cent.

* Report of Inquiry into the Composition and Cultivation of the Sugar-beet in Ireland, and its Application to the Manufacture of Sugar. Made to the Right Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Works, by the Director of the Museum of Irish Industry. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

of sugar, eighteen between 8 and 9 per cent., and twenty-eight below 8 per cent. Thus ninety of the 118 were adapted for profitable manufacture; twenty-eight unfit. This is favourable when compared with the analyses of continental roots, which give 70 per cent. adapted for manufacture, and 30 per cent. unsuitable. We still regard the beet question, however, as one of good cultivation: if energy and the appliances of scientific agriculture are brought to bear upon it—and they are peculiarly applicable to this crop—there can be little doubt of at least ordinary success.

In one respect, the establishment of the manufacture of beet-sugar in Ireland would seem to be highly advantageous in the present condition of that country. Under any circumstances, the introduction of new crops, and of new modes of cultivation, serves as a powerful stimulus to the general progress of husbandry in all countries. For Ireland, much has already been done in this way. Sir Robert Kane's researches seem especially to point out the advantages likely to accrue from the introduction of this new branch of agricultural industry. To us, as to him, it appears as eminently calculated to be of service, not only as creating a new and extensive source of manufacturing employment, but also that, as the material used can only be profitably obtained by means of improved agriculture, and that an important element in the profits of the manufacture would be the careful economy of the *seams* and pulp, either as manures or as food for cattle, the manufactures of beet-root sugar should exercise a powerful influence on the agriculture of their district, inducing a greater variety of cultivation, a more thorough preparation of the soil, and a more careful economy of manures; and that, in this way, even should the manufacturing speculation become hereafter, by improvement in the management of the colonial sugar industry, or by any other cause, less probably successful than it now appears to be, there should still have been conferred on Ireland a great advantage in the improved practice of green-crop husbandry, which would be certain to remain.

The researches detailed in the Report bring out some interesting results, which have an important bearing upon the general principles of cultivation. Such must be regarded the experiments made on the effect of increase of size on the percentage of sugar. It is shewn, that the larger the root, the smaller is the quantity [comparative?] of solid matter which it contains; so that it will be found that the quantity of sugar will diminish as the weight of the bulb increases. This affords a valuable hint to our horticultural and agricultural societies, and may lead to the adoption of better criteria than mere size in the judging of superior productions: it is also instructive to the farmer and gardener, in so far as it teaches that mere bulk or weight of produce does not indicate the correct economical yield of a farm or garden. 'All the roots which yielded a very low percentage of sugar, weighed from five to nine or ten pounds, whilst those remarkable for the quantity of sugar which they contained were always small roots, seldom exceeding two pounds in weight.' The researches of Peligot and Hermann especially shew this; the Russian roots, which gave high percentages, rarely exceeded a pound in weight—in general, much smaller, however, than Irish-grown roots examined by Messrs Sullivan and Gages, which yielded corresponding quantities of sugar.

It seems to be satisfactorily proved, that strong manuring does not actually diminish the amount of sugar in the beet-root, but it increases the quantity of other substances, whose presence increases the difficulty of its extraction. Fresh manures appear to be always injurious to the beet-crops, but less so on loamy soils, 'upon which the oxygen of the air has more power to act.' Spring manuring is exceedingly injurious; and although the roots grown under this

treatment may yield sugar abundantly early in the season, they are worked with difficulty after being kept for a short time.

The general conclusions to which Sir Robert Kane has arrived, are—1. That the sugar-beet requires, for its successful cultivation, a rich loamy soil, thoroughly and deeply worked, thoroughly drained and divided; and that the presence of organic matter in excess, or undecomposed, in the soil, is an important disadvantage. 2. That the employment of saline or rich introgenous manures immediately before, or during the growth of the beet, acts unfavourably on the employment of the plant for making sugar, by rendering the juice impure, and increasing the proportion of azotised materials which readily ferment, and thereby convert the crystallisable into uncrystallisable sugar, which is the most usual and important source of loss in the manufacture. 3. That it is fully established, that the entire quantity of sugar in the beet exists naturally as crystallisable cane-sugar; and that uncrystallisable sugar makes its appearance only as a product of decomposition in the manufacture (molasses), and is, therefore, so far a source of loss, which may be avoided by improved treatment. 4. That the quantity of sugar present in Irish-grown beet is in no way inferior to that usually found in the beet-roots used in the sugar-manufactories of the continent; and that, in some cases, the percentage of sugar yielded by beet approaches to that afforded by the sugar-cane as usually cultivated.

With respect to the cost of producing the sugar-beet in Ireland, Sir Robert does not announce any positive conclusions, being rather anxious to direct attention to the estimates by practical agriculturists, contained in the Appendix to his Report. These seem to indicate, that 'the cultivation of the sugar-beet would prove at least as profitable as other green-crops usually are, provided that cultivation be carried on in a proper manner.'

We need hardly say, that something more than this is desirable. The real question is, can sugar be supplied from beet cheaper than it can be imported from Brazil and the West Indies? And to a rigid examination of this element in the subject, we crave the attention of Sir Robert Kane and other friends of Ireland, before any practical steps be taken by agriculturists. We have always heard that France, with a view to encourage home industry, persists in producing beet-sugar at a greater cost than it can purchase cane-sugar from tropical countries; thus taxing the whole people for the benefit of a class. If this be true as regards France, we would earnestly deprecate the introduction of a similarly erroneous policy into either Great Britain or Ireland.

MR KILLWINNING'S THIRD WEDDING-DAY.

'RAI-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!' WENT the knocker at No. 3 Gillyflower Place; and half-a-dozen faces from the opposite houses peeped over, and under, and between the blinds, to catch a glimpse of Mr Killwinning, who was to be married to-morrow for the third time.

'Quick!' said Ellen (at No. 2's window), 'there's Mr Killwinning!'

'Where?' asked Kate, rushing over her little brother to the window.

'There—at his own door, beginning already to take off his coat.'

'How very ridiculous!' exclaimed Kate; 'why does he do so?'

'He is rather eccentric; it's only a way he has,' replied her sister. 'A way to shew off his figure, his smart waistcoat, and his fine white linen all at once, to admiring eyes like ours!' 'A pretty figure to shew

off' laughed Kate—'a little fubby fat man, with—
Oh, how provoking!' continued she, as the door closed
on Mr Killwinning; 'whither has he vanished?'

'Into the air, doubtless.'

'O no,' said Kate; 'there he is in the dining-room,
pulling up the blind.'

'O do come away from the window!' implored Ellen,
'lest he should see us; and mamma would be so angry
at our rudeness.'

The young ladies retired from the window to discuss
the age, looks, and circumstances of the bridegroom
whom they had just seen, together with the age, looks,
and circumstances of the bride whom they had never
seen; and the conclusion arrived at was, that he was
a remarkably neat, good-humoured-looking, little fat
man, but, Kate thought, not at all desirable for a hus-
band; and that the *fiancée* must be old and ugly, with
a great deal of money—not at all interesting in a wife.

'Well,' said Kate, who was the more severe of the
two, 'I don't envy Mrs Killwinning: I should like
something a little more dashing and handsome for my
husband!'

'And perhaps not be half so happy,' sensibly re-
marked Ellen. 'I assure you, notwithstanding Mr
Killwinning's antiromantic appearance, he can be
very agreeable, and I have no doubt will make a good
husband.'

'Make a good husband!' tauntingly echoed Kate,
who, just returned from visiting an aunt in a large
commercial town, had conceived strange notions of tall
young gentlemen with bushy dark whiskers—poor Mr
Killwinning had none: 'your ideas, Ellen, are always
so commonplace. It really would be charitable to
persuade aunt to send you an invitation for a short
time, that you might see a little of the world; but
then, who could keep Charlie and Bob in order, hear
them their lessons, and mend their clothes, in your
absence?—Not I, I'm sure.'

'I have but little curiosity to see the world, as you
call it, and am quite contented to remain where I am,'
replied Ellen, 'so long as I am serviceable to my little
brothers, and not entirely a burden on poor mamma.'

'Well, I suppose you like this sort of humdrum
life, and aspire to the "useful" more than the "orna-
mental." Oh, give me the exciting gaieties of town-life
—balls, plays, and concerts in rapid succession! You
have no idea, Ellen, of the advantage of a brilliantly-
lighted, crowded room, to a well-dressed woman; it
shows her off amazingly; her face all smiles and
amiability, the men think her an angel; and, nine times
out of ten, requesting her hand for the next quadrille,
is the prelude to soliciting it for life.'

'Why, Kate,' said Ellen, half amused, and yet a little
alarmed at her sister's enthusiastic manner, 'your
animated description would make one believe you were
quite familiar with such scenes?'

'Alas, no!' sighed Kate. 'Aunt once contrived to
send me with some friends to a fancy-ball, attired as a
gipsy-girl; you may be sure "my poverty and not my
will consented" to so mean a costume. I saw then
where happiness was to be found: the rich monopolise
it, and there is no catching even a glimpse of it unless
you possess that golden key, which is the open sesame
to their exclusive reunions.'

The discussion was interrupted by the announcement
of 'Mrs and the Miss Jenkinses.' Miss Jenetta, Miss
Joanna, and Miss Jemima Jenkins, followed their
mamma into the room in single file, like geese on a
common, and with not a little of that bird's spiteful
propensities. 'How do you do, my loves?' asked Mrs
Jenkins in her accustomed dignified and patronising
manner—'Mrs Clacket is out, I suppose? Indeed, I
didn't expect to find any of you at home on so sweet a
morning; you shouldn't mope so, this fine summer
weather; I always insist on these children (the youngest
was twenty-seven) taking the air once a day; it gives

them a fine healthy appearance [they were of a lamp-
post-like symmetry], and counteracts the effect of the
late hours of the numerous gay parties they are ground
into. You are to be at Mr Killwinning's wedding
to-morrow?'

'We have not received any invitation,' said Ellen,
blushing, from a consciousness of the slight, which she
could not help feeling, and in which she knew the
Jenkinses would triumph.

'Bless me, how very extraordinary!' exclaimed Mrs
Jenkins, secretly exulting that the matured charms of
her daughters would not have to compete with the
sprightliness of Kate, though as for the backward,
awkward, and retiring Ellen, she scarcely vouchsafed
her a thought. 'You quite amaze me! Poor things!
I really feel for you. However, my daughters, Jenetta,
Joanna, and Jemima, shall call and tell you all about
it; so, my dears, you must just console yourselves
with the wedding at second-hand. Jemima has a great
talent for imitation, which enables her most amusingly
to take off all her acquaintances; so she will give you
the airs and graces of the bride to the very life; and
though this is a decided slight—I should almost say an
insult—don't take it to heart, dears: I promise you,
you shall be at a wedding when my girls are married—
[a safe promise.] By the by, Miss Kate, have you heard
the rank of the bride?'

'I have not heard,' said Kate, who, from Mrs
Jenkins's volubility, was allowed to say very little.

'Dear me, you know nothing!' observed Mrs
Jenkins, who prided herself on knowing everything.
'Well, then, I can tell you: it is a young foreign
countess—a sudden liking, quite a similar affair to the
Emperor Napoleon's choice of the Countess Theba.
Of course you know, Miss Ellen, for you have been
more at home than your sister, that Mr Killwinning
is very eccentric?'

'I know nothing more of Mr Killwinning,' said
Ellen, 'than to feel convinced that, whoever his bride
may be, she will justify his choice.'

'Oh, of course, of course; and that's very generous
of you,' unpertinently observed Mrs Jenkins, 'consider-
ing you are not invited. Then Mr Killwinning, being
so exceedingly rich, may do just as he pleases. It's
quite an affection to his living in that small house
opposite; but he does so many out-of-the-way things
—for instance, his sending twenty pounds to old lame
Nelly, who had her cottage burned down last week;
but you don't know that either, I suppose?'

'O yes, I do know that,' provokingly replied Ellen.
'Mr Killwinning happened to ask me some questions
about poor old Nelly on our way home from church
last Sunday.'

'Oh, indeed!' dryly remarked Mrs Jenkins, with
something of the feeling which an unexpected check
at chess gives the hitherto attacking party. 'I was
not aware that Mr Killwinning was in the habit of
conversing with you as you came out of church! But
good-bye, loves; remember us to dear Mrs Clacket.
Jenetta, Joanna, and Jemima, shall each save you a
little bit of bride-cake; so keep up your spirits.'

'Now confess,' said Kate, when they were gone,
'isn't it mortifying, Ellen, that Mr Killwinning should
have omitted us in his invitations, thereby depriving
you of one scene of gaiety at least that seemed within
your reach?'

'N—no,' replied Ellen, half-reluctantly.

'As for me,' continued Kate in an exulting yet mor-
tified tone, 'I am thankful that we shall be spared the
infliction—the wedding-breakfast will be a tiresome
thing, and of course, altogether, it will be a dreadfully
dull affair. And for my own part, I'd much rather
remain at home, but for the impertinence of that
pompous, patronising Mrs Jenkins, with her prim,
perpendicular daughters, looking for all the world, like
half-animated thread-papers with the silk outside.'

'Girls,' said Mrs Clacket, the mamma, bursting into the room out of breath, card-case in hand, just returned from a round of gossiping morning-calls—'girls, go and look out your lavender silks and white-lace polkas directly. I trust they're not too shabby for the occasion,' she continued, gasping and throwing herself into a chair; 'I am most anxious you should make a good appearance. I don't mind a few shillings for ribbons. Your patent-leather shoes of course will do, and your open-work thread-stockings are the very thing. Do you hear me, girls? Have you no regard for the feelings of a mother? Will you go and look out the lavender silks?'

'But what for, mamma?' asked both girls at once.

'It was all a mistake. Mr Killwinning says—I met him just now—that we were the first on the list of invitations; the card has evidently been kept back through envy or mistake—the former, no doubt, I am quite convinced of that; and I am naturally anxious that my girls should look better than any body else. The Miss Potters of course will, as usual, be enveloped in their everlasting white tarletons, with their red heads protruding like the sun through a fog; I am not afraid of them, it is the Jenkens I dread—those forward Jenkens! I saw the three girls this morning come out of Brown's shop, followed by a boy with a parcel; I think the parcel looked soft, as if filled with nothing but tulle and ribbons—at least, I hope so—I trust there are no new dresses in the wind. If they wear their old blue-watered silks, we're safe.'

'But who is to be the bride, mamma?' inquired Kate.

'I can't tell; in fact, nobody knows. Mr Killwinning means to surprise us, that is quite evident. There are various surmises afloat: some say it is a poor orphan from Ireland, his native country; others fear it may be an actress, to whom he once anonymously sent a forget-me-not-ring; and there are apprehensions of a low marriage with a pretty servant-girl of his mother's; but as we have not heard of any bans being published, or licence procured, we're all in the dark, anxiously waiting for to-morrow morning to enlighten us.'

'But, dear mamma,' observed Kate, 'you speak of Mr Killwinning as if he were a bachelor, and yet he has been married twice. What were his first wives like?'

'Well, my dear, I did once condescend to converse with his Irish servant, who seems a very eccentric as himself; and he informed me, that the first Mrs Killwinning was forty when his master was a boy of eighteen; nevertheless, as she had a great deal of money, he married her, but she lived many years to punish him for his mercenary motives: then he married a governess, who was consumptive, and popped off very soon: he came here immediately on her decease—eighteen months ago come next August—and has certainly made himself excessively agreeable at all our balls and parties, but without a rumour of any intention to marry again, until the issue of invitations to his wedding-breakfast took us all by surprise; and, what is more surprising still, and, I think, proves that his bride must be a mere nobody, the wedding-breakfast is to be at his own house, and before the ceremony has taken place—however, he is very eccentric, and does all things differently from other people.'

The lavender silks were now produced: Kate's had undergone severe service on the visit to her aunt, while Ellen's was almost as good as new; it was therefore suggested by Ellen, faintly opposed by Kate, and ultimately and gladly decided by the mamma, as Kate was the pet and the elder, and both the same style of figure, that there should be an exchange of dresses.—'It didn't so much matter for Ellen,' who gave up her bright-looking silk quite cheerfully; and really after hemming-up the frayed bottom of the skirt, and rubbing out a few stains with the last 'new patent reviver,' Kate's old gown, like Dominic Sampson's second suit, seemed

'renovated miraculously.' The mamma—a smart widow of two years' standing, with much to do on very small means—was to be attired in her becoming second-mourning gray satin.

The house was in a perfect bustle of preparation, Mrs Clacket giving directions to everybody about everything; at last concluding the evening's lecture to her daughters in these words: 'And now, girls, let me impress upon you the necessity of looking your best. Of all parties for young people, a wedding-party is the most important; it is so exceedingly catching, never passing off without a proposal to somebody. The elegant Mr Henderson, who is evidently thinking of getting married, will be there; and Dr Quackem of Crosbon Lodge, Caryl Row, whose sickly wife, notwithstanding all his skill and new mode of treatment, can't last much longer. What are you giggling at, Kate? Ellen, you needn't frown; a mother's anxiety justifies my looking forward to these casualties. The times are dreadful. All the men are going to Australia—and what prospect has a mother for her marriageable daughters? Therefore, my dear girls, let me beseech you to make the most of yourselves; and, Ellen, as your hair—like Samson's—is your strong point, put it in papers, braids being so universally worn, the singularity of ringlets will be attractive.'

The girls promised to obey their mamma, and commenced all the mysteries of curling and crimping, to give the hair that fall wavy appearance which was to make the tide flow in their favour, and overwhelm and extinguish the Potters and Jenkens for ever.

Meanwhile, Mr Killwinning, the grand cause of this excitement, was lounging on the sofa, sipping his wine, and reading *Punch* in the cool of the evening—the last of his double widower-hood—when his servant Tim entered the room, and with many bows and scrapes commenced: 'I humbly axes parlor, sir; but Biddy the cook has seduced me—as she says, it's necessary to the domestic arrangements of the establishment—to make so bold as to inquire whether the mistress'll slape at home to-morrow night?'

'What's that to you or Biddy the cook either, sir?'

'Nothin' in life, sir; and I'm glad for the honor iv th' family, that you don't name it. May I make so bold agin, sir, as to inquire, without offence, if it's your intintion to take a continental trip over the provinces in the express train?'

'At fault again, Tim; so I warn you to make no more impertinent inquiries.'

'Long life to your honor—I've hit it at last! You'll do the thing gintaley, as all the Killwinnings did before you, and go off in the thrue methropolis Dublin style—in an illigant yello posh-and-four?'

'I shall not satisfy your curiosity, Tim—so get out.'

'Is it get out? Sure, I'm goin', sir; I've only one more confidential communication to make, sir—am I to meet her at the thrain, sir?'

'Meet whom, Tim?'

'The mistress, sir.'

'What mistress, Tim?'

'That's what I'd like to know, sir?'

'You mean the future Mrs Killwinning, I suppose?'

'Devil another, sir!'

'I don't expect her by train, Tim.'

'Then, as this is an in-land, how is she to come, sir?'

'Like Venus, rising from the sea; and so on, completing the journey in the first overland balloon she meets with,' said Mr Killwinning.

'What with the wather and the wind, it'll be a cowlid journey, sir!'

'Depend upon it, Tim, Mrs Killwinning will send you about your business, if you're so bold.'

'Sure, sir, I've always been tould that my bashfulness givs the better iv me. Didn't the girls nickname me "Timorous Tim" through Dublin and the parts

adjacent? But there's one thing throbbles me, sir, and I'd like to spake it.'

'Well, out with it, Tim.'

'We've seen none iv th' coortin', sir; and the devil a bit of a ladylike letter have you ever given me to dthop into the post; and puttin' that and that together, Biddy the cook's consarned for you, sir, seein' that she's an Irish girl like myself, and has apprehensions that you're strugglin' under a delusion.'

'What do you mean by a delusion, Tim?'

'It's this, sir: I wanst knew a gentlem'n, a personal frind iv my own, who was rejoiced in his circumstances to drivin' a car round the Lakes iv Killarney; he was laborin' under the same desase as yourself, sir—that a lady was goin' to marry him; and when the woddin'-night came, his bride turned into a throu, and was fried for his supper.'

'Well,' said his master, laughing, 'tell Biddy she'll have other fish to fry when Mrs Killwinning comes home. By the by, Tim!—'

'Yes, sir.'

'Has my new coat come home?'

'It has, sir.'

'And when are the waiters to be here from Dawson's Hotel, to set out the breakfast?'

'At seven o'clock, sir: the quality's invited at nine, seein' that's an aisy hour, and won't put people about. Will you take a fever to-morrow, sir?'

'I hope not, Tim; unless you call taking a wife a fever.'

'By no means, sir; it's a fever to put at the breast. I've got all the fevers in a box; and whiles the tay and cofky's poorin' out, I'll be pinnin' thim to the postilions and the horses' heads. You'll get to the church, sir—for I hope you won't be after tyng the Hymenal-knot in a bathenish fashion in the house—before eleven; and you and Mrs Killwinning, good luck to her! wherever she may come from—will be off by twelve, to kape the honeymoon in the yelly posshy.'

'Now, Tim, I've had quite enough of you, so get out.'

'Goin', sir.'

'Take care that everything looks well; make the most of the plate and china; do you hear?'

'No fears, sir; and my heart's glad that you're takin' an interest in the looks of things. I axes pardon agin, sir,' said Tim, his face full of anxiety, 'but I'm unasy about your personal appearance, and I know that ladies is purticular. Ever since the rheumatics, you tuk to wearin' thim red night-caps—wouldn't a white one be more becomin', sir?'

This was too much, and Tim was fairly turned out of the room.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of Mr Killwinning's third wedding-day. At half-past eight, the guests began to arrive. Tim had either bought or borrowed a bright pea-green swallow-tailed coat and yellow waistcoat, which was his bean-ideal of a marriage-garment. He was determined to do the thing in style, so far as he was concerned; and according to his own notions of gentility, posted himself at the drawing-room door, to announce 'the quality,' whispering to Biddy, as she bustled about: 'I'm gettin' unasy, misha! Where's the bride to come from? We'll be disgraced entirely! There's master lookin' illigant in the drawing-room, and nobody couin' to marry him! Biddy, my jewel! couldn't you dress yourself in a wrathe of orange-blossom, to kape up the posterity and respectability of the Killwinnings?'

'Indeed, thim, Tim,' said Biddy, 'I wouldn't be after doin' so unlucky a thing as to put on the wrathe before my own time comes; let the master find a wrathe for the bride, and a bride for the wrathe.' The guests arriving quickly, Tim resumed the dignity of office.

'The Honorable Miss Potters—of Roundabout Place,' bowed Tim, announcing the little Potters, who looked

as symmetrical as so many Dutch cheeses. 'Mr Jeremiah Henderson—of the Branch Bank of Illigance—England, I mane,' continued Tim, dubbing, *unto soci, every one with his vocation, or some title of his own conferring.* 'The three Miss Jenkens—of Treacle Terrace, spinsters!'

The three Miss Jenkens, who overheard the description, simultaneously turned their frowning faces towards Tim—'if looks could kill, he had not lived;' but nothing daunted, he went on. 'The Very Riverint Archdeacon Tithe-ever—from the Close-cum-Catchall, D.D. The larned Doctor Quackem of Cross-Bones Lodge, Cure-ill Row, M.D. Save us and preserve us! Mr Flexible Flint—of Tinder-touch Hall; and Mrs and Miss Clacketts—from over the way!'

These, with several others, made a comfortable squeeze at the breakfast-table, where everything was elegantly arranged, and at the head of which sat Mr Killwinning; really looking remarkably well, and almost interesting. The breakfast was so substantial, as to cause some of the gentlemen to forget that they had come for any other purpose than to partake of it; but the ladies were vigilant watchers, with one eye on the door, and the other on Mr Killwinning, who seemed more than ever agreeable and polite to all; yet an accurate observer might notice a slight restlessness and increasing anxiety, which, without impairing his extreme urbanity, seemed at variance with his usual placid equanimity.

Mrs Clacket, who couldn't be silent, and who, seated on Mr Killwinning's right, kept up a running-fire of small-talk, said: 'My dear Mr Killwinning, allow me to congratulate you on—the weather'—there certainly seemed to be no wife forthcoming to congratulate him upon—'I consider this bright morning particularly auspicious; and you know the old saying: "Happy is the bride the sun shines on."'

This was a sort of electric touch that turned all eyes into a note of interrogation towards Mr Killwinning. He answered it with the most ingenious smile, saying: 'My dear Mrs Clacket, she shall be as happy as a devoted husband can make her; and I trust she may long look as bright and beautiful as she does at this moment.'

More notes of interrogation from 'ladies' eyes around.' This allusion of Mr Killwinning's gave the bride 'a local habitation,' though no name. She must be in the room—but where? Some fancied she might be shut up in the cupboard; others, that she was under the table. Mr Flexible Flint, a soft young gentleman, drawled out to Miss Jenkens: 'Our friend, the bridegroom, appears to be indulging in a hallucination, or is under the influence of clairvoyance, unless, my dear Miss Jenkens, you are the happy woman.'

'Oh, Heaven forbid!' replied Miss Jenkens, with well-affected indignation.

Mr Killwinning—whose every word and movement were undergoing severe criticism—now looked at his watch.

'He begins to suspect he's jilted,' whispered Flint to Jenkens.

Mr Killwinning rose, evidently for the purpose of making a speech.

'Poor devil!' compassionately exclaimed Flint.

An awful pause ensued—all eyes right on Mr Killwinning. No one had time to observe Biddy and Tim popping their heads half in at the door.

Mr Killwinning commenced: 'Ladies and gentlemen—but especially the ladies—I entreat your compassionate and patient attention to what I am about to say'—

'It's going to be his last dying speech and confession,' whispered Flint to Jenkens.

Miss Jenkens replied in the usual bad joke about 'the halter,' with a faint smile, intended to conceal her anxiety.

"I find myself in a somewhat embarrassing position—I've done a singularly bold thing; I've invited you to a wedding, in the hope that a certain lady would honour me with her hand; and I have yet to ascertain whether I'm to be triumphant, or to suffer defeat. As you are all pleased to call me eccentric, you will, I know, make eccentricity my excuse; but at the same time, my dear ladies, in the present instance at least, allow sincerity to be coupled with it. The fact is, I have—in plain words—for some time past been looking out for a wife; but among so many accomplished and lovely women, I could scarcely presume to hope.—(Every face beamed with an encouraging and radiant smile towards Mr Killwinning at this compliment.) 'And if I am to be rejected when I name the lady—and she is in this room, at this present moment'—the greatest excitement now prevailed, with a faint cry from the little Potters of 'hear, (here?) but whether the verb or the adverb, it were indehicate to guess.—'I confess that my presumption deserves rejection; and she shall have her revenge on the spot by a public refusal.' (Here Mr Killwinning most provokingly began to beat about the bush.) 'I doubt if I should ever have had the good fortune—the young lady will pardon my presumption in venturing to say *good fortune*, until I know my fate—were it not that there appeared to be a tacit agreement among her female friends, that she was "born to blush unseen;" and the gentle, quiet resignation, with which she seemed to enter into this very prejudicial arrangement was to me, I confess, the most fascinating charm that ever lovely woman possessed. Of all others she is the one, and the only one, I would select for a wife; and, eccentric though I be, I feel assured that even her delicacy will pardon the mode in which I thus testify to her retiring, unobtrusive worth, even though it be fatal to my present pretensions, and, I fear, ruinous to my future happiness. I conclude by proposing—no; by respectfully offering my hand and fortune to your youngest daughter, Mrs Clacket.'

A very audible 'Oh!' burst from all the ladies at once. Ellen was on the point of fainting, but was supported by her astonished sister, Mrs Clacket, in a state between laughing and crying, was giving Mr Killwinning's hand sundry convulsive squeezes. Mr Killwinning's speech had made all the ladies in love with him, though no one could tell how the proposal was received, for Ellen, her face buried in her handkerchief, was led from the room. Mr Killwinning, now really looking the picture of unhappiness, followed; and then of course all tongues were loosed, and Mr Killwinning's singular declaration loudly discussed.

'A most indehicate proceeding!' exclaimed young Flint. 'The girl's feelings are outraged. Of course, she'll refuse him.'

'Yes; but what a triumph!' said the envious Miss Jenkins. 'Who could have possibly conceived that he meant Ellen Clacket?'

Just at this moment, the door of the inner apartment opened, discovering Mr Killwinning rising in rapture from his knees, pressing the hand of Ellen to his lips. He led forward his blushing bride—attired, too, like a bride, a magnificent marriage-veil being thrown over her; Mr Killwinning having taken the precaution of sending to London for a bridal *trousseau*, on the chance of its being required, together with a special licence; while the Rev. Mr Tithe-ever had been prepared to act upon it by performing the ceremony, which was on the point of commencing, when Tim's voice was heard, loudly vociferating: 'Stop the wedding! Stop the wedding!' mingled with the still more suspicious cry of 'Stop, thief!'

All faces looked amazement. 'Pon honour,' whispered Flint to Jenkins, 'I suspect Killwinning will turn out a swindler.'

At this instant, Tim rushed into the room, exclaim-

ing: 'Stop! what the devil are you about? Would you be drivin' all the luck from the wedding without the wrathe of orange-blossom that I'm to be hanged for stealin'? Didn't I, when I saw mather was goin' to have a rare wife, start off for Mrs Paddy, the milliner's, and extract this isential from the window, and sho sendin' a spalpeen of a police after me, aboutin': "Stop, thafe!" but I've sint the thransmogrified lobster down stairs quicker than he came up!'

'Well, Tim,' said Mr Killwinning, throwing him a L10 bank-note, 'there's something to pay for your depredation; and Mrs Killwinning will not forget your bold, yet eccentric devotion, *Timorous Tim*.'

Kate now encircled the attractive ringlets of her sister with Tim's wreath of orange-blossom, which caused Tim to dance about, throwing up his slipper in the air something after the Eastern fashion, exclaiming: 'Long life to her! She looks like the Phoenix Park when the May's out!'

The ceremony now proceeded; and at the conclusion, all was good-humoured congratulation. 'What a romantic marriage!' exclaimed the little Potters.

'Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs Killwinning,' said Flexible Flint. 'Pon honour, Killwinning, it's too bad to take her by storm in this way, and leave us poor bachelors in the lurch.'

How willingly now would the Jenkinses have exchanged situations with Ellen, when, by the kind forethought of Mr Killwinning, she appeared equipped for her journey in the most elegant and appropriate apparel! But this was not all; a new carriage, with four beautiful grays, drew up to the door. Poor Mrs Clacket was in ecstasies, scarcely believing in the reality of her having a daughter about to step into her own carriage, which the ill-natured Jenkinses—who kept a spring-cart—affirmed she did most awkwardly, and unlike any one accustomed to an equipage.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

April 1853.

CONVERSATIONS, réunions, and soirées, are now coming thick and fast upon us, greatly to the discomfort of those who dislike the penance of trying to look happy in overcrowded and overheated rooms, where enjoyment is out of the question. Among these gatherings, however, those held at the houses of our leading *salons* are an exception, for there is less throng, and you hear matters talked about that are worth listening to. For instance, that the reforms in law are not to be confined to the measures now before parliament, but will be carried on until a simple code shall replace the unwieldy legal machinery now in use, and law shall become more just and less costly; That the secret history of elections, as revealed by the late inquiries in parliament, is disgraceful to our national character, and calls for a prompt and stringent remedy. Then arises the question, What sort of a remedy? What measures can be adopted that will inspire the multitude of Esau's with a love of right, or a wholesome dread of the consequences of wrong? We shall perhaps see before the session is over: That the government will make a great mistake if, as is reported, they stamp and issue five tons of copper coin, without first coming to a decision on the decimal currency question. Fifteen years ago, the Standard Commission reported, that 'no single change which it is in the power of a government to effect in our monetary system, would be felt by all classes as equally beneficial with this. Surely it is time that the benefit should be realised, especially as the process presents but few difficulties. Reckon 1000 farthings to the pound sterling, and then, advancing by tens or parts of tens through our other coins, the thing is accomplished.'

* The Phoenix Park, Dublin, is celebrated for its avenues of May-blossom.

The decimal system must prevail some day; and why not now? The change would seem to be the more necessary, in face of the new treaty of commerce between Prussia and Austria, which is much talked about. The effect of this treaty will extend from the Rhine to the Rhone, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and will benefit 78,000,000 of people. The absurd and vexatious custom-house regulations at the numerous frontiers, are to be set aside in favour of raw materials, which are to be admitted duty-free into either state; while in the whole territory embraced by the treaty, even in Italy, the coinage is to be uniform in value and in name. How greatly such a measure will facilitate commercial and social intercourse, will be best understood by those who have suffered most from the defects of the present system; but to render it complete, there must be uniform postage. We are promised by our post-office authorities, that henceforth sixpence shall be the charge for letters to our colonies, in whatever part of the world. It is objected, however, that this rate is far too high; and the advocates of Ocean Penny-postage are no way inclined to yield a point of their demand. There is no distress to prevent these reforms being attempted. The deadweight of pauperism is diminishing; the number receiving poor-law relief on January 1, 1852, was 835,360; on January 1 of the present year it had fallen to 799,443. In Ireland, too, the expenditure for paupers in 1852 was £280,000 under that of 1851; and, though emigration still goes on rapidly, the vacated farms are speedily relet. The Irish Land Company have just imported some of the best breeds of cattle and horses from England, with a view to improve their home-stocks. Here, a project is mooted for a Lands Improvement Company—to drain and improve farms and estates, and recover the cost by an annual charge. It may perhaps revive the fortunes of distressed agriculturists. The Netherlands Land Company are making good progress; the 1500 acres reclaimed at the mouth of the Scheldt last year are now enclosed, and 2000 acres more are to be taken in during the present season. The whole work of reclamation is not to cost more than £1,500,000; and the result, it is said, will pay a handsome dividend. Such are a few of the subjects touched upon at the gatherings mentioned above; while at Lord Rosse's soirees, at which the first has been given, the whole cycle of sciences comes in for discussion. In addition to the Fellows of the Royal Society, his lordship's invitations bring together members of the royal family, the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, and a host of individuals eminent in art, learning, and literature.

Our merchants are put on the alert by the fact, that a considerable trade is springing up between the United States and Australia. There is talk of a line of steamers from New York to Melbourne. The *Golden Age* is the name of a vessel just built to ply from Panama to Sydney, in connection with the traffic across the Isthmus. She is 3000 tons burden, and is to carry 1200 passengers, and will get over her portion of the route, across the Pacific, so rapidly, that the voyage from New York will not require more than thirty-five days, and from England fifty days. What a contrast this presents to the miserable failures that have taken place of late with Australian steamers! If the colonists were wise, they would dig for coal, of which they have abundance, as well as gold, and thereby insure greater certainty in steam navigation. Another scheme under consideration by the Americans, is for a line of six vessels, of 3000 tons each, to run once a month between Western America and Eastern Asia. Starting from San Francisco, they are to touch at the Sandwich Islands, on their way to China and Japan. Brother Jonathan evidently believes that the rebellion in China will open chances in his favour; and to keep them, it is said, he means to arm his vessels.

We are, it seems, to entertain no apprehensions of a

decrease in the yield of gold; for Michael Chevalier says, that gold-finding will not be temporary, but a permanent fact. And it is now shown, by investigations made at the Government School of Mines, that the precious metal is more widely diffused than could have been supposed. Dr Percy tells us, that 'a sensible and visible amount of gold has been extracted from every variety of British and foreign lead, as well as every specimen of litharge, minium, whitelead, and acetate of lead, which has been examined. It has also been extracted, in very sensible proportion, from commercial bismuth. Between thirty and forty determinations have already been made.' After this discovery, we may qualify our opinion of the old alchemists with a little charity: they had perhaps better grounds for their belief in transmutation than we give them credit for.

There is another ancient doctrine in process of revival: the early Hindoo philosophers held that light was a material substance; and now we have speculations and deductions put forward by a Cambridge philosopher, based on the assumption of light being a viscous fluid. His views will not lack examination and keen criticism, for the Cantabs are eminent in the science of optics.

Dr Tyndall's lecture at the Royal Institution has met with marked attention, and won for its author a place among the foremost of natural philosophers. He demonstrated by experiment, that the line of greatest density, or greatest pressure of bodies, is that of the strongest magnetic attraction or repulsion. A perfectly homogeneous substance, if magnetic, becomes diamagnetic when squeezed, as exemplified by a lozenge or biscuit, which undergoes a greater pressure in one direction than in the other. We thus see that aggregation of particles has much to do with magnetic phenomena, and anything which alters the aggregation will necessarily alter the magnetic indications. Hence the heat of the sun acting on the earth's crust will in future have to be considered as an element in the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. In concluding his lecture, Dr Tyndall paid a well-deserved compliment to Professor Faraday: 'I rejoice,' he said, 'in the opportunity here afforded me, of offering my tribute to the greatest worker of the age, and of laying some of the blossoms of that prolific tree which he planted, at the foot of the great discoverer of diamagnetism.'

A paper by Mr Toynbee, read before the Royal Society, contains some particulars interesting to deaf people. Much of the deafness that occurs is found to be caused by an aperture having formed in the drum of the ear: in such cases, if an artificial drum, made of vulcanised India rubber or gutta percha be introduced, the cavity is again closed, and the power of hearing is considerably restored. It is hardly necessary to add, that the old notions about certain little bones beating on the tympanum drummer-wise are altogether fallacious.

Sir Charles Lyell is at work on a new edition of his *Principles*, which, among other matters, is to contain the sum of all that we know concerning great geological changes. Herewith connected, an interesting point is raised by Mr Alfred Tylor, who argues that the sea-level, which is generally taken as the datum in geological and other scientific calculations, is by no means to be considered as permanent. He shows that the solid matters discharged into the sea by rivers would form a deposit three inches in thickness over the bottom in the course of 10,000 years, and consequently raise the level of the water by that amount. The Ganges drains 400,000 square miles, and in 1731 years would reduce the level of the vast region by one foot. The Mississippi, which drains 1,100,000, carries one foot from the surface of the soil into the sea in 9000 years. Thus the level of the land will be lowered; while that of the sea is raised; the latter cannot,

therefore, be regarded as fixed and permanent in geological calculations. The water is to the land as three to one; and taking that portion of the globe on which rain falls, Mr Tylor observes: 'If this area be annually reduced in level at the same rate as the district through which the Mississippi flows, then the mean level of the land on the globe would be reduced three feet in 54,000 years, and, consequently, the level of the ocean raised one foot in the same period by means of the detritus suspended in river-water poured into the ocean.' In the present activity of geological inquiry, the subject is particularly interesting; but it is only by very close observation that we shall be able to determine the point from trustworthy data.

It will surprise many to know, that we need no longer depend on China for tea, but drink our home-grown English, and so be independent of the foreigner—if such independence is worth caring about. Mr Alexander Forsyth has addressed a communication to the Horticultural Society, in which he says that, having considered that the tea of Paraguay is a species of holly, he tried our common holly (*Ilex aquifolium*), and finds the leaves, when washed, equal to ordinary five-shilling tea. The prickles serve an important purpose, for they keep the leaves separated during the roasting, and thus save the trouble of frequent turning. The smell given off is at first unpleasant, but it disappears entirely as the leaves cool. 'What will tea-drinkers, confirmed tipping tea-drinkers, say to this?' observes Mr Forsyth. 'The very tea itself becomes cheap at last, and abundant, growing even in the garden-hedge. A forest of tea-trees in full leaf at our doors! Such a harvest has never before been seen. Waste not the holly any more upon whip-handles; peel it not for bird-lime, as formerly; squander it not even at Christmas; but reap it, roast it, and drink it again and again, for the store will be annually renewed, and the future foliage will furnish finer tea-leaves than those just gathered.' What an opportunity here for the adulterators; they will doubtless take care that the public shall drink holly-tea whether or no!

Professor Wartmann, of Geneva, has been working on the conductivity of minerals and the electric light. he obtained the latter by means of a pile of fifty pairs, with Dubosq's instrument for adjusting the points. The light was such as almost to blind his assistant, and was strong enough for the taking of daguerotypes. On one occasion it was found equal to the light from 300 gas jets; and persons could read by it at more than 100 yards' distance, although rain was falling at the time; and it was distinctly seen from a place 16,000 metres distant from Geneva. If the results be really as described, we may have the electric light in our houses and streets, with apparatus suitable for regulating it. To obviate the objection that alleys would be left in darkness, Professor Wartmann shews that several pairs of points may be introduced into one and the same circuit, and by placing these at the principal corners and turnings, no part of a town would be left in darkness. The electric light is not forgotten in this country; and a few zealous individuals are doing their best to produce it as an accomplished fact.

Indian affairs are receiving much attention, and are warmly discussed: some contend for keeping things as they are in our great Asiatic Empire—as though there was no corruption in that misruled country—while others declare that the time has come for really enlightened and liberal government. What would not India become if it were regarded as an improvable empire, as well as a taxable one! We shall see what railways will do for it; the lines already complete are quite successful. Not less so the telegraph: it works so well, that additional lines are to be erected to the extent of 3000 miles. A short time since, some delay having occurred in the transmission of signals from one of the stations, the cause was asked, and answer

returned, that no one could get near the office with messengers, as two tigers, and some other ferocious creatures were prowling about the office. Highly characteristic this of the jungle districts, though not an enviable position for the clerk. Three-eighths iron-rod, weighing a ton per mile, is used for the line instead of wire, stretched on bamboo posts, which resist hurricanes better than those made of wood. The large size of the iron rod renders insulators unnecessary, and insures safety in the desert regions across which it will be carried. The instruments are of cheap construction, costing no more than L.10 for each station. Natives will be trained to act as clerks, as they are less liable to attacks of fever than Europeans. Further of telegraphs: the Austrian government is about to stretch the wires from Agram to Zara, on the Adriatic, for the reason that steamers can touch at the latter port, when they cannot make Trieste, by which means we shall get our news from the East in two days less time than at present. And here, at home, our Electric Telegraph Company report, that their dominion comprehends 5500 miles of telegraph, and 21,000 miles of wire, with 140 stations, besides those in London.

We have now a Photographic Society, just started, full of youthful vigour, publishing a weekly journal, and achieving wonders in the way of sun-pictures. Experiments are being made, and with some success, to get an impression from light direct upon stone, which, when accomplished, will open quite a new field of artistic printing. The directors of the Bank of England also have shewn what can be done in typography: the beauty and perfection of their new cheques are surprising. Instead of being printed from copperplate, as heretofore, they are now printed from copper type. The new process is to be applied, also, to the bank-notes, with a new electrotype vignette of exquisite workmanship, and the whole, including the signature, will be printed at once. By this change, the appearance of the notes will be improved, and the difficulty of imitation increased. There will be economy in it for the Bank, as fewer hands will be required for the printing, and the type will last an indefinite time. The consumption of notes is enormous: from 20,000 to 36,000 are cancelled every day; but they are not now burnt as formerly, they are chopped up almost small enough for ultimate atoms, and then sold to be converted into common paper. Another economy: and government are effecting a similar saving—they no longer give the waste blue-books and envelopes to their messengers, but have them repulped, and made into paper.

TWELVE DECKS OF THE FROZEN SHIP.

Before we enter upon the subject of returning spring, and the new occupations and excitement which it called forth, let me try to convey an idea of a day spent in total darkness, as far as the sun was concerned. Fancy the lower deck and cabins of a ship lighted entirely by candles and oil-lamps; every aperture by which external air could enter, unless under control, carefully secured, and all doors doubled to prevent draughts. It is breakfast-time, and reeking hot cocoa from every mess-table is sending up a dense vapour, which, in addition to the breath of so many souls, fills the space between decks with mist and fog. Should you go on deck, and remember you go from 50 degrees above zero to 40 degrees below it, in eight short steps—a column of smoke will be seen rising through certain apertures called ventilators, whilst others are supplying a current of pure air. Breakfast done—and from the jokes and merriment, it has been a good one—there is a general pulling on of warm clothing, and the major part of the officers and men go on deck. A few remain, to clean and clear up, arrange for the dinner, and remove any damp or ice that may have formed in holes or corners during the sleeping hours. This done, a muster of all hands, called 'divisions,' took place. Officers inspected the men

and every part of the ship, to see both were clean, and then they dispersed to their several duties, which at this severe season were very light; indeed, confined mainly to supplying the cook with snow to melt for water, keeping the fire-hole in the flue open, and sweeping the decks. Knots of two or three would, if there was not a strong gale blowing, be seen taking exercise at a distance from the vessels, and others, strolling under the lee, discussed the past and prophesied as to the future. At noon, soups, preserved meats, or salt-horse, formed the seamen's dinner, with the addition of preserved potatoes, a treat which the gallant fellows duly appreciated. The officers dined somewhat later—2 p.m. A little afternoon exercise was then taken, and the evening meal, of tea, next partaken of. If it was school-night, the voluntary pupils went to their tasks, the masters to their posts; reading-men producing their books, writing-men, their desks; artists painted by candle-light; and cards, chess, or draughts, combined with conversation, and an evening's glass of grog, and a cigar or pipe, served to bring round bedtime again. Monotony was our enemy, and to kill time our endeavour; hardship there was none; for all we underwent in winter-quarters, in the shape of cold, hunger, or danger, was voluntary. Monotony, as I again repeat, was the only disagreeable part of our wintering at Griffith's Island. Some men among us seemed, in their temperament, to be much better able to endure this monotony than others; and others, who had no source of amusement—such as reading, writing, or drawing—were much to be pitied. Nothing struck one more than the strong tendency to talk of home and England: it became quite a disease. We, for the most part, spoke as if all the most affectionate husbands, dutiful sons, and attached brothers, had found their way into the arctic expeditions.—*Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal, by Lieutenant Osborn.*

STATE OF EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

An American in Paris, in concluding a long letter on the boarding-schools in France, makes the following general statements: 'The population of France is 36,000,000. In her primary schools, she has 2,332,580 pupils, or the ratio of 1416th of her population, supported at an annual expense of 1,800,000 dollars, or an average to each pupil of about 76 cents. The state of New York, in 1851, expended on 724,291 pupils in her common schools, 1,492,696 dollars, or an average of nearly 2 dollars a head for one-fourth of her population, while she has a fund of 6,612,850 dollars devoted to purposes of education. The actual difference is, that while New York expends twice and two-thirds as much on each pupil as France, she educates her population also in the ratio of fourfold in point of numbers. France expends more upon the tomb of Napoleon than upon her entire *Ecoles Primaires*; and the city of Paris, from 1800 to 1845, has spent at the *Hôtel de Ville*, in fêtes to the several governments of France, 2,000,000 dollars, a sum sufficient to support its common schools, at the present rate of appropriation, for fifteen years. Previous to 1830, the cost of primary instruction in Paris was but 16,000 dollars annually. Since then, it has been increased to 250,000 dollars, and the number of children frequenting the schools is about 45,000, or 1-221 part of the population. In the colleges, institutions, and boarding-schools of the city, there are 11,000 pupils; but these embrace the *élite* of the youth from all parts of the country. The total number of pupils in the lycées, colleges, and private institutions in France, for 1850, was 92,331—making a total of 2,424,911 children only, out of the 18,000,000 in France, receiving any degree of education. The military conscription shows, that out of every 1000 young men drawn, about 40 know how to read and write, 500 to read only, and more than 400 have no instruction whatever.'—*Canadian Journal of Education.*

THE WAISTS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

The unnatural length and ridiculous smallness of their waists is a description. A waist that could be spanned in an English metaphorical expression used in a novel, but it is an American fact; and so alarming does it appear to an Englishman, that my first sentiment, on viewing the phenomenon, was one of pity for unfortunate beings who

might possibly break off in the middle, like flowers from the stalk, before the evening concluded. No less extraordinary is the size of the ladies' arms. I saw many which were scarce thicker than moderate-sized walking-sticks. Yet, strange to say, when these ladies pass the age of forty, they frequently attain an enormous size. The whole economy of their structure is then reversed, their wrists and arms becoming the thickest parts of the body. Here is a subject worthy the contemplation of the ethnologist. How comes it to pass that the English type—which I presume has not, in every case, been so affected by the admixture of others as to lose its own identity—how comes it to pass, I say, that the English type is so strangely altered in a few generations? I have heard various hypotheses: amongst others, the habits of the people—the dry climate. The effect of the latter on a European constitution would have appeared to me sufficient to account for the singular confirmation, if I had not been persuaded by natives of the country, that the small waist is mainly owing to tight-lacing. This practice, it is said, is persevered in to an alarming extent; and if report be true, it is to be feared that the effects will be felt by future generations to a greater degree than they are at present.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE STRANGER ROSE.

BY MRS NEWTON CROSLAND.

A YOUNG Moss-rose in a hedgerow grew—
'Twas planted there by a merry child—
And fairies fed it with limpid dew,
Till Flora's self on its beauty smiled.
The merchant Berry, and soldier Thorn
(The hedge was a little world, you know),
I pearled their leaves with a look of scorn,
Like lips that *our* world can, sometimes shew.
The Dog-rose said, 'I am thine as gay;
Despised by all was the stranger thing;
And they tamed their straggling boughs away,
As if to touch it some harm would bring!

But the Dog-rose soon with envy drooped,
The butterfly left her quite alone;
And honey-bees all in rapture stooped
To gather wealth at the mossy cone.
The Berry and Thorn looked now askance,
Despising such creatures' tastes, said they;
But next observed that each maiden's glance
To the mossy flower would fainfully stray.
So a concave met in briery sheen,
To find who the Stranger-guest might be;
But She was dead ere they owned her Queen,
Or Envy's soul could her merit see.

REPOSITORY OF TRACTS.

Inquiries have been made by various persons, whether the cheap publication lately commenced, under the title of CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS, is a re-issue of the MISCELLANY OF TRACTS, published a few years ago. It therefore becomes necessary to state, that the REPOSITORY is an entirely new work; it resembles the MISCELLANY only in size and price; the matter is new, and prepared on purpose. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume, neatly done up for the pocket, at the end of every two months.

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GUARDED SECRETS.

WHAT woman is there that confesses not to the possession of a guarded secret? School-girls have their cherished mysteries; but these pass from mouth to mouth till, like the witches at 'seventh hand,' all their magic dies out. It is not of such we would speak, but of that sterner and more stubborn secret which is the life in life, which occupies the soul's inner and most secret chamber, and is the heart's holy of holies; a joy, or a dread, or a pang—most commonly the last—through life; a thing that weaves itself, with more or less intensity, into every act of our daily struggle on earth; is with us when we rise to a new sun, and lies down with us in the darkness; our accompanying shadow, go where we may, and do what we will; that mocks us when we smile, counterfeits all our agonies; and to lose which would be something like that loss of soul pictured in the well-known German legend. That the constant presence of our secret within us and around us has its meaning for good, who shall doubt? Our human woes would not be allotted to us—ay, even as our daily bread—were they not necessary to the nourishment of a higher life than that which perplexes us here. Our wandering spirits, ever lost and restless, must, like the fabled children in the wood, gather their food from off the thorns. There is, in truth, no teaching like the teaching of a great and master-sorrow.

There are few places filled with more satisfying materials for the romancist than the much-neglected secret drawer. Secret passages, hidden vaults, tapestry-veiled doors, traps leading downwards through the floor, and escapes opening upward through the skylight, we have in abundance; but the narrow, and apparently insignificant receptacle that holds within it, unseen by vulgar eyes, the hoarded secret of a heart and of a lifetime—nay, perhaps more—the darkening presence of a household, the 'skeleton behind the door,' seems altogether to have escaped the vigilant research of the curious. Relics—some sainted, some profane enough—hang visibly about our very doors. We are all familiar with relics of various kind, from the sentimental lover's hair-filled locket down to the religiously-guarded 'heart of Montrose.' Some people are essentially relic-lovers, and will make far-off pilgrimages for the bare sight of an iron belt or a knotted cord vouched for as the castigatory badge of some mouldered monk, and feel a strange gratification in being permitted to kiss the dust from the worn stones trodden by the feet of those whose once unhonoured graves centuries have since hallowed into something akin to the divine. From the mystic to the real

is a wide bound, and few care to take the leap. But, leaving to the star-gazer his more dazzling horizon, let us gather round us for a brief space the lowlier interests of humanity: let us look with reverent eyes into the secret drawer.

My grandmother had an old-fashioned cabinet, portioned out, as was the method of constructing such commodities in her day, into sundry small shelves, drawers, and odd covered boxes. The centre compartment of this same old chest opened like a door, having lock and key, and within was a long sliding-drawer, occupying the entire depth of the cabinet. That in this drawer something very precious was stored, all her children knew. None, however, dared to pry into their mother's guarded secret. Her husband, it was more than suspected, could have thrown some light on the matter; but he was never known to do so, and silence rested upon the unknown occupant of the drawer; the mystery remaining a mystery up to the day of my good grandmother's death. But when the cold hand can no more unlock a cabinet than it can unlock the door through which the warm, conscious life has passed, and when the palsied foot, lying stark in its dusty dwelling, no more mounts the stair to the guarded treasure-house of all that was once so dear—then comes the revealer, comes, perhaps, in the form of a prying sick-nurse, one of those death-watches at the sight of whom the living quake. Or it may be, that hands more tender deal in greater reverence with the departed spirit's cast-off apparel, holding sacred for the sleeper's sake those forsaken relics wept and prayed over by the waking eyes that are never more to weep and pray on this earth again.

In the present case, it was so. The contents of the secret drawer were committed to the flames, in accordance with the expressed wish of the dying. But somehow or other the secret oozed out. It would appear that, like most other grandmothers, mine had early in life had a love affair—as that deepest-striking of all woman's experiences, is somewhat irreverently termed. It was the old story: the man she loved went abroad without having spoken just that one word for which her soul thirsted, and which, nevertheless, had found a thousand other utterances scarcely to be mistaken. For years, there was a dreary silence between the two. Then came my grandfather, with his earnest courtship. Under the feeling, that she was not justified in cherishing a predilection so apparently unresponded to by the earliest object of her affection, she yielded, after a prolonged struggle, to my grandfather's suit. No sooner, however, was she formally engaged to him, than there came a letter in the old, forgotten handwriting! Oh, you who have ever

listened with beating hearts for the postman's knock, fully prepared for all it might bring, think for one moment how the coming of this letter, long even un hoped for, and now too late, knocked at the heart of her who received it! Now, my grandmother had a conscience, and a more than commonly tender one. Her first impulse of course was to tear open the letter; but a second thought stayed her hand. She had long ago made the fact of this early attachment known to my grandfather. What she now did, then, was at once to tell him she had received such a letter, and that, as his affianced wife, she could not and would not read it. Was she fantastic in her notions of right and wrong? I do not believe so; I do not think she could have done a better or a wiser thing. Out of her act, no suffering could possibly fall upon the man to whom she was pledged, and whose happiness was henceforth in her keeping, though much of pain bore heavily upon her. That letter, with its unbroken seal, lay, all her life, shut up in the old musty cabinet, where it stood revealed at last. That, acting up to the truest spirit of her intention, she fought long and victoriously against the desire to fathom what those hidden characters contained—whether or not they bore that assurance of love which would once have been joy unutterable—we are bound to believe. Upon one solitary occasion alone was she ever seen to wrestle with her temptation. After a meek endurance of one of my grandfather's fits of passion—for he had a stormy temper—she was found seated, weeping bitterly, before the open door of that guarded chest wherein lay the unbroken seal.

Solemn as such subjects must be, and are, there is a blessed comfort in the thought of them. It is a gracious thing to feel that there is something, be it what it may, of real truth—of lasting good; something which neither time, nor trial, nor the common wear and tear of actual, dull, everyday life can crush out of a man. But, soft! let me pause. I said that nothing can crush out of a man. Do men know anything of such relics as I speak of? I am ignorant: I cannot say; but I should fancy they do not. The steady, unflinching devotion of a long life to one thought and one remembrance I own I never found, save in woman.

I myself confess to a few hoarded relics—Heaven forbid that any woman should be without them! But these are yet under the seal that lies so heavily on all living lips. Some day, perhaps—but we, none of us, like to think of that—strange hands may overhaul them. Pity it is that so few of us have strength of soul enough, or, it may be, warning-time enough, ere the Great Revealer steals upon us, to enable us to put beyond the reach of sacrilegious eyes our most darling secrets! Oh, could we but summon the nerve to place them with our own moving fingers upon some funeral pyre! Could we but watch them slowly consuming! But no; we cannot do this. While we have life, they are ours. It would seem like bidding an eternal farewell to our protecting genius, to put away the guardian spectres of lost hopes, dead loves, and mystic memories. No! Let us treasure them while we yet walk among the living. But, oh, may some kind and pitying hand, when we lie silenced, bury them with us, unprofaned by a single look!

A singular instance of this silent treasuring up of one solitary thought, and in the breast of a child, fell under my knowledge not long ago, while staying by the sea-side, at the house of some old friends. They were at the same time visited by a little girl of about seven years of age, who had been confided to their care, in order that she might have the benefit of the sea-bathing, recommended for some weakness of the spine, under which the child suffered. She was the loveliest little creature I ever beheld—quiet and shy, too, though least so with me, for whom she at once took a strong liking. Our hostess, who every night made a point of seeing her young charge put comfortably to bed, always

remained in the room until the child had said her prayers. When her ordinary devotions had been gone through aloud, the child invariably bent down her head upon the bed, at the side of which she knelt, and offered up some prayer silently within herself. What this prayer was, nothing could induce her to reveal. Her parents were questioned about it; but though perfectly aware of the fact, they were unable to solve the question. It was of course a thing altogether too sacred to be intruded on by any forceful appeal, and all parties remained in their ignorance. I own that when first I was told of it, the secret appeared to me to be of so strange and unearthly a character, that I trembled as one who suddenly stands faced by a spirit. It seemed like a silent communing with angels. Feeling very anxious to witness with my own eyes what interested me so deeply in the telling, I one night, with my little friend's consent, accompanied her to her room. As usual, the prayers were repeated aloud, and then followed the silent offering up of that pure young heart. So holy was the hour, that I held my breath for very reverence, the tears springing to my eyes with sudden emotion. Surely angelic hosts hovered above that small bowed-down head, on whose golden locks a halo seemed to rest! Whatever was that silent, guarded, and mysterious prayer—and sometimes it struck me that it might possibly have relation to either a dread of dying, or to her anticipations of her near heaven, as she was at the time out of health—whatever that prayer might be, that it was a beautiful and a pure one, I am sure—the purest and the best, perhaps, in all the long catalogue of guarded secrets.

One secret, which in every age has been most carefully and religiously guarded—guarded in terror and dismay, through inconceivable wrong and suffering, through life and up to the grave's brink, not perhaps even then to be rendered up to those who stand around scattering their last tears with the 'dust to dust'—is the secret of birth. Instances of the kind alluded to are so numerous and so startling, that it would be difficult to invent any story surpassing in interest the already written and attested records of that most dangerous secret. There are few families who cannot recount, from the oral traditions of their house, some legend touching on this subject—strange glimpses of some half-developed tragedy, if not so terrible as that of the 'Family of Montorio,' yet sufficiently suggestive to people the dreams of their hearers for nights to come. Such tales I remember to have heard in Scotland. One, in particular, struck me as most singular, because, though generations have been born, and have passed out of being since the occurrences narrated took place, no clue was ever found to the secret so cautiously and mysteriously guarded. The following is an outline of the tradition:—

A couple, coming whence no man knew, arrived one sharp winter night amid the smoke of Edinburgh. The wife was younger than her husband by some years, and, possibly from the fact of this disparity of age, looked up to him with a feeling of reverential devotion belonging rather to a daughter than to a wife. It was noticed, indeed, by all who knew them, that she had even thus early, in her wedded life, laid down for herself a law of more strict and unquestioning obedience than is usually practised by even the best of wives. The result of this blind submission, as will be seen, must have borne hard upon a pure heart and tender conscience, such as hers were represented to have been, though not perhaps until added years had brought home the lesson rightly understood by few—that no mortal, even though he be a husband, has a right over any other human soul, authorising him to rule its obedience contrary to God's higher law. The married pair, it would seem, had been united for some years; yet no offspring had been granted to their prayers. It was now that, while living in the

almost retirement in an obscure street, the husband introduced to his wife an old Scotch nurse, bearing in her arms a new-born child. This child, said by him to be the posthumous son of a dear friend recently deceased, he represented it was his interest to adopt, and produce to the world as his own. To insure his wife's aid in the project, he carefully concealed from her whatever deep-laid schemes were working in his own mind—made very light of the affair—asserted that it was but to serve a temporary purpose, and that, the object in furtherance of which this singular deception was to be carried on, once attained, the whole thing should be revealed.

A quick instinct of wrong in the mind of the young wife, made her at first hesitate; but the recollection of that strict abnegation of her own will to which she had vowed herself, at last prevailed over her scruples, and the pleading looks of the helpless little orphan, lying safe and warm within her arms, melting her soul, she took the forlorn babe to her bosom, and bestowed upon it heartily a mother's care. The child proved sickly, a weary burden to any but a real mother; yet its foster-parent, though young and unused to such a charge, never for a moment shrunk from the responsibility she had incurred. The consequence naturally was that the boy learnt to love her strongly and entirely. But towards his reputed father he at all times evinced a most strange and unaccountable aversion, amounting to an instinctive horror and shrinking from his presence. When the child had grown to be about a year old, Mr A—g, the gentleman in question, his plans now apparently matured, resolved at once to introduce his protégé to his family as his own legitimately born son and heir. Mr A—g was a descendant of one of the old border families, renowned in history for many a raid and many a foray across the English frontier, and, judging from his deeds, the unscrupulous character and adventurous spirit of the early freebooter would seem to have been transmitted down through many generations, little modified by the march of centuries. And now came the poor wife's trial. In her husband's home, and under the eyes of his kindred and household, she was soon doomed to feel bitterly how a single deception inevitably leads to numerous others, and how one falsehood entails the necessity of a thousand more to follow in its wake. A mother in seeming, yet no mother in truth, her entire ignorance concerning all that related to the birth of her supposed child became a subject of ridicule with the female members of the family. Sooner or later betrayal seemed inevitable. Nor was this all: the worst was to come. No sooner had the imposture been carried out successfully, than the young wife found herself about to become a mother. Here was a new involvement. She had, then, given up the birthright of her own child in favour of a stranger! It was true that the fact of the imposition of the adopted child could be proved, but what humiliation must accompany such a confession—what a heart-wearing tissue of law-proceedings might not be entailed by the admission! To the married pair, years of torturing anxiety and strange discord followed. Heart-burnings of many kinds unavoidably arose out of a state of things so unnatural. The real son became a secondary consideration in the household, the very servants seeking favour with the presumed heir, and looking down on the 'younger brother.'

All this time the mystery was still maintained. Whence the adopted had come, and to whom he belonged of right, was throughout kept a guarded secret from the wife—her husband's solitary admission to her being to the effect, that the boy's mother was a lady of noble birth: of the father he never spoke. Meanwhile, Mr A—g made frequent and sudden journeys from home, no one knew whither or for what purpose, always returning as unexpectedly as he had departed. After these

absences, he was observed to be gloomy, nay, almost fierce in his temper, his irritation shewing itself especially towards the child of his adoption, between whom and himself a mortal antipathy appeared to exist, and to increase with the boy's years. What might have been the issue in after-years, it is needless to surmise. The Gordian-knot of all this evil was suddenly and unaccountably cut by that unseen Hand, which has undone many another evil of mischief in the world. One day the adopted child was found drowned in the Tyne, which rolled its waters through Mr A—g's estate. There was a hurried and unsatisfactory inquest held on the body, and all was done. Through one breast—that of the wife—a secret shudder ran. A sickness as of death fell upon the heart of her who alone knew what hidden temptation might have lain in wait, like the weird sisters of Macbeth, urging on the man with whom her fate was bound up to the commission of 'a deed without a name.' From that hour a blight fell over the fated house. The very rooks, so my informant told me, disappeared from their customary haunts. Mysterious sights and sounds visited at certain hours the old border mansion. Nay, report even went so far as to say, that the phantom of a ghastly child rose up from time to time before the eyes of Mr A—g's descendants, as if the soul of the departed refused to rest until the secret of its birth, or perhaps of its death, was revealed. But to this day all is enveloped in mystery. It is true, that the bare fact of the imposition of such a child in place of a real heir, in course of time, and after the death of Mr A—g, got rumoured abroad; but the actual percentage of the ill-fated victim of the imposture remained, and will now doubtless for ever remain, among the catalogue of those guarded secrets which the grave refuses to render up.

WHAT IS IT YOU ARE EATING?

We have all heard of the young lady who 'thought that cucumbers grew in slices,' and no doubt have laughed at her too; yet it has often occurred to us that many young, ay, and even old ladies and gentlemen, would be sorely dismayed and puzzled if a condition of their partaking of the viands placed before them was, that they should first stand a little *en face* examination on the zoological or horticultural history of each dish. We suspect that not a few notions, as crude and unphilosophical as that of the daimed of cucumber celebrity, would be found to exist even among those from whom better information might be expected.

Not one half of our readers know, for instance, what part of the potato-plant it is we eat. You will say: 'It is the root.' But it is not so; you would find the root very unpleasant food. The potato is a tubercous appendage to the root, and forms a magazine of nutriment, serving for the development of the buds or eyes on its surface. Before, however, the peculiar secretion which gives to the tuber its flavour and properties is therein deposited, it has a long journey and a curious chemical process to undergo. The moisture which the fibres of the root absorb from the earth in a crude state, rises through the stem of the plant, and is presented to the influence of the air by means of its leaves; these it submits to the chemical effect of which we have spoken; and by a peculiar process, called respiration, the carbonic acid which exists in the atmosphere is introduced into the plant. The sap thus modified, then descends through a different channel from that through which it ascended, and that portion of it destined to supply the tubers is safely conveyed to, and lodged in them. When this return of the sap is finished, and the leaves die away, then the potato is fit for use, having attained all the size and properties it will ever possess.

The eyes of the potato are the germs of future roots; but instead of eating them we carefully cut them out

before the tuber is cooked; and if any unfortunate happens to get a taste of one of these eyes, he is quickly informed, by its acrid and unpleasant flavour, that he has got hold of the wrong part, and that the root is no pleasant eating.

Let us now look at the vegetables at our table in town, and we shall find that we can scarcely in a single instance name the part we eat. We are not aware that the spongioses, or fibres of the root, or the petals of any vegetables, are made choice of as food by man; but if we follow the whole course of the growth of a vegetable, we shall find that no other part is excepted. We will begin with the root. This is the portion we select in the carrot, parsnip, turnip, beet, and some others. We generally have these cooked; but there are some kinds, such as the radish, which we see fit, ogre-like, to scratch alive, bones and blood and all! 'Yes,' says the citizen, 'and onions and shallots, too, are sometimes uncooked; yet young onions, fried with fine spring salad, are delightful! and shallots—what an improvement to a pheasant is a bit of that root!' Another mistake. Onions are no more roots than are potatoes: they are a sort of case, in which the young germ lies until it is time for it to appear aboveground, and may be considered as a sort of underground stem. This may be proved by their upward growth. If you examine an onion, or shallot, or any plant of that tribe, you will find that its tendency is towards the light; and the long quill-like leaf ascending from it, is a mere continuation of the white scaly part which lies below the ground, and in which the flavour you so much enjoy is more perfect than in any other part of the plant. Now, if it were a root, the contrary would be the case; for it is a well-known fact, that roots have a descending growth, and tend to darkness, whilst stems have an upward tendency, and seek the light.

We have seen that the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*) is a mere tuberous appendage to the underground stem of the plant bearing that name; the Jerusalem artichoke is another much of the same character; and there are a few other plants of which the same part is eaten. We now rise above the earth; and the next vegetable we shall mention, will be one of which we devour every particle of the young plant but the root, before it is many days old. This is the asparagus. As in the other varieties we have named, we refuse to eat a bit of any part that has ever been looked on by the sun, so in this we refuse to have anything to do with that which has not been visited by his beams. But we do not treat thus all vegetables at so infantine an age. Some we allow to make some progress towards maturity before we meddle with them. The cabbage, the saxe, the lettuce, and several others, we permit to grow for a season; but not a bud of blossom dare such plants shew; if the gardener has a suspicion that a blossom is in process of development, off comes the poor plant close to the root, and is straightway plunged into a caldron, and boiled to death. But why should this be, when in its congeners, the cauliflower and the broccoli, we account no part fit to produce on the dinner-table except the blossom buds? It is curious, but such is the fact. There is another of our most delicate vegetables, which is also a part, and only a part of the immature calyx. We speak of the other artichoke (*Cynara scolymus*), still sometimes presented as a third-course dish, as forming an excellent means of conveying a good supply of melted butter down the human throat. Here we reject the root, the stem and leaves, the lovely blossom—which, when allowed to mature, is composed of the most beautiful crown of lilac florets—the seeds, and, indeed, every part except a little pulpy substance lying at the roots of the leaves of the calyx, and the unripe receptacle to which the imperfect seeds adhere.

As we have said, there is probably no plant of which we eat the petals; those of cowslips, carnations, and

some other flowers are used to make wine, but, so far as we remember, none are eaten either as a vegetable with meat, or as a sweet dish. Thus there is a little gap in our catalogue; but, as if to make up for this, we find the list of things eaten in the next stage of their growth almost longer than that of any other. After the blossom has matured, and fallen off, we begin in good earnest; sometimes we eat the whole of the seed and seed-vessel chopped up and boiled together, as in the French-bean; in other cases, we pick out the unripe seeds, and throw away their covering; it is thus we treat pease and beans. Now and then, it is the swollen calyx that tempts us; but here come again our arbitrary selection and rules. Who ever heard of having the vegetable-marrow sliced and eaten with vinegar and pepper?—or who would consent to have the cucumber boiled and deluged with hot melted butter or white-sauce? Both these are the calyces of their respective plants in a green condition; but there are other calyces which we eat in a ripe state—apples and pears, for instance. Then there are some plants of which we eat only the ripe seed; under some circumstances, these are well doctored before we use them, as those of wheat, and all cereal produce; but there are others which we use in their native state, as carraways, cardamoms, and many other spices; and we may also add dry pease and haricot-beans, which do not usually undergo any discipline save simple boiling to make them good for food.

It would be an endless task to recount all the variations in man's fancy as to the parts of each vegetable he will eat, and the manner in which he will have it served; but there are a few others we must not wholly omit. The leaf-stalk is the part of the rhubarb (*Rheum rhaponticum*) that is approved; but is it not odd that this should be the only instance of that part being selected, and also that it should occasionally be made into a secret dish? Probably no one ever heard of boiling rhubarb to eat with meat, or of using it as salad, for which, from its appearance, we should probably consider it more fit than for a pie or pudding; and we really cannot wonder if we see our citizen expecting to find that which was to form the inside of a tart in the form of fruit either ripe or unripe.

If we here close our catalogue of vegetables of which we select certain parts for our food, it must not be supposed that it is because our subject is exhausted, but rather because we consider that we have said enough to satisfy most of our readers, that there are not unfrequently produced on our tables, articles of which some of even the educated members of society would be puzzled to give an account. We have not ventured to touch on the subject of fruits, for the transformations which their different organs undergo, between their first engendering and the time when we convert them to our use, and the extraordinary variety of the parts which form the objects of our selection, would occupy too much of our time and space to recount. In some, we eat the calyx; in others, the covering of the carpels; in some, the carpel itself; in others, the kernel which it contains. Some we eat raw, some cooked; some ripe, others unripe; whilst, to crown the whole, there are a few, as the medlar and service-tree fruit, which we do not deign to use until they are partially rotten.

It would not be altogether undesirable for every young lady, whether an aspirant to matrimony, or one who means to make herself comfortable in single life, to have some little notion how articles of diet are cooked and prepared for cooking. Her servants—if she ever has any—will not respect her the less for such knowledge; and if she should happen to have no servants, her home will certainly be the more comfortable for her possessing a little share of it. But if the young ladies are peremptory against even the last study of cookery, they surely need not object

to endeavouring to find out the process which the vegetables they eat undergo to fit them for use whilst they are in the laboratory of Nature! To attain such knowledge, they need not go far from their scientific books; and if once its pursuit should lead them to an early ramble in the kitchen-garden, when the sweet herbs, balm and sage and thyme, are all alive with the clustering bees which their honeyed scents have attracted—and the white blossoms of the pea lie, still heavy with dew, among their soft green leaves—and the scarlet-runner, climbing aloft, spreads its bright scarlet blossoms in the sunlight, as if to invite the many-coloured butterflies which dance in the air above it to a comparison of beauties—our young ladies, if they have one bit of taste, will surely be enamoured of the scene, and come again and again till, with good John Evelyn, they are satisfied that a gardener's life 'is furnished with the most innocent, laudable, and purest of earthly felicities.' Well will it be for them if, amid these 'breathing sweets,' they learn the useful and important lesson, that

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her household to promote.

THE CHEMIST'S SHOP AT THE CORNER.

Among the innumerable chemists' 'corner shops' in Liverpool (and who is not aware of the advantage to such establishments, of being placed at awkward turnings, prolific in accidents, where the red lamp can shine down two streets at once?), not one, perhaps, was so well known as Mr Tisick's, at the corner of Lionel Street. Between the hours of three and four on a fine afternoon, many a gaily-dressed merchant's wife or daughter might be seen sauntering down from her pretty villa, to meet her husband or father at that appointed spot, on his way home from business; and occasionally—though of course by mere chance—young ladies have been known to meet their lovers there. In fact, there was not a more noted place in Liverpool for accidents and appointments than the chemist's shop at the corner. The most successful days of the most successful 'diggers' never dawned more auspiciously, or closed more profitably, than did every day to little Tisick the chemist. He was making money, and he deserved to make it, being a good little man, with a good little wife and a large family, who occupied the commodious and well-furnished apartments over the shop.

'There's something the matter yonder,' said Mr Bingly, looking up Lionel Street, through which he was conducting his wife home, late in the evening, from a popular lecture.

'O do let us go round another way, Harry,' entreated Mrs Bingly: 'I hate a crowd.'

'But, my dear, I should like to know what the accident is: we might be of service.'

'Why, what could we do, Harry? Besides, there are plenty of people there to assist. You know I've a horror of accidents, or whatever it may be—so do come the other way.'

'Certainly, my dear, if you wish it, though I cannot help thinking, if help be needed, we savour a little of the Priest and Levite, who passed on the other side of the way.' However, Mr Bingly complied, quickening his pace, until, arriving at his own door he deposited his wife in safety. He was about to retrace his steps, when Mrs Bingly, in her own peculiar querulous tone, recalled him:

'Harry! how very unfeeling you are. You would run after a stranger in a crowd, but have no anxiety about your own family. Can't you wait an instant, until I inquire whether the children are all safe in their beds?'

'Certainly, my love. Mary—to the girl who opened the door—are the children sound asleep?'

'O yes, sir, long ago.'

'There, my dear,' said Mr Bingly to his wife, 'all's right, you hear. Now go in; I shan't be long.' And, much against his wife's wish, Mr Bingly set out to ascertain the cause of the crowd.

People may wonder why a staid family-man like Mr Bingly, habituated to the crowds and casualties of Liverpool, should thus needlessly take up his time, and offend his wife; but the fact is, that, years before, his neglect on such an occasion prevented his seeing, for the last time, his earliest and dearest friend, Frederick Trubner, who had appointed to meet him for a farewell interview, previously to his going to settle abroad. The chaise was overturned as Mr Bingly passed by carelessly and unconsciously; and his friend, too much injured to keep his appointment, was, after his broken ribs had been set by the surgeon, carried on a litter on board the ship, and they never again met. Bingly never forgave himself for the neglect; and his fidgety anxiety about all such disasters was now increased to a feverish pitch, by a sort of presentiment that his eldest son Harry, from whom he had parted in anger four years before, was about to return home.

Young Harry Bingly was gay, high spirited, but facile, and the usual associates and temptations of town-life, particularly a suspected low attachment, so exasperated his father, that—notwithstanding he dearly loved the boy, who, moreover, was the pet and the darling of his mother—in a moment of excitement he said: 'Leave my house, sir; you are a disgrace to my name and roof; leave me, lest I strike you to my feet!' The haughty boy flushed, then turned deadly pale, gave one glance at his father, who already half repented his rashness, and, without a word, quitted the house, and, in spite of every exertion and inquiry, had never since been heard of.

By the time Mr Bingly reached Lionel Street, the crowd had dispersed. All interest or sympathy in the matter, whatever it might have been, seemed to have subsided. 'Can you tell me,' he inquired of the only loiterer, 'what the accident was that happened a few minutes ago?'

'Aw's sure aw don't know,' replied the man; 'maybe 'twur cab overturned, or 't Columbus broak down. This be'st worst corner i' Liverpool for snashing. 'T chap as keeps that drug-shop gets a foin livin' out o' dead folk that's carried in there.'

Mr Bingly looked at the shop. It was past the hour of closing. The shutters were up, but there was still a glimmer of gas through the fan-light over the door. He paused, irresolute whether to inquire further, when the light disappeared. 'Oh,' said he, reconciling the matter to himself, 'it has been a trifling affair, I suppose. I'll ask Tisick all about it in the morning, as I go to the office;' and Mr Bingly turned his steps homeward; but still a strange misgiving, an unaccountably strong feeling of curiosity, persuaded him that he would be sorry if he did not inquire further into the matter: therefore, though half ashamed of his own weakness, he once more retraced his steps, and, going up to the private door, rang the bell. 'Is Mr Tisick at home?'

'Yes, sir; but he's engaged just now. Perhaps you could wait a little. Will you step into the parlour?'

Oh, it's of no consequence,' said Mr Bingly. 'I merely called to inquire who was hurt by the accident that happened in the street a short time ago.'

'We don't know who he is, sir, for I believe the poor young gentleman has been insensible ever since.'

'And how did the accident happen?' asked Mr Bingly, interested by the words young gentleman.

'The horses of the hackney-coach took fright, sir. The driver was off the box at the moment; and the young gentleman was getting out of the window in front, evidently to recover the reins. Everybody in the street shouted to him: "Sit still, sit still for your life!"'

...he did it cleverly, and kept fast hold, for he seemed to be a sailor, when an omnibus, turning the corner sharply, ran against the coach, upset it, and I think the young man is almost killed.'

'A sailor, you say?'—and Mr Bingly's thoughts instantly reverted to his son, who, he felt certain, had gone to sea. 'How old would you suppose the young man to be?'

'Not twenty, I should think, sir.'

'And fair or dark complexioned?' he asked with intense anxiety.

'Fair, I should say, sir. He has bright brown hair, and— Dear me! I beg your pardon, sir,' said the girl, staring in wonder at Mr Bingly, 'but the young gentleman is the very picture of you!'

'Merciful Heaven! should it be Harry!' exclaimed Mr Bingly. 'I must see the young man instantly! Where is Mr Tisick?'

The girl became quite alarmed at Mr Bingly's excited state, and requesting him to step into the parlour, promised to acquaint her master with his wishes. Mr Bingly now felt convinced it must be Harry. What was it that urged him into pursuing the inquiry so far, but that undefinable feeling, that 'something' beyond all human ken, which conjures up in the heart a foreshadowing of events—that mysterious sympathy which irresistibly attracts and links us to places and persons?

The girl's statement of the young sailor's resemblance to himself, threw Mr Bingly into the painfully excited state in which Mr Tisick now found him; who, in reply to his agitated and almost frenzied inquiries, answered evasively, and with a degree of embarrassment quite at variance with the usual ingenuous and familiar style for which he was noted. 'Dear me—bless me!' said he, 'it will be very extraordinary if that young gentleman turns out to be your son, Mr Bingly; and really I shouldn't wonder that is—excuse me—of course it is impossible for me to guess, as I never happened to see your son'—

'Well, well,' interrupted Mr Bingly impatiently, 'I must be satisfied: this suspense is unendurable. Take me to his bedside at once, where I will thank Heaven if he be not my son, and do all in my power to serve him, whoever he may be.'

'On condition,' said the chemist seriously, 'that you promise to suppress all emotion, even should your worst fears be realised.'

'(O Heaven! is my boy dead?' inquired Mr Bingly in agony.

'No, no, my dear sir. The young man—for it is only your own fears which have told you he is your son—is under the influence of a composing-draught. I have promised the surgeon that the profoundest stillness shall be maintained, as any excitement or even the least startling noise, might prove fatal to him.'

'Do not fear me,' said Mr Bingly: 'what can I not endure if the life of my dear Harry depend upon it!'

'Well, then, relying on your silence, and that you will suppress every exclamation or communication until we leave the room, I will take you to him. Can you depend upon yourself?'

'I think I can,' said Mr Bingly with a faltering voice—for there was something in the chemist's manner that seemed to confirm his apprehensions.

'Perhaps your son's life depends upon it!' interposed Mr Tisick with a sternness of manner unusual with him, therefore the more emphatic.

'I am sure I can,' added Mr Bingly with firmness.

'I rely upon you,' said the considerate little chemist, and led the way up a staircase carpeted thickly, every inch, to render inaudible the lightest or the heaviest footfall. This staircase, and the chamber to which it led, were used only in the most dangerous cases—wherein Mr Tisick exercised his benevolence and Christian charity, in retaining the patient under his own roof: it was a portion of the house separated from

the family apartments, and where some naturalist, on a mission of mercy. Mr Tisick opened the door which, being incased in brass, without being bolted, yielded noiselessly to the slightest touch.

Mr Bingly paused for an instant on the threshold, and convulsively grasped the hand of the chemist, who suffered the door again to close at this symptom of agitation; but, as if ashamed of his irresolution, Mr Bingly, though evidently with an effort, recovered his self-possession, and motioned to proceed.

The gas-shades were so contrived as to throw a subdued soft light over the apartment; the curtains of the low bed were drawn back and tucked away, as if to give air to the invalid, or—what was a more thrilling thought—facility perhaps to some torturing operation which had been, or was still to be performed.

The patient lay like a corpse upon the bed, the upper part of the face entirely concealed by a green shade, placed over the forehead, as there were injuries apprehended to the sight; but the mouth and nostrils strongly defined, pale and graceful in their clear outline as statuary marble, were too close a resemblance for the father to behold unmoved—his agonised grasp of the chemist's shoulder at once awoke the latter's experienced suspicion, that feeling would overcome prudence. But he instantly saw that resolution had resumed her sway, the torture of suspense having found vent and relief in tears, which silently flowed down the father's cheeks for one he at the moment believed to be his son.

With many a struggle the father kept his promise of silence, in the hope of being permitted to remain just where he was—rivetted to the spot—watching the awakening, the slightest movement, or even the breathing of his son. At this moment, the patient moved his hand, turning the palm upwards, as if in search of some friendly clasp; the chemist, with the quickness of thought, prevented the father from giving the answering pressure, but still the longing hand was stretched out, and suddenly a young fair creature, more like an angel than a human being, who had been watching, half-concealed, amid the folds of the curtain, crept gently forward, and placed her small white hand in his. The fingers of the invalid closed round the little prisoner, as if to retain the treasure, and his tranquil slumber continued. This incident, though silent, seemed to break the spell which the minute before had made all motionless; and the careful little chemist drew Mr Bingly—his eyes to the last fixed upon the bed—fairly out of the room.

They descended to the snug parlour, where the little chemist's little wife was now seated, busily employed with needle-work. Mr Bingly threw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to an irrepressible and passionate burst of grief. Mrs Tisick thought, as all women do, how overwhelming must be the sorrow which causes a man to weep; and, approaching Mr Bingly, although ignorant of the cause, pressed his hand in sympathy.

'Come, come, my dear sir,' said the chemist, 'do not distress yourself, perhaps needlessly: it is still a problem whether he be your son or not. Your own imagination tortures you—the features were not sufficiently revealed to confirm your fears.'

'I would give up all I possess to see that face! It surely is impossible I can be mistaken,' said Mr Bingly.

'It is quite possible, my dear sir; in fact, it is improbable that it should be your son.'

'But his clothes—where are they?' eagerly inquired Mr Bingly. 'There must be some mark by which I can identify him.'

Mr Tisick left the room, almost instantly returning with the clothes of the invalid. They were all of foreign make, and no name whatever to be found upon them.

'By the by,' remarked the chemist, 'there were

papers in his pocket, which may give some information; and he rang the bell. "Mary—to the servant who entered—where are those papers I gave you to hold when we were undressing the patient?"

"I'll get them directly, sir," said the girl, leaving the room. "I put them under his pillow to be safe."

"Stay!" said the chemist, springing up, and clutching her arm to prevent her ascending the staircase. "Are you mad? To disturb him might be death."

"Merciful Heaven! is there to be no termination to this suspense?" ejaculated Mr Bingly.

"My dear sir," said the chemist, "I entreat you to listen to me: all that can be done for the present has been done."

"You would deceive me. What can have been done in the short time which has elapsed since I saw the crowd?"

"It is upwards of an hour since he was brought in here," replied the chemist. "A surgeon was instantly in attendance: it must have been his departure, you witnessed—the crowd never dispersing until it knows the fate of the sufferer."

"And is he fatally injured?" asked Mr Bingly in agony.

"We hope not. The injuries are certainly serious; nor can we ascertain their full extent until to-morrow. Meanwhile, the draught has taken effect; and he is not likely to awaken until nine in the morning. I could wish to persuade you, my dear sir, to go home, and make yourself as tranquil as possible under the circumstances, with the assurance that every attention will be shewn the patient; and by no means to alarm Mrs Bingly by any allusion to your fears, which, after all, may prove to have been perfectly groundless."

"It is not easy, Mr Tisick, to persuade me that such can be the case; however, I will, if possible, disguise my feelings from my wife, and thank you for the precaution. I shall never forget your kindness and sympathy, or the watchful tenderness of that angel—your daughter of course—who hovered round my boy. [The little chemist and his little wife exchanged a significant glance.] When can I return?"

"Not till nine, when the surgeon is to report."

"Good-night, my dear sir," said Mr Bingly at the foot of the stair; "but O Heavens! to think of thus meeting a son from whom I had parted in such anger!"

Mr Tisick here interposed, a sudden thought striking him. "You say you parted in anger: had you cause?"

"A bitter cause—an intimacy, possibly a low marriage, with one of the most degraded of her sex. She disappeared about the same time. Yes, I fear it must be; and yet, O Harry, could I know that you were safe!"

"You would forgive all?" solemnly demanded the chemist.

A heavy gloom mantled over Mr Bingly's brow at this idea, on which Mr Tisick said decidedly: "This is enough, Mr Bingly. You must go home. On no consideration will I permit an interview between you and our suffering fellow-creature above stairs, be he your son or not. No one but a Christian, in the true sense of the word, shall come near him till the surgeon has reported by nine to-morrow. Go, sir, and learn to forgive even the worst offences; and pray that your forgiveness come not too late."

Mr Bingly turned haughtily round to reply to this, to him, unusual address, when a faintly-heard groan smote his ear. He shuddered, pressed the chemist's hand, and quitted the house.

"Poor Mr Bingly," said Mrs Tisick as the chemist re-entered the parlour, "I see he doesn't know the worst of it."

"The worst of it!" echoed Mr Tisick. "Dear me—bless me! I should say he doesn't know the best of it."

"Yes, dear; but when he comes to know it, it will

be a trial for him; and his wife, who is so fond of the death of her; her nerves will have a severe trial."

"Then, my dear, his wife shouldn't have been making bad nerves. She'll survive it, as all nervous people invariably survive everything that is to be the death of them."

"Now, John Tisick," said his homely little wife, "that's positively unfeeling. What would you say if our Johnny were to do the same thing?"

"Why, my dear, I'd say with the old song: 'He'd do the same thing were he in the same place.'"

"O John," said Mrs Tisick reproachfully, "how can any one suppose or imagine your heart to be brimful of kindness and humanity, when you will go on making these jokes? and some of them, I must say—Mrs Tisick was careful in modifying her condemnation of her husband's wit—very poor jokes. Yes, John, very poor jokes indeed!" This was severe, but Mrs Tisick's feelings were as much outraged by the non-appreciation of her picture of 'Johnny,' as an artist's would be at the Hanging Committee placing his out of sight.

"Well, well, my dear," observed the chemist, "you know a medical man's jokes must sometimes be out of joint, to be professional; but did you observe, my love, what Mr Bingly said about our 'angel of a daughter?'"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs Tisick smiling; "I couldn't help giving you a look at the time. It was just as well he saw her when he did. And I don't wonder at his calling her an angel, with her beautiful golden hair shading her sweet features. Did she know it was his father?"

"No, my dear—no. I don't suppose she even saw him. But now, I will go and prevail on her to come and have a bit of supper with us. That ring at the door must be the nurse the surgeon promised to send, so she may leave the patient with perfect satisfaction and safety." The little chemist was absent just long enough to allow Mrs Tisick mentally to apostrophise his rare qualifications, when she was interrupted by his reappearance with their 'angel of a daughter,' as Mr Bingly styled the young lady who was so attentive to his supposed son. She scarcely looked more than seventeen years of age—a gentle, interesting creature, whom every one would wish to aid, to do something for, in answer to the claim her seeming helplessness and exceedingly feminine beauty made on the hearts of all who beheld her. Mrs Tisick received her with all the tenderness such a person was likely to inspire.

"Well, my dear," she inquired, "how did you leave our poor patient?"

"In a sweet sleep," replied the young stranger. "I pray Heaven it may continue till the morning."

"Oh, certain," confidently interposed the chemist; "he won't waken till nine o'clock."

"And do you really think, sir, his life is not in any danger?" anxiously inquired the girl.

"Set your heart at rest, my dear; he'll live to plague his little wife for many a year yet."

The poor girl was evidently distressed by the kind-intentioned, but not very refined wit of the chemist.

"Never mind John's jokes," said Mrs Tisick; "he just imagines every husband is to be as great a plague as himself. Do remember, John, what a very young bride our guest is."

The poor girl was now more embarrassed than ever, and with blush succeeding blush at every word she uttered, said, with extreme confusion: "I am quite unhappy at being placed in so singular a position. Harry—I mean Mr Hervey—is entitled to every service I can render—my life, if it were necessary; but I have no claim to the title you confer upon me."

This statement created much surprise, and, in spite of all their charity, the faintest possible shade of suspicion, in the minds of Mr and Mrs Tisick. "Well, my dear young lady," said the former, "you must pardon me; and you cannot but admit that my mistake

was a very natural one. Your being in the coach with him, his calling upon you as his "beloved Emily," and your extreme devotion, all combined to aid the delusion under which my wife and I laboured.'

'If you will permit me, I will, so far as I can, explain,' said the young stranger timidly. 'On the arrival of his ship this evening, Mr Hervey's intention was to place me at once under the protection of his father, and I was accompanying him for that purpose, when the accident happened which has thrown us upon your compassion.'

'Strange!' remarked the chemist. 'Pardon me, have you never heard him speak of a Mr Bingly as his father?'

'Frequently of his father—but Hervey is Harry's name.'

'Dear me—bless me! my love,' said the chemist to his wife, 'it is as I suspected, and Mr Bingly is mistaken after all.'

'And have you come off a long voyage, my dear young lady?' asked Mrs Tisick, with kind interest and womanly curiosity blended.

'It is two months since the shipwreck, when Mr Hervey saved my life, and I had been at sea ten days up to the night of that dreadful storm.'

'Poor child!' said Mrs Tisick compassionately. 'You have relations in England, I suppose?'

'I have reason to believe that a dear friend of my father resides in Liverpool; but before we left the ship, I promised Mr Hervey to be silent on this subject'—and the young girl, evidently embarrassed, hesitated to proceed.

'Certainly, certainly,' said the chemist: 'do not imagine, my dear miss—this corrected appellation sounded almost unkind—that we would take advantage of circumstances to force your confidence; all we desire is to be of service; and to-morrow, I trust, will enable us to see more clearly into the future.'

Persuading their young guest, instead of returning to watch by the bedside of the patient, to take some repose in the chamber appointed for her, they bade her good-night, promising faithfully to call her should the slightest change take place.

'There's a mystery about that young person I don't exactly like,' said the chemist as soon as she was gone. 'I'm sure there can be no harm about her, John; she's too beautiful for that,' very generously remarked Mrs Tisick.

'My dear, your argument would be more satisfactory if it were on the side of ugliness,' dryly observed the chemist. 'But go up to bed, my love; I will just look in to see how our patient is doing, and trust to to-morrow for the clearing up of this romance.'

Meanwhile, Mr Bingly had reached home, where his nervous wife was anxiously expecting him. 'What a long while you've been, Harry!' she began, as Mr Bingly calmly, though abstractedly, moved a chair to the table where his wife was seated. 'It's very cruel of you to leave me alone in this way; I was on the point of ringing for James to go in search of you.' Mr Bingly spoke not a word. 'You're come home in an ill-humour, I suppose, because I wouldn't assist a drunken sailor in a crowd, or some such thing, with which you choose to sympathise. Really, Mr Bingly, your vulgar curiosity about such matters is positively intolerable.—But becoming alarmed at her husband's continued silence, and the singular expression of his pale face, she resumed: 'Now, don't frighten me, Harry; you're ill—I see you are—you've made yourself ill by the sight of some horrid drunken creature you'd no concern with, who, no doubt, deserved whatever happened to him.'

'Silence, unfeeling woman!' exclaimed Mr Bingly, exasperated beyond the power of endurance. Mrs Bingly was struck dumb with astonishment at these harsh words from her hitherto good-natured and

indulgent husband, and only replied with an abundant shower of tears; but instantly recollecting that his wife was wholly ignorant of his cause of irritation, Mr Bingly added: 'Forgive me, Frances, and have forbearance enough to ask me no more questions to-night. I have reasons for the entreaty, which shall be explained afterwards.'

'Of course I shall not sleep a wink for wondering what they are,' said his wife, a little more pacified. 'It must be something very serious, I am sure of that, for you've not been in such a state of mind since our dear Harry left us. Oh!—and something like the truth seemed to flash upon her—that is it, I'm sure of it! You've heard of our darling Harry?—you've had a letter from him?'

'No; I give you my honour I have not,' answered Mr Bingly equivocally; who, in consideration of the maternal anxiety she now began to evince, was resolved to spare his wife as much pain as possible.

'Well, then, I don't mind obeying you, if it is nothing concerning Harry; but I'm sure I should die if there's bad news from him.'

Mr Bingly saw the policy of following the chemist's advice; and though his thoughtful and distracted manner kept his wife on the rack of curiosity, she contrived to maintain her promise; and Mr Bingly, notwithstanding his miserable state of mind, concealed the cause of his anxiety.

Early next morning, the family of the benevolent little chemist was assembled in the breakfast-parlour; the report of the nurse was most favourable, and Dr Galen, the surgeon, was momentarily expected. 'In truth, Dolly,' said little Tisick to his wife, 'it was a clever stroke of mine to put the father off till nine o'clock, when the surgeon comes at eight.'

'Indeed, John, I don't agree with you: 'tis cruel to prolong the poor man's suspense.'

'My dear, you know nothing about it—I always act professionally; and when I administer a dose, I always give it the full statutory period for its operation.'

Dr Galen's report was most favourable; the nature of the injuries ascertained, and from the evidently admirable constitution of the patient, a rapid recovery might be anticipated. Emily had observed with quiet steady composure the examination by the accomplished surgeon, and with equal steadiness listened to his lucid report, but the words 'speedy recovery' were too much for her, the revulsion too great. She fainted, and was carried from the room, thereby divulging, if need there were, the feelings which she bore towards the sufferer.

Mr Bingly, who had left home early that morning, obstinately silent even to the frenzied entreaties of his now alarmed wife, was punctual to the instant.

'Dolly, my dear,' said the chemist, 'that's Bingly's ring: I can tell the agony of suspense in every vibration of its subdued chime. Leave the room, and let me deal with him alone.—Well, my dear sir, have you thought of what I told you last night? Are you prepared to meet your son, if he be your son, as a Christian father should?'

'I am,' solemnly exclaimed Mr Bingly. 'If my son has brought wretchedness upon himself by his rashness, it is not for a father to increase it at such a time. Oh, let me see him, that I may tell him so before he die!'

'Then am I commissioned to relieve your mind: the name of the sufferer is Henry Hervey.'

How inconsistent is poor human nature! One would suppose that this relief from his worst fears would have been a joy to Mr Bingly, and yet it came on him like a disappointment. His very soul had so yearned to the sufferer, that to find he had no claim in him, seemed like a violent deprivation. 'Are you sure there is no mistake?'

'Oh, none whatever,' said the chemist. 'Here is a letter which had accidentally dropped on the floor.

Let see the address is Henry Hervey; and here is a memorandum appended, apparently in his own handwriting.

A film came over the father's eyes; or was it his trembling hands that prevented his reading the scroll? But, letter by letter, the handwriting of his son smote upon the father's vision. 'Is my son alive, Mr Tisick?'

'Dear me—bless me! can he be your son after all?' asked the chemist with great glee. 'Your son! He lives, and the surgeon assures me he will do well. Remember your promise!' The chemist looked at Mr Bingly, and saw, from the expression of his countenance, where the scraphic smile of gratitude and devotion were blended, that this was an unnecessary question. 'Now, come and see your son.'

The father approached—noiselessly approached—knelt by the bedside, took his son's hand, and, pressing it to his lips, murmured: 'Harry!'

'Can you forgive me, father?'

'All, all—even the worst, as I hope to be forgiven!'

'And she?' faintly added his son.

A spasm shook the strong and haughty man; but his better nature prevailed. 'Yes, Harry; if yours, she is mine.'

'Emily!' faintly but joyfully ejaculated the young man.

'Emily!' echoed the father, 'surely her name was Sarah.'

'O father, you could not suspect that? 'Tis Emily Triebner, an orphan, whom I ventured!'

The father started to his feet in speechless amazement. 'Emily Triebner! the orphan child of my best and dearest friend, who was consigned to my care after her father's death, and reported to have been lost at sea?'

'Come, come,' interposed little Tisick with a faltering voice, and after rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief; 'this may be too much for my patient. Mr Bingly, when you've done embracing Emily, I'll trouble you to come down stairs, when I shall again tell you to go home; but this time to comfort your wife with the news of a recovered son and a happy marriage; and above all, with that best of all joys—the consciousness that, amidst much tribulation, you have been able to attain to the high and holy attribute of unqualified forgiveness.'

EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT

We wish we could impress on our readers that it is—however new the idea may be to them—a species of moral misdemeanour, to go or send to a shop for any article after seven o'clock. If they send later, they cause shops to be kept open later, and thus directly occasion what is an oppression and a severe injury to the health of the shopkeeper and his assistants. Hence its being a moral delinquency becomes manifest. If any one doubts the effects here attributed to late business-hours in shops, he may readily have them cleared by the testimony of medical witnesses. Dr Pettigrew says: 'It is calculated that 1000 of the assistant-shopmen die in London annually; and I believe I am speaking considerably under the actual number, when I say that at least from 3000 to 5000 more return into the country to die at their own homes!' He speaks from the experience acquired in an extensive London practice. Is it not an appalling thing that this should be chiefly the result of a mere want of rigid regulation on the part of the public, leading them to go or send to shops at injudiciously late hours?

For nine years past, an association, with a board, secretaries, and office for business, has been at work in London, seeking, by public meetings, publication of tracts, and exertion of influence with individuals, to bring about an early closing of shops. It has succeeded

in making a large reform, but has still much to accomplish. Many of the most respectable drapers now close at eight o'clock, some as early as seven; thus allowing their numerous juvenile assistants to attend classes and lectures, which it is ascertained they do to a very large extent. Some of the masters of large establishments have distinguished themselves by promoting the objects of the association. Mr Hitchcock, of St Paul's Churchyard, merits particular praise in this way. He at once proclaims his adherence to early closing as a duty which he owes to others, and as a practice which is self-remunerating. He says, the young men are improved by it in all respects, so as to do their duty better. Not long since, on a regret being expressed that the association was in debt to the amount of £250, Mr Hitchcock recommended that each of the directors should try to raise £5, telling them he would add from his own pocket as much again as they collected. They gathered £406, being more than was necessary, and declined to press him for the fulfilment of his engagement. But, nevertheless, Mr Hitchcock immediately sent a cheque for £406, and thus while he annually contributes £150 to the funds. In contrast with such generous conduct is that of particular traders who resist a movement to which nearly everybody else in their trade is willing to give way. Lately, for instance, the hosiers of Fleet Street, on being canvassed by the association to close at a certain hour deemed comparatively reasonable, consented, all except one man; for want of whose co-operation, of course, the effort fell to the ground. It is gratifying to think that early closing has met its best friends in the most respectable firms in their particular trades; as, for instance, in the above case of Mr Hitchcock, in those of Messrs Shoolbred of Tottenham Court Road, Mr Edwardes of Solo Square, Messrs Crane & Co. of Commercial Road, and Messrs Hopkins, Pegg & Hopkins, of Shoreditch—all of them concerns in which large numbers of young men are employed. It is gratifying to learn that an influence is gradually coming into play, to impart a self-acting character to the movement. The humane traders are getting the best men, leaving to the inhumane or grasping ones a comparative refuse. This is truly as it should be.

It stands but to reason, that the employer who treats those under him as mere machines, utterly ignoring their feelings, desires, and interests as human beings, should in time find that they lose many of the best properties of human nature, and become less efficient instruments even for the performance of their mechanical tasks. Such is the basis of Mr Hitchcock's philosophy. It seems beyond challenge or doubt. We dislike greatly to take what may be called low ground, such as that of mere self-interest, when urging a moral claim; but when a moral and an economical cause are shown to be identical, the fact is too valuable to be lost sight of. Such appears to have been proved to be the case in the late movement connected with Price's large candle factory at Vauxhall. The manager, as is well-known, was led to encourage some of the young operatives in their efforts for self-improvement. For several years, he laid out a considerable part of his own income in promoting their personal comfort, health, and instruction; and the result was an improvement in the work, which convinced the proprietors that their profits had been increased in a greater ratio than that of the outlay. They accordingly felt themselves constrained to restore the money which their manager had spent; a proposal, however, which he refused to accede to, being satisfied that he had only done his duty. There is here, we must say, tolerably good evidence of the economic advantages of a humanely-conducted establishment, for, of course, the proprietors would never have made this offer unless they had had entire conviction that their interests had been benefited fully up to the

extent of the sum in question. Further comment seems unnecessary.

We sincerely hope that the Early Closing Movement will go on and prosper. The best thing we can do for its promotion, is to counsel all who may read these pages to keep *early shopping* in view as a great moral duty; and to avoid, as far as possible, affording any kind of encouragement to those who keep their places of business open to an inhumanly late hour.

A NEW POET.

ABOUT fifteen months ago, there appeared in the columns of the *Critic* sundry passages of poetry, purporting to be selections from the unpublished writings of Alexander Smith—a young man described to us as about one-and-twenty years of age, and as having spent the latter half of his life in a counting-house in Glasgow. The extracts contained such striking evidences of genius, as to draw attention from other quarters; and in particular, the *Leader* newspaper quoted some of them with the heartiest approbation, and advised the author by all means to publish. From time to time, through several months, other passages followed in the *Critic*, and were successively referred to by the *Leader*, and possibly by other papers, until the author's name and extraordinary capacity became sufficiently known and recognised to warrant a London publisher in bringing out in a volume such pieces as have been completed.* We understand the publisher has acted very generously towards the writer, and, in so doing, we are persuaded that he has also acted wisely. Altogether, we consider the manner of his introduction to the public a very favourable circumstance for Mr Smith; for without strong recommendation, from well-known writers, he might possibly have sent his manuscripts to half the publishers in the kingdom, and received from them nothing in return but an expression of regret that they could not undertake any article of that description. He is thus fortunately saved from that sense of unmerited neglect, and from that perplexing distrust of his own powers, which are so apt to attend the unmonied man of genius at his outset, and so frequently inhibit his probationary years. Alexander Smith starts fairly, and, to all appearance, he has now no obstacles to contend with, beyond those that are necessarily incident to his mental cultivation.

The poems in this volume are chiefly remarkable for their originality and luxuriance of imagery, and uncommon felicity of expression. As yet, the writer has gained but little experience of human life, and accordingly he paints only what he has seen of the grand and beautiful in nature, and the emotions that have been kindled in him by the contemplation of impressive objects. Of all outward things, the sea and the stars have had most of his admiration, and are most frequently referred to in his verses, in the way of allusion, simile, or description. He riots a good deal also in the fine commonplace of love, but knows it only as a vague shadowy passion, the form it takes in its earliest visitations to the mind and hopes of youth. He deals exclusively with its sensuous fascinations—the riotous throbbing of the youthful blood, the charm and beauty of enkindled eyes, the flush and rapture of new and glad sensations. Of that calmer and grander intimacy of soul and spirit, which is born of the strength of maturer years, he has at present scarcely any apprehension. We do not mention this in the way of depreciation, but as indicating the natural limitations of his youthfulness and inexperience. Considering that he yet stands, as it were, on the very threshold of his manhood, certain imperfections and shortcomings are only things to be expected; and they lie so obviously on the surface of his performance, and are so almost

sure to disappear before the advances of his cultivation, that perhaps the wisest way, at the present stage, would be to pass quietly over them. His poems are at least full of promise; and not only so, but in affluence of images and majesty of utterance, they are already richer than much of the acknowledged poetry which stands highest in the estimation of the age.

We shall best state his position, as reached in the present poems, by saying, that here is a great power, with but little at command to work on. The grand defect is a want of life experience. Had he the material within him which this only can supply, he might instantly take a place as high as Tennyson or Bailey, and in some respects would probably advance beyond them. Here and there we fall in with lines and passages which could hardly be matched in force and beauty if we confined ourselves to the later poets. How like, for instance, is the following in manner to a Hamlet or Macbeth soliloquy:—

My drooping sails
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
I rot upon the waters when my prow
Should grate the golden isles.

A Shakespearian broadness of similitude will also be seen in this impassioned invocation of a lover:

My soul is like a wide and empty fane,
Sit thou in't like a god, O maid divine!
With worship and religion 't will be filled.
My soul is empty, lorn, and hungry space;
Leap thou into it like a new-born star,
And 't will overflow with splendour and with bliss.

And then, for an image of Despair, what can be much more remarkable than the following?—

How beautiful the yesterday that stood
Once me like a rainbow! I am alone.
The past is past I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.

Of striking and pictorial expressions, we might quote hundreds, of which the following may serve as instances:—

I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool!—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

He was unharmed, like the earnest sea,
Which strives to gain an utterance on the shore,
But ne'er can shape unto the listening hills
The lore it gathered in its awful age.

If thy rich heart is like a palace shattered,
Stand up amid the ruins of thy heart,
And with a calm brow front the solemn stars.

A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars:
He reached its summit. Far above his head,
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds.

Our chief joy
Was to draw images from everything;
And images lay thick upon our talk,
As shells on ocean sands.

World! I'll make thee weep;
I'll make my lone thought cross thee like a spirit,
And blanch thy braggart cheeks, lift up thy hair,
And make thy great knees tremble; I will send
Across thy soul dark herds of demon dreams,
And make thee toss and moan in troubled sleep;
And, waking, I will fill thy forlorn heart
With pure and happy thoughts, as summer woods
Are full of singing-birds.

Better for man,
Were he and Nature more familiar friends!
His part is worst that touches this base world.
Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
Is gross with sand.

* Poems by Alexander Smith. London: Bogue. 1853.

Out of many passages of more express and elaborate description, we select a few which seem to us extremely beautiful:—

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day.—This very hour,
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying sun, whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west:
Swift is she paled by winged swimming steeds,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot-wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-lidded Sleep
Brainful of dreams, as summer hive with bees;
And round her, in the pale and spectral light,
Flock bats and grisly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes round the world.

A noble picture, nobly painted; but this, we think, is finer—

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And in the fulness of his marriage joy
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how far she looks,
Then proud runs up to kiss her.

As a contrast in point of subject, and a parallel in successful personification, take the following:—

When the heart-sick Earth
Turns her broad back upon the gaudy sun
And stoops her weary forehead to the night,
To struggle with her sorrow all alone,
The moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,
Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow
Till she is calm.

After the sea and the earth, we may shew how he depicts a river—

'Tis that loveliest stream.
I've learned by heart its sweet and devious course
By frequent tracing, as a lover learns
The features of his best-beloved's face
In memory it runs, a shining thread,
With sunsets strung upon it thick, like pearls

The beauty of the next is heightened by a touch of human interest; and for calm mastery of style, we think there are few things equal to it in the writings of the best of our modern poets:—

A lovely youth, in manhood's very edge,
Lived 'mong these shepherds and their quiet down
Tall and blue-eyed, and bright in golden hair,
With half-shut dreamy eyes—sweet earnest eyes,
That seemed unoccupied with outward things,
Feeding on something richer! Strangely, oft,
A wildered smile lay on his noble lips
The sunburnt shepherds stared with awful eyes
As he went past; and timid girls upstole,
With wondering looks, to gaze upon his face,
And on his cataract of golden curls—
Then lonely grew, and went into the woods
To think sweet thoughts, and marvel why they shook
With heart-beat and with tremors when he came,
And in the night he filled their dreams with joy.
But there was one among that soft-voiced band
Who pined away with love of his bright eyes,
And died among the roses of the spring.
When Eve sat in the dew with closed lids,
Came gentle maidens, bearing forest flowers,
To strew upon her green and quiet grave.
They soothed the dead with love-songs low and sweet;
Songs sung of old beneath the purple night,
Songs heard on earth with heart-beat and a blush,
Songs heard in heaven by the breathless stars.

Our extracts, so far, have been chiefly taken from one poem, the longest in the volume, entitled 'A Life-drama.' It has, however, no dramatic action; and, in

point of construction, it is simply a number of scenes loosely strung together, presenting different phases of the life of a young poet, under the influence of ambition, love, disappointment, temptation, remorse, suffering, and a state of mind apparently intended to represent a sort of moral restoration. But such artistic unity and design as it can pretend to have, is very imperfect: its real interest lies in the multitude and splendour of the images, and in the general force and beauty of the language. One of the scenes is manifestly suggested by a striking, but somewhat objectionable one in *Festus*; and throughout we perceive a faint, unconscious imitation of that powerful production, save in those respects wherein *Festus* itself resembles Goethe's *Faust* and the Book of Job. Traces of a more direct imitation of other modern poets are observable; particularly in a ballad clearly suggested by Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*. Overlooking the fact of imitation—conscious or unconscious—there are verses in it equal to any of those in Tennyson's, though, as a whole, it is very much inferior to that polished composition. The true Tennysonian ring, however, is discernible in the following. Speaking of the thronged streets—

'Mid this stream of human being, banked by houses tall
and grim,
Pale I stand this sunning morrow with a pant for wood-
lands dim.
To hear the soft and whispering rain, feel the dewy cool
of leaves,
Watch the lightnings dart like swallows round the
brooding thunder-caves;
To lose the sense of whirling streets, 'mong breezy crests
of hills,
Skies of larks, and hazy landscapes, with fine threads of
sun or rills;
Stand with forehead bathed in sunset on a mountain's
summer crown,
And look up and watch the shadow of the great night
coming down;
One great life in my myriad veins, in leaves, in flowers,
in cloudy cars,
Blowing, under foot, in clover; beating, overhead, in stars!
Once I saw a blissful harvest-moon, but not through
forest leaves;
'Twas not whitening o'er a country, costly with the
piled sheaves,
Rose not o'er the amorous ocean, trembling round his
happy isles.
It came ereeling large and queenly o'er your roof of
smoky tiles,
And I saw it with such feeling, joy in blood, in heart, in
brain,
I would give, to call the affluence of that moment back
again,
Europe, with her cities, rivers, hills of prey, sheep-
sprinkled downs—
Ay, a hundred sheaves of sceptres! Ay, a planet's
gathered crowns!
For with that resplendent harvest-moon, my inmost
thoughts were shared
By a bright and shining maiden, hazel-eyed and golden-
haired,
One blest hour we sat together in a lone and silent place,
O'er us, starry tears were trembling on the mighty
midnight's face.
Gradual crept my arm around her, 'gainst my shoulder
came her head,
And I could but draw her closer, whilst I tremulously said:
'Passion, as it runs, grows purer, lost every tinge of clay,
As from Dawn, all red and turbid, flows the white
transparent Day,
And in mingled lives of lovers, the array of human ills
Breaks their gentle course to music, as the stones break
summer rills.'

Where Tennyson is strongest, Alexander Smith is rather weak: he has none of that comprehensiveness and brilliancy of thought which distinguishes the elder

and more cultivated poet. Indeed, the substance of his poems altogether is decidedly crude and meagre, notwithstanding their grandeur and gorgeousness of form. He can but sing of what he knows. His muse is an unendowed maiden, though of a beautiful presence, and most magnificently arrayed. Her portion is a matter of expectancy. In other words, the poet will acquire mastery in thought and observation, such as he has already in expression, with the increase of his knowledge and the enlargement of his experience. But as the acorn tends naturally to become an oak, so we may hope that such a faculty as he possesses will ultimately attain a fine development. A mind so richly gifted may yet be capable of growing timber as well as foliage—the lordly stem and branches of enduring wisdom, as well as the shining blossoms of sentiment and imagery.

In taking leave of Alexander Smith, some things might be said to him in the way of counsel and advice; most of which, however, may be included in the recommendation, to 'amass knowledge, just insight into all attainable things, real human wisdom,' and, above all, to extend his intimacy, as far as possible, with the manifold forms, conditions, and contingencies of mortal life; that he may thus obtain a sufficient material and body for his song—a theme, or many themes, commensurate with his large capacity of utterance. But the true poet is always his own best teacher, and his culture is essentially a thing of growth: it cannot be furthered or accelerated by any prescribed process. It is true of the individual as has been said of age—

The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the years.

Prognostications founded on the poetic gift very rarely come true; but, endowed as Alexander Smith is with true genius, let him seek to hallow it to 'its own high uses,' grudging no hardship, breeding no neglect, but with patient endeavour and endurance, holding himself as though consecrated by a divine ordination to his work; and then, we may at least hope, when the toil and suffering of many years shall have enlarged his acquisitions, and broadened and purified his sympathies, he may at length become—who can say that he will not become?—the interpreter we have so long looked for in vain—

A mighty poet whom this age shall choose
To be its spokesman to all coming times.

CHAMOIS-HUNTING IN BAVARIA.

What is it that makes a rich man encounter hardship and fatigue, and even some little danger, in the Highlands of Scotland every autumn, when he might, if he chose, indulge in the softest, most luxurious, and most refined life in one of the superb country-houses of England? Why should he be found condescending to live on familiar terms with a set of rough gillies and foresters in Braemar or Assynt, when he might, if he had a mind, associate on terms of equality with men of the highest education, intelligence, and social influence? It is a wild something in our nature, which, so far as we see, nothing can exchange or change—an original inherent element in pure relation to the primitive face of nature and the untamable creatures of the desert—which, however overlaid for a time by the things of artificial life, seems ever ready to spring up into activity when subjected to its appropriate stimulus. A strange something it is, for, under its influence, even those whose lot it is to sit in comfortable interiors for ever, find an inexpressible charm in even reading or hearing of the adventures of those who go forth into the wild.

Hence it is that books descriptive of wild sports, though often written by rather dull pens, seldom fail to be read with pleasure. They are read for information by those whose fortune enables them to be sportsmen, and with a sympathising relish by those who have no hope of ever handling a gun. We are about to introduce a book of this class to our readers, and a very well-written book it is, the author happening to possess respectable literary gifts, as well as the hardy training and quick eye of a huntsman.* He appears to be a young Englishman of fortune, who for the last twelve years has sought his chief amusement in the mountains of Bavaria. His book is, however, descriptive chiefly of the proceedings of the two years 1849-50, which he spent in the district of Baierisch Zell, engaged in the peculiarly difficult and hazardous chase of the chamois-deer. This is an annual now approaching extinction in Europe, and in Bavaria its pursuit is rendered additionally troublesome and dangerous by the interference of poachers, with whom the foresters live on terms of uncompromising warfare. Mr Boner's life was thus in constant danger from sources external to his sport.

The chamois is the deer of the rocks, as the goat is the sheep of the rocks; it is a little animal, seldom weighing above forty-five pounds, having two slender black horns projecting together from the head, with a short backward curve near the extremity. From being too much hunted, the few specimens which survive are excessively difficult of approach. The smallest noise, or the faintest scent carried by the wind, causes them to start away beyond pursuit. It is therefore necessary to exercise the utmost caution in advancing towards their haunts, and often, after making an afternoon's detour over frightful cliffs to get to leeward of them, the dislodgment of a pebble will deprive the sportsman of the expected shot. Mr Boner prosecuted his sport under the care of one or another of the *jägers* or foresters employed by the great proprietors to protect the game—a set of men of whom he tells many pleasing traits. They have the simplicity of a mountain peasantry, and yet the intelligence which men naturally acquire in pursuits which call for forethought, device, and sagacity. We learn that these men are remarkably muscular and hardy, though fed on a slender diet. They are great favourites with the peasant-girls, on account of their frank lively manners, and adventurous course of life.

In introducing a specimen of Mr Boner's adventures, it may be well to mention, that a *geröll* is a slope of loose stones on a mountain-side, and a *talne* a steep grassy slope, while *letschen* are a bushy kind of pine, which often afford the huntsmen cover under which to make their approach. On the occasion in question, our author had secured the guidance of an under-forester named Berger. 'On looking round,' says Mr Boner, 'to scan the face of the Roth Wand, I saw a chamois about 500 feet below the summit, on a green spot quite free from snow, and at the foot of a wall of rock. "Hist, Berger: there are chamois!"

"Where?"

"Look up yonder; don't you see them?"

"No."

"Look! don't you see a black spot, right across to the right of the geröll and the snow? Now it moves! There is another—one, two, three!"

"I see them now. Confound it! they see us. Let us move on—don't stop or look; keep away from them, up to the right." And up we went, keeping in a contrary direction, and then stopped among some large loose stones.

* *Chamois-hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria.* By Charles Boner. London: Chapman and Hall, 1853. 8vo, pp. 430.

"Look, Berger, now you can see them well; they are crossing the snow, but not quickly. What! don't you see them? Why, now, they are moving round the wall of rock that goes down quite perpendicularly; yet now I see but two; where can the third be?"

"Now I see them. Give me your glass; make haste, and reach those latschen yonder; when once among them, all's right. I'll lie here and watch them, and come after you directly. But get up the geröll quietly, for if a stone move, they'll surely hear it, though so far off; and be quick, and get among the latschen." Giving him my telescope, which was much the better one, I moved on over the slanting mass of loose stones.

"With body bent as low as possible, I tried to creep noiselessly upwards. I dared not use my pole to steady myself, for the weight would have forced it among the loose rubble, and made as much or more noise than my footsteps occasioned. Taking it in my left hand, on which side also my rifle was slung, I steadied myself with the right, and so at last reached some larger fragments of stone, which were firmer to the tread, and over which I could, consequently, get along more rapidly. The sheltering latschen were at length gained; and I flung myself down behind them, quite out of breath with excitement, and from moving thus doubled up together.

"In this safe haven, Berger soon joined me. "They are at rest," he said. "Now all's right: we have them now! But how shall we get across?" he asked, as he looked around to reconnoitre our position. "Yonder they'll see us; we must pass over the ridge above, and go round and see if there is a way."

"Thus we did; and, once on the other side, kept just sufficiently low down to prevent our heads being seen above the sky-line. But after advancing some hundred yards, we came to a spot where the ridge swept suddenly downwards, forming a gap between us and the chamois. To proceed without being seen was impossible. On our right, it was rather steep, but we were obliged to descend a good way, and then the same distance up again further on, in order to reach the Roth Wand unobserved.

"Here we are at last. Are they still at rest, Berger? Just look across through the branches of yonder latschen above you."

"Yes, they are still there. Now, then, we must get to the pinnacle right over our heads, and then along the ridge, and so have a shot at them from above."

"The shoulder of the mountain where we stood was steep enough certainly, but it still presented sufficient inequalities to enable us to clamber up it. Elsewhere, except on this projecting buttress-like shoulder, the declivity was so steep as to be not many degrees from the perpendicular. I proposed, therefore, that we should choose this less steep ridge to reach the broken rocks above us, on whose jagged forms we might obtain a firm hold, and so creep upwards to the very crest of the mountain.

"O no," answered Berger; "we dare not venture that: they would be sure to see us, for we should be quite unsheltered; and our bodies being thrown against the sky, would be distinctly visible. No; we must try yonder—up that lühne," pointing to the steep acclivity before us, to see the summit of which it was necessary to fling the head backwards. I confess it was not with the pleasantest feelings that I saw what we had undertaken; for the slope was covered with snow, making the ascent doubly difficult; and upwards of 2000 feet below was a huge rocky chasm, into which I could look and calculate where I might at last stop, if my foot slipped and I happened to go sliding down. Where the lühne ended, beds of loose stones began; and, as if to remind one of their instability, and how hopeless it would be to think of holding fast, even for a moment, on their moving surface, there rose from

minute to minute a low dull sound, made by some rolling stone, which, set in motion by its own weight, went, pattering downwards into the melancholy hollow.

"However, to stand looking upwards at the steep snowy surface of the mountain, or gazing at the depth below, was not the way to get a shot at the chamois; so giving my rifle a jerk, to send it well up behind my back, and leave the left arm free, I began to mount, keeping in an oblique direction, in order to lessen the steepness of the ascent. Berger was before me; sometimes on his hands and knees, sometimes on his feet, and looking every now and then anxiously behind, to see what progress I made. Neither of us got on very fast, for a firm footing was impossible. If you slipped, down you came on your face, with both feet nowhere, and the rifle swinging over the left arm into the snow most inconveniently. Once, when I was quite unable to plant either foot firmly, Berger, who was just above me, and had, as it seemed, a safe spot on which to stand, was obliged to let down his long pole that I might hold on by it, and with his heels well dug into the ground, gave me a helping pull. We had mounted half-way, when suddenly both my feet lost their hold on the snow, and somehow or other, down I went over the steep declivity on my back, like an arrow sent from a strongly-drawn bow. It was disagreeable; for I knew how difficult it is to stop when once gliding at full speed down a lühne; and all my endeavours to do so, with the help of my heels or my hands, were ineffectual. But I remembered the advice my friend Kobell had once given me: "Should you ever be unlucky enough to slip while on a lühne, turn round, so as to get on your stomach as quickly as possible, or else you are lost." While shooting downwards, therefore, I turned, and grasping my stick, which was well shod with an iron point, I dashed it with all my force into the ground. It stuck fast; I held on by it, and was stopped in my career. While gliding down, my eyes were turned upwards to Berger. I saw fright expressed on his countenance; our eyes met, but neither uttered a word. Only when I had arrested my further progress, and was cautiously preparing to find a sure footing, he called out: "It was lucky you were able to stop. For Heaven's sake, be careful; it is dreadfully slippery." At last, by making a zig-zag line, we reached the top of the lühne. Here were rocks by which we could hold, and, getting amongst them, came to a perpendicular wall about seven feet high. Its face was as straight as a plummet-line, but it was rough, so that some crevices were to be found which might serve as steps in passing over it. At its base was a small ledge, on which one person could stand, holding on, with his own face and the face of the rock close against each other; and behind, below, was what was not quite pleasant to think about. Berger got over first, having previously with one hand had his rifle and pole on a ledge of rock above him, to have both hands free. Handing up my rifle to him, I followed; and though the place seemed rather formidable, in reality it was easy enough to climb. As I stood on the ledge, face to face with the perpendicular rock, I debated within myself whether I should look behind me or not. I knew that below and behind was nothing but air, and I decided on proceeding without turning round; so I looked for the most favourable crack or roughness in the rock to make a first step, which moment of delay Berger attributed to indecision and to fear; and stretching out his hand to me, he cried roughly: "Come; what are you thinking of? Give me your hand: that's right. Now then!" He was wrong in his supposition; for I was neither undecided nor afraid; but he feared that if I grew alarmed, I might let go my hold; and as the moment was critical, he thought to rouse and reassure me by his manner, and by holding my hand firmly in his grasp. "Patience, Berger—patience! I shall be up in a second; I am only looking for a place to put

my foot on: don't think I am giddy. There—now I am up.” And then one of us, lying down at full length, reached with one arm over the ledge of rock, to the spot below where the rifles and poles were lying.

With bended bodies, we now stole along the crest of the mountain as noiselessly as possible, for the chamois were below us on our left, just over the ridge. We presently looked over. I could not see them, on account of a projecting rock, but Berger whispered: “There they are! Quick—they are moving!” Still as we were, they must have heard us coming upon them, and, suspecting danger, were already in motion. But they had not yet whistled. By “craning” over, as a fox-hunter would say, I just obtained a glimpse of one far below me, on a small green spot, and standing at gaze. To fire in this position, however, was impossible. Berger, all impatience, and fearing they would escape, was in a fever of anxiety. “Look here! Can you see them now?” as, with the left foot planted on a crag not larger than the palm of my hand, I stood, as it were, in the air, immediately above the spot where the chamois were. A crack from my rifle was the answer. To aim nearly straight downwards, is always more difficult than in any other direction, and standing as I did, made it much more so; but still, I thought I had hit him.

“He remains behind,” cried Berger; “you have hit him! Well done! Faith, that was a good shot—a hundred and thirty yards at least. Quick, quick! we may get a shot at the others as they go over yonder rocks;” and darting up the ridge before him, he ran on along the edge of the precipice as if it had been on a broad highway. At another time, without a rifle in my hand, I should have followed him with caution; but the excitement of the hunter was upon me, impelling me to undertake anything, and I sprang after him, and on along the edge, driven forwards by a longing and a thirst and craving which made everything seem possible.

Mr Boner gives a charming domestic picture of the cottage of the Solacher family, noted in Bavaria for their skill in wild-sports and dexterity in shooting at a mark. There are three girls— one of them a beauty, all gentle-mannered and intelligent, yet perfectly in harmony with their humble lot in life. We learn with surprise that people of high rank occasionally take up their abode with this peasant family, in order to enjoy a little of the mountain-life. Mr Boner, having come there with Berger, is astonished at the native elegance of the three maidens, particularly the youngest, who is at first very shy, but by and by acquires confidence. “Yet later, when our supper came, and I begged them all to sit at table and sup with us, I could not prevail on this coy girl to eat with me, or drink out of my cup. It was not fitting that she should do so, she answered; yet, when my companion made the same offer, she at once accepted it, and laughed and chatted with him right merrily. If I could only have made her believe that I, too, was an assistant-forester; or, by my faith, have really become one for that modest lassie’s sake!”

“Hardly was supper over,” continues our sportsman, “when Berger took down a guitar which was hanging up in a corner, and, playing upon it, challenged the girls to accompany him in a song. At first, they would not; but it was not likely he was to be disconcerted by a refusal; so he began alone—now some song about the chamois-hunter, now a merry *schund, duffel*: and even in singing he contrived to have his joke, by the choice of a verse with some sly allusion, and by the look of intelligence he would then give this one or that as he rattled out his noisy rhymes. But all was taken in good part: he was an old friend of the house, and evidently a favourite. One of the girls played the cithern, and others accompanied her with their voices. Marie was also at length induced to sing; and with downcast eyes, and as embarrassed at my presence as

though a large audience were listening, warbled forth a charming little song, in which a *seeseria* [summer shepherdes] reproaches her hunter-lover for his long absence from her hut. Everything this sweet young mountaineer did had a charm about it. I thought at the time, and think so still, that I had never seen such modest grace in any girl—she was so truly maidenly. In her presence, you felt that there was a power which guarded her, protecting her even against evil thought, and which, following her steps, would shield her from any harm. And such a power *did* protect her—it was her own pure womanhood. To understand and feel all the beauty of these simple ditties, they must be heard under like circumstances: beneath a cottage-roof, and sung by such a group as was here assembled round our little table. They belong to and form a part of the mountains and mountain-life, and nowhere else do they sound so beautiful—just as a common wild-flower shews most bright in its native lane or hedgerow.

Berger now jumped up, and pushing aside the table, to make more room, was in an instant dancing, first with one, then with another of the sisters. It would have been the prettiest picture in the world, that dark wainscotted room, with its low ceiling also of that dark wood, the girl playing the cithern, and the other group dancing to its music, with the impenetrable, unperturbable, silent old aunt, sitting quite in the shade in the background, and calmly looking on. There is nothing more infectious than the dance: as soon as Berger stopped, I took the other sister, and danced with her; a matter requiring some little skill, so small was the space we had to perform in. When one pair stopped, the other began; the walking and climbing of the day were forgotten, and we changed partners many a time that evening before we thought of going to our beds.

We think much of our pretty melodies in Scotland, which lasses will often be heard singing at their work; but the Bavarian peasant-girls, with their citherns, and singing in parts, go somewhat beyond us.

It is a custom of this, as of most other mountainous districts, to take the cattle in summer to remote and elevated spots for pasturage, bringing them down again at the approach of winter. Such are the *summer grazings* in our Scottish Highlands, and the *saters* in Norway. In Bavaria, the scene of summer pasturage is called the *Alm Hütte*, and, as in Norway, the rough life spent there by the attendants of the cattle, is highly enjoyed. The wooden cots used for their residence are, it appears, left in a habitable condition, and unlocked, on an honourable understanding, that huntsmen who have to be out on the mountains for the night may take up their lodging there, provided they leave everything as they found it. Mr Boner on a hunting-excursion, in company with Max Solacher, came to an Alm Hütte for a night’s shelter. It stood on a pleasant pasturage, and facing it rose the mountains, partly covered with forest, while on one side a high rock jutted abruptly up into the sky. Behind was a gentle wooded slope. Having observed some chamois which it was too late to follow, and having resolved to attack them on the morrow, the two sportsmen entered the hut. The season being advanced to the middle of October, the cows had gone down into the valley, and with them the blithe dairy-maids. But when they leave their summer abode, the door is not locked; a latch only keeps it from being blown open by the wind; so that the hunter, should he be overtaken by night or by storm, can enter there and find a comfortable shelter. We went up the steps, lifted the latch, and entered. Nothing could be neater than the room: it was as clean and nicely arranged as if prepared for a visitor. On one side was a raised hearth of stone, about two feet and a half from the ground: it was large, and necessarily so, for there, in summer-time, in a huge copper vessel suspended over the fire by a sort of crane fixed in the wall, the

preparations for cheese-making are carried on. The wall above the hearth was neatly whitewashed, as well as the stones round the hearth itself. Above it was a pile of dry thin laths for lighting a fire, and in one corner a goodly sack of logs for fuel. On a shelf near were some lucifer-matches and a horn spoon; and there was a simple broom, fan-shaped and made of leather, left as a hint for the sojourner there, before he left to make all as tidy as he had found it. Max went down a few steps in one corner of the room into the cellar, having first lighted one of the long pieces of resinous wood to serve as a flambeau. Below were the utensils used by the little household during their residence on the mountain—all bright and clean, and arranged in perfect order: large brown pans for the milk, and smaller ones too, ranged beside each other like the plates over a kitchen-dresser; wooden bowls and pails, all of which had been well scoured before being stored away for the winter. We brought up such things as we wanted—some pans to make our *schmarren* and a pail to fetch fresh water in. Three other huts stood on the meadow beside the one in which we were, and a rivulet ran gurgling through the herbage, and might be heard tumbling into a rude basin of stones on the other side of the green hillock. Then Max now went to fill the water-pail. Had he been alone, he would hardly have gone even thus far without taking his rifle. It is well to be prepared for every risk, and in such situations one can never be safe against a surprise. Should a poacher also come to the hut to pass the night, and the forester be at that moment gone to the spring for water to cook his supper, and his rifle left in the hut, not only would he lose it, but, being unarmed, he would be entirely at the other's mercy. As long as you have a rifle in your hand, and a tree or a stone to stand behind, the odds are as much in your favour as in that of your adversaries. While my companion was gone to the spring, I stood at the door of the hut, and looked out upon the scene before me. It was getting dark, and the outlines of the mountains opposite were already indistinct. A cold gust came up from the valley, and in a moment after, huge ghost-like forms swept by, followed by others in long succession; gray trailing clouds passed solemnly on over the meadow, and in a few seconds the whole space between the mountains was filled with thick mist. It is astonishing how quickly the landscape is sometimes enveloped and shut out from view. The meadow was hidden from sight, as well as all else, except the nearer hut, which loomed through the vapoury gloom.

'We were both glad to be so comfortably housed, and bolting the door, set about making a fire. It was pleasant and cheering within, as soon as the blaze lighted up the walls and roof, and the dry wood crackled and flung round its sparks upon the hearth. Stowed away in a secret place, known only to himself, Solacher had a frying-pan of his own in this hut, for it seemed he often made it his temporary home, as well when the dairy-maids were gone into the vale as during their summer sojourn here. The frying-pan was fetched, and he at once set about the supper, each of us, however, having first taken a long draught at the freshly-filled water-pail.

'The *rucksacks* were opened, and their contents brought forth. In Solacher's was the usual small bag of flour, and the wooden-box with butter, which the chamois-hunter always carries with him; and out of the midst of the flour two eggs came to light, which he had put in that safe place for me, in order that the *schmarren* might be light and delicate. Being an epicure in his way, he had also taken care to have a few apples with him, to make his own mess the more savoury. I had some white bread, the remains of a dried sausage, and a small bottle of rum. We inspected our store, and I then blew the fire into a blaze, while Max prepared the usual dish of the hunter and moun-

tainer. It is made in this wise: some of the flour was turned out into an earthen-pan, a certain quantity of water and the yoke of one egg was then added (the other being kept for to-morrow's breakfast), and the whole having been well stirred, water was poured in till it got sufficiently thin. The frying-pan, containing great lumps of butter, was now put on the fire, and when this boiled, the contents of the pan were emptied into it. The cake was allowed to get brown on one side, care being taken, however, that it did not burn; it was then turned, and with an iron instrument the whole was chopped up into pieces, varying in size from a filbert to a small walnut. An apple was sliced in, some more butter added, all well stirred up together, and when every little piece was nicely brown, it was turned out smoking into the pan, ready to be eaten.

'Sitting on the raised ledge, with our feet inside and towards the hearth, we ate our supper, and well pleased was Max at the praise I bestowed upon his cookery. The *schmarren* was really excellent; to make it well, is said not to be so easy as it appears, as that without due attention the cake becomes heavy and dough-like. A slice of bread and a good draught of water completed the repast. We had lighted one of the long dry resinous strips of wood, and stuck it into the wall, to serve us as a lamp while supping; but now, while sitting over the embers, we from time to time flung a dry chip or two upon them, and the flickering flame they made threw around a sufficient light. The shutters of the windows were well closed and fastened on the inside—a very necessary precaution, for should a poacher chance to approach a hut whence he saw a light gleaming through the crevices, it would be an easy matter for him, as the forester was sitting over his fire, to gratify revenge, and, sitting quietly to the window, send a bullet through his heart. It is one of the first things, therefore, on such occasions, to see that all is safe.

'As I sat there, enjoying to the full all the comfort of my situation, I could not but feel thankful to the dairy-maids who had kept the hut in so neat a state, and enabled us so easily to satisfy our wants. . . . There was something very pleasing in these little acts of kindness—this thoughtfulness of another's wants, when there should be no one to minister to them but himself. But, indeed, there is much good-heartedness in these people, and I never left the mountains, and my trusty friends the foresters, to move again among the conventional forms of town society, without a regret for their many gracious services, rendered always with the best of all politeness—that of a willing heart.'

When we assure our readers, that these are but fair specimens of the many pleasant recitals presented in Mr Boner's volume, they will readily understand that it is one much above the average of books of sport. It would be unjust to an excellent foreign artist (M. Horschelt of Munich, to omit mentioning, that the work is embellished with twelve highly-characteristic lithographic sketches of chamois-hunting scenes.

AMERICAN CLOCKS FOR CHINA.

With all their ingenuity and industry, the Chinese appear to employ themselves but little in the art of clock-making; and it may be safely declared, that Geneva turns out more time-keepers in a year, than are produced in the whole of the Celestial Empire. In the large city of Nankin, there are not more than forty clock-makers; Su-chow has thirty, and Ning-po not more than seven; while, until recently, the value of the clocks and watches imported into China from Europe, amounted to about half a million dollars yearly. It is said, that the number of clocks really manufactured in the country in a twelvemonth does not exceed 1500—a fact the more remarkable when contrasted with the state of the case in other countries. The watch and clock makers in London, including those who manufacture

portions of the mechanism only, amount to more than 1000; and, as is well known, the enterprising horologists of New England make and export clocks every year by tens of thousands. These latter, with that keen spirit of trade which characterises them, have lately been turning their attention to China as a profitable market for their handicraft; and a request was despatched some time since from the United States' Patent Office, to such American citizens as were resident in the flowery land, for any information that might promise to benefit the branch of industry in question.

From one of the replies which this 'request' elicited, we gather that the Chinese have always been too deficient in their acquaintance with astronomy and mathematics to construct proper sun-dials; and that their knowledge of these instruments was obtained from Europeans; while hour-glasses are known only as a contrivance 'employed in Western countries to measure time.' Many Celestial gentlemen make it a *sine qua non* to carry two watches; among these, specimens of very ancient workmanship are sometimes met with, as rotund as 'Nuremberg eggs'; and the wearers are too often anxious to make the pair go well together. The trouble they gave in consequence, in former days, to some of the Jesuit Fathers who were skilled in clock-making, will be found mentioned in *les Lettres Edifiées et Curieuses*.

A Chinese day comprises twelve periods, each equivalent to two hours, and they are represented by twelve characters on the clock-face, being those used also to designate the months. 'The first in the list (meaning Son) is employed at the commencement of every cycle, and to the first of every period of twelve years, and also to the commencement of the civil day—at eleven P.M.—comprehending the period between this and one A.M. The month which is signified by this term is not the first of the Chinese year, but singularly enough coincides with January. Each of the twelve hours is divided into eight *li*, corresponding to quarter-hours. This diurnal division of time does not appear to have been in use in the time of Confucius, as mention is made in the spring and autumn annals of the ten hours of the day.'

The writer whose remarks we quote, recommends his countrymen, in manufacturing clocks for the Chinese, to adopt the clock-face commonly used in China with some improvements, one of which would be to surround the twelve 'horary characters' with a ring of numerals from one to twenty-four, every alternate one of which would be opposite the half-hour mark of the inner circle, corresponding with a whole hour of our time, and to continue the use of the four signs which now stand near the centre of the face to indicate midnight, dawn, noon, and evening. The pendulum is to vibrate seconds; the minute-hand to make half a revolution at every sixty seconds; and the hour-hand is to go but once round the face in the whole diurnal period. As the result of this arrangement—At one o'clock P.M., our reckoning, the hour-hand will be halfway between the large character at the top and the next one to the right; and the minute-hand having made half a revolution, will point perpendicularly downwards, and the clock strike one. At the expiration of another of our hours, a whole Chinese hour will have expired, when the former hand will have reached the first large character to the right, and the latter will be directed to the zenith—the clock striking two. The minute-hand is, therefore, to make twelve revolutions in the twenty-four hours.

The clocks are to be constructed with lines and weights, as those with springs are not liked in China; and as a Celestial always likes to see what he is buying, it is suggested that the works be made as visible as possible, and of good quality, to avoid the loss that would be sure to follow attempts to palm off clocks made to sell merely. To gratify the Chinese wish for

utility, the lower part of the door is to contain a looking-glass, or if not this, something very ornamental; and inside, instructions in the native character for fixing, winding, regulating, &c. Such clocks as are here described can be manufactured in Connecticut for two dollars and a half each; and as they can be sold in China at from five to six dollars each, we may shortly expect to see a great and profitable trade in American time-keepers between the two countries.

FAMINE IN INDIA.

We have famines occurring almost decennially, some of which, within our time, have swept their millions away. In 1833, 50,000 persons perished in the month of September in Lucknow; at Khanpoor, 1200 died of want; and 1,500,000 sterling was subscribed by the bountiful to relieve the destitute. In Guntoor, 150,000 human beings, 74,000 bullocks, 159,000 milch cattle, and 300,000 sheep and goats, died of starvation. Fifty thousand people perished in Marwar; and in the North-west Provinces, 500,000 human lives are supposed to have been lost. The living preyed upon the dead; mothers devoured their children; and the human imagination could scarcely picture the scenes of horror that pervaded the land. In twenty months' time, 1,500,000 persons must have died of hunger or of its immediate consequences. The direct pecuniary loss occasioned to government by this single visitation exceeded 1,500,000 sterling—a sum which would have gone far to avert the calamity from which it arose, had it been expended in constructing thoroughfares to connect the interior with the sea-coast, or districts where scarcity prevailed with those where human food was to be had in abundance; or on canals to bear forth to the soil, thirsty and barren for want of moisture, the unbounded supplies our rivers carry to the ocean.—*Bombay Times*.

NATURE OF THE HAIR.

An examination of the structure of the hair shews that the difference of colour is entirely owing to the tinct of the fluid which fills the hollow tube in each hair. This tinct or pigment shews through the cortical substance in the same manner that it does through the epidermis of a negro. Hair is, in fact, but a modification of the skin. The same might be said of feathers, horns, and scales. Not improbably, the distinguished lady now honouring these pages with her attention, will be shocked at hearing that her satin-soft shoulder is almost chemically identical with the plated and roughened mail of the crocodile; and she will hardly, perhaps, believe us when we inform her, that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically-composed instrument upon the same chemically-composed material as mademoiselle does when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress's softly-flowing tresses. The fond lover again, as he kisses some treasured lock, will doubtless be disgusted when we tell him, that, apart from the sentiment, he might as well impress his fervent lips upon a pig's pettitoir, or even upon the famous Knob Kerry, made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, carried by the king of hunters, Mr Roudelcyn Gordon Cumming.—*Quarterly Review*.

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THE NEWSBOYS'S DAY.

CHARLEY POTTER is Polly Potter's biggest boy; and Polly Potter is a hard-working woman, with another boy and a baby to provide for, whose father died in the hospital the same week the baby was born. Mrs Potter lives in one of the courts running out of St Martin's Lane, in a central nest of struggling poverty and hardship, situated not very far from the National Gallery. Ever since Tom Potter's death owing to a fall from a scaffolding, to say nothing of the weary weeks he lay ill, it has been work or starve—do or die—with the Potter family. The club-money luckily came in at the death and birth, and helped the widow over the double trouble; and as soon as she got upon her feet, she set about helping herself. She took Charley, who was going in thirteen, and as sharp a young fellow as need be, away from school, and told him he must now go to work instead of his father—a proposition which the boy accepted in the very spirit of a young middy unexpectedly promoted to a lieutenancy; and thus it was that the child became, in a manner, a man at once. By the recommendation of Polly's old master, a tradesman in the Strand, Charley was helped to employment from a newspaper-agent, whom he serves manfully. While Polly is at home washing or ironing, or abroad charin' or mussin', little Billy meantime taking care of the baby, we shall amuse ourselves by following Charley through the routine of one day's operations. It may not be altogether time thrown away: there is many an old boy as well as a host of young ones who may learn a lesson from it.

It is a dark, dreary, and foggy morning in January, the wind is driving from the south-east, bringing along with it a delicious mixture of snow and rain; and it yet wants two hours of daylight, when Charley, slinking from the side of his sleeping brother, turns out of bed, and dons his clothes. He has no notion of washing his face just yet—that is a luxury which must be deferred till breakfast-time, which is a good way off at present. The pelting sleet, the driving wind, and the fog are such small trifles in his category of inconveniences, that he takes no more notice of them than just to button his jacket to the chin, and lug his cloth cap down over his eyes, as he gently shuts the door after him, and steps out into the darkness. Then he digs his hands into his pockets, and bending his head towards the storm in the attitude of a skater in a Dutch frost-piece, steers round the steps of St Martin's Church, and then straight on through the Strand and Temple-Bar, and along Fleet Street, near the end of which he disappears suddenly in the dark and narrow maw of Black-Horse Alley. This Black-Horse Alley is a

place of no repute at all: among all the courts and closes which debouch into Fleet Street on either side of the way, it is almost the only one which is not celebrated for something or somebody or other in records either literary or dramatic, ghostly or convivial. By daylight it is particularly dirty, dark, and unsavoury, having no outlet but a narrow one at the centre, or the right, which lands the explorer in Farringdon Street, opposite to the ruined gateway of what a few years ago was the Fleet Prison. A black horse, or a horse of any colour, once fairly in the alley, would find it a difficult matter to turn round, and would have to back out, or else, like an eel in a water-pipe, wait till destiny chose to release him. Wretched old tenements are the tall buildings on either side which shut out the daylight from the court, and one, the biggest of them all, belongs to an association of newsmen; being open all day, and very likely all night too, for we never saw it shut, it serves as a central depot whence whole tons of newspapers, received damp from the printing-machine, take their departure daily for all parts of the kingdom.

Here we must follow close upon the heels of Charley. Diving into the court, and proceeding a score of yards or so, we find the old house bathed in a flood of gaslight from top to bottom. Men and boys are rushing up and down the angular stairs, some with damp loads upon their backs, and others hastening off to procure them. The morning papers have all been 'put to bed,' as it is termed, and their respective machines are now rolling off copies, each at the rate of several thousands an hour. As fast as they come into being, they are counted off in quires, and borne away by the agents, who undertake to supply the country districts. An enormous number of them come on the shoulders of the newsboys to Black-Horse Alley. On the top-floor of the house—and we notice, as we ascend, that all the floors are furnished and occupied alike—we find Charley already at his work. He stands with a score of other lads and men, behind a continuous flat deal-board, which runs round the whole circuit of the floor, elevated on trossels, and standing about two feet from the wall. Those next him are folding, packing, and bundling up papers in time for the morning mail, which will carry them to Bristol and to Birmingham, more than a hundred miles distant, and to a hundred places besides, in time to lay them upon the breakfast-tables of the comfortable class. Charley, with paste-brush and printed addresses, is as busy as the best. *Post, Herald, Chronicle, Advertiser, and Daily News*, are flying about like so many mad flags amidst the clamour of voices, the stamping of feet, and the blows of hard palms upon wet paper. By and by the *Times*, which, on account of its omnivorous machine, can afford to sit up

longer, and go to bed later than his contemporaries, pours in a fresh flood of work. All hands go at it together; but as fast as one huge pile is cleared off, another comes, and neither the noise nor the activity relents until the moment for posting draws nigh, when the well-filled bags are hoisted on young shoulders, or piled on light traps waiting close by in the street—and off they roll or run to the post-office. Charley himself staggers out of Black-Horse Alley, looking, with a huge bag upon his shoulders, like a very great bird with a very small pair of legs, and in six and a half minutes—the exact time allowed—shoots his body into the aperture at St Martin's le Grand, and, catching up the emptied bag, which flies out upon him the next moment, walks leisurely away.

Charley knows now that the immediate hurry is over, and, in spite of the rain which still continues to drizzle down, he has a game at bolstering a comrade with his empty bag, in which friendly interchange of civilities the two together make their way, not back to Black-Horse Alley, but to their master's shop, at which they arrive before it is open, and before the neighbours are up. Here they meet half-a-dozen more boys, distributors hired by the week to do a few hours' work in the morning, in the delivery of newspapers to subscribers. The post-office, which will carry a stamped newspaper 100 or 500 miles for nothing, will not carry it a short distance without payment of a penny, and therefore the newsman has to deliver by private hand all papers within the limits. For this responsible commission, there are always plenty of candidates among the London boys; and here are half a dozen of them this morning waiting the arrival of the master with his budget. Pending his advent, as the rain peppers down unceasingly, they wrap their bags round their shoulders, and, arranging themselves in a rank under the projecting eaves of the shop-window, commence the performance of an impromptu overture with their heads against the wooden framework that supports the shutters which they are polishing with their backs. The neighbours know this sort of demonstration well enough; it is as good as Bow Bells to all within hearing, and has the effect of rousing many a sleeper from his bed. Day has dawned during the performance, and, soon after, the master's little pony-cart is seen in the distance rattling over the stones. He jumps out of the trap almost before it has stopped, throwing Charley the key of the shop-door. The boy has the door open and the shutters down in an instant; the piles of newspapers are transferred from their swaddling blankets to the counter, and as rapidly as is consistent with a cautious accuracy, they are allotted among the different distributors, each of whom, as he receives his complement, starts off upon his mission. Charley has a round to go over, the course of which has been suited to his convenience, as its termination will bring him within a short distance of his own home, where he arrives by nine o'clock.

Before breakfast, he makes his toilet, and rubs off the residuum of London particular which has accumulated upon his skin within the last twenty-four hours. This necessary preliminary settled, he addresses himself to sundry logs of bread and butter, and a basin of scalding coffee, which has been kept simmering on the hob for him. Solid and fluid are despatched with a relish that is to be earned only by early rising and out-door work. He talks as he eats, and tells his mother the news which he has contrived to pick up in the course of the morning—particularly about that murder over the water, and the

behaviour of 'the cove what's took in custody about it.' Perhaps he has an extra paper; and if so, he reads a bit of the police-reports, especially if anybody in the neighbourhood is implicated in one of the cases. Breakfast over, he gets back to his master's shop, where he finds a bundle of newspapers ready for him, which he is directed to get rid of at the railway station, if possible. For a certain reason, well known to master and servant, he has a decided fancy for this part of his business; and he loses no time in transporting himself to an arena always favourable to his branch of commerce. The bustle of trains arriving and departing excites his spirits and energies, and determined on doing business, he gives full scope to his lungs. '*Times, Times—to-day's Times! Morning Chronicle! Post! Advertiser! Illustrated News!* Who's for to-day's paper? Paper, gentlemen! News, news! Paper, paper, paper! *Chronicle!*—Who's for *Punch?*' In this way, he rings the changes backwards and forwards, not even pausing while engaged with a customer, and only holding his peace while the station is vacant. Then he takes breath, and perhaps, too, takes a dose of theatrical criticism from the columns of the *Chronicle*, or of the last new jokes in *Punch*. The arrival of a new batch of passengers wakes him up again, and he is among them in a moment, with the same incessant song and the same activity. His eyes are everywhere, and he never loses a chance; he cherishes the first-class carriages especially, and a passenger cannot pop his head out of window for a moment, without being confronted with the damp sheet of the *Times*, and assailed with the ringing sound of his voice. Charley generally continues this traffic till dinner-time, which with him is at one o'clock. Whether he continues it after that time, is a matter frequently left to his own discretion; and as he has an interest in exercising that upon sound principles, we may be sure he does the best he can.

The newsboy's dinner might be described in mathematical terms as an 'unknown quantity.' It may consist of a warm and savoury mess, discussed at leisure beneath the eye of his mother, or it may be a crust of bread and cheese, eaten in the streets while hurrying shopwards from the station of a railway, or the deck of a steam-boat. Sometimes he has to eat dinner and supper 'all under one,' cheating his appetite in the interim with a hunch of bread and a cup of coffee; at other times, he will patronise the pie-shops, and dine upon eel or mutton pies. But, dinner or no dinner, he must be at the beck and bidding of his master early in the afternoon, to give in an account of his sales and stock, and to assist in the important proceedings which have to be gone through before the departure of the evening mails. Of course, it is the object of every newsman to get rid, if possible, of all the papers he buys; for if they are kept to the next day, they are worth only half-price; and if a day beyond that, they are but waste-paper. The newsman, therefore, has in one sense to take stock every day—in fact, oftener; and the evening post-hour, which is six o'clock, is to be looked upon as the hour for striking a balance of profit, because whatever is left on hand after that hour has struck, is wholly or partially a loss. Newspapers which have been lent by the hour, have to be collected in time for the evening mail, or they may some of them be left for further hire, and go as half-prices next morning. Charley is running about on this business for an hour or two in the afternoon; and it happens to-day that by five o'clock, or a little before, his master has discovered that he has more of one or two of the daily papers than he wants, and that he is short of others, which he must procure to supply his country customers. It would be very easy to purchase those he wants, but in that case it might be impossible to sell those he does not want, and the loss of the sum they cost would constitute an unwelcome drawback to the profits of the day's business. But it happens that there are a score

of other newsmen in the same awkward predicament—a predicament which is sure to recur to most of them every day in the week, and which has, therefore, begotten its own remedy, as all difficulties of the sort invariably do in London. The remedy is the Newspaper Exchange, which has its locality in no recognised or established spot, though it is oftener held in Catherine Street, Strand, or at St Martin's le Grand, in front of the post-office, than elsewhere. This Exchange, it is said, originated with the newsboys; and though it has been in existence, to our knowledge, for a dozen years at least, boys are the only members to this hour. It consists of a meeting in the open street, very rapidly assembled—the parties appearing on the ground soon after four in the afternoon, continuing to increase in numbers until after five—and still more rapidly dispersed, under pressure of the post-office, when the business of the hour has been transacted.

On the present occasion, Charley is intrusted with a dozen newspapers which are of no use to his employer, and his mission is to replace them by as many others, which are wanted to go into the country by the six o'clock post. He tucks them under his arm, and, it being already upon the stroke of five, is off towards 'Change as fast as he can run. He can hear the sharp eager cries of the juvenile stock-brokers as he rounds the corner: '*Ad. for Chron.*,' '*Post for Times*,' '*Post for Ad.*,' '*Herald for Ad.*,' '*Ad. for News*,' &c., including well-nigh all the changes that can be rung upon all the London newspapers. He mingles with the throng, and listens a moment or two. At the sound of '*Ad. for Chron.*' he explodes suddenly with a '*Here you are!*' and the exchange is effected in that indefinite fraction of time known among newsboys as '*two twos*.' *Times* for *Chron.* is an offer that suits him again, and again the momentary transfer is effected. Then he lifts up his own voice, '*Post for Times*,' '*Chron. for Times*,' and, bestirring himself, effects half-a-dozen more exchanges in less time than we should care to mention—now and then referring to the list of his wants, and overhauling his stock, in order to be sure, amidst the excitement of the market, that he is doing a correct trade. He finds, after half-an-hour's bawling and bargaining, that he wants yet a *Times* and an *Advertiser*, and he knows there is a boy present who has them to dispose of, but Charley has not in his stock what the other wants in exchange. So he acts about 'working the oracle,' as he terms it: instead of bawling '*Chron. for Times*,' which is the exchange he really desiderates, he bawls '*Chron. for Post*,' because the boy with the *Times* wants a *Post* for it, which Charley hasn't got to give; but by dint of bawling he at length gets a *Post* for his *Chronicle*, and then he is in a condition to make the desired exchange. Sometimes, he will go so far as to 'work the oracle' three or four deep—that is, he will effect three or four separate exchanges before he has transacted the newspaper he wanted to get rid of into the one he desired to possess—or changed bad stock into good: by such intricate exploits, he has obtained among his fellows the reputation of a 'knowing young shaver,' and it is to be hoped that he gets, in reward of his ingenuity, something more substantial from his employer, for which the little family at home is none the worse.

Before the affairs on 'Change have come to their sudden conclusion, Charley is back to the shop, and now all hands are busy in making up the bag bag, which must start on its passage to the post-office, at the very latest, by ten minutes before six, the distance being fully a nine minutes' walk. There is the same ceremony with the evening papers as there was with the morning ones, and there is the same limit as to time for its performance. But what must be done must, and of course is done; and in a well-ordered concern, like that of which young Potter is a member, it is done in good time too. Before the race against the clock commences, Charley has got the bag hoisted on

his shoulders, and, with a fair couple of minutes to spare, is trudging steadily towards St Martin's le Grand. We shall leave him to find his way there, which he can do well enough without us, and walk on before, to see what takes place at the post-office at this particular hour of the day.

On ascending the steps of the huge building, which, huge as it is, is found to be all too small for the rapidly-increasing correspondence of the country, we find that we are by no means singular in harbouring a curiosity to witness the phenomena which attend upon the last closing minutes of the hour whose expiry shuts up the post for the night. The broad area between the lofty pillars that support the roof, is peopled with some hundred or two of spectators, come, like ourselves, to observe the multitudinous rush of newspapers and letters which, up to the very last moment, are borne by the living tide into the many-mouthed machine, which distributes them through the length and breadth of the land—nay, of the entire globe. Policemen are in attendance to keep a clear passage, so that the very last comer shall meet no obstruction in his path. The spectators marshal themselves on the right of the entrance, leaving the left free to all who have letters or papers to deposit. These comprise every class of the community, commercial and non-commercial—clerks from counting-houses, lawyers from the Temple, messengers from warehouses, young men and maidens, old men and merchants, rich men and poor men, idlers and busybodies. As closing-time approaches, and the illuminated dial above points to five minutes to six, the crowd increases, and the patter of approaching footsteps in quick time thickens on the ear. Sacks, of all shapes and sizes, bulky and slim, are seen walking up the stairs—some as long as bags of hops, beneath which the bearers stagger unsteadily towards the breach; others, of more moderate capacity, containing but a couple of bushels or so of dump sheets; and others, again, of hardly peck measure. All discharge their contents into the trap nearest the entrance, in which operation they are assisted by a man in a red coat, who, from long practice, has acquired the knack of emptying a bag of any size and returning it to the owner with one movement of his arm. By and by, as the lapsing minutes glide away, he is besieged in his position by the rush of bags, and looks very likely to be buried alive, until somebody comes to his assistance. The bags, as fast as they arrive, disappear through the wide orifice, and anon come flying out again empty—you don't exactly see from whence. Here comes a monster-sack, borne by two men, which is with difficulty lugged into quarters, while others crowd after it, like a brood of chickens diving into the hole through a barn-door after the mother-hen.

Now is the critical moment—the clock strikes, clang!—in go a brace of bulky bags; clang! the second—in go three more, rolling one over another, and up rushes a lawyer's clerk, without his hat, which has flown off at the entrance, and darts forward to the letter-box at the further corner, fencing his way with a long packet of red-taped foolscap, with which he makes a successful lunge at the slit, and disappears; clang! the third—another brace of sacks have jumped down the throat of the post-office, and more yet are seen and heard scrambling and putting up the steps; clang! the fourth—and in goes another bouncing bag, followed by a little one in its rear; clang! the fifth—nothing more, a breathless pause, and a general look of inquiry, as much as to say: '*Is it all over?*' No! here comes another big bag dashing head-foremost up the steps; in it rushes like mad, when, clang! the sixth—and down falls the trap-door, cutting it almost in two halves as it is shooting in, and there it lies, half in and half out, like an enormous Brobdingnag rat caught in a murderous Brobdingnag trap, only wanting a tail to complete the similitude. The bearer, who is in a bath of perspiration, wipes the

few from his face as he glances round with a look of triumph. He knows that if there is a doubt whether he was in legal time or not, he will, by established custom, be allowed the benefit of the doubt, and that because the post-office could not shut his bag out, they are bound to take it in. He is perfectly right: in less than a minute (minutes in this case are important), the bag is drawn in, and returned to him empty, and he joins the crowd who, the exhibition being over, disperse about their business. It is a very rare occurrence for a bag of newspapers to arrive too late for the evening post. We have known it to take place occasionally; but when it does happen, we suspect that if the failure were traced to its source, it would be found to arise from the enterprising spirit of some defiant newsboy, who had resolved to win a race against time, and had failed in doing it. Boys have been known before now (we have seen it done) to carry their bags within very good time to what they consider a practicable distance, and then to halt, waiting for the first stroke of the bell, the signal for a headlong scamper over the remaining ground, which has to be traversed while the clock is striking. It may well happen occasionally that this daring experiment is not successful, in which case the overconfident urchin has to return with his bag unloaded, to the consternation of his employer and his own disgrace.

Charley knows better than that. We have seen him discharge his load among the first arrivals; and now, in consideration of the early hour at which his services were required in the morning, his work is done for the day, and he strolls leisurely homeward. He is rather tired, but not knocked up, nor anything like it. There is a substantial supper waiting him, which, having well earned, he has a right to enjoy, as he does enjoy it, without a single feeling of dissatisfaction. After his repast, if the weather is dry, he will have a chase with young Bill round the fountains in Trafalgar Square; or if it is wet and cold, there will be a game with the baby before the fire; or if the baby should be asleep, Bill will get a lesson in pot-hooks and hangers, with slate and pencil for materials, and Charley for writing-master; or he will have to spell out a column of last week's news, subject to the corrections of his teacher. These pleasures and pursuits, however, cannot be protracted to a very late hour. Early rising necessitates early rest; and the boys are, therefore, despatched to bed when the bell of the neighbouring church rings out nine, that the newsboy may recruit, with needful repose, the strength required for the exertions of the morrow.

Saturday night is the bright spot in Charley's week. Then he gets his wages, which go to his mother; and then he can sit up as late as he likes, because he can get up as late as he likes on the morrow; and because he can do both, he will go to the play if he can manage to raise the necessary sixpence. He looks upon the drama, which he calls the 'drawmer,' as the grandest of all our institutions, and he has very original ideas on the subject of plays and acting. He knows, as he says, lots of tragic speeches, and spouts them to Billy as they lie awake in bed, sometimes dropping off to sleep in the middle of a soliloquy. He has doubts whether the pantomime is quite legitimate, but wonders, with Billy, why it isn't played all the year round—is sure it would draw. He knows of course that *Hamlet* is 'first-rate,' and *Macbeth* the same; but his sympathies go with that little pig-tailed tar in the shiny hat at the Victoria, who, hitching up his canvas trousers with one hand, and shaking a short dumpy cutlass in the other, hacks and hews his way through a whole regiment of red-coats, who surprise him in the smuggler's cave, and gets clear off, leaving half of his adversaries dead on the stage. The valiant smuggler is Charley's hero, and he admires him amazingly, never giving a thought to the why or wherefore, or suspecting for a moment that it is far

more honourable to work hard, as he does, in helping to provide an honest crust for those who are dear to him, than to be the boldest smuggler that ever had a valid claim to the gallows.

EMIGRATION TO IRELAND.

Soon after the abolition of the corn-laws, a good deal of attention was drawn to Ireland as a promising field for emigration. Famine had pitilessly dispossessed vast numbers of the population, and land, we were assured, was to be bought at as low a price as in New Zealand. The opportunity seemed a good one for small capitalists, notwithstanding that hints were now and then dropped as to the insecurity of life and property in the sister isle. Being myself one of this numerous class, I thought I would go over and see with my own eyes whether the prospect were as inviting as we had been led to imagine; so when my summer holiday came, I shouldered my knapsack, put on my wide-awake and stout walking-boots, railed it down to Liverpool, steamed over to Kingstown, and at five o'clock on a sunshiny morning first set foot in Ireland.

Much reading on the subject had, I fancied, fully prepared me for all that might come before me; but I was completely taken by surprise. Devoting the first three or four days to a sight of the picturesque beauties of county Wicklow, I rambled from the Dargle to Luggelaw, the Seven Churches, the Devil's Glen, and other famous scenes, choosing highway or byway as best suited my inclination. But what a contrast between nature's handiwork and man's! To see such squalid villages within twenty miles of the capital was more than I was prepared for; and the wretched groups of buildings and ill-fenced enclosures, which it seemed a mockery to call farms; and the more wretched implements—harrows without teeth, carts with two odd wheels, and those increased; and the most wretched population, ragged, dirty, indolent; and the swarms of beggars, looking more dead than alive, no speculation in their eyes, no hope, no vigour; their clothing a screen of tatters, compared with which the *kaross* of the Hottentot is a regal robe: never could I have pictured to myself such a state of humanity. A five years' residence in America had, I thought, familiarised me with miserable aspects in occasional glimpses of backwoods farms and settlements; but they are smiling and lovely in comparison with what one sees in Ireland. Abjectness every where prevails. On the highroad, within a few miles of Kingstown, I saw two little barefooted boys staggering along, carrying a bundle by a stick on their shoulders, and a few ragged people straggling by their side. The bundle contained a child's corpse, and the party formed a funeral!

Could it be worse than this, I said to myself, in Connemara? The question would perhaps be answered in a few days. Leaving Dublin, I travelled to Parsonstown for a peep at Lord Rosse's monster-telescope, and on to Athlone, where I caught the mail for Galway. I thus obtained a view of the country from east to west. The sight of Roscrea, where we stopped to change horses, struck me dumb for a time, till the exclamation burst from me: 'What a miserable town!' You marvel how all the idle people live, of whom so many stand listlessly about, as though life had no purpose, or starvation no horrors. Cloghan was, if possible, more miserable, and Athlone itself not particularly inviting. It seemed preposterous to remember, that one reads of spirited contests in such places for the election of members of parliament. In the outskirts of Loughrea, a whole street of doorless, windowless, and roofless cottages offered a melancholy specimen of eviction on a large scale. The ride, on the whole, was far from pleasing, for great part of the interior of Ireland is unmitigatedly

ugly: the pretty country lies among the hills, which rise all round the coast, and form, as it were, a rim to an inner region, which, though undulating in places, is so generally level, that the Shannon, except at one or two parts of its course, scarcely knows which way to flow. To walk over such a country would be weariness indeed! One feature was, however, too striking to be overlooked: it was, that cultivation, even on the rude holdings of the peasantry, appeared to yield an ample return in the form of luxuriant crops.

I took a diligent survey of Galway: it is a task which repays a thoughtful observer. The hotel struck me as characteristic: dirt and disorder, doors that would not stay shut, windows that would not open, bells that would not ring, and a huge, gaudy ball-room. The frequenters of the house must have an extraordinary capacity for drinking, for it seemed scarcely possible to get even a teacup that held less than a quart. In pursuance of my practice of conversing with anybody and everybody, I had a talk with Mr Croke, the bookseller, touching the demand for literature. He told me that he had come to the town nine years before, from having read in Inglis's work that 20,000 people were existing in Galway without a bookseller. For the first two years, it was very uphill-work, as he had to create a taste for reading; but now he has a good trade, and a large shop with a well-selected stock of books; so we may hope that the capital of the west has left the dark ages behind for ever. The new college ought to do something for it.

Here my work began in earnest: I walked from Galway to Oughterard, the broad expanse of Lough Corrib, on my right, enlivening what, without it, would have been a dreary landscape. Arabia Petrea cannot surely be more stony! at all events, it cannot show that constant succession of ruined cabins and cottages, and abandoned farms, that meet the eye on both sides of the road along which I journeyed. Many had been rendered tenantless by the famine, and more by eviction. No curling smoke rose through the air, no sound of cheerful voices came to the ear, no sheep browsed on the hills. It was as though a conqueror had passed over the country, leaving nothing but death and desolation behind.

At Oughterard, I had some hours' conversation with Mr Robinson, the manager of the great Martin estate of 200,000 acres, now in the hands of the Law Life Assurance Company, who have a claim on it to the amount of £190,000. He was very communicative, and informed me, that when he first took the management, no books had been kept for five years. He evicted every tenant, and relet the holdings, taking care to open an account with each individual. Thirty acres of arable land, with three or four of bog, and a few square miles of mountain as sheep-runs, let for £25 a year, with an addition, at that time, of 5s. 6d. the pound poor-rates. Notwithstanding the severity of his measures, he visits even the most lonely part of the estate without apprehension of danger. 'The people know,' he said, 'that I am willing to help them that help themselves. Look here,' he added, taking a handful of keys from his pocket, 'I ejected twenty families this morning from a town-land of 200 acres, all well cropped. They made a great outcry, but I turned them out, and locked the doors; and you may take my word for it, that in a day or two they will come to me and pay the year's rent and costs of the ejection. I am used to that sort of thing. They never would pay if you didn't make them.' It was clear that a favourable opinion of the natives was not to be expected from Mr Robinson; long experience, he added, had convinced him, that one English labourer at 2s. 6d. a day would do more work, and better, than four Irish labourers at 8d.; and even then, the four would need a fifth to oversee and keep them to their task. But with all their indolence, they exhibit a degree of tact and shrewdness rarely shown

by the English peasant, and they are quick to discover and play upon the weak points of their employer, feeling him at times to the top of his bent.

Oughterard presented an unusual scene of bustle, as the quarter-sessions were being held, and several cases highly interesting to the neighbourhood were to be tried: one, especially, in which the collector of poor-rates was implicated. Were I to narrate all that I heard of this man's tyranny and illegal exaction, it would not be believed; and had not the evidence been too universal and conclusive to admit of doubt, I should have deemed it incredible that such deeds could be committed within a thirty hours' journey of Westminster Hall. The whole case was but a confirmation of a fact which it is impossible to be blind to in Ireland—that whatever may be said about governmental error or malice, the Irish are their own most fatal enemies.

The route from Oughterard to Clifden traverses the Martin estate, and the wild and picturesque scenery of Connemara. Apart from striking combinations of landscape, the prospect is dreary, and an oppressive sense of desolation comes over the mind on witnessing the signs of neglect and abandonment, the want of life, for sheep or cattle are rarely seen on the hills. The absence of live-stock is accounted for in two ways: one, that the country has not yet recovered from the effects of the famine; the other, that those who possess animals fear to turn them out, because of the depredations of the 'havockers,' as the subordinates of the poor-rate collectors are named. It is no uncommon practice for these officials to seize the sheep from farms on which they have no claim, for the rates of others that are indebted. There was, however, something that relieved the dreary aspect, the patches of cultivation, though few and capable of improvement, were such as to indicate a fertile soil—one that would make a generous return for the labour bestowed on it. Even the little plots, around the miserable cabins, showed that cultivation would not by any means be thrown away. I noted these things narrowly, for it was from them that I was to form my opinion as to the expediency of seeking a new home in Ireland. The weather, too, was another consideration; and in this respect, the prospect was not inviting; it seemed to me that the sudden and frequent appearance of raw cold mists, accompanied by violent wind, would prove extremely unfavourable to agriculture.

The landlord of the hotel at Clifden abundantly confirmed all that I had heard concerning the oppression and extortion of the collectors; and as he was deputy-chairman of the Union, his testimony may be received as official. On the other hand, he believes the people around him to be essentially honest, though the famine has to some extent shaken their principles; as a proof, he mentioned that the back-door of his house was never locked or bolted at night. And it is well known that the humbler classes of Irish, especially the women, are free from the vices which characterise similar classes in England. As for myself, though companionless, I felt no apprehensions either in the solitudes of Connemara or the wilds of Mayo.

On toiling up the steep hill at the extremity of Letterfrack Bay, I saw a garden with paths suitably traced, and well kept. A few yards further, stood a neatly-built house and shop, where a little of everything might be bought, including *Cadbury Brothers'* chocolate, as indicated by the label in the window. The occupant was a worthy member of the Society of Friends, whose uncle, Mr Ellis, lives on the opposite side of the road, in a house which he built for himself, in a pleasant spot, commanding an extensive prospect. Four or five years ago, the place was all wild mountain; now, considerable portions of it are dug and drained, and levelled as far as the formation of the surface will permit; while, immediately in front of the house, a smooth green lawn and shrubberies add a charm to the

idence, in striking contrast with the savageness around. Mr Ellis was a manufacturer at Bradford, in Yorkshire; but benevolent views, and a desire to try the effect of a moist climate on an asthmatic member of his family, led him to remove to Connemara.* His estate comprises 1000 acres, which he holds at 2s. per acre on a perpetual lease; and he employs about 100 labourers, of all ages, at from 4d. or 6d. a day, to 4s. 6d. a week. The working-hours are from six to six, with an hour's intermission at nine for breakfast, and half an hour for dinner, at two. His chief produce is root crops—turnips, mangel-wurzel, and potatoes; the first in prodigious quantities. The climate is unfavourable for grain; it is almost impossible to grow wheat, and such crops as are raised do not ripen till October—six weeks later than in England. The appearance of the estate is an encouraging proof of what can be done by spade-labour; the improvements, however, though great, have not as yet proved remunerative; a sufficient reason why a man with small capital would not succeed. This being the case with a place well situated for obtaining sea-wrack and sand at little cost, it affords a datum on which to form an opinion of land situated at a distance from the coast. Whatever may be the result to the benevolent Quaker, it cannot fail to benefit the people of the neighbourhood. 'We must have starved to death,' said one of the labourers to me, 'if God hadn't sent Mr Ellis to keep us alive.' The benefactor considers the mind, too, as well as the body, for he has built a school, in which some sixty or seventy boys and girls are taught by an English master and mistress, and in which Catholics and Protestants mingle together, as doctrinal matters are not included in the course of instruction. It was a heart-cheering spectacle; but when I remembered at what a great outlay it had been produced, I felt less hopeful of accomplishing anything satisfactory with narrow means.

The hotel at Kylemore is kept by the Rev. Mr Duncan: he told me that, six years prior to the time of my visit, the place where his house stands, and all the reclaimed land behind it, was in a state of nature: its altered appearance shewed what might be expected from cultivation.

I entered Kylemore with a blue sky and bright sun; but before I left it, the weather changed; dense clouds came over, accompanied by thick mist, which changed to furious rain. And the wind blew as it can blow only in the west of Ireland, or the Scilly Isles. Now I understood why trees were so few, and why those few were bent almost double, their scanty heads stretching as far as possible away from the fierce north-west blasts; and now I had no difficulty in believing that the sea-spray is drifted twenty miles inland, where it may be tasted on the windows facing the wind. And then, when I was kept prisoner a whole day by unmitigated rain, in what is called the hotel at Leenane, I felt more and more doubtful about buying land in Ireland.

Impatient to escape, I left Leenane early the next morning for Westport, intending to breakfast on the road; but I had overestimated the capabilities of the region. About half-way stood what had been described to me as an 'illegant hotel': it was a miserable cabin, without a chimney, and with PAT HOBAN, *licensed to sell Spirits, and Intertainment*, rudely scrawled on a board over the door. I looked in: dirt was everywhere; a pig lay on the hearth; two children lay on the pig; while a cock, two hens, and a duck, stood looking very unhappy in the middle of the floor. Travellers must not be overfastidious, and I thought bread and milk might be ventured on; but there was none but oat-bread; and as I cannot eat that, even when hungry, I had to go on without breakfast; and after walking seventeen Irish miles (twenty-one English), I reached Westport with a keen appetite. A labourer on the way kept me some time in conversation, and was very pressing in his entreaties to have his name

set down in my book as a candidate for employment on my farm—if I should buy one. 'Sure, yer honour,' he said, 'it's yerself, and the likes of ye, that we are wanting here. Och! if the English would but come over and buy the land, 'tis they'd make work plenty, and give fair wages.' I had heard the same from labourers in Wicklow, and every county through which I had passed; and the experiences of others prove the sentiment to be genuine.

The hotel at Westport is one of the best, if not the best in Ireland; and here I fell among a number of tourists and travellers, many of whom had come over with objects similar to my own. There was naturally a general exchange of notes, and as it happened, with very little disagreement in the results. 'Have you read the Saxon?' was every one's inquiry, thereby meaning *The Saxon in Ireland*—an interesting volume, which was a good deal talked about for some time after its publication. Those who had read it were in the majority; and it was amusing to hear the comments that fell from one and another on the highly-wrought descriptions in the book as compared with the reality; and some of us doubtless felt much as George Robins's innocents did, who were lured by his glowing imagery some twenty miles from town, to 'view' one of the paradises which it was so often the good-fortune of the matchless auctioneer to be 'instructed' to sell. I had been much impressed, when reading the work, with the author's interesting account of his first settlement and house-building at Ballycrov, particularly with the imitation and restoration of a room from the dear old house left behind in England; and I asked one of the party who had been to the spot, whether he saw the house, and what it looked like. Much to our astonishment, he replied that this rather touching story was a pure fiction: there was not only no house, but no land—that is, belonging to the Saxon; for he had sold it all, and seemed to have no other occupation than to journey frequently between Mayo and London, and sell Irish estates. We came, therefore, to the conclusion, that the *Saxon in Ireland* was a remarkably clever advertisement, and that Mr Ashworth, the author, had made out his case with considerable ingenuity.

At Westport, a goose can be bought for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; turbot, from 2s. 6d. to 5s.; trout and salmon, from 4d. to 6d. per pound; and land, for miles round the neighbourhood, may be had for from 10s. to 20s. the acre. It would thus seem easy to settle down, and live at small expense. But the cost of reclamation would have to be taken into the account—to say nothing of the isolation, of the distance from markets, and the labour to be expended in obtaining supplies.

These facts were more and more impressed on me as I pursued my journey through Newport to Achill. In going along, I caught a distant view of the place where the Saxon's house ought to have stood, but there was not the slightest sign of a building of any description, which so far confirmed what I had heard at Westport. The roads here, as everywhere in Ireland, are excellent; the weather was as fine as could be desired; the scenery, a striking succession of mountains and undulating plains. Here was the very land of promise, and I considered it well; but when I saw the state of the crops, even where evident pains had been bestowed on the cultivation, and noticed the precautions taken to prevent edifices and produce being blown away by the winds, which for eleven months in the year sweep across the county with more or less violence, I felt that, to buy land in this part of Ireland, would be a waste of capital and labour for one who, though willing to work, did not wish for the prospect of harassing and wearisome labour with that of a future home. In some places, whole fields of potatoes and patches of grain were turned quite black by the fury of the wind, that had been blowing for the previous two days; and if it were so in July, what

must it be in September or March? May, indeed, is the only month of the twelve not overdone with wind.

Before leaving Achill, I climbed to the top of Silvermore, and sat for a long time under shelter of a crag on the summit, contemplating the magnificent prospect. On one side rolled the broad Atlantic, stretching to the west; and before me lay the whole island, backed by the wild regions of Mayo and Erris, forming a picture where green slopes and valleys were strangely mingled with dreary brown wastes of heath and bog, broken by swelling hills or rocky ridges. Blacksod Bay and the numerous inlets gleamed like silver in the sunlight, and the shadows of the clouds, as they floated past, looked like dense forest-patches amid the verdure. Scarcely a tree was, however, to be seen in all the landscape—a fact which ought to have weight with those in search of a home, as well as with admirers of the picturesque. The only sign of life was in the village—the Protestant colony—at the base of the mountain, and in the surge that broke solemnly on the smooth sandy beach. It was a beautiful, a glorious prospect; but I came down from the hill, determined not to seek an abiding-place in that part of Ireland.

I could add many particulars concerning my subsequent travel to Sligo, Londonderry, and round the Giant's Causeway to Belfast, but must hasten to a conclusion. The result of my visit was favourable to emigration to this country, great in latent resources. The determination of large numbers of natives to quit Ireland for America, appears to leave vast tracts open for the settlement of enterprising men. Properly managed by new-comers, the 'green isle' will become a profitable pasturing region for vast flocks and herds. Already, there is an import of live-stock, wonderful in amount. On good information, I learned that as many as half a million of Scotch sheep are brought over every year, for the sake of breeding; and of course, in a few years hence, the tide will turn, and mutton and wool to an immense extent will be shipped to England. To all appearance, Ireland is destined to be a kind of Australia to Great Britain—a great pasturing country, with the advantage of being at the very doors. Fully alive to this fact, and stimulated by the present high price of butcher-meat, considerable numbers of English and Scotch farmers have entered on leases of land, and brought skill and capital to bear on what was formerly under the poorest process of tillage. To persons of moderate means, it might be advantageous to lease or purchase land in one of the central counties, not far from a railway, and devote themselves to the business of supplying the English markets with eggs, poultry, and beef. No doubt, difficulties in this or any other kind of farming require to be encountered; but among these cannot now be reckoned the ill-will of the native population. The Irish are an industrious and well-disposed people *when properly treated*, and will readily give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. Shame on those who, by maltreatment, have caused them to go in quest of subsistence beyond the Atlantic!

Whatever Ireland once was, and notwithstanding the squabbles which are still associated with its affairs, it is very certain that it is a rapidly improving country, and that principally by the sale of land under the Encumbered Estates Act. From the first operations of this act, in February 1850, to August 1852, more than 2000 petitions have been lodged for the sale of estates, and more than 2000 conveyances executed: 4062 lots had been sold to 2455 purchasers, by which the former number of proprietors has become trebled, and 1,000,000 acres—about one-twentieth of the island—has changed hands. The proceeds of the sales amounted to £7,000,000. The greatest quantity of land sold was situate in Galway; among the buyers were 106 English, 8 Scots, 1 American, and 1 Anglo-Indian from Calcutta. Of these, 58 were from London and its neighbourhood, and 11 from

Lancashire; 52 may be classed as gentry, 36 are manufacturers, and 20 farmers. It thus appears that professed agriculturists have not been the largest purchasers. Capital has been invested, with a view to a profitable return; and at present, I know of no part of the British Islands where money can be more advantageously laid out in the acquisition of heritable property.

THE PIN-HOLE.

AMONG the many traditions held in reverence by the descendants of the Lady Mary Chobham, there is one of peculiar interest.—The afternoon of an unrivalled summer day was verging towards evening; long shadows were cast on the turf; a gentle breeze stirred the thousand leaves overhead, and rippled the surface of the river Wear, which, ponded back, formed the really magnificent sheet of water that constituted one of the chief ornaments of Wearscote, the ancestral domain of the Chobham family.

A pleasure-boat, into which the dripping oars had only recently been drawn, rocked on the bosom of the lake; and on a rustic seat on the margin sat two young people, who had been loitering away the whole day in a state of entire felicity. The Lady Mary was at that time not more than fifteen, and rather childish in appearance, with long fair hair flowing in infantine carelessness and grace, clear delicate complexion, large eyes that sought the ground; the whole contour hardly giving promise of that exquisite loveliness which in after-days shone unrivalled in the court of George III. Her dress was that of a child—a simple white frock, with a broad blue crape sash; a comfortable German bonnet, with its deep tippet or cape.

The young girl was slightly thrown back on the seat; and whilst her companion held her left hand, the right was busily engaged in forcing the gold pin that had fastened her sash in and out of the hard oak arm of the park chair. This she did in a sort of unconscious manner, though every now and then the blood would rush into her cheeks, and her efforts become almost spasmodic. With infinite difficulty, at such times, a speck of wood might be forced out, almost big enough for the cricket-ball of a mite. Perseverance, however, did much, and the pin-hole attained more and more of a respectable depth and shape. The young man by the Lady Mary's side was in reality not much older than herself; but the hardships of a seafaring life, the constant change of climate, and the real service he had already seen, gave him an appearance of age and manliness. He had entered the navy at thirteen, and was now enjoying a short leave of absence. Dressed in the stiff uniform of the service, Arthur Townsend had no adventitious advantages; but if you looked in his face, its high resolution and great mental power shadowed out the future companion of Nelson and Collingwood. You might almost have read his part in Trafalgar. And now he was warming with the subject most interesting to him; and that voice of singular sweetness, destined 'to shout amid the shouting crowd,' was telling to earnestly attentive ears, of moonlight watches on the tideless Mediterranean; of stormy conflicts in the Bay of Biscay; ay, and of the cannon's roar—of conflict, and death, and victory. The Lady Mary, with head declined, and little hand working diligently with the gold pin, listened with breath almost suspended to the account of the gallant and successful defence of Gibraltar: she seemed to see the red-hot balls as they fell on the enemy's ships and batteries; and the flash on her cheek came and went more rapidly as the narrator described the daring deeds, the moments of peril, as the victors braved everything to rush to the rescue of their baffled foe, maddening and perishing in their burning ships, no longer considered as enemies, but as suffering fellow-creatures; and her heart

swelled within her as she instinctively recognised, felt, through the little that was indicated, how large a share the narrator had in these events. And then Arthur Townsend described softer scenes: coral islets formed under sunny skies, where the flamingo was wading in the still lagoon, and the palm-tree saw its feathered top reflected; scenes of quiet beauty, like a still evening after a stormy day; and the cheek grew clear and pale, and the wonder-working little hand rested; but in these communings, there was no talk of self.

Night had crept round, and finally closed over Wears-cote; the morning hours were even approaching, but still Lady Chobham meditated in her library. Living in courts, the intimate friend of politicians, acute and far-seeing in all things, the aspect of public affairs filled her with anxiety. There were discontent and disunion at home; abroad, the nations were still staggering under the effects of the French Revolution; the course of Bonaparte was beginning. Nor was she insensible to the dangers attending the career her gallant young kinsman had so well begun. On the morrow he would depart. When, how should she see her sister's son again? Now she considered the two children were at rest; hours had passed since their bright unthinking good-night. She was roused by a most unmistakable step—one acquired only by those whose walk is over the unsteady waters; and young Townsend entered. There was neither hurry nor anxiety in his manner, and the strong will suppressed all emotion. Quietly, respectfully, he told his aunt that he loved the Lady Mary, and that he intended to marry her. There was great feeling; there was earnest purpose; there was nothing ridiculous in the declaration of the boy-lover. He rather expressed his conviction of what would be, than asked sanction or assistance.

Lady Chobham was, to say the least, greatly puzzled; she thought the proposition absurd—its probabilities small. The youth was entering on a life of difficulty and danger; years might elapse before he would see his native land again; and then, would he be a match for her child? Rank, fortune, were alike inadequate. The mother's eye foresaw the splendour of womanhood into which the young girl would develop; she did not underrate her great advantages of wealth and connection; and here was a suitor—lay almost claiming her. She looked up: in the calm clear eye, the self-reliant ample brow, the hero stood revealed; she doubted not his future or his destiny. He might die; but, living or dying, every one connected with him would be ennobled. The fulfilment of his hope was unlikely, but she would not send her sister's child away in sorrow.

'Arthur,' she said, and eye and lip quivered; 'my child is happy in your love; hereafter you will understand more of her worth, her position, and its requirements. You must entirely deserve her; till you do, do not attempt to win her. I have but one stipulation: no word of what has passed between us must disturb her peace, until you can become her husband.' Strange word to a boy of sixteen, stranger still that it did not seem incongruous; and he accepted the terms. Long before the rest of the world was stirring, he again visited the seat by the river-head, and made prize of a small portion of a blue crape eash that had been left waving in the breeze; and by sunrise he had joined his ship at Portsmouth.

The Lady Mary returned to school. It was observed that for some time she paid marked attention to her geographical studies; and walking her measured pace round the dull London squares, her thoughts were often on the broad Pacific, or coasting the Mediterranean. Time passed on, and these things faded. With a delicate refinement, she stood the acknowledged beauty of the day. But she lived in stirring times, and hers was no spirit that could live for itself alone. In all the daily occurring public events, she took an absorbing interest. Suitors came and went: she

never seemed to have any but kind and gracious words of refusal to give them. She could not account for it herself. From time to time, she read with interest, but without emotion, the glowing descriptions of Arthur Townsend's prowess and rewards. She saw his name coupled with all that her country valued and honoured, and she felt glad and proud that she was related to him. Twice he had returned, and they had met with pleasure and unreserve on her part; but they had never been at Wears-cote together again. And still more years passed, and with them came sorrow: her mother did not live to see the end of the romance. And now even that trial was over; and at five-and-twenty, the Lady Mary was in the possession of great wealth, every personal charm in full perfection, but still wandering, fancy free, by the side of the river at Wears-cote.

And again it is a summer evening, and again the Lady Mary is sitting on the chair by the side of the lake, and again, earnestly, respectfully, by no mean cavalier, is a suit she has often heard before urged on her. The affections of the Lady Mary are disengaged; she almost fears it is selfish to feel so indifferent; ought she not to give some encouragement, some hope? She wavers in her refusal; assuming the same attitude in which she had listened to another voice ten years before. Her eye rests on a small speck in the arm of the chair; a crust of paint has been recently rubbed off; and with a sudden rush and bound backwards, memory takes in the whole scene when that small hole was nervously bored. All the very words then uttered come back, and with them a feeling that she dare not accept or encourage any offered love.

True to his promise and to himself, Arthur Townsend returned. His country paid, in wealth and honours, part of the debt of gratitude she owed him. He met the Lady Mary on equal terms: how he sped in his wooing, is matter of history. In an old cabinet, a small piece of oak, delicately perforated, and wrapped in a portion of blue crape, was found, and then this imperfectly-told little story came out.

ENGLISH GARDEN-FRUIT.

THE pear and the apple tree, now coming into blossom in the great orchards of England, and filling the eye with beauty, may be said to be the most truly national of our fruit-bearing plants. Both are of the same genus, that called *Pyrus*, and belong to the natural order Rosaceæ, forming a part of the fifth section Pomeæ. As the history of these two divisions of this genus for a part of their course runs parallel, we will for a time speak of them together, and hereafter take up those points on which they differ.

The fruits of all plants of this tribe are called pomes, as we have seen that of the stone-fruits to be drupes, and of the bramble and some others bacca, or berries. The structure of a pome is very different from that of either a drupe or a berry. It is the tube of the calyx grown fleshy, including within it, and forming one body with, the carpels, which are usually five, with bony or gristly walls, enclosing one or more seeds. Around this seed-core is a mass of cells, which, if you place a slice under a microscope, present a beautiful appearance as their juicy and shining contents burst from them. These contain the acids, saccharines, and other matters which give their peculiar flavour to the fruit; and at the margin is the rind, which formerly was the cuticle of the calyx. So far the general features of both fruits are alike; but there is a difference in the arrangement of the cells which form their substance; and in the pear are deposited some particles of gritty, stony material, called by Grew 'tartareous knots or grains,' which are not found in the apple. Most of these are round. They are thinly scattered towards the outer part of the fruit,

but by degrees grow closer together; and towards the centre of some pears, cohere so closely as to form almost a story core; and thus, as Grew says, 'the pear is nature's preface or introduction to the plum.' The exceeding beauty and regularity of all these cells and tartareous knots is very striking.

Both the apple and the pear appear to have been cultivated in very ancient times, and to have been held in great estimation. In the Canticles, it is said: 'As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons.' Pliny speaks of some apple-trees which yielded more profit to their owners than a small farm, and mentions twenty-nine kinds as cultivated in Italy about the beginning of the Christian era. The pear is named by the earliest writers as abounding in Egypt, Syria, and Greece, where it was dedicated to Minerva. Trees of both species live to a great age; though the pear, from being less the prey of insects, and from other causes, is said to outlive the apple. An authority quoted by Evelyn gives 900 years as the probable term of an apple-tree's life—300 for growth, 300 for standing, and 300 for decay. Such calculations cannot of course be accurate, but they may approach the truth.

The pear (*Pyrus communis*) grows wild in woods and hedgerows in some of the counties of England, especially in Sussex, Somerset, and Devon. It is a tall slight tree, of very elegant appearance. The blossoms, which grow in lax clusters, are of snowy whiteness, wholly untinged with any colour; the leaves of a fine green, deeply and doubly serrated, and of a very peculiar form. The branches are armed with strong spines, more than two inches in length, and proportionally thick; an appendage of which all cultivated species are wholly devoid. Gerard's account of this tree is quaint and graphic; he says, it is 'great upright, full of branches for the most part pyramides-like, or of the fashion of a steeple, not spread abroad, as is the apple or crab-tree: the timber of the trunk, or body of the tree, is very firme and solid, and likewise smooth; a wood very fit to make divers sorts of instruments of, as also the hattes of sundrie tooles to work withall; and likewise serveth to be cut into many kinds of moulds, not only such prints as these figures are made of [namely, the curious plates which adorn his herbar], but also many sorts of pretty toys for coiffes, breastplates, and such like, used amongst our English gentlewomen.' He gives us the names of six varieties, which, if I repeat them, will, I fear, not lead my readers to a very covetous desire to partake of such delicacies. They are, the 'great choke-pear' (*Pyrus stragulatorum*), the 'small choke-pear,' the 'wild hedge-pear,' the 'wild crab-pear,' the 'lowe wild-pear,' and the 'croe-pear.' He says: 'In taste they differ among themselves in divers points—some are sharpe, sour, and of an austere taste; some more pleasant; others harsh and bitter; and some, of such a choking taste, that they are not to be eaten of hogs, and wilde beasts, much less of men.' Yet, as of rude and uncultured nations of men have sprung some of the most civilised which now adorn the face of the earth, so of these rough and choking pears are produced all the rich and juicy fruits of that name which now exist in our land; fruits which far exceed the luscious dainties of India, and would be prized above any which flourish in eastern lands, if they could there be brought to perfection. But it is in temperate climates alone that these valuable trees attain any luxuriance, or their fruits any flavour. How early the pear was cultivated in England is not known; but it is probable that it was before the time of King John, as there is a tradition that he was poisoned by a dish of pears presented by the monks of Swinestad. There is an entry in an account-book of Henry VIII., 'to a woman who gaff the kynge pears, twopence;' and in old writers we often hear of 'wardens' and

'warden-pies,' which was the more common name for pears. They were formerly considered to be an antidote against the poison of 'venomous mushrooms,' and also a drink of perry to be good against a surfeit of mushrooms.

We have seen that the wood of the pear-tree is valuable for many uses. In Persia, where the religion, which is Mohammedan, forbids the use of gold or silver utensils for table-service, this wood is employed to make very beautiful spoons. The leaves afford a yellow dye, and may be used to tinge cloths of a blue colour with green; but the great value of the pear consists chiefly in the richness and excellence of its fruit for the dessert, and in its expressed juice, which makes that very delicious beverage called perry, which is still made in the cider counties of Hereford and Worcester, though not now in so great quantities as formerly. Worlidge, a writer of the seventeenth century, says that there was a pear-tree growing at Ross, in Herefordshire, in 1675, that was 'as wide in the circumference as three men could encompass with their extended arms; and of so large a head, as that the fruit of it yielded seven hogsheds of perry in one year.' Worcester, Hereford, Somerset, and Devon, are the prime cider and perry counties of England. The perry is, however, chiefly made in the two former; and much both of that and of cider is exported to the West Indies and America, as also to India. The pear often yields fruit in years when the apple fails, but both produce very uncertain crops; and the difference between a good and a bad apple year is often the difference of several hundred pounds more or less to the cultivator. The arms of the city of Worcester are argent a fesse between three pears sable.

Of the flavour of the wild-apple, or of its attractiveness as an article of food, alas! we can say but little. *Pyrus malus*, the common crab, is the only apple indigenous in England, and the fruit it bears is of a most harsh, austere character. Cultivation entirely alters the character of the apple. It seems probable that this fruit was cultivated in England by the Saxons, if not even at an earlier period by the Romans. The finer kinds of table-fruit seem to have been of much later introduction. The pipin was 'brought from overseas' in the reign of Henry VIII.; although Shakspeare, by a little anachronism, makes Justice Shallow say: 'You shall see mine orchard, where, in an labour, we will eat a last year's pipin, of my own grating;' and again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: 'I'll make an end of dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come;' the times of these plays being more than a century earlier. The cider orchards began to be planted in the reign of Charles I. Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, earnestly presses the superior advantages of the culture of cider-fruits in preference to hops. 'It is little more than an age,' says he, 'since hops (rather a medicinal than alimental vegetable) transmuted our wholesome ale into beer, which doubtless much altered our constitutions,' &c.; and afterwards: 'It was by the plain industry of one Harris (a fruiterer to King Henry VIII.) that the fields and environs of about thirty towns in Kent only were planted with fruit, to the universal benefit and general improvement of that county to this day; as by the noble example of my Lord Scudamore, and some other public-spirited gentlemen in those parts, all Herefordshire is become, in a manner, but one entire orchard.' The best apple-gardens in England, more especially those of the cider districts, have been observed by geologists to follow the tract of red sandstone which stretches across the island from Dorsetshire to Yorkshire; in Ireland, the best orchards are on limestone gravel; and in Scotland, there are few that are not on some soil more or less calcareous. A good apple year is a season of great profit to apple-growers, but it is also one of a most demoralising tendency to the poor, for the cheapness of cider, their favourite beverage, leads them in many cases to indulge

in it to excess; and many a drunkard may trace the beginning of his downward course to a time when his want of self-denial led him to abuse God's gracious gift of plenty to his own disgrace and ruin, and to commence a habit which it is easier to begin than to lay aside. I remember one year in which apples were so abundant, that the coopers could not supply casks to contain the cider, and tanks were made to hold the surplus quantity of liquor, which flowed in streams from the glutted presses. In that season, heaps on heaps of fruit lay beneath the trees till after Christmas, from deficiency in the number of hands and instruments needed to bruise and prepare them, so that the whole air was impregnated with the heavy smell of apples, which in many instances produced disease; and good cider was that year sold at the King's Mouth—thus the press is provincially termed—as low as half a guinea a hogshead. The quantity of apples required to make a hogshead of cider, is from twenty-four to thirty bushels; and in a good year, an acre of orchard will produce somewhere about 600 bushels, or from twenty to twenty-five hogsheads.

In Somerset and Devonshire there are customs of ancient date connected with apple-trees. In some places, they are observed on Old Christmas-day; in others, a few days later; and although they slightly vary in different places, yet in main points they agree. The farmer whose orchards are to receive the benefits of the ceremony, gives a grand supper; then, at about ten o'clock (or, in some places not till twelve), men, women, and children, adjourn to the scene of action, in some districts carrying with them cider in buckets, with roasted apples floating in it, with which the trees are pelted; in others, this part of the ceremony is not observed, but a supply of bread and toasted cheese is carried into the orchard, and all the party assemble under one of the best apple-trees. A boy is then seated on the branches, and cries out: 'Tit-tit—More to eat!' representing the character of a tom-tit; on which they hand up to him some of the bread and cheese and cider. The whole party, who are supplied with little cups, then stand round the tree, and sing:

Here's to thee, good apple-tree,
To bear and blow apples snow,
This year, next year, and the year after, too:
Hattfuls, capfuls, three bushel in bagful,
And pay the farmer well.

They then drink round, and fire a salute to the tree, making all the noise they can with pistols, old blunderbusses, or other firearms; or failing these, with explosions of gunpowder, placed in holes bored in pieces of wood, accompanying their salute with loud cheering, and firing at the branches of the apple-trees. In some neighbourhoods, a libation of cider is poured out at the root of the tree, but this is not invariable. The party then again stand round, and, with another cup of their favourite cider, sing, as a concluding toast:

To your wassail, and my wassail,
And joy be to our jolly wassail.

This custom is called wassail, and the people speak of meeting to 'bless the apple-trees.'

We have left but little space for the remaining species which are classed under the head Pomace, and must therefore but glance at them. They consist of the quince (*Cydonia vulgaris*), and but few others. The quince is scarcely to be considered indigenous in England, but, nevertheless, it grows wild, and abounds in some parts of Sussex. The fruit, which is of much the same form and structure as the apple, is considered to have medicinal qualities; and of it wine is made, and a sort of marmalade, which by some people is much liked as a flavour to the apple in pies. Some old writer says: 'Marmalade of quinces is tooth-

some, as well as wholesome, and therefore I cannot blame such gentlemen who are seldom without it in their closets.' But however that may be, the strong natural scent and taste of garlic which impregnate the fruit, prevent it from being a favourite with many. There are also some varieties of the service-tree (*Pyrus sorbus*), and one of the *mespilus* or medlar, which, with haws and a few other unedible fruits, close the catalogue of British pomers. The fruit of the service-tree, which, like the medlar, is considered fit to be eaten when in a state of partial decay, is a very pleasant subacid fruit. It is a rather large tree, with seven-lobed serrate leaves, and bearing loose terminal tufts of white flowers, which produce bunches of somewhat pear-shaped berry-like pomes. These are ripe about November, and are then sold in the markets, though they are gathered some weeks before they are ripe. They are a treat to children and the poor, as a large bunch may be bought for a half-penny, and the flavour is very agreeable. It is a custom at Kindford, in Sussex, and probably elsewhere in that county, for a damsel who wishes to encourage the attentions of a suitor, to hang a bunch of this fruit in her chamber-window, as a token that he is accepted.

NAMES AND FORTUNES.

THAT there is a connection between the name and the fortune no author will doubt—and certainly no publisher; since a captivating title is admitted by all to go a great way in launching a new book into profitable sale. The inventors of new shirts, razors, patent medicines, and many other things in this struggling, striving, competing world, know well enough what's in a name; and they show that they do so by the long Greek compounds they adopt to signalise their commodities withal before the eyes of the multitude. And what husband does not prefer addressing the partner of his heart by some such gently-breathing appellative as 'Emily, my love,' to 'Grizzle, my dear?' But our hint at present is to speak of the names of ships, which would seem in many cases actually to prophesy their fate. We were once conversing with a military friend, now a general officer, who was giving us an account of Sir James Saumarez's failure in the Bay of Algeiras at the time our informant was at Gibraltar. The *Hannibal*, seventy-four, he told us, got on shore among the rocks under the batteries, and was obliged to surrender to the enemy; while the description he gave of her captain, who was ill in a fit of the gout, sitting on his chair upon the quarter-deck with his feet laid up, and storming at his crew in the midst of the deadly shower of shot that fell on all sides, was exceedingly graphic, and great were the narrator's lamentations at the disaster.

'How could it be otherwise?' said we coolly.

'Why? What do you mean?'

'Who could expect any other fate for a vessel with the ill-omened name of *Hannibal*?' was our reply. Our friend was convinced at once.

When Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *Victory* there was not a man in the fleet who did not feel his heart twice as strong for battle—nay, that defeat was impossible under such auspices, for sailors are proverbially superstitious.

What was the ship in all the British navy which was destined to receive the surrender of that prodigy that had been breathing out the flames of war, and vomiting fire from the throats of his artillery throughout Europe for twenty years? * Napoleon Bonaparte surrendered to the *Bellerophon*, the name of the hero so renowned in fabulous story, because at his feet the fire-breathing monster Chimæra surrendered its powers—its flame-vomiting propensities from that time becoming extinct.

You remember that at the battle of the Nile the *Culloden* was the only ship that had no share in the triumph, as she got aground before the action, and did not get off till it was over. We cannot but associate this in our minds with Lucan's line describing civil wars: '*Bella geri placuit nullo habitura triumpho*,' for triumphs were never allowed at Rome to victories obtained in civil commotions. Now though the battle of Culloden was a great benefit to the kingdom, inasmuch as it put an end to civil strife and set the nation at rest, yet the blood which drenched that plain was the blood of Britain's own sons, and should be wiped over as a necessary severity, not regarded as a name to be decked with the laurels of triumph, and as such used to give its prestige to a ship of war.

The first English man-of-war was named the *Great Harry*, the second the *Lyon*; and we may here observe, that the latter vessel was a capture from the brave Scotsman, Andrew Barton. Both these vessels were as fortunate as their names might seem to imply: the *Lyon*—the significant emblem both of England and Scotland—shared in the glory of defeating the Spanish Armada; the *Great Harry* was as renowned as our present gracious sovereign for being attended by fair weather; and it might be considered a good omen for the British navy, that no ill-fortune ever chanced to the first royal ships upon record. But the destiny of ships and monarchs was to experience a serious change in the next century. The unhappy Charles I., before the breaking out of the civil wars built a noble vessel, and called her *The Sovereign of the Seas*. She was, we learn, 233 feet long, 48 feet in her main breadth, in height 76 feet. She bore five lanterns, the largest of which was capable of holding ten persons upright! She had eleven anchors, and was of 1637 tons burden. Her sides were curiously carved and painted in black and gold; upon the stern stood a figure of Cupid bridling a lion; upon the bulk-head, forward, were a group of statues representing the Virtues. This sea 'sovereign' shared a fate bearing an ominous similarity to that of her royal master: always victorious against foreign foes, she was burned by an incendiary while in dock.

The *Royal James*, named after James, Duke of York—afterwards the deposed James II.—was blown up in the great sea-victory over the Dutch, May 28, 1672, in Southwold Bay, on the coast of Sussex. In her perished the great Earl of Sandwich, who preferred devoting himself to death rather than set the example of deserting his ship. We can scarcely avoid being struck by the strange coincidence between the fate of this ship and his from whom she took her name, and also between that of her gallant admiral and those who suffered and perished for the sake of the living 'Royal James'—beginning at Killiecrankie and ending at Culloden. And whilst we are speaking of ships named—as they so commonly are, and have been—after individuals (royal or loyal), we must not omit the bark *Raleigh*, fitted out and called after his family name by the great Sir Walter, and intended to assist his half-brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his North American researches. This vessel sailed with Sir Humphrey, and, we are told in the sad record of his fate, 'appeared to predict the fatal termination of the expedition by returning in less than a week to Plymouth, through a contagious distemper which seized on the ship's crew.' She was lost on a similar expedition to the one which hastened Sir Walter's most unmerited doom.

Under better auspices, 'glorious old Benbow' embarked in the Benbow frigate, his own vessel, in 1696, and in her laid the foundation of his future fortunes by one of the strangest deeds on record in the chronicle of the sea. We cannot refrain from repeating it, though, except inasmuch as the ship was a 'lucky' one, it is not strictly to the point of our subject. The

gallant little frigate was attacked in her passage to Cadiz by a Sales rover of double her size, and made a brave defence. The Moors boarded her, but were quickly beaten back with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off and thrown into a tub of pork-pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz he landed, accompanied by his negro servant, who carried the Moors' heads in a sack. He was stopped by the officers of the revenue, who desired to know its contents. Benbow answered: 'Salt provisions for his own use.' They insisted on seeing them; and on being refused, compelled Benbow and his man to go with them before the magistrates, who were then sitting not far off. The Spanish podesta treated the Englishman with great civility, told him he was sorry to be obliged to make a point of such a trifle, but that the sack could not be permitted to leave the custom-house without having been inspected. 'I told you,' said Benbow sternly, 'they were salt provisions for my own use. Caesar, throw them down upon the table; and, gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service!'

The Spaniards were surprised and startled at the ghastly trophies rolled before them, and eagerly asked their history. We may suppose the recital was made willingly, as one can divine no other motive for Captain Benbow's whim than that of making the action public, unless, indeed, the whole affair was a mere seaman's frolic. Its consequences were momentous, however, to him. The magistrates sent an account of the whole matter to the court of Madrid, and Charles II., then king of Spain, desired to see the whimsical 'sea-captain.' Benbow went to court, was received graciously, and dismissed with a handsome present. Charles of Spain also wrote in his behalf to King James II., who, on his return, took him into his own service; and thus he exchanged the lucky little Benbow for a ship in the royal navy of England.

The *Princess Charlotte* was named after the beloved and ill-fated heiress of England; and King Leopold and his late majesty—then Duke of Clarence—had signified their intention of being present at her launch. Great preparations were made for the reception of the royal guests, and immense numbers of people had assembled in the dockyard. The day was bright, clear, and promising. Suddenly, and without any known cause, the sea rose rapidly with a heavy swell, forced open the dock gates, swept away the unfortunate men still engaged about the ship, and bore the *Princess Charlotte* upon the heaving waters, self-launched, amid a cry of horror which those present at the fatal moment never forgot: the bridge above the dock had broken, and the thronging multitudes upon it were precipitated into the dock itself, lately occupied by the ship, and dashed against the stocks and floating timber, or swallowed by the swelling tide. I have been told by those present at the scene that a more fearful spectacle was never witnessed, the awful catastrophe being the more remarkable from the calm loveliness of the day. Old mariners shook their heads at this strange, unhappy coincidence of death and dismay—whilst all was so fair and promising above and in the deep—with the sudden loss of her who had perished in the sunshine of prosperity and love. We remember ourselves years afterwards, that it was a matter of the greatest possible difficulty to get men for the unlucky ship so called.

In the month of March 1777 Quebec was besieged by an American army. The Gulf of St Lawrence was filled with ice, the river apparently impassable, when, we read, 'one morning the besiegers were surprised by the sudden and most unexpected appearance of an English ship, which brought relief to the garrison; and by the supplies she afforded, and the hopes of succour her appearance inspired, was in a great measure the cause of the raising of the siege.' Her name was the *Surprise*, Captain Lindyce.

The *Boyne*, bearing, like the *Culloden*, a name rife with the memory of civil strife, was, like her, unfortunately, she was burned at Spithead.

Sir Cloudeley Shovel's last ship was called the *Association*; and associated as we learn it was in men's minds with a curse pronounced on it at its departure from England, the name becomes singularly ominous. The incident to which we allude is very little known; indeed we heard it only as an oral tradition from the widow of a captain in the navy, whose family were acquainted with some of the actors in the tragedy. In those days naval discipline was severe, even to cruelty, and offences seldom failed of being punished according to the strict letter of the law contained in the Articles of War, be the extenuating circumstances whatever they might. One of the warrant-officers of the *Association*—the gunner, I think—was married to a young and lovely woman who was in delicate health. A few days previous to the ship's leaving port, a message was brought him from the shore, to the effect that she was dying, and that she wished him to come and receive her last farewell. He hastened to ask leave to go on shore, without which of course he dared not comply with her request. He was refused! Some desertions had taken place amongst the men, and the admiral had given strict orders that no leave should be granted. The feelings of the miserable husband as he left the quarter-deck may be imagined. Night was closing in; it was certain that the being dearest to him of all in the world would not behold the next sunrise. He was distracted at the thought, and trusting to the increasing gloom for concealment, resolved, in desperate defiance of orders, to endeavour to swim on shore. Watching his opportunity, accordingly, he leaped from the bowsprit, and succeeded in gaining the boat that had brought him the message, and which had not long pushed off from the ship. He reached the shore, gained his home, and received the dying woman's last sigh, but she lingered in life till the day-dawning, and he could not and would not leave her. It was consequently long after sunrise when the unhappy man returned to his ship. He was aware that he came to meet his death, but his seaman's honour forbade the thought of seeking safety in flight. Nor was he mistaken. He was tried by a court-martial—a privilege accorded to the inferior officers—and condemned to death for disobedience of orders. There was no mercy—no reprieve given! They hung him at the *Association's* yard-arm in the face of the sun, and in view of hundreds of spectators who lined the shore; some of whom, greatly excited, it is said, knelt on the beach, and invoked a curse on the merciless ship. When brought up for execution, the condemned man requested the chaplain who was in attendance to read aloud to him the 109th Psalm. Under the circumstances there was an awful significance in such verses as these: 'He persecuted the poor helpless man, that he might slay him that was vexed at heart;' and in the solemn curse prophesied against the cruel: 'Let his days be few, and let another take his office.'

A solemn and fearful association was there between those words read aloud to the dying and the fate of the stern ship so called. She perished with all on board on the rocks of Scilly on the night of October 22, 1707. The admiral, it has since been ascertained, was saved from the fury of the sea only to die by the hand of a woman—being murdered in his sleep; and the *Association's* name even has not been renewed—as is generally the case—in any new vessel in the royal navy.

The *Excellent*, like the *Victory*, was happy in the prestige of a lucky name. She was the first ship engaged in the battle off Cape St Vincent, February 14, 1797. Nelson is said to have remarked as she hove in sight: 'Here comes the *Excellent*; she is as good as two added to our number.' The *Culloden* being crippled

and astern, the *Excellent* ranged up within two feet of the *Sao Nicolas*, giving a most tremendous fire; she fought and took also the *Sao Pedro*, and engaged the *Santasima Trinidad*. At the present moment, the laurel-crowned vessel is in Portsmouth Harbour, employed as the gunnery-ship, on board which the seamen and their officers also are trained for the noble service of the seas. May her name still be ominous of good to our country! The care bestowed on board her, on the moral and intellectual training of the men, is surely as excellent as her past deeds of warlike renown.

The *Dreadnought*, a lucky and famous ship, has also a noble destiny in her age, being used as a seaman's hospital at Greenwich. It is a cheerful name to meet the ear of an invalid.

And now, setting aside the notion that the name of a vessel at all influences its destiny, for many lucky names have perished in the waters—as, *par exemple*, the *Royal George*, &c.—we cannot refrain from wishing that all newly-built ships may be permitted to bear appellations of such good omen, that if a curious coincidence be again found between their names and their destinies, it may be such as would give pleasure to us to remember. Sailors are, and, in spite of the schoolmaster afloat, probably ever will be, superstitious. Their life is spent on a wild and poetical element, that rouses and stimulates the imagination; and present peril and uncertainty are apt to make us all cling to the faith of the infant world in presages and omens. It would surely be wise to turn this inherent unreasonableness to good account, by inspiring confidence in their vessel through a gallant or successful name.

The endeavour to overcome superstition in another manner has proved very unsuccessful, as doubtless our readers are aware. We allude to the attempt to prove that Friday was not the unlucky day poor Jack always believed it to be. A ship was built with such an intention some years ago; she was named the *Friday*, was launched on a Friday, sailed on a Friday—which no ship ever does—and was never heard of afterwards! With this curious coincidence, we conclude our gossip about ships' names.

COMPARATIVE POWERS OF LARGE AND SMALL ANIMALS.

IN observing the habits of an animal, it is natural sometimes to compare the speed with which it runs, swims, or flies, and the distances and heights which it leaps, with the length of the animal itself, and the weight which it can sustain with its own weight. This kind of comparison has given rise to an exaggerated estimate of the activity and strength of the muscles of small animals, especially of insects. Authors after authors have copied, without reflection, the allegations of their predecessors on this point, and the fallacy, like many others, has gained power by repetition; so that, in almost every popular work on entomology, we find such statements as these: 'When a flea jumps half a yard, it is as though a man were to leap three hundred yards.' 'If a horse were as active as a grasshopper, he would clear a haystack as easily as the insect skips over a few blades.' 'When a beetle sustains the weight of a folio, he is like a single porter with a house on his back.' It requires only a little consideration of the elementary principles of mechanics to make these paradoxes disappear, and to shew that there is no reason to suppose that the muscular power of insects is much greater, in proportion to their size, than that of larger animals. There are two distinct classes of phenomena to be considered, which we shall take in their order; namely—*first*, Speed and activity; and, *secondly*, Sustaining of weights.

1. *Speed and Activity*.—If a pellet of small-shot and a cannon-ball be let drop at the same instant from the same height, in an exhausted receiver (that the

resistance of the air may be removed), they will fall with equal speed, and reach the ground at the same instant. In each case, the thing moved is a certain mass of matter; the moving power is the weight or gravitation towards the earth, of that mass; and from the fact, that the velocities acquired are the same, we conclude that the weight in each case is proportional to the mass or quantity of matter in the body; that is to say, if the weight of the cannon-ball is one hundred thousand times greater than that of the pellet, it contains also one hundred thousand times as much matter to be moved, and therefore the velocities acquired are equal. In fact, in computing the proportions which moving powers bear to the masses of matter moved by them, we are to consider the absolute velocities produced, without reference to the lengths, or any other dimensions of the moving bodies. To exemplify the application of this principle to the activity of animals of different sizes, let us suppose that an elephant and a flea, whose respective masses are as one thousand millions to one, are found to move with the same absolute speed; and to avoid the complexity which the consideration of the resistance of the air would produce, let us, in the first instance, suppose an imaginary case—namely, that the experiment is made in a receiver exhausted of air. The conclusion to be drawn from such an experiment is, that the muscular power of the flea bears precisely the same proportion to its mass which that of the elephant does; that is to say, if the flea has one-thousand-millionth part of the mass of the elephant to move, it has one-thousand-millionth part of the muscular power to move it with, and therefore moves with the same absolute velocity. The effect of the resistance of the air is, to retard the smaller body more than the larger one, because the surface of the former is the greater in proportion to its mass. Accordingly we find, that the actual speed of insects is generally less than that of larger animals. The distance and the height to which an animal can leap, depend principally on the velocity with which it can dart itself forward or upward at the commencement of the spring, and are modified by the resistance of the air. That velocity depends on the proportion of the muscular power of the animal to its mass. If, therefore, the proportion of muscular power to weight in a grasshopper be merely the same as in a horse, it is only the resistance of the air and the low position of its centre of gravity which prevent the insect from leaping a five-bar gate. To conceive distinctly what is meant by the *moving power* of a muscle, we must observe that this power is joint, proportional to two things—the force or pull which the muscle exerts in contracting, and the distance through which it can contract. In muscles of the same material, and similar form and structure, the force must be proportional to the transverse area of the muscle—the contraction to its length; hence the moving power of the muscle is proportional to the product of its transverse area by its length—that is, simply to its bulk. It is thus evident that there is no reason to conclude, from the speed and activity of insects, that the material of their muscles is of a more powerful nature than that of the muscles of larger animals.

2. *Sustaining of Weights.*—It is well known to engineers that a bridge, or any other structure on a large scale, will not sustain nearly so great a load, in proportion to its bulk, as a small model, though made of the same materials, and similar in every respect except size. This is because the powers of sustaining loads, in two similar structures of the same material and different sizes, are in the proportion of their respective areas, that is, of the squares of their lengths, while the bulks are in the proportion of the cubes of the lengths. For example, let us suppose a model to be made of the Britannia Bridge, of wrought-iron plates of the same quality, put together in the same manner, and of one-tenth part of the dimensions of the actual bridge in every direction,

the plates being also of one-tenth part of the thickness. The bulk and weight of this model would be one-thousandth part of those of the actual bridge, which it would be capable of sustaining one-hundredth part of its weight. Hence the model could sustain a load ten times as great as compared with its bulk, than the actual bridge. If insects were exact models of the larger animals, their structure of materials of the same strength, ought naturally, according to the principles above explained, to be able to sustain immensely greater loads in proportion to their bulk. In the case of beetles, this power is increased by their being clothed in armour.

It appears then, on the whole, that we have no reason to conclude, from the speed, activity, or strength of insects, that their muscular power is either greater or less, in proportion to their bulk, than that of larger animals; and that the paradoxes on this subject, which have been so often expatiated upon, especially in works of a popular character, are founded on an illusive mode of comparison.

THE FORTUNES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ON the southern shore of an inlet of the Pacific, the Spaniards, some time in the latter part of the last century, erected a Presidio or fort, consisting of a square court enclosed with mud-walls pierced for musketry. Within these walls were some small dwellings for the soldier settlers, while the centre of the area was kept clear for their exercise. This fort, which fell long ago into ruins, was destined to play rather an important part in the world's history. In the year 1776, two wandering missionaries, natives of Spain, but lost from Mexico, landed in the bay; and under the protection of the military station, they founded a Mission at some little distance, and set to the work of civilising and Christianising the native tribes around them. The names of these individuals were Francisco Padou and Benito Canchou; the mission was called Dolores, in commemoration of the sufferings of the Virgin; and it became the parent of many others in the same country.

The good fathers appear to have settled quietly down, and to have found little difficulty in their labour of love. They erected a church, with dwellings around it for themselves and attendants, and the natives built their huts in squares at a little distance. Not far off, a secular settlement was likewise attempted, but proceeded the length of only a few houses. It was called Yerba Buena, after an herb of that name found on the hills, and esteemed for its medicinal qualities, as well as used by way of a substitute for tea. The first settlers there were from Mexico, excepting a Russian, who, being left behind by a Russian ship, cast in his lot with theirs. But the town is not worth talking about as yet—the Mission drew every kind of prosperity to itself. Soon after its organisation, says an authority, it flourished rapidly, reaching all the hopes of its founders. The Indians placed the most devout confidence in the Padres, embracing readily the new religion, and acquiring with it many of the arts of civilisation. They continued to live apart in small communities, employing themselves in tilling the earth and other labours under the direction of the missionaries; and for the work, of eight hours in the day, they received from them food, trinkets and rum. 'At various times, parties of Indians were provided with the proper means, and dismissed by the missionaries, that they might pursue an independent life. But we are told the attempt invariably failed, and that the natives sooner or later returned to seek the protection and guardianship of the Padres, after wasting their cattle and other stock. Some idea may be formed of the extent of those operations, from the fact, that there belonged to this mission, at one period, 20,000 head of cattle, 3000 horses, and 30,000 sheep. In 1810, the number of Christian baptisms had reached 3896; and

In 1831, the period of greatest prosperity, the whole number had amounted to 6888. From this date, a declension took place, which was greatly accelerated by the Mexican Revolution, in 1836, when the cattle and property were destroyed, and the Indians driven off by political disturbances. From 1831 to 1849, the number of baptisms was only 468. Of the entire list, it is computed that nine-tenths were Indians, and the remainder Californians, or immigrants, and their descendants, principally from Mexico.

In 1839, the secular town, if that can be called a town which contained only a few scattered houses, was planned and laid out by Captain John Vioget; and in half-a-dozen years it contained 150 inhabitants. About this time, when the war between America and Mexico had commenced, there began to flock to it some American adventurers, and in two years the population was increased by several hundreds. At the beginning of 1847, this slowly-moving town, whose ambition was confined to agricultural pursuits, changed its name. Instead of Yerba Buena, it was now San Francisco; and although its houses were but huts of one or two rooms, built chiefly of adobes, it was ordained that no hogs should be allowed to run at large, and no firearms be discharged within the distance of a mile, under the pain of a fine of five dollars and twenty dollars for the offences respectively. In this memorable year, the last of rural labour, tranquillity, and slow but steady progress, six members of council were elected by 200 votes, a semi-monthly mail was established to some southward points, and a small steam-boat made a successful expedition round Wood Island.

In 1848, the province was formally ceded by Mexico to the United States; and almost simultaneously a feverish feeling, connected with metallic riches, broke out in the small community. Quicksilver-mines were dreamed of; copper was said to be discovered somewhere; salt-petre, sulphur, limestone, coal—all, in turn, had their seers and prophets; silver, at length, became the rage—the whole country was believed to be underlain with the precious ore. Gold was then hunted at—talked of—trumped; but wise men laughed at the splendid illusion. Louder and louder grew the buzz, till the laugh was drowned in the noise; and then, almost on a sudden, there was no sound heard in San Francisco. Stores closed, and empty houses everywhere met the eye. The population had almost wholly ebbed away; and of the numerous placards of American industry, the only one prominent in the town was this: 'Highest price paid here for Californian gold.' 'The temporary suspension of trade and business was soon followed by the most extraordinary activity. Adventurers from all nations, and merchandise of all kinds, began to pour into the town, on their way to the mining region. Buildings that had been vacated, were filled with newly-arrived gold-seekers, hurrying to the mines. Store-houses were in demand for mercantile purposes; and labour, which had been but one or two dollars a day prior to the discovery of gold, was not to be had at any price. Carpenters often refused fifteen and twenty dollars a day. Schools and churches were forgotten; and if public meetings were held, the object was to fix the value of gold-dust, or to make plans for testing it. In August, immigrants began to arrive at the rate of 500 a month. In the middle of September, the harbour was described as crowded with shipping, the wharfs lined with goods and merchandise, and the streets filled with a busy throng. Fifty persons, it was computed, spent the night without the cover of a roof.'

In September of that year, a grand event occurred in the history of San Francisco. This was the arrival in the port of the first square-rigged vessel; and no sooner was it known that she was actually discharging her cargo, than goods of all kinds fell prodigiously in price, and town-lands rose from 50 to 100 per cent. A lot bordering on the water, which had been offered

for 5000 dollars, and refused by everybody, sold the next day for 10,000 dollars. In the same month, the first brick-building was erected. All sorts of ambitious projects were talked of: a temperance society—a lyceum—an hospital—a theatre. A champion to the 'city' was installed—a city which now polled the not very extravagant number of 347 votes at an election of councilmen. Before the year closed, the mining adventurers, who had returned home for the winter, found that some very remarkable changes had taken place. Lots of land they had left selling for 2000 dollars, had risen to 15,000 dollars; and houses they could have rented for 20 dollars a month, were now charged at 100 dollars.

In February 1849, the arrival of the first steam-ship in the mail-service set the citizens wild with rapture and exultation; but in a few months, the harbour was crowded with vessels of all kinds, and immigrants landed in thousands. Then came the launch of a little iron steam-boat, and her experimental trip to the Sacramento. On this occasion, she brought back a number of salmon from the golden river, some of which sold for forty-five dollars apiece. This vessel was soon followed, on the same route, by other steamers, and the expeditions of the miners were shortened from seven days to seventeen hours.

Great fortunes are sometimes made in a manner not very cleanly; and even so it happened with this city, which was called suddenly forth, by the magic of gold, from a foundation of mud. In the following winter, which chanced to be as wet as our last winter in England, all San Francisco was a quagmire. To remove the mud was impossible; but the inhabitants tried to make it of a thick enough consistence to admit of passage, by laying down upon the streets a layer of brushwood and rubbish. But layer after layer disappeared in the unfathomable abyss, and with it, now and then, an unfortunate mule. When men were adventurous enough to attempt crossing, they sometimes owed their lives to their neighbours. Tradition tells of one person who actually disappeared under these circumstances. The intersection of Clay and Montgomery Streets being a principal thoroughfare, was the scene of many interesting and exciting incidents. To cross on foot became completely impossible, until a submerged footway was constructed with bags of beans, damaged rice, bundles of tobacco, and a general assortment of spare merchandise. Over this invisible bridge, experienced navigators might succeed in making their way; but woe to the unskilled wayfarer who, in attempting the path, deviated from the subaqueous line of march! In the dearth of business and amusements, many citizens found agreeable employment in watching the progress of their fellow-men through the difficulties of travel, and rendering assistance in desperate cases. New-comers often landed from shipboard rigged in their Sunday's best, and with boots brightly polished, intending to strike the natives with surprise by such tokens of high civilisation; but scarcely had they touched terra firma, when they made the deep discovery, that terra firma was not there; and they were glad to get back to the ship, with the loss not only of Day & Martin's polish, but of the boots themselves, which they were constrained to leave deep buried in the streets of San Francisco!

Another curious trait of the Golden City. 'In those days,' says our authority—the mushroom citizen is talking of 1849!—before the recent improvements in the delivery of letters, the post-office exhibited the most curious scenes on the arrival of the mails from the Atlantic states. People crowded by hundreds into the long lines, to march to the windows in quest of letters from home. Desperate efforts were made to secure a place near the window, in anticipation of the opening of the office. Men rose from their beds in the middle of the night for this purpose. It was a common

practice to provide a chair, and hitch up, step by step, as the procession slowly advanced, whiling away the time with cigars and other appliances. Persons were exposed for hours to the most drenching rains, which they bore with heroic fortitude, rather than relinquish their post. Men of speculative views, who expected no letters, secured advanced places, and then sold them, sometimes for as much as eight or ten dollars.*

In those days, too, the dress of the city was picturesque in its infinite variety—comprehending jackets, bangs, Spanish wrappers, serapes, blankets, bearskins; boots with red or green tops, horsemen's boots, miners' boots, fishermen's boots; and a splendid choice of hats, of which the most popular was the California slouch—convertible at will into a pillow, a basin, a handkerchief, or a basket. When female immigrants, however, began to flock into the city, the picturesque declined, and the gold-seekers sent off in a hurry to Broadway for models of costume. Two theatres sprang up, with crowds of drinking and gambling houses; and the citizens, being now in the broad path of city civilisation, amused themselves with concerts, balls, dinner-parties, and military suppers. By this time, San Francisco had extended into the country, and absorbed into itself the Mission of the reverend Padres.

In 1849, occurred the first of eight or nine conflagrations, which have, from time to time, up to last year, reduced a considerable portion of the city to ashes. About the same time, the first step was taken to extinguish the Golden City with a debt, which speedily amounted to a million and a half of dollars. In January 1850, three females arrived from Sydney, and being unable to pay for their passage, they were publicly sold for five months by the captain of the ship. They fetched fifteen dollars each. In this year, there were six daily newspapers published in San Francisco, to which two more were added in the following year. There were likewise seven churches in the city. The harbour was crowded with large vessels from all the great ports in the world; but once there, return was impossible. The crews deserted in a body, and rushed to the mines; many of the ships were dragged up the beach at high-water, and converted into storerooms; one of them became a large hotel. Another singular feature of the city was formed by the Chinese immigrants. At a grand funeral procession, commemorative of the death of the American president, Taylor, a body of those curious-looking citizens attended in their national costume, and ever since they have exhibited great interest in all public demonstrations, parading with banners and music. One of the most remarkable of these occasions, was the celebration of the admission of California into the American Union in 1850.

In 1851, the streets were paved with wood in such a way as to defy the mud, and they were begun to be brilliantly lighted, when one of the usual conflagrations occurred, which ate out the heart of the city, the centre of business, leaving only straggling outskirts. But this proved a benefit rather than a misfortune, for it roused in earnest the extraordinary energies of the people; and the burned district was speedily covered with houses, pretty nearly fire-proof. For this reason, the fire of last November was comparatively a mere trifle: the damage was only 100,000 dollars, while that of the former conflagration was computed by millions. The following is a picture of the city as it now stands:—

'The city of San Francisco stands on a narrow neck of land between the bay and the ocean, fronting eastward on the bay, and having the ocean five miles on the west. The bay extends southward some fifty miles, parallel with the sea, from which it is separated by a narrow strip of land, varying from five to twenty miles in width. The city is on the extreme point of this promontory. Its site is handsome and commanding, being on an inclined plane, half a mile in extent, from the water's edge to the hills in the rear. Two points of

land—Clark's Point on the north, and Sausalito Point on the south, one mile apart—project into the bay, forming a crescent between them, which is the water-front of the city, and which has already been filled in and covered with buildings to the extent of half a mile. Those points, and the lofty hills north and west, upon which the city is rapidly climbing, afford a most extensive and picturesque view of the surrounding country. There are scarcely to be found more charming and diversified prospects than are presented from these heights. Taking your stand on Telegraph Hill, to the north of the city, and looking eastward, you see the spacious bay, eight miles in width, crowded with ships from all quarters of the globe; and the fertile coast of Contra Costa beyond, with its new city of Oakland, behind which rise hill on hill, to the Redwood forests on the summits. Towering over these, is the conical peak of Mount Diablo, at a distance of thirty-five miles. To the north, is the entrance from the ocean, almost beneath your feet; and Sausalito, six miles distant, at the foot of the opposite hills. The northern arm of the bay also stretches away till lost in the distance, studded with smoking steamers on their way to the numerous points on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Turning to the south, you look down on the busy city, whose tumultuous din rings steadily in your ear—the Mission Dolores, in a charming little valley beyond, backed by graceful hills—the southern arm of the bay lost in the horizon—and the dim and distant coast-range of mountains running parallel on the east. Facing the west, you look upon the narrow strait through which the restless ocean ebbs and flows, and into which the sea-breeze sweeps daily with its chilling but purifying mists—the Golden Gate—the Presidio—the Fort—the great ocean beyond.'

Finally, the extracts we have given throughout this article are from the preface to a Directory published in January last—a directory of 9000 names and addresses for this city, which, half-a-dozen years ago, consisted of a few straggling huts; and which now, as we learn from the census of last year—received since writing the above—contains a population of 31,876 souls. Of this number, only 5154 are females. The foreign residents amount to 16,111 males, and 2710 females; the remainder, with the exception of a few hundred negroes and mulattoes, being citizens of the United States. Verily, there are few episodes in the history of the world more remarkable than the fortunes of San Francisco.*

DANCE OF DEATH.

Agua-ardiente and dulces were handed round; while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, consisting of a light framework, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well-made wax-figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock; the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her, and invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards, she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child—no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbours at last re-

* The population of the whole state is 264,438. The capital invested in mining operations is 13,807,447 dollars, of which gold-mining has about one-third. The capital employed for all other purposes is 41,061,833 dollars.

marked the attention with which I looked upon the figure of child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully; and my neighbour, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me, and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and cavaes commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!—*Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World.*

THE SILKWORM ITS OWN DYER.

M. Roulin was lately experimenting upon silkworms, by giving them coloured articles of food; and he found that, by mixing indigo in certain proportions with the mulberry-leaves eaten by the worms just as they were about to spin their cocoons, he was able to give a blue tinge to the silk. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red colouring matter capable of being eaten by the worms without injury. He had some difficulty in finding such a colouring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia China*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry-leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-coloured silk. In this manner, the ingenious experimenter hopes, by prosecuting his researches, to obtain from the worm silk of many other colours.—*Critic.*

AN ARAB FEAST.

The *cousecous* is a corn cake, the flour of which is rolled on a bolter-like powder. This cake, cooked by the vapours of meat, is tasted the moment before it is served up, either with milk or with the bouillon of the mutton, for the Arabs never eat beef, unless forced by hunger to do so. Enormous dishes, hollowed out of a single block of the walnut-tree, receive the cake and the pyramid of boiled meat and vegetables that surmount it. Little wooden spoons are then distributed to the guests, and all plunge at once into the smoking mountain down to its centre, where the paste is warmest and most saturated with the bouillon. . . . Meantime, other servants brought in porringers without number, filled with ragouts of a thousand sorts: eggs prepared with red pepper, fowls in onion sauce, pimientos powdered over with saffron, and so many other good things, that the French palate must have become somewhat Arabised to relish them. . . . A dozen Arabs soon came forward, carrying on long poles sheep roasted entire. Pulled on one side and pushed on the other, the sheep slipped from the poles, and fell, so being dished up, on a large cloth of blue cotton. An Arab, skilled in carving, then made large cuts in the animal with his knife, to facilitate the entrance of our hands into the interior; when every one tore out such bits as struck his fancy. To these roasts, worthy of the heroes of Homer, succeeded dishes of milk, sugar, and raisins, &c., pastes by thousands; and when these, which closed the feast, were removed, large ewers were brought to every guest, who, having washed his hands in these silver basins, smoked his pipe or his cigar, sipping the white boiled coffee, handed to him in little cups without handles, in silver stands, to protect his fingers from the heat.—*Castellane's Military Life in Algeria.*

THE PLANTING.

A PARABLE.

'I said to my little son, who was watching, with tears, a tree he had planted: "Let it alone, it will grow while you are sleeping!"'

'PLANT it safe, thou little child:

Then cease watching and cease weeping:

Thou hast done thy utmost part;

Leave it, with a quiet heart:

It will grow while thou art sleeping.'

'But, O father!' says the child,

With a troubled face close creeping—

'How can I but think and grieve,

When the fierce winds come at eve,

And snows beat—and I lie sleeping?

'I have loved my linden so!

In each leaf seen future floweret;

Watched it day by day with prayers,

Guarded it with pains and cares,

Least the canker should devour it.

'O good father!' says the child,

'If I come in summer's shining,

And my linden-tree be dead—

How the sun will scorch my head,

Where I sit forlorn and pining!

'Rather let me evermore

Through this winter-time watch keeping,

Bear the cold, and storms, and frost,

That my treasure be not lost—

Ay, bear aught!—but idle sleeping.'

Sternly said the father then:

'Who art thou, child, vainly grieving?

Canst thou send the balmy dew,

Or the rich sap intertuse,

That one leaf shall burst to living?

'Canst thou bid the heavens restrain

Natural tempests for thy praying?

Canst thou bend one tender shoot?

Stay the growth of one frail root?

Keep one blossom from decaying?

'If it live and bloom all fair,

Will it praise thee for its blooming?

If it die, will any plants

Reach thee, as with kings and saints

Drops it to an equal tombing?

'Plant it—consecrate with prayers.

It is safe 'neath His sky's foiling

Who the whole with compasses,

Whether we watch more or less—

His large eye all things beholding.

'If He need a goodly tree

For the shelter of the nations,

He will make it grow; if not,

Never yet His love forgot

Human tears, and faith, and patience.

'Leave thy treasure in His hand—

Cease all watching and all weeping.

Years hence, men its shade may crave,

When its mighty branches wave

Beautiful—above thy sleeping!'

If his hope, tear-sown, that child

Garnered safe with joyful reaping,

Know I not: yet, unawares,

Oft this truth gleams through my prayers:

'It will grow while thou art sleeping!'

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THE SPIRITS COME TO TOWN.

IN our late article on the Rappings, or so-called Spiritual Manifestations of America, it was anticipated that they would soon be heard of in England; and such has proved to be the case. In the *Times* newspaper throughout the last month, there were advertisements from three different Mediums, offering opportunities of witnessing these wonderful phenomena in London. They had not up to that time attracted much public attention. The press had taken hardly any notice of them; and such notice as it did take, was chiefly in the way of scepticism and derision. Nevertheless, a considerable number of persons in the upper circles of society had been at Mrs Hayden's, or had had her at their houses. The other two Mediums were as yet comparatively obscure and little resorted to. It was at the same time rumoured, that a lady of rank and a baronet had severally had spiritual communications in their own homes. Hearing of these things, we requested of a gentleman, who is accustomed to contribute to our pages, the favour of his going to the various Mediums, and communicating to us exactly what he saw going on amongst them; judging that our readers could not but feel some curiosity regarding what appears as a singular retrogression into elite superstitions. He has complied with our wish, and we publish his communication without any comment of our own.

'In attempting to gratify you in your wishes, I deemed it proper to go first to Mrs Hayden, as she has had the honour of being the first to introduce spirit-rappings into this country. I found her at No. 22, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, attended by her husband, who was till lately the editor of a Boston newspaper. She is a good-looking woman, of about thirty; self-possessed, but of not unpleasing manners. Three or four other persons having assembled, we sat down at a round table, along with the Medium, Mr Hayden sometimes lounging at the fireplace but oftener engaged in his own affairs in another room. When the company was settled into perfect quietness, the lady, stooping down towards the table, asked: "Are there any spirits present? If so, will they be pleased to manifest themselves?" In a minute or two, a faint ticking noise, hardly distinguishable at first from a creaking of furniture, was heard, as if in the body of the timber constituting the surface of the table. By the Medium's instructions, one of the company, a lady, asked if the spirit wished to communicate with her. No tapping being heard in reply, a negative is inferred. Then another, and another, asked the question in succession, till at length a slight tapping implied an affirmative. I need not describe how various indi-

viduals in the company obtained communications through the alphabet, as you have already explained the process. I may mention, however, a few of the results. One lady entered into communication with the spirit of a deceased infant daughter, who, after stating the place of her death, and the disease of which she died, both truly, said: "I hover around you like an angel, trying to make you happy." An old gentleman, having evoked the spirit of a person he thought of, had her name spelled out—"Harrison" (or some such name), which he explained to be that of a lady deceased thirty years ago, and the dearest friend he had ever had in life. A medical gentleman obtained a communication from the spirit of a nephew of Dr Channing, with whom he had once earned on a correspondence on metaphysical-religious questions, and who stated that he had died at Boston about three weeks ago—an event of which the experimenter had not yet heard. This spirit was asked various questions on religious matters, to which sensible answers were given. I can only remember, that the views of Swedenborg were spoken of with peculiar approbation. A spirit was good enough to communicate with myself. "Was it a relation?"—Yes. "My father (who is long deceased)?"—No. "A brother?"—Yes. "In what year did he leave this earthly sphere?" (words directly expressive of mortality being unpleasant to the spirits.)—1832. "The initial of the month?"

F. "The day of the month?"—15. All this was right. Then an address from the spirit to me was spelled out, expressive, however, merely of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the grace of God towards his creatures. Afterwards this spirit gave him of a wrong Christian name, gave his father's correctly, and then his mother's erroneously. I was not conscious at the time of acting in such a way, in my pointings at the letters, as to give any hint of which were the true ones, but I became fully convinced next day, on reflection, that a clever person in the capacity of Medium might in most cases detect a significant pause at the letter which the experimenter knew to be the right one, and I would thus be able easily to spell out the expected words and sentences.

I revisited Mrs Hayden several times, and witnessed many similar "manifestations." On one occasion, a young man was present, who obtained intelligence of the death of a brother long lost in distant India; also the secret of a murder which he suspected to have taken place in his family. The spirit was asked if he should take measures to bring the guilty party to justice, but this was discommended. The spirits, we were informed, are generally tender towards the reputations and interests of living persons. An unmarried literary lady was present on one occasion,

and had her somewhat extraordinary name correctly spelled. Then the spirit gave her own name as Sarah Traff, appearing to have been a servant in the family, for she was familiar with various circumstances in its history, particularly the death of two young boys, which took place before the experimenter was born. On being asked by the lady to give the maiden name of her mother, it was clearly and readily given as "Hannah Hilditch." A little after this lady had concluded her experiments, one of her rings burst upon her finger, to the great increase of the wonder already excited in the company.

"It would be tedious to describe more of the proceedings at these séances. I may mention, however, that many persons obtained what they considered curious revelations, and that the number of mistakes was comparatively small, although sometimes of a nature to give great support to those who held the whole to be an imposture. Sometimes the spirit which came proved to be a different person from the one invoked or expected; generally a stranger to the inquirer. Sometimes when the desired spirit came, it gave its name with a difference, inserting perhaps a second Christian name, where there ought not to be any. A studious person known to me, of highly nervous temperament and delicate health, was readily attended by several spirits, which readily answered for some time, and then became obstinately silent. At a subsequent visit, they came to him again, and entered into conversation. They were then asked why they had stopped short in their communications on the former occasion; to which an answer was given: "Because we feared to excite him." Many particulars of this kind could be told, curious on an assumption of the verity of the pretended phenomena; but in the opposite assumption, only interpretable as tricks or caprices of the Medium. The table has moved in Mrs. Hayden's presence, both in her own lodging, and in the houses which she has visited; but it has not been my fortune to see any phenomena of that kind in her case, excepting a very slight movement of a circular kind, such as could be easily produced by a person sitting beside the table, and using either foot or knee for the purpose.

"I next visited, at a respectable lodging in Devonshire Street, Mrs. Roberts, a second American Medium, who has come very recently to this country, in order to "gratify serious and enlightened minds" with "spiritual communications from departed friends." She is an older lady than Mrs. Hayden, tall, and of solemn aspect. Her husband, a native of the north of Ireland, is likewise a tall and serious-looking person. They profess to belong to the Episcopal Church, and have all the appearance of being under deep religious convictions. I visited this couple, in company with two ladies—one of them a person of rank; the other, a clever literary woman, who is fully convinced of the verity of the spiritual manifestations. We found a school Bible and prayer-book, with a slate and pencil, lying on the table, round which we proceeded to form a circle. Here, differently from Mrs. Hayden's practice, the husband bears an essential part in the operations. I may mention, that the table was an ordinary round one of rosewood, having a pillar resting on a triangular foot, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts sat together at a point in the circumference, between two of the resting-points. Laying their palms flat down on the table, the little finger of the gentleman's right hand overlapping that of the lady's left, they engaged in silent prayer for a few minutes. After some invocations and inquiries, a spirit came and manifested itself, not by rapping on the table, as in so many other cases, but by canting it slightly down on the side where the Medium and her husband sat. One tilt, we were informed, indicated a decided negative; a tilt followed by one slighter movement, implied doubt, or inability to answer the question; and a tilt

followed by two slighter movements, was an affirmative. There being no alphabet used, here, one can get only yes or no to questions put; unless the spirit shall move some one to write upon the slate. Mr. Roberts inquired of the spirit: "If it wished that a part of Scripture should be read;" to which an affirmative answer was given. "In the Old Testament or New?"—The New. "In Matthew—Mark—Luke, &c.?"—In Revelations. "In which chapter—the first—second, &c.?"—The tenth. "Shall it be read by the lady on the right?"—No. "By her on the left?"—No. "By the gentleman?"—Yes. I then read this chapter slowly, to allow of the spirit making signs at particular passages. At the passage: "Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not," there was a tilting of the table; as, likewise, at three or four other passages in the chapter. This was not felt as very satisfactory in any way; so one of the ladies proceeded, of her own accord, to ask questions on religious matters. She inquired if the Bible contained nothing but what was true; if the creed of the Church of England was a near approximation to the truth; if the Romish Church was true; in what sense we were to understand that Christ was the Son of God; if those who had an imperfect belief would suffer on that account hereafter; and so forth. It may be enough to say, that the answers indicated a reliance on what is called orthodox doctrine, yet with a liberal allowance to dissenters, and very mild views as to future punishments. One might have conceived a Universalist to be speaking. The answer given to the inquiry regarding the Romish Church was an unusually deep cant of the table, causing it to fall back with a most emphatic negative. The spirit was then asked: "If thanksgiving was the most valuable part of prayer?"—Yes. "Are petitions for special benefits to ourselves of any avail?"—No. It was remarked by one of the ladies present, that the views on religious subjects drawn forth at the séances of another Medium were of a different tendency, and there was therefore reason to suspect that the intelligence procured was, in a great measure, subjective—that is, tinged with the convictions of the Medium, or, perhaps, of the inquirer. Mrs. Roberts did not appear to have considered this point, and when it was explained to her, both she and her husband expressed a strong belief to the contrary. The question being put to the spirit, a negative was given; but when a further interrogative was put: "Is the response affected by particular opinions on the part of the spirit?" the answer was a hearty affirmative. Mr. Roberts made several attempts to procure an impulse for written revelations on the slate through his own hand; but to no good result. He shewed us, however, a copy-book which a late visitor had written out, at the dictation or direction of a spirit professing to be Percy Bysshe Shelley, and containing many sentences of a pious sentimental character.

"Within the last fortnight (I am writing on the 23d of April) a third professor of spiritual communications had commenced advertising in the *Times*; and in this case the Medium was announced as a native of our own country. On a rainy, foggy, dreary evening, at seven o'clock, I was at the door of No. 37 Somerset Street, Portman Square, bent on supping full of whatever wonders might be in store for me. Let me here state, that I attended all of these séances in a state of mind, as I believed, neither sceptical nor credulous. Having chiefly in view to describe the externals of the scene, I deemed it best to let things go on in their own way, sufficiently complainant towards the phenomena to put them in no risk of being marred or interrupted, and yet cool enough to detect any trick of a gross nature. The scene of which I quickly found myself a part, was of a homelier character than those at the residences of either of the two other Mediums. The leading person in the group is apparently a medical

man. The Medium is a young woman of sickly but intelligent appearance. The doctor, as I may call him, had much to tell me regarding his studies in clairvoyance, and, latterly, in spiritual communications, in all of which proceedings, he assured me, his leading aim is to do good to his fellow-creatures, not merely in regard to their health, but in promoting their soul-welfare. He has a particular regard to the cure of that class of mental disorders which were in ancient times ascribed to demoniac possession, himself reverting to this doctrine, and fully believing in it. He has at present residing with him a young man named Julius, whom he is endeavouring to cure of such a disorder, and who, he thinks, is making fair progress towards recovery.

We four sat down at a small but solid round three-footed table, and were speedily joined by a fifth individual, a gentleman who seemed to be familiar with the family. Proceedings were commenced by the singing of a hymn on the power of God. We five persons then placed our hands on the table, and the doctor entreated that his kind spirit friends would please to manifest themselves. In a few minutes the table began to stir and tilt up in one direction—namely, towards Julius. It afterwards tilted in the other two directions, in obedience to requests to that effect. The young woman then took paper and a pencil, and prepared to write as the spirit might dictate. At the request of the doctor, I put a question mentally; and in a brief space, the Medium began to write in an abstracted manner, and without looking on the paper, as if yielding to some power external to herself. In a very scrawling hand she wrote as follows:—"I told you before, I do not like a mental question. Ask it aloud. W. W." This signature was held to imply that the spirit was that of the doctor's grandfather. I then, at his suggestion, put the question aloud, in something like the following terms:—"The spirits at Mrs Hayden's give a different view of religious matters from those at Mrs Roberts's. Which are we to understand to be true?" The answer was: "I am a spirit sent by the God of love to impart the knowledge given me for men, for their good. I say, we be to those in the latter day, who believe in those people named Haydens! They are not words and responses from God, but from the devil. They are false and wicked spirits who respond at Mrs Hayden's. At Mrs Roberts's they are very good spirits. Their idea of religion is true, for it is the religion of Christ; but although their religion is right, yet they are not as they ought to be. They are hourly offending their God, and, as we have before said, they will be punished, and all power taken from them, unless they alter, and are more careful of the way they treat this blessing sent from God for the good and instruction of mankind." The Medium professed to know nothing of the sense of what she had written, till it was read over to her. It may also be mentioned, that the writing was stated to be different from her ordinary hand, each spirit causing her to write differently from another; in this instance, it was so sprawling a hand, that the above response occupied nine pages of the size of a child's copy-book.

led by the style of conversation which prevailed in the company, I afterwards asked: "If the views and feelings which I entertained regarding God were such as the spirits could approve?" to which an affirmative answer was given. I further inquired: "If any spirits attended me in my ordinary course of life?"—Yes. The doctor explaining that everybody was attended by two, a good and a bad, and acted well or ill as the good or bad spirit was allowed to gain the ascendancy. To my inquiry: "If my good spirit had in general the greatest influence over me?" an affirmative answer was returned by three loud thumps of the table on the floor. I inquired if the evil spirit had also some influence; when three gentler thumps were given. I then expressed a

wish to see the table moved along the room in the manner in which a lady of my acquaintance had lately seen it moved in America. The doctor having, on the request, the table presently moved along in the direction of Julius, who had to rise in order to allow it way. As he moved back, with only the tips of his fingers laid upon it, it followed till it had gone about four feet from its former position, and of course was completely clear of the rest of the company. All this was well calculated to surprise for the moment; but although the dynamics of the case were at first a mystery to me, I became convinced afterwards, that, whether drawn along by the youth's fingers or not, it was possible to cause such a table to move under a very much slighter contact of the fingers than any one could have been prepared for; wherefore, I came to attach no consequence to this section of the alleged phenomena. Most undoubtedly I saw the table sliding along, clear of every contact but that of the young man's finger-ends. He then came round to the other side, and, merely touching it, caused it to follow him back to its original place. Finally, the doctor requested us all to resume our seats, and place our hands upon the table; after which, in a formal and reverential tone, he returned his thanks to the spirits for the communications they had vouchsafed to the company that evening.

In my conversations with the doctor, I learned that he entertains a more exalted view of the Spirit Manifestations than either of the other Mediums. Professing to see them entirely in a religious light, he refuses to be concerned in degrading them to the gratification of vulgar curiosity, as they are in his opinion when people ask how many children they have, what is their mother's name, and so forth. "I won't have this wonderful thing used as a toy," says he. "It seems to be the appointed means of bringing great spiritual blessings to mankind, and to that purpose I would confine it." When I asked, however, how he could account for such elevated beings as spirits condescending to such homely proceedings as rappings, table-tippings, and table-movements, he frankly confessed that that was beyond his power. On the whole, the doctor appeared to me an innocent enthusiast. He shewed sheafs of manuscript containing the results of his spiritual consultations, with a preface in highly poetical prose, which the Medium had written a few days ago under the inspiration of one of the spirits.

Such is, I trust, a candid account of the Spirit Manifestations, so far as yet introduced into London. It now remains that we should speak of the principal theories which have been formed, on natural grounds intelligible to us, for the explanation of the so-called mystery. In the first place, your own hint that dollars are at the bottom of it all will severely bear handling, since it is perfectly certain that spiritual manifestations form an evening recreation in numberless private families in America, where money is not at all concerned. A lady sitting by my side, who left Boston less than a month ago, assures me she has been present at several seances in private circles, where the individuals were known to her as of the highest ranks in society in that city. This idea, therefore, may be set aside. Then, as to the *mélange* of the sounds, we have had a hypothesis suggesting their depending on some operation with the foot, for which a very strong fire was necessary in the room. But at all the meetings where I was present, the temperature of the room was ordinary, and I must profess a difficulty in believing that sounds which so plainly appear to proceed from the board of the table, and which one will at one moment hear at one part of that surface, and another time at another, can be produced by the foot at all. Moreover, a trustworthy friend has been present at Mrs Hayden's, when eight different sets of sounds were going on at one time in different parts, not merely of the table, but of the room. Therefore, if ordinary mechanical means are employed

in this part of the alleged imposture, they must be of a much more profound and complicated kind than have yet been surmised.

'With regard to the alphabet-oracle, I have already mentioned the theory which occurred to my own mind after my first visit to Mrs Hayden. I felt not the slightest doubt that the experimenter, in that case, unconsciously gave significations on arriving at the proper letters. Though I could recollect no such acts on my own part in the communication with my brother's spirit, I could not be assured that I had not in this manner betrayed the date of his death, as well as his father's Christian name, while the mistakes regarding his own and his mother's might be assumed as caused by a misapprehension of certain pauses or other accidental movements on my touching certain wrong letters. It was, I must own, a hard supposition to form regarding a lady whom I had met under sanction of the courtesies of society, and whose husband was by profession my equal; but it required little reflection on the singular nature of the thing held out to observation, to assure me that Mrs Hayden must have made up her mind to encounter scepticism and all its consequences. I speedily heard of circumstances lending great support to the theory. A clever journalist, for instance, found that he could, by such significant pauses and movements, bring out any response he pleased, even including one to the effect that the ghost of Hamlet's father had seventeen noses, and another, affirming that Mrs Hayden was an impostor. A friend of my own, a scientific man of high reputation, inquiring who was the first man, did in the same way lead to the answer, "Brian Boru," this person being in reality an Irish hero of the eleventh century. On the other hand, the believers allege that, where such tricks are attempted, tricks are played off by the spirits in return, so that it is hopeless to realise the test which is sought for—a view to which we may, of course, attach what importance we please. I am at least satisfied, that the assumption of proof of imposture through this means is premature, for I have seen the alphabet used successfully behind the Medium's back, where only visitors were present; and I am assured that this is often done with precisely the same effect as when the alphabet is displayed on the table.

'Perhaps the most startling of all the alleged facts is that of the table movement, seeing that it is perfectly tangible, or apprehensible by the ordinary senses. I may remark, that, for my own part, I never felt greatly perplexed about these phenomena, till I saw the table in Somerset Street moving slowly along a floor without any visible force. The impression, indeed, was but momentary, for we are too well aware of what wonderful things may be done through occult means by such gentlemen as Messieurs Anderson, Robin, and Houdin, to suppose it improbable that some natural dynamics were employed in the case. Still, the thing is highly curious and striking. It seems the more remarkable, when we learn that it takes place in many of the private circles across the Atlantic. We have there the additional difficulty of accounting for an imposture so extensively practised among persons of importance in society, and practised so long without any of the practitioners yielding to the temptation of telling all, and getting a laugh at the many dupes. While I write, an article from the *Anglo-Saxon Gazette*, of 30th March, reaches me, giving an account of the introduction of the table-moving phenomenon in private circles at Bremen. Thence it quickly preceded to Vienna, where, according to a correspondent of the *Times*,* it was immediately in great vogue. It is also introduced into Berlin, Dresden, and Munich; in short, a few weeks have been sufficient to see Germany laid completely open to this marvel, while in England,

months have passed without seeing it go beyond a few private circles.

'In the brief space left, it is difficult to convey the hypothesis I have formed regarding these strange demonstrations. I can give my views only in a very condensed form. The greater number of the persons concerned are, in my opinion, credulous people, visionaries and enthusiasts, who first impose upon themselves, and then upon others. Were they impostors in full consciousness of imposition, as some assert, their tricks would have been exposed long ere now in a hundred quarters. The Spirit Manifestations are rather to be explained as resembling one of the manias of the middle ages. The thing rests primarily on philanthropic and religious zeal; secondly, on mere love of the wonderful; but what I hold to be above all essential to it, is a view to some good ultimate result beyond the gratification of vulgar curiosity. The practitioners all start with a belief that such manifestations are possible, and do continually take place in the presence of properly-qualified persons. In their own trials, they help the effects—that is, produce them; thinking no evil, since these effects would otherwise come of themselves; or perhaps hardly conscious of their doing that which they only expect to see done; but anyhow, fully disposed to stretch a point for the sake of the end in view, whether that be directly to convince others of there being a spiritual world always around us, or merely to obtain countenance for their own convictions.

'There must also be cases where a deliberate trick is practised; but I believe these to be rare. Now, it must be admitted that there are some difficulties regarding certain phenomena; as, for example, the alphabet-reading out of sight of the Medium. But when I consider how much help the complaisant experimenter is capable of giving unconsciously to the Medium, I think we may regard this problem as not quite irresolvable in consonance with our hypothesis. The direct and downright people, who say the whole is rank imposture, will be unable to appreciate the analytical view I take; but those who have studied the profound deceitfulness of the human heart, and seen how shadowy are the divisions between self-deception and active deluding, will find less difficulty in the case. And it surely cannot appear to any as very strange, that a visionary female, who thinks that a spirit writes with her hand, is also convinced that the same spirit is guiding her, and when she uses its force to depress a table on one side or cant it up on another. With such an impression on her mind, the idea of deception will never once occur to her. The *mécanisme* of the rapping phenomena is not yet explained in consonance with this hypothesis; but I wait in full confidence that it soon will be so. A. R.'

THE HERRING—NATURAL AND ECONOMICAL.

Then up jumped the Herring, the king of the sea.
Crying: 'Raise your head sheets, clap your helm a-lee;
For it's stormy weather, stormy weather.
When the ship sinks, we'll be all together.'

Old Sea-song.

THE herring is the head of a large family-group of fishes whose natural affinities have been long recognised, and whose vast numbers, regular periods of migration, facility of capture, and wholesomeness as food, render them of greater importance to mankind than all the rest of the finny race put together. Who dare say that this truly royal fish is not well designated, in old proverbial parlance, by the high-sounding appellation—King of the Sea? What monarch, we should like to know, be he king or kaysar, has created more maritime nations, raised more fleets, trained more seamen, caused more treaties to be negotiated, more diplomatic mysl-

known to be perpetrated, more statutes to be enacted, or has bountifully provided more starving people with liberal supplies of nutritious and agreeable aliment? Nor is it to the historian, the politician, and the economist alone that the herring tribe possess a peculiar and powerful interest. The naturalist, with his scalpel in one hand and note-book in the other, tells us of their singular internal organisation; of their instinctive impulse, analogous to that of certain birds, which compels them to migrate at fixed seasons; of the many varieties of their species, amounting to 13; and of their innoxious qualities, only one of that large number—a tiny sprat found in the Indian Ocean—being deleterious and unfit for the use of man.

Many species were well known to the naturalists of Greece and Rome. Aristotle speaks of the *thrissa* (shad), *trichis* (sardine), and *trichius* (sprat), and erroneously regards them as all three being the same fish in different stages of growth. One of the characters in Aristophanes's comedy of *The Knights* says, that 100 trichius were sold for an obol; and another, in *The Acharnians*, by the same author, speaks of their being salted and used as provisions for the fleet. The herring, however, never migrating so far south as the Mediterranean, was unknown to the ancients; its name, in all modern languages, proclaims its more western haunts, being, in all probability, derived from the German *her*, a heet—by no means inapplicable to a fish that travels in such vast shoals. Artedi, the unfortunate Swedish naturalist, who sought and found his own death, at an early age, in the canal of Leyden, was the first who united the herring of the north-western seas of Europe to its kindred of the Mediterranean, giving the whole family the denomination of the *Clupeidae*—a name they still retain.

The earliest authentic accounts of herring-fisheries are found in the *Sagas*, handed down to us by the indefatigable Snorre Sturleson. By them, we find that there were extensive fisheries on the coast of Norway, so early as the year 978; and more than one hundred reign is noted as being abundant in herrings and corn; the wise monarch encouraging agriculture and fishing. The reign of Macbeth, the tyrant of fiction, but the good king of history, was similarly blessed. Wyntoun, in his *Chronicle*, tells us that—

At hys tyme was gret plente
Aboundant bath on land and se.

The large sums spent by Macbeth in charity, during his stay at Rome, as recorded by Mariana, proves that in 'hys tyme' Scotland must have had a foreign trade, the basis of which was without doubt a productive herring-fishery. Indeed, in the succeeding century, about 1153 English and Dutch herring-fishers visited the Scottish coasts in considerable numbers, and statutes, still extant, were enacted for their regulation.

Both fresh and salt herrings are mentioned in charters granted by Edward the Confessor. The charter of the Abbey of St Catherine, near Rouen, dated in 1030, gives the monks a privilege of salting herrings. In *Doomday Book*, the town of Sandwich was rated at 40,000 herrings yearly, and the town of Dunwich, at 60,000. In spite of all this evidence, and a great deal more unnecessary to cite, the modern myth still prevails, that William Beukels, a Fleming, who died in 1449, first invented the art of curing herrings. Probably he invented some improvements in the curing, packing, or preparation of the salt, which, being adopted by his countrymen, obtained a superior reputation for their fish, known in foreign marts as Flemish herrings. This trade subsequently fell into the hands of the Dutch, who pushed it vigorously, exporting even to

Brazil, and thus founded the maritime supremacy of Holland. Beukels's invention, whatever it may have been, was acknowledged by his countrymen. After his death, a magnificent tomb was erected to his memory in his native town of Biervliet. In 1536, when the Emperor Charles V. was making the tour of his dominions in the Netherlands, accompanied by his sister, the queen-dowager of Hungary, he visited the tomb of Beukels, and there ate a red herring, and drank a cup of wine to the memory of the Flemish fisherman.

The city of Amsterdam was founded in a swamp about 1205. People say it was built upon herring-bones; but this is only a metaphor, for the herring subsequently enriched and made it a great mercantile mart. The town of Yarmouth was in like manner founded by the king of the sea. In the time of the Conqueror, foreign fishermen resorted to the dunes of Yarmouth, to dry their nets, and purchase fish from the Norse-descended seamen of Norfolk. A few huts to cure fish in were all the buildings then erected on the precarious sands, not long risen from the sea, and which, in men's minds, might soon again be submerged in the yeasty deep. Tradition says, that in one of those huts the first blotters were accidentally made, through some fish being inadvertently placed on the rude roof of boughs, while the fishermen, unconscious of the approaching discovery, were warming themselves at a wood-fire on the damp sand underneath. However that may have been, it is no tradition but an authenticated fact, that Herbert, bishop of Norwich, surnamed Losinga, or the Liar, having been sentenced by the pope to build a church, in expiation of his incurable mendacity, erected a chapel on the north dune 'for the soul's health, and prosperous success of the fishermen that came to Yarmouth in the herring season.' Yet, such were the good old times, that the proud barons of the Cinque-Ports coming to fish, brought their own priest with them, and expelled and evil entreated the bishop's priest there formerly placed. The bishop complained to the king, his priest was restored, and the humble chapel became the nucleus round which was subsequently erected the town of Yarmouth. Year by year, the fishery and the town increased in importance. Many of the larger English monastic establishments erected warehouses at Yarmouth, 'in order,' as we are informed, 'to buy up herrings at the proper season, to the inestimable advantage as well as honour of their abbays.'

It is a curious fact that, to the irruption of the Mongols under Batu Khan, we are indebted for information regarding the early English herring-fishery; a remarkable illustration how nations are connected by commercial and other ties—how great political events, like the earthquake's shock, are felt, in the language of the geologists, to the remotest points of the area of disturbance. Half a million pagan Tatars, pouring down from the steppes of Asia, ravaged Prussia, Hungary, and Poland, threatening to desolate all Europe, and extirpate the very name of Christianity. A few years previously, the herring, ever capricious in its migrations, deserted the Baltic; and the Danes, Swedes, and Frieslanders were obliged to resort to Yarmouth, and purchase from the English. But in 1238, such was the consternation wherewith the northern nations viewed the Tatar approach, that they abandoned foreign commerce, and remained at home to defend their respective countries. The Yarmouth fishery that year was most productive, but there being no foreign purchasers, herrings were sold at a cheaper rate in England than ever they had previously been, as Matthew of Paris informs us, and, we may add, than ever they have been since. We have just said that the herring, for a period, left the shores of the Baltic; but before doing so, the king of the sea had refined and civilised a nation. De Helms, in his continuation of the *Slavonian Chronicles*, under the date 1206, tells us, that 'The Danes, who, being a

maritime people, had formerly used only the manners and dress of sailors, now imitated those of other nations, and were clothed in scarlet, purple, and fine linen, for they abounded in all kinds of riches, by means of the fishery they had every year on the coast of Schonen, which attracted merchants from all countries with gold, silver, and precious merchandise, to purchase the herrings bestowed upon them by the bounty of Providence. Nor were the Danes enriched only, they were also polished and enlightened, in consequence of their prosperous fishery, for learning became much more common among them than before, and the sons of the principal people were generally sent to finish their education at Paris, then the most celebrated seminary in Europe.

Let us now return to the capital of the king of the sea—Yarmouth. In a short time, man's industry and the herring's magic power transformed the rude fishing-huts into a town, the slight fishing-boats into a fleet. When Edward III. besieged Calais, Yarmouth furnished forty-three ships, manned with 1075 sturdy mariners. By the roll of the high fleet for that year, it appears that no other town or city in England, not even London, supplied the king with so large a number of ships and men.

A desperate and continuous struggle of man against nature was for centuries carried on by the people of Yarmouth, to retain their trade in herrings. The dogged determination wherewith the Dutch defended their dikes from the encroaching sea, was fully equalled by Englishmen in their efforts to preserve the port of Yarmouth, which, from its natural position, was peculiarly liable to be blocked up by shifting sands. From the time of the third Edward to that of Elizabeth, no less than seven different harbours were excavated. The history of these undertakings would fill a volume, and would form a most interesting illustration of what may be accomplished by energy and perseverance. Not only did the winds, waves, and quicksands destroy one harbour after another, but war, rebellion, pestilence, and poverty resisted the efforts and palsied the hands of the townspeople. At one time we read how they sold their church plate, bells, and vestments to raise funds to carry on the work; at another, we find that every inhabitant, excepting the shipwrights preparing vessels for the herring-fishery, laboured three days per week—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—at the excavations; the women and children assisting on the other days. Again, the danger becomes more imminent; the town gunpowder is sold—better be plundered by an enemy than lose their haven—and the inhabitants are divided into four bands, that are alternately called out to the work day and night, until the crisis is past. At last the seventh harbour was completed, and though kept up at great expense, it remains a monument of East-English perseverance unto the present day.

Well, indeed, might Nashe, in his *New Play of the Red Herring* (*Fitte of all Clerks of Noblemens Kitchens to be read; and not unnecessary by all Serving-men that have Short Boord-wages to be remembered*), term Yarmouth 'the superintente, principall metropolis of the royal red fish.' An extract from Nashe, as a specimen of the small wit current even in the days of the great Shakespeare, may not be uninteresting. Speaking of the red herring, he says: 'Behold! it is every man's money, from the knight to the courtier; every house-keeper, or Goodman Baltrop, that keeps a family in pay, casts for it as one of his standing provisions. The poorer sort make it three parts of their sustenance. With it for his dinner, the patched leather pilche laborer may dine like a Spanish duke. In the craft of catching or taking it, and smudging it marchant and chapmanable as it should be, it sets a work thousands, who live all the rest of the year gayly well, by what, in a few weekes, they scratch up then, and come to beare office of questman and scavenger in the

parish where they dwell, which they could never have done, but would have begged or starved with their wives and brats, had not this king of the squamy cattle stood their good lord and master.'

We shall not attempt to describe the exterior of a fish so well known as the herring; and its internal organisation is scarcely suitable for a popular description; but its migrations are worthy of notice. It was long understood by the most eminent naturalists, that the herring wintered in the frozen regions of the north, migrating southwards, and returning to its winter-quarters every year. With a minuteness of detail and a stretch of imagination worthy of Defoe, we were told how the great shoal of herrings on its southward course was divided into two bodies by the Shetland Islands; and how one of these bodies passed along the eastern coast of Great Britain, the other along the western, until they met in the Atlantic, from whence, having reunited, they made their way back to the polar circle. This theory is now exploded, being completely at variance with observed facts. We have said that the migrations of the herring are analogous to those of certain birds; not, indeed, to those of the duck or swallow tribes, which travel to and from distant lands, but to those of our smaller birds, that are found on the mountains during summer, and on the lowlands in winter. Impelled by unfailing instinct, the herring leaves the depths of our surrounding seas to deposit its spawn in the shallower waters of the coast, there to be vivified by the genial influence of the sun; and after accomplishing its purpose, it retires to the adjacent deeps. The fish are in their best condition previous to spawning; after that, they are termed shotten, and are in a poor, exhausted state, totally unfit for human food. Falstaff, the 'huge hill of flesh,' could scarcely have imagined a greater contrast when he exclaimed: 'If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot on the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.'

The herring is essentially a northern fish; seldom has it been found so far south as the Bay of Biscay in Europe, or the coast of Carolina in America. Like plants that flourish in certain climates only, become fewer and more stunted the nearer they approach the limits of their zone, the herrings decrease in number and size as they approach their assigned southern boundary—those caught on the southern shores of England being considerably smaller than those which frequent the coast of Norway. Thus it is, that about the month of July, the grand annual array of herrings is found to the northward of the Shetlands, in distinct columns, five and six miles long, three and four miles broad. Pressing for the shallows, they drive the sea before them in a continuous ripple. Sometimes they sink down fathoms deep for a few minutes, then again rising to the surface, sparkle in the sun like a prairie strewn with diamonds. Nor even during the calm summer night is the scene less brilliant, from the intense scintillations of phosphoric light exhibited by the countless myriads of moving fish. The quantity of life in these shoals would be completely beyond belief, if we did not recollect that 6000 eggs have been counted in the spawn of one herring. Miller, in his delightful work, *The Old Red Sandstone*, thus describes a shoal of these fish:—'I have watched them at sunrise on the middle of the Moray Firth, when, far as the eye could reach, the surface has been ruffled by the splash of fins, as if a light breeze swept over it, and the red light has flashed in gleams of an instant on the millions and tens of millions that were keeping around me, a handbreadth into the air, thick as hailstones in a thunder-shower. If the scene spoke not of infinity in the sense in which the Deity comprehends it, it spoke of it in at least the only sense in which man can comprehend it.' A distinguished French naturalist calculates that, in twenty-three years, the fecundity of

the herring, if not kept down by a vast annual destruction, would completely fill all our northern seas with these fish, so that they would become a horrible pest instead of a blessing to the human race. There is no danger, however, of such a catastrophe. The great shoals of herrings are ever attended by an immense number of enemies, which prey and batten on them. The very heart of the shoal is penetrated by numberless dogfish, and others of the rapacious shark tribe; while on its edges, porpoises and grampuses snort and roll in uncouth gambols; the cachalot, whose tongue is as large as a well-filled feather-bed, taking in a bushel of herrings at one mouthful. The surface of the sea is dotted with birds of the diver tribe, and thousands of gulls and gannets scream and wheel upon the wing, occasionally plunging down for a savoury fish. Mr Buchanan has calculated that the gannets of St Kilda alone devour 105,000,000 herrings every year!

'De herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him,' said the irritable Dr Caius of his meddling antagonist, Sir Hugh Evans. The proverb, 'As dead as a herring,' is common to several languages, though founded on the erroneous belief, that a herring dies as soon as it is taken out of the water. This is not a fact; but herrings, being principally caught by the gill-covers, in nets which are put into the sea at night and drawn up in the morning, numbers of the earlier-captured fish are *drowned*, as the fishermen term it—hanged would be nearer the mark—long before the net is hauled in, and are thus dead even before they are taken out of the water. This, no doubt, gave rise to the proverb. But when herrings are caught by the hook and line, they live as long after their capture as the trout, salmon, or any other fish possessing an equally high standard of respiration, and therefore the same vital necessity for oxygen.

It may surprise some readers to learn, that in the latter part of the sixteenth century kingdoms were thrown into consternation, and the learned men of Europe into a whirlpool of controversy, by a simple herring. In 1587, a herring was caught in the Balpie, having something like Gothic characters marked upon its sides. This odd fish was taken to Copenhagen, and the Danish and Swedish *savants* declared it to be an omen of some signal misfortune to the human race. The king, unsatisfied, sent it to Rostock, from whence it made the tour of the German universities, each learned Theban giving a different interpretation of the mystical letters. Ponderous folios were written on this enigmatical fish, the general idea being, that it foretold the conquest of Europe by the Ottoman. In 1596, a somewhat similarly marked herring was caught on the coast of Pomerania; and Eglon, a distinguished professor of theology at Zurich, wrote a bulky tome, to prove that the mystical marks gave the long-required explanation of the dark passages in the Book of Revelation.

The remarkable fact, that herrings will visit one locality for years, and then leave it all at once, resorting to another part of the coast where they were previously unknown, has occasioned much discussion. In all probability, this apparent caprice is caused by the greater or lesser supply of the small crustacea the herring delights to feed upon. Uniformed minds, however, are never satisfied with a simple reason. As the erection of Tentreden steeple was said to have caused Goodwin Sands, so the manufacture of kelp was said to have driven the herrings from many parts of the Highland coasts, though they actually went to other localities where kelp was made. The steam-boat, too, it was said, did great mischief by driving away herrings, though they left places where its smoke was scarcely ever seen, to rendezvous in the paddle-baten waters of Loch Fline. But the most extraordinary instance of this nature is recorded in the pages of Hansard, so often referred to by our learned legislators. In 1835, during

a debate on the Tithe Bill, an *honourable* member stated in the House of Commons, that an *Irish* clergyman having signified his intention of *claiming* a tithe upon fish, the indignant herrings left that part of the coast, and never after returned!

A WORD ON PRICES.

OUR political economists have been assiduously impressing upon us the dependence of price upon supply and demand; but they have altogether failed to observe how far it also depends, in all countries, on the accident of the value of the popular coins. If an article be 'Price One Shilling,' or if an exhibition placard announce 'Admission One Shilling,' it conveys something more than the mere equality of value between the service rendered and price paid. Let us see.

Monsieur Julien, we will say, announces one shilling as the price of admission to his promenade concert. Does he mean thereby, that the musical pleasure is worth exactly 87½ troy grains of standard silver, neither more nor less? Would his sense of justice to himself lead him to reject 85 grains as being too little, or his conscience impel him to decline 90 as being too much? The maestro thinks nothing about these niceties: it is handy, convenient, deinite to fix upon a current coin, and he would do this just the same were this coin to contain 85, 87½, or 90 grains of silver. He would not trouble himself about these fractions, either in excess or defect; he adapts his prices to the coins, and the coins thus really do affect prices, in his and in all similar cases.

The truth is, that we like to pay in *one piece* of coin, whenever we can do so, as a saving of time and trouble; and herein lies the secret of 'Price One Shilling.' So potent is this, that we almost seem to be a shilling nation. A shilling, in its concrete reality, is a neat, compact, serviceable, respectable-looking commodity. It has just glitter enough upon it to relieve it from dullness, but not enough to render it garish and meretricious. It occupies a very snug position either in the pocket or the purse. There is a moral respectability about a shilling. We may without loss of dignity ask for change for a shilling; whereas change for a sixpence is almost mean and pettifoggery; and change for half-a-crown is a large commercial transaction, requiring some nerve to enter upon. When the vergor, or some other officer, has shewn you all the architectural and monumental curiosities of a cathedral, his hand fashions itself just to the shape and size for receiving a shilling; when an old woman has escorted you through the ruins of an abbey or a castle, telling her tales of marvel as she goes, her thoughts gradually tend shilling-ward; when you have walked through the picture-gallery and the state-rooms of some old English mansion, a shilling rewards the white-aproned domestic—unless, indeed, the silk-attired housekeeper be the cicrone, in which case you have some misgiving about the shilling. In short, from various circumstances, there really is among us a greater tendency to employ shillings than any other silver coins in our daily intercourse and dealings; and this would continue to be the case, even if the shilling contained a little more or a little less silver than it does.

It is not every one who is aware, until his attention be called to the matter, how remarkably this employment of a definite shilling is observable in everyday life at the present time. The shop-windows, the posting-bills, the newspaper advertisements, all tell the

same tale. Do we want useful knowledge, knowledge for the people, science made easy? There is the Polytechnic Institution—a shilling; there will soon be the Pantechneion—a shilling; and there are shilling lectures and illustrations at museums and Athenæums, and literary and mechanics' institutions all over the country. Are we artistically inclined? There is the Royal Academy, and the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists, and the Water-colour Exhibition, and similar exhibitions in provincial towns as well as in the metropolis—all offer their treasures to be unlocked by a shilling-key. Shall our visit be to panoramas and cosmoramas, dioramas and cycloramas? shall they be Holy Lands, Australian Diggings, Arctic Regions, Wellington Campaigns, Overland Routes, Bernese Alps, Mississippi pictures a mile long?—here we have them all at a shilling a head. The venerable Miss Linwood has passed beyond the region of shillings; but the never-dying Madame Tussaud—never-dying on paper, at least—still pours out her abundance of Cardinal Wisemans, and George Hudsons, and Louis Napoleons—at a shilling the lot. Or if the organs of wonder are to be appealed to, there are the Houdins, Philippes, Döblers, Hellers, Andersons, Jacobs, ready to take our shilling; and Mons. Robin will be happy, for a shilling per visitor, to extinguish Madame Robin every evening till further notice.

In serious matters, and in matters of light pleasurable amusement, it will be found that this shilling limit really presents itself in a remarkably diversified way. If we are admirers of the monopolological style of entertainment, where a bit of fun and a bit of music come in aid of each other, and perhaps in aid also of pictorial display, then will Albert Smith take us to the ennumt of Mont Blanc for a shilling, or Mr Woodin will give us a shillingworth of his drolleries; or Mr Love will, for a shilling, mutate all kinds of living beings that ever have been or ever will be. We can roam all about Mr Wylde's great Globe for a shilling—albeit the world seems turned inside out, and the people walk up stairs where the earth's axis ought to be. In our various dramatic entertainments, the shilling—all things considered—is the most general and effective agent for free admission. Then there are the shilling casinos, where fast young men are wont to congregate. Then, in summer-time, there are the amusement-gardens, as we may term them—the Zoological for natural history; the Surrey Zoological for animals and plants, and monster-pictures, and open-air concerts and fireworks; the Cremorne, for balloons and ballets, horses and pyrotechnics; the Hippodrome, for equestrianism *par excellence*, and ballooning as a specialty; and numberless gardens near our great towns—all, nearly without exception, adopt the shilling standard. Are we students? then will Mons. —, or Herr —, or Signor —, teach us French, or German, or Italian at a shilling a lesson; and lest we doubt this, the advertisement columns of the *Times* will set us right. Has our 'deportment' been neglected in early life? then will Mons. — teach us dancing and grace for a shilling a lesson, without charging 'twopence more for manners.' Is it the pianoforte we yearn to know something about? then will the young lady, who has studied under Moscheles and Herz, not despise a humble shilling as payment for each lesson. Or is it singing, or the violin, or the flute? the shilling serves here also as a musical introduction. But it is really painful sometimes to read what poor governesses are ready to do for a pittance; we will not mix up our shilling with this too often sad subject. Nor is it pleasant to see so respectable a friend as a shilling lugged in, and made an instrument to encourage betters and gamblers to offer 'tips' and 'picks' for a race; or drawn from a simple servant-girl by a crafty fortune-teller; or paid by a simpleton of either sex for the determination of personal character by examining hand-

writing; or presented to the once renowned Joseph Ady—may his shadow never disturb us!—for 'something to our advantage.'

In the business of bookselling and publishing, we cannot fail to see how widely spread are the attempts now made to bring up (or down) volumes to a shilling standard. Our bookshops and railway bookstalls sufficiently indicate this. The shillingworth of *Uncle Tom* is known to everybody. As for the *Railway Libraries*, *Parlour Libraries*, *Popular Libraries*, *Fireside Libraries*, *Readable Books*, *Books for the Rail*, *Travellers' Libraries*, &c., it is marvellous what can be bought for a shilling. The drab *Quarterly*, and the blue-and-yellow *Edinburgh*, once the magnates of the literary world, now bow to the shilling, by pouring forth their shillingworths of Macaulay and Sydney Smith, and Head, and others; and there are frequently to be met with original volumes, of very high merit, written expressly for one or other of the various shilling series. Educational books, and manufacturing books, and engineering books, at a shilling, are now abundant. Music-publishing, too, has not failed to come within the domain of the mighty shilling. Our mammas and grandmammas, when single—ladies do not buy much music when they are married—had to make a serious pecuniary effort to obtain the collected airs of a popular opera; but now we may revel in Bellini and Donizetti, Mozart and Rossini, with such shillingworths as were never known before; and then, instead of a two-shilling 'book of the opera,' we can, for one shilling, obtain a book which, besides the Italian and English words, gives a few bars of all the principal melodies. Nor does the draughtsman or the writer, the school-boy or the artist, fail to reap benefit from this remarkable tendency to adopt a shilling limit in prices. There is the shilling box of paints, which a manufacturer has produced under the incitement of a prize offered by the Society of Arts; and capital paints they are for the money. Then there are parallel rulers and graduated scales, pen-compasses and mahogany squares—each and all brought down to a shilling level with remarkable success. And who can forget the shilling packets of note-paper, so nicely done up in fancy wrappers; or the shilling box of envelopes, cheap, elegant, and convenient; or the shilling cards from Birmingham, each containing an ever-pointed pencil, a penholder, a water-stamp, a store of pencil-leads, a store of steel-pens, and a stick of wax; or the shilling blotting-case, forming a tolerable substitute for a writing-desk?

We may safely depend upon it, that all this is attributable to something more than mere freak. Men do not adopt largely any one particular system from personal oddities or temporary vagaries—there are moving forces lying somewhat deeper. To pay and receive one coin, involves less time and trouble than paying and receiving two coins of equal aggregate value. Here is a key to unlock the riddle. And if we were to adopt any other coin as a standard, we shall find something of similar import. Twenty shillings is a more frequent price in shops than twenty-two or eighteen—not because twenty is a 'rounder' number, but because there happens to be a coin of that value. In the days when guineas were plentiful and sovereigns scarce, the price of an article was more frequently twenty-one shillings than twenty, although the former is a less complete and manageable number than the latter. More articles are charged five shillings than either six or four; more have the price two shillings and sixpence, than either three shillings or two; more are sixpence than eightpence; more are one penny than twopence—and all for the same reason—ease of paying and ease of reckoning, when the payment can be made with one piece of coin instead of two. As for the penny—the ubiquitous penny—who can measure its trading importance? Penny steamers, penny omnibuses, penny-a-mile trains, penny almanacs, penny

valentines, penny postage-stamps, penny coal-dues, penny pictures, penny boxes of toys, penny huns, penny biscuits, penny periodicals, penny cigars—more is done with a penny now than at any former time, since the period when the labourers worked for a penny a day. The shilling has taken supreme command of our well-to-do shops, while the penny is keeping up a vigorous competition with it in a somewhat lower grade.

We do not ask the reader to ponder very deeply on this matter, or to make it a subject of profound inquiry; but, at the same time, we persist in asserting, that there is 'something in it.' Prices are affected, in the way indicated by the above examples, by the weights and sizes which happen to have been selected for our familiar current coins. The shilling is potent, not because it contains so many grains of silver, but because it is one whole, distinct, decided coin.

NOTES ON THE CAFFRES.

BY A NEIGHBOUR OF THEIRS.

THE tribes of the Amakosa and Amatato natives—that is, the Caffres who live in the districts surrounding the mountains of that name—are ranked among the greatest warriors of the native tribes of South Africa, and held in the greatest fear and dislike by their more peaceable neighbours the Fingoes, Mantatees, and Bechuanas. The Caffres distinguish themselves from all other tribes, by cutting a hole in the top part of their ears; and they never fail, when first addressing any one, to put up their hands and press the ear forward, to shew their caste. They cannot be offered a greater insult than by being called a Fingoe, for that, in their language, signifies a dog, and they consider the Fingoes as little better.

The Caffres are a fine athletic race of men; they range generally from 5 feet 8 to 6 feet in height. They have the close curly hair of the negro, and mostly flat noses and broad nostrils, but well shaped mouths, and fine white teeth. They are very healthy, and very swift in walking. I have frequently heard of their keeping up with a man on horseback for a whole day, and it is quite common for a foot-messenger to go fifty miles a day. They are governed by six or seven chiefs, each having from 2000 to 3000 warriors under his absolute control. In these chiefs they place implicit confidence and reliance, and obey all their orders with scrupulous exactness. The chief when at his *laad*, or village, is distinguished by the quantities of brass wire twisted round his arms and legs, and the fine rows of brass buttons on his leopard-skin *caross*. In peace, the male Caffres spend their days in smoking and sleep, or, when hunger compels them, in following the chase. They are cunning, revengeful, and cowardly. The most accomplished thieves, the greatest exaggerators and rogues, are the idols and envy of the tribe. They have the war-dance amongst them, exactly like the *coirobory* of the Australian natives, mentioned by Sir Thomas Mitchell.

They believe in a Great Spirit or Father, who causes rain to fall when their doctors ask for it; and in the power of the doctors to impart invisible medicine, that gives the warriors strength and power over their enemies. They believe, likewise, in all kinds of necromancy and witchcraft. The doctors, or rain-makers as they are usually called, are the worst of the people, and, for the most part, the wealthiest. They have charge of certain sacred cows. In times of drought, the chief sends for the doctor, who, on condition of a certain

compensation—say, two or three cows—agrees to consult the Spirit on the subject. He goes behind a rock or some sheltered place, and commences his incantations by the most hideous noises, throwing about at the same time skins of snakes, skulls of monkeys, bones, &c., until he thinks he has made a sufficient impression. He then comes out and prophesies. If he sees no prospect of rain, and he is generally a good judge of the weather, he will sometimes say that the rain will not fall until any individual that he has a dislike to is killed, or until his or her possessions are placed in his hands to appease the spirit. Although it is not often that they prophesy the death of the individual, yet it may be in the recollection of some, that in the time of Sir George Napier's government, he had to threaten the Caffres with soldiers, to prevent them from burning one of their princesses, *Miss Suto*; for the doctors had, on the death of a chief, Tyah, or Charley, who died from excess of drinking, declared that she had caused his death by witchcraft. When the rain-makers find that the rain will not come when they do call on it, they contrive to get out of the way for awhile, to escape the wrath of the chief.

The Caffre women are seldom tall, but they are very strong and active, and have very good figures, with pleasing faces. They do all the drudgery and hard work: build the huts, cut the thorn-bushes (*Mimos*) for pens for the cattle and goats, dig the ground, plant the potatoes, sow the Indian corn, carry water; and when the encampment moves, they carry immense bundles on their heads and backs, while the men walk leisurely and empty-handed by their side. I have frequently seen poor Caffre women digging the ground with children fastened to their backs and to their side, resting on the hip-joint. They are kind mothers, and appear to be very fond of their infants; but they take little care of them if they become obstinately sickly, and often desert them, leaving them at the mercy of wild animals. Their cooking utensils usually consist of an iron pot with three legs, like the common pot used by the Scotch peasantry. They make great use of the dried gourd or calabash, for drinking utensils, for holding milk, &c.; and in some of the huts you may find beautifully carved cups and spoons, generally representing the heads of wild animals. They also make use of skin-bags for holding wild-honey, and a thickened milk, which they are very fond of with their corn. The women as well as the men smoke immoderately. They prefer tobacco, but they usually smoke the leaves of an intoxicating plant called by them *Dacha*. The leaf is much like the sage; but it is a large shrub, and bears a very pretty scarlet flower. They take snuff, too, in immense quantities, using it by means of spoons. Both men and women are very fond of ornaments, and will frequently give a goat for a bunch of garnet-coloured beads. A Caffre belle covers her arms with brass wire, and her neck with strings of beads; and the rank of the princesses is distinguished, like that of the men, by an embroidery of brass buttons on the *caross*. On the approach of a stranger, a princess immediately displays her arm, and arranges gracefully the *caross* to shew the embroidery. These skin-mantles are worn by all the natives of South Africa in their savage state. They are mostly made of the hide of the bull-buck, rubbed down to great softness;—and the latter kind of skins of wild animals. Some of the latter are very beautiful, and cannot be purchased from the traders under L.5 or L.6.

The women make excellent baskets and mats; and, in peace-time, they come to the towns and villages in great numbers, for the sale of their wares. They never ask less than *scicpence* for the smallest basket, and appear to know well the value of money, which they spend in a cautious manner, mostly on tobacco, snuff, rum, &c., for their husbands. When the chiefs come to town, they dress in a fine suit of

regimentals, sometimes with a cocked-hat and feathers. They are accompanied by twenty or thirty followers, and a doctor. They walk boldly into the houses, and, after asking the news in broken English or Dutch, will expect a dram or *soupe*, and food; and then, when opportunity offers—when their followers cannot hear them—they will ask for a *sixpence* or *sillinglee*; and they can scarcely be got rid of till the request is complied with.

The Caffres occasionally engage themselves for a short time as servants to the farmers, but they seldom take their leave without appropriating some few horses and cattle, when the farmer will sometimes have to follow the *spoor* into Caffreland before he can recover his property. Long before they intend war, they employ themselves in collecting a good stock of war-weapons; and a warrior scarcely sets out on his depredations without his hundred assegais or spears in a quiver; a shield; two or three *knob-kerries*; and a good rifle, with a bag of ammunition. They have in some cases been civilised, and taught to read and write; but they do not like the change, and continually fret and pine after their wild and idle life. A single instance will suffice to shew the irreclaimable spirit of the race. A little girl, who had lost both her parents when quite a baby, was taken by a gentleman and brought up in his family, educated, and baptised: she was particularly noticed for her extreme neatness and activity; and English was her language. When about eighteen years of age, however, she suddenly disappeared, and was afterwards found in Caffreland, the wife of one of her countrymen, with a carross round her; the only outward mark of her civilisation left being a cotton petticoat. On being asked her reason for leaving her friends, she said her heart was Caffre, that she had always been in Caffreland in spirit, and that she had never known happiness until she joined her people.

The Fingoes are exactly like the Caffres in form and stature, and speak the same language, which is soft and musical; they have the same belief, and the same doctors. But the hole in their ear is at the bottom instead of the top, and this is the only thing which distinguishes them from the Caffre tribes. They have been so cruelly treated and ill-used by the Caffres, that they have quite placed themselves under the British protection; and they are now dispersed in little encampments through the colony. Close to the European towns and villages, you will see their little towns of huts and gardens, generally with a good flock of goats, and sometimes cows. The men are industriously inclined, and great numbers of them employed as servants and coolies. The women sell goats' milk and firewood, and make pretty baskets and mats. They are in outward appearance becoming somewhat civilised; and the sight of men, women, and children in European costume is now not uncommon; but beyond that, they are still savages, and, like all South African natives, are utterly faithless and cowardly.

The Hottentot tribes are the domestic servants throughout the whole of the eastern province of the colony. We cannot now class them as savages, for there are thousands of them partially civilised, professedly Christian, and occasionally useful members of society; but, in general, they are faithless and indolent, greatly given to intemperance and theft, and the whole of them smoke immoderately. The women make tolerable servants, but never stay long in one place. They are particularly fond of dress, which consists usually of a gay petticoat and shawl, and a red and black kerchief twisted round the head. They are very improvident, never think of laying up for old age, but spend the greater part of their wages as soon as earned. The language of the Hottentots is Low Dutch, but they nearly all understand and speak English. They are passionately fond of music, and the women have sweet musical voices, and sing very agreeably. The men are

fond of the violin, and many play very well. I have seen a primitive instrument among them called a *goral*, which is made of a long piece of hollow stick, about a yard in length, with three catgut strings, raised by a bridge, and fastened at each end. They knock it with the chin, draw the thumb across the strings, and so produce a sound something like that of the violin.

The Hottentots have a great antipathy to all other natives of South Africa, with the exception of the Bushmen, and with them they often intermarry. They abhor the Caffres; and I impute their joining them in the present war solely to their wavering and fickle dispositions. The most interesting little village at the Cape of Good Hope, is Genadandal, in the district of Swellendam, first settled by the Moravian missionaries, and inhabited entirely by Hottentots. Here they have excellent schools, where the girls are taught every useful branch of a plain education, and also muslin embroidery, the work from this little village being quite noted, and very expensive; the boys have a trade taught them, are well educated, and, like the girls, trained up in a moral and religious way. The excellence of the rules of this interesting little colony has justly caused it to be considered the most useful and best-conducted missionary station throughout the whole territory.

The Bechuanas are much like the Caffres in habits and belief, but their language is different, and they are well disposed to the English. They are constantly employed as herdsmen, and often as servants, by the farmers, who prefer them to the other natives for their steadiness and fidelity. They are not so fine a race as the Caffres, and the Bechuana women are hideously ugly. Their war-weapons are exactly like those of the Caffres, but they seldom have guns.

So much of the natives of South Africa from my own knowledge of the people, for I was born in the colony, and resided there for many years. Having been repeatedly asked, whether I could in any way account for the inveterate hostilities carried on by the Caffre tribes against the colonists, I will endeavour at least to state my own opinion. After the wars of 1821, the Caffres considered themselves a conquered people, and remained perfectly satisfied with the settlement of the British in their country. When the military forts of Beaufort and other outposts were formed, and could afford them protection, a great number of missionaries went into Caffreland; and amongst the earlier ones, there were some well-educated and excellent men. Had the same class remained, much good would have been effected; but as the colony became more settled, numbers of uneducated people flocked in as missionaries, who, instead of doing good, sowed the seeds of dissension between the Caffres and the colonists, by doing their utmost to impress upon the former, that all the white people who did not hold their peculiar religious opinions were bad men, and would ultimately be destroyed by the Great Spirit; and that even the governor, and those in authority under him, were in the same predicament. Such preaching to savages who held their own doctors as infallible, and who believed these missionaries to be doctors among the white men, was, in my opinion, the cause of the robberies and murders which led to the war of 1834-35. But at the conclusion of that war—when the government had established a good frontier—the Colonial Office in England was persuaded to believe the Caffres to be an ill-used people, whose land had been unjustly taken from them. The lands were, therefore, ordered to be restored; and as a savage cannot understand that anything is relinquished except under the influence of fear, the Caffres naturally came to the conclusion that the English government and white people were afraid of them, and that they might with impunity resume their depredations on the frontier colonists— which depredations were the cause of the present war.

Had the frontier marked out by Sir Benjamin d'Urban been preserved, no considerable body of Caffres could have entered the colony without being observed, as the boundary was free from bush. But the present frontier is so thickly wooded and covered with jungle, that any number can pass into the colony without being perceived by the troops. I trust that, when this war is brought to a conclusion, the frontier may be extended to the line marked out by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, and that no missionary be allowed to proceed into Caffreland without being duly examined and approved of by the heads of the different denominations of Protestants who hold missions in that country, and by a magistrate in the colony.

A VISITOR IN TEXAS.

It is not unknown that in Texas there are tigers; and it deserves to be known also, that there are women who are a match for them. When we say women, we are using a trifling latitude of speech, and must be understood to mean, more strictly, a woman, for as yet we have heard of only one who can lay claim to the distinction indicated. This one, however, is what an American newspaper styles 'A Texan woman worth talking about,' and we intend, accordingly, to relate the story of her conquest, and thereby extend the circle of her merited celebrity.

Somewhere in the northern part of Jefferson County, there was living last December, on his own enclosed estate, a certain Yankee citizen of the name of Drake, who, among other livestock and farming-gear, possessed a goodly number of horses. One day, when it seems he was not at all expecting the visitation of wild animals, there sprang suddenly into the enclosure an enormous jaguar, which immediately attacked the horses, killing one outright, wounding others, and apparently intending to make a rich repast of horse-flesh. While engaged in his preparations, it chanced that he was discovered by the farmer's son, who, catching up a gun, sent a bullet into his side, thus putting the intruder momentarily past his appetite; and in the uneasy state of his sensations, he appears to have considered it prudent to make off beyond the range of firearms.

But not being seriously wounded, and the keenness of his appetite having returned, the tiger next day prowled out again, bending his steps in a new direction. This time he entered the farmyard of a Mr Absalom Williams, who, along with his wife, both being well stricken in years, was sitting quietly in the house, while the rest of the family were absent at work upon the farm. The old gentleman was startled out of his afternoon's nap by hearing a strange noise in the front of the house, and on going out, he beheld his house-dog and a tiger in the thick of a sharp contest. Thinking to lend some help on the weaker side, he seized the first thing at hand, which seems to have been an ox yoke, and aimed a strong blow at the tiger, but unluckily missed him, and struck the dog instead. The latter thereupon got away, and retreated with his tail down, leaving the tiger and his master to settle differences between them. In an instant, the glaring animal sprang at Mr Williams, and seizing him by the hand, dragged him for a distance of twenty or thirty feet. The old man, however, having still one hand at liberty, and feeling his mettle rise, straightway engaged with his assailant, determined to give him what he calls a 'rough and tumble fight.' Having dropped the ox yoke, and

being within reach of no other weapon, he seized the tiger by the throat with his remaining hand, and throwing himself forward with all his strength, crashed the creature to the ground, falling, at the same time, by his side. Man and tiger rolled over once or twice without either losing hold, the man, so far as wounds went, getting considerably the worst of it.

The contest was at this stage when Mrs Williams came up to take a part in it, secretly resolved that the tiger should not devour her old gentleman without being made aware of her strong disapprobation. She came forward, gallantly shouldering a gun, which she forthwith snapped at the tiger; but owing to there being no priming in the pan, it of course missed fire, and rendered no service. The tiger, perceiving the intent, and aware of the nature of firearms from his previous experience, precipitately quitted his hold of the man, and jumped at his new adversary, attempting to seize her head with his teeth, and striking and lacerating her bosom with his paws. In trying to avoid the monster, the poor lady fell upon the ground, when the brute made another grasp at her head, and to some extent succeeded—his upper teeth penetrating at the top of the skull and sliding along the bone, thereby peeling off the skin until they met the lower teeth, which were fastened on the right side of her face. Mr Williams, though much disabled by his wounds, being at liberty, again seized the ox yoke, and gave the tiger such a blow as to cause him to desist from the attack. Thus beaten off, the animal took a spring and leaped into the house, sneakily getting under the bed to be out of harm's way. He could hardly have done a more unwise thing for his own safety, and not at all a more convenient one for the success of the old people. Mr and Mrs Williams, seeing the advantage, immediately closed the door to prevent him from escaping. The monster was now as thoroughly trapped as his famous relative of Bengal, which, in getting under a barrel, and protruding his tail out of the bung-hole, exposed himself to the indignity of having it tied in a knot on the outside. Mr Williams was so exhausted from loss of blood and the agony of his wounds, as to be incapable of following up the advantage gained over the adversary; but his better-half, being in rather better plight, again took up the gun, and shaking some powder from the barrel into the pan, proceeded to the attack by a new manoeuvre. Placing the muzzle through one of the openings which the logs of the house afforded, she fired steadily at the tiger and killed him as he lay under the bed. Subsequently, he was dragged out and measured, and his length from tail to nose was found to be exactly twelve feet.

During all the time the fight was going on, no one but the combatants knew anything about it; their nearest neighbour living upwards of three miles off. However, as Mrs Williams was washing the blood from her person, after the fray, some one came riding by, and, alarmed at her appearance, inquired what had happened. The old lady, being much exhausted, was scarcely able to speak, but by way of answer pointed to the dead body of the tiger. Since then, she has pretty well recovered, as also has her gallant and worthy helpmate. They are said to be very fond of telling the story of the conflict, and the old man especially delights to joke about it. He is an old soldier, having formerly fought the British at New Orleans, and, more recently, the Mexicans in the cause of Texas; but of all his battles, this with the tiger is the one he is most proud of; and the old lady justly enough regards it as the most remarkable feat of their mutual lifetime. Her own share in the exploit undoubtedly entitles her to be considered a genuine

backwoods' heroine; and the incident will serve to show the nature of the dangers to which settlers are exposed in the forest wilds and frontiers of American civilisation.

PROSE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THERE are not many modern authors whose works are more likely to endure and become standard reading in future generations, than the *Imaginary Conversations* and other prose productions of Mr Landor. In subtility of thought, sagacious criticism, precision and perspicuity of style, these writings are of first-rate excellence, and must ultimately place the author in a position of great prominence in the literary history of this century. It is true, his popularity among his contemporaries has not been very considerable; but that may be readily accounted for, inasmuch as his works are not addressed to current tastes, nor are of a kind to be appreciated by the common-place intelligence of the age; they are works rather for the scholar and the student—for that rare but most important class of readers who require something higher than a temporary stimulant to their curiosity, or a more or less refined amusement for the occupation of a vacant hour. They are, strictly speaking, works of literary art, and require an artistic feeling and discernment for their comprehension and appreciation. They have few attractions for the young, the curious, or the matter-of-fact philosopher; they demand a certain maturity of mind, a liberal cultivation, and a more than ordinary acquaintance with remote and peculiar stores of knowledge; and they seem also to require a fair possession of leisure, and a habit of deliberation, such as the great majority of modern readers are not able to command. For immediate or extensive popularity, therefore, they do not appear to be adapted; yet for the select class of studiously disposed persons who have time and culture sufficient to master and enjoy them, they will be found to have manifold fascinations, and will yield a fair measure of wholesome and refined instruction. To such persons among our readers, whose attention may not have been drawn to them, a few remarks on the subject-matter and characteristics of these performances may possibly be acceptable.

They are all contained in two substantial volumes, and consist of the *Imaginary Conversations* before alluded to; the *Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy*, the *Pentameron*, a series of imaginary dialogues between Petrarch and Boccaccio; a collection of letters, constituting a sort of classic romance on the story of *Pericles and Aspinar*; and a few short apologies and essays. The *Imaginary Conversations* occupy the whole of the first volume, and about a third part of the second; so that it will be seen they form, in point of bulk, the principal proportion. It will be convenient for us here to refer to the smaller productions first, and we accordingly begin with the *Pentameron*.

This purports to be the composition of a certain Italian priest, who, being in want of a bell for his church, brought the manuscript to England, and getting it translated by the best hand he could engage, the work was introduced to the English public. As already hinted, it professes to be the report of conversations, at five successive interviews, between 'Messer Francesco Petrarca and Messer Giovanni Boccaccio,' while the latter lay in an infirm state of health at his villetta in the neighbourhood of Certaldo; 'after which,' we are informed, 'they saw not each other on our side of Paradise.' They discourse, in the first instance, on Boccaccio's *Decameron*, and then diverge into a discussion on the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, 'and sundry other matters.' Petrarch advises his friend respecting the revision and improvement of his *Decameron*, and

advances some objections against it on the ground of its occasional licentiousness; urging him, moreover, to substitute 'the simple for the extravagant, the true and characteristic for the indefinite and diffuse.' Boccaccio, in reply, observes that he has no wish to defend himself under the bad example of another, but he, nevertheless, believes that the example of the illustrious Dante Alighieri, whose genius he pretends not to approach, had some misleading influence over him. 'I may, perhaps,' says he, 'have been formerly less cautious of offending by my levity, after seeing him display as much or more of it in hell itself.' This leads to a discussion of Dante's genius, natural temperament, personal history, and the characteristics of his poetry; in the course of which the friends are not sparing in their strictures, though always acknowledging the immense ability of their author, and dwelling with much emphasis on the finer passages of his poem.

Much excellent criticism is thus incidentally delivered—not at all times restricted to the subject before the speakers, but often having reference to general and comprehensive principles. Hear this admirable conception of the poetic nature: 'The great poet, like the original man of the Platonists, is double, possessing the further advantage of being able to drop one-half at his option, and to resume it. Some of the tenderness on paper have no sympathies beyond; and some of the austere in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures have deluged the world with tears. It is not from the rose that the bee gathers her honey, but often from the most acrid and bitter leaves and petals.' Other passages of great sublimity and beauty, having reference to a variety of topics, might be collected from the *Pentameron*. Here is a sentence, expressing an old sentiment, with the purest simplicity of diction:—'The heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain, retains the pulse of youth for ever.' This also is worth pondering:—'Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections; the flower expands; the colourless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes.' The quiet impressiveness of the following is better than any didactic homily:—'The very things which touch us the most sensibly, are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings past away; and so is the noble mind. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music is over, and the clapping of hands (so lately linked) hath ceased; when youth, and comeliness, and pleasantry are departed—

Who would desire to spend the following day
Among the extinguished lamps, the faded wreaths,
The dust and desolation left behind?

But whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days, hath placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out nor change their quality.' Abundant thoughts and images, equally beautiful and striking, might be gathered; but we have room for only one passage, about which there is a dignified drollery truly captivating. Petrarch having suggested that some noise which had interrupted the conversation might have been occasioned by Boccaccio's cat, he is answered by his friend in this wise:—'No such thing. I order him over to Certaldo, while the birds are laying and sitting; and he knows by experience, favourite as he is, that it is of no use to come back before he is sent for. Since the first impetuosity of youth, he has rarely been in a fit of rancour or disobedience. We have lived together these five years, unless I miscalculate; and he seems to have learned something of my manners;

wherein violence and enterprise by no means predominate. . . . He enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* at Certaldo: there he is my castellan, and his chase is unlimited in those domains. After the doom of relegation is expired, he comes hither at midsummer. And then, if you could see his joy! His eyes are as deep as a well, and as clear as a fountain: he jerks his tail into the air like a royal sceptre, and waves it like the wand of a magician. You would fancy that, as Horace with his head, he was about to smite the stars with it. There is ne'er such another cat in the parish; and he knows it, a rogue! We have rare repasts together in the bean-and-bacon time, although in regard to the bean he sides with the philosopher of Samos; but after due examination.

We shall not dwell on the 'Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare,' as the title sufficiently suggests the subject-matter. It is a work of humour, professing to be a report of the proceedings at the great hall of Charlecothe, when Shakspeare was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy touching the matter of deer-stealing. The piece is exceedingly ingenious and amusing; and as a pleasant bit of retrospective satire, if not as a dramatically-conceived representation of an historical event, it is well deserving of perusal, and may long maintain a place among the rest of the author's works.

The story of *Pericles and Aspasia* is more or less known to all readers of Grecian history. Mr Landon's work, under that title, is an attempt to depict their private and domestic life, and generally to illustrate the characteristics of Greek manners, politics, and literature. In the shape of an imaginary correspondence between Aspasia and her friend Cleone, it gives us an account of Aspasia's introduction to Pericles at Athens, and shadows forth the story of their wedded intercourse, along with the relations in which they lived with the philosophers, historians, and artists of the age. The earlier letters contain numerous fragments and short poems of various Greek poets, accompanied by the comments of the writers, and such general remarks on poetry, history, and the occurrences of the hour, as may be supposed to have formed the substance of a correspondence between two gifted and learned ladies of antiquity. As we advance, the state-man, Pericles, comes more distinctly upon the scene; partly through descriptions of him in Aspasia's letters to her friend, and partly through epistles which pass between the former and Pericles himself, at times when they are separated by state or domestic exigencies. Incidentally we obtain glimpses of old Socrates, the young man Alcibiades, the philosopher Anaxagoras, the historian Thucydides, and several other persons of ability and renown. Some of the speeches of Pericles are interspersed; and, one way or another, the principal features of his genius and his manifold accomplishments, are pretty thoroughly delineated or suggested. The whole presents a discursive review of Greek society, and of the chief historical incidents which belong to the period commonly known as the 'Age of Pericles.'

To attempt to convey any sufficient notion of such a work by quotations, would be ineffectual; yet as many passages have an independent meaning, and a beauty of their own, some of them may be not unsuitably extracted, by way of shewing something of the cast of style and thought. Here is a charming sentence from one of the letters of Cleone to Aspasia. She is speaking of the Ionians, and remarks that they are 'more silent, contemplative, and reclusive,' than the Athenians:— 'Knowing that nature will not deliver her oracles in the crowd, nor by sound of trumpet, they open their breasts to her in solitude with the simplicity of children, and look earnestly in her face for a reply.' A few others of equal pith and gracefulness may be appended: 'Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only

which hath lived its day.' 'There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface: the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low, and tremulous, and melancholy song.' On refinement in pride we have this pertinent remark:—'There are proud men of so much delicacy, that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.'

The *Imaginary Conversations*, which form the bulk of Mr Landon's writings, treat of a great variety of subjects, and illustrate an immense variety of character. The persons brought before us, and represented in discourse, are of all conceivable orders and degrees of men, and belong to almost every age and country. We have Richard I. and the Abbot of Boxley conversing about Saladin and the Crusades, the perfidy of European politics, and the uses of the rite of baptism; Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Brooke expatiate on happiness and the charms of country life; Horne Tooke and Dr Johnson discuss questions of philology; Southey and Person interchange remarks on the state of criticism and the poetry of Wordsworth; Milton and Andrew Marvell discourse on comedy; Sir Robert Inghis and the Duke of Wellington deliver their opinions on the idolatry of the Hindoos and the illustrious rites of Somnath—but it were endless to run over all the names of the interlocutors, or to indicate the multitude of subjects brought into discussion: suffice it to say, that every conversation relates to something of literary, political, or scientific interest, and that the speakers generally express opinions such, as from what is known of them historically, they would be likely to utter in regard to the matter wherein they are represented to be discoursing. That the dramatic personation of every character should be in all cases accurate and complete, is more than could fairly be expected from the author, considering the number of individuals brought before us, and the wide differences in their respective personalities. Generally speaking, however, it is not impossible to accept the character under the name attached to it, and in many instances the language and opinions imputed to the speaker are thoroughly consistent, and appropriate to his individuality. With the mass of positive thought and sentiment enumerated, we suppose Mr Landon must be more or less identified, though he warns his reader against 'attributing to the writer any opinions in this book but what are spoken under his own name.' This is a permissible precaution, but it is nevertheless apparent what characters have most of his admiration, and also what are the opinions with which he most distinctly sympathises. For instance, a tyrant or a bigot he renders hateful by the words which he makes him utter, and, on the other hand, every wise and truthful person is involuntarily made to have the best of every argument. At the bottom, it is the body of thought and just opinion contained in the *Conversations* which constitutes their real excellency as literary productions, and Mr Landon's chief peculiarity as a writer may be said to be in his ability to represent the truths which he himself has apprehended from various and innumerable points of contemplation. As any truth imperfectly set forth, or wrenched aside from its relations to other truths and circumstances, becomes in practical effect a mere half-truth, or little better than a falsehood, it is the recognition and uniform observance of this fact which distinguishes the thinker from the pedant or the empiric, and stamps his utterances with a comprehensiveness of meaning that puts to shame their partial and contracted statements. This is one of the highest services that can be performed by literature; and we claim for Mr Landon the distinction of having performed it more completely than any other writer of the age.

The special characteristics of his genius are some-

most difficult to specify; but he may be said to unite within himself the leading attributes of the philosopher and the poet. He has a philosopher's discernment, and the poet's pictorial expression. No keener understanding perhaps could be found anywhere in Europe at this hour, and assuredly he ranks foremost among English writers as a pure and admirable stylist. In solidity of substance, in beauty and gracefulness of form, his works are among the finest specimens of our modern literature. There is no shallowness of thought, no unprofitable exuberances of expression: everything is clear, compact, wisely proportioned and beautifully polished. In proof of his originality, it is to be said that Mr Landor's writings are totally unlike those of any of his contemporaries; and though mere originality is no evidence of greatness, there is evidence enough of this to be observed in the immense amount of wise reflection which he has condensed into his volumes. In reading them, you do not find a continual iteration of the same thoughts and images, but you perceive everywhere the signs of a rich and inexhaustible fecundity. Yet it is not until after a long acquaintance with these writings, that you discern how affluent is the mind from which they sprang—how fertile and exquisitely cultivated the soil wherein all this forest of strength and splendour has its roots. On the whole, we pronounce Mr Landor's works to be eminently calculated to advance the intellectual and moral cultivation of his countrymen; and, as intelligence and purity of taste make progress, we doubt not that they will more and more attract and retain attention, and that eventually they will even enjoy an extensive and lasting popularity. Luckily, Mr Landor can afford to await the issue, and would seem to have no forebodings in regard to it. As he says in one of the imaginary letters of Cleone:—'There are writings which must lie long upon the straw before they mellow to the taste; and there are summer-fruits which cannot abide the keeping.' His own unquestionably belong to the sound and enduring class, and, like the wine of a precious vintage, may yield delight to remote generations.

AN AUSTRALIAN FLOOD.

The scene of this disaster is a station on the lower Weirabee, distant about twenty-four miles west of Melbourne; and the residence of one of the oldest and most respectable families in the colony of Victoria.

On the morning of the 21st of May last year, the rain began to fall in torrents, and soon caused the river Weirabee to overflow. By twelve o'clock noon, the waters had risen so high as to reach the house of E. D. W—, Esq., which stood on the west side of the stream, in a beautiful little valley, lying between the high banks that run along the margin of the river. The garden lay on the opposite side of the stream, and was by this time completely covered. This state of things seems not to have caused much apprehension, as in Australia floods are of frequent occurrence in the winter season; but at two o'clock the family became suddenly alarmed at the immense body of water, now rolling down on both sides of the house, in the river on the one hand, and in the hitherto dry gullies, or old water-courses, on the other, rendering it impossible to reach the high banks already mentioned, and gain a place of safety. It was therefore deemed advisable to make preparations for getting on the roof of the house. There were eight persons at the station—namely, Mr and Mrs W—, and four other members of the family; a young lady on a visit; and the man-servant. Five of the number being ladies, they were almost helpless. So rapidly did the waters increase, that it was with the utmost difficulty they managed to open the door and keep it open, while one by one they attempted their escape; the stream rushing so wildly through

the passage, that before the family had all crossed the parlour, the chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture, were floating in confusion around them.

At dusk, five o'clock, they were all on the roof, and as well situated as circumstances would permit, trying to cheer each other with the assurance that the house would stand, although immense logs kept continually crashing against it. That hope, however, passed away, for shortly afterwards they could distinctly hear the partitions underneath them gradually giving way. It was now nine o'clock, the rain still descending heavily, a terrific gale of wind blowing, and it was as much as they could do to hang on, sheltering themselves with blankets from the bitter cold. The waters, as well as they could discern in the dark, were raging around them on every side like the ocean in a storm; and by this time had reached as high as the eaves of the house. They, therefore, fled to the saddle-boards or ridge, as a last place of refuge; and just as they got up, the two chimneys, which formed the gable-ends of the house, fell with a crash. The moments of suspense that followed are indescribable. Was it possible that the roof could stand? At length ten o'clock came, and the man-servant succeeded in crossing over to the roof of the kitchen, at the back of which stood an old tree; but he had scarcely got up on its branches, when the roof to which the others clung sunk and disappeared. Another fearful moment, and they were afloat—afloat on the raging flood, amidst the wreck of the house, with its varied contents, tossing in wild confusion around them. Never will the survivors forget the cry that rose on the air, above even the strife of the elements, as the current swept them away on the fragments of the wood-shingled roof. At a short distance, however, and in front of the spot where the house had stood, were several large gum-trees. One of the ladies screamed out: 'To the trees! to the trees!' and as the roof dashed against one of them, Mrs K—, Miss L—, and their visitor, caught hold of the branches; but how they could not tell, as it was too dark to distinguish anything rightly. The remaining four, Mr and Mrs W—, with their daughter and son, sunk in the waters, and, with the exception of the son, never rose again.

Morning was long, long looked for. At last it tardily made its appearance; but with it came no hope of rescue, for all the boats in the neighbourhood had that night been washed away; and the neighbours, who had gathered around the spot, could render no assistance. In the middle of the day, the ladies caught sight of Mr R. W— (the son): they could only distinguish him far away in the distance. Until then, they thought he had perished with the others; and their joy on discovering him was sadly checked by perceiving his perilous position. As the current carried him down the river, he had caught hold of a floating log, to which he clung, and which afterwards lodged in the branches of a small tree: the action of the waters kept this in continual motion, which compelled him to hold on constantly with both hands; and as the darkness of the second evening closed in upon him, the spectators felt he had only been rescued on the one night to perish on the next.

As dusk approached on the Saturday evening, the waters had subsided considerably; so much so, that the man-servant was able to come down from his tree to the one on which the ladies were sheltered. At the foot of the latter, the roof of the kitchen had lodged. He assured them that they might with safety descend: and most gladly did they avail themselves of his assistance to do so; but as the waters were yet too high to hope for any other relief, they had to pass the second long, long winter night, cold and hungry, on the wreck of the roof of the kitchen, which was now firmly imbedded in the newly thrown-up gravel-bank. Hour by hour, the night slowly wore away; at last

came the morning again, and to the surprise and joy of all, Mr E. W. was still seen on the floating log, hanging on as before. The waters were now subsiding fast; and shortly after sunrise, about fifteen men from the adjoining stations came down to see what could be done for the rescue of the sufferers. They went to the gentleman first, as his situation was the most perilous; and three of them plunged courageously into the stream, and got ropes across to him. He secured one round his waist, and with that was dragged to the shore, in a state of such exhaustion that it was thought at first he would not recover: but, thanks to a kind Providence, he is now quite well. The men next went to the assistance of those on the gravel-bank, and they had in like manner to be dragged to the land with ropes. At last, they were all landed safely on the high banks, and at once taken to Mr C's station, where every kindness and attention was shewn them, and where they remained until they regained their strength. They had been altogether forty-eight hours without food, very thinly clad, and with no covering on either their heads or feet. Everything belonging to the house and family was washed down to Port-Phillip Bay, a distance of about four miles; even the grand pianoforte was found there on the beach, but of course totally destroyed. Nothing of value was saved; and the place is so changed, that no one could recognise the valley where once stood the happy home and beautiful garden of the family at the Weirabee, whose hearth is indeed a lonely one now.

HINTS ON BAROMETERS.

Few philosophical instruments are in such general use as the barometer, and yet the qualities which are necessary to insure accuracy, and the proper method of observation, are but imperfectly understood by many to whom its use is familiar. The following hints are intended in some measure to remedy this deficiency, by explaining the principles of its action, and shewing how it may be employed with greatest certainty.

The principle upon which the barometer is constructed, is the same which enables a fly to traverse the ceiling, and a child's leather-sucker to lift a stone—namely, the weight of the atmosphere. Take, for example, the simplest form of the barometer—a tube, closed at one end, filled with mercury, and inverted into a saucer of the same liquid. The mercury will subside in the tube to the height of about 30 inches, and there remain, leaving a vacuum more or less perfect above it. This column of mercury, 30 inches high, exactly balances a column of air reaching from the surface of the liquid in the saucer to the top of the atmosphere—a distance of many miles. Thus the barometer is a kind of balance with the column of air in the one scale, and the column of mercury in the other. These exactly balance one another: and therefore, if an addition of weight is made to one scale, an equal alteration must ensue in the other, or the balance will be destroyed. If, from greater condensation, diminished elasticity, or any other cause, the column of air is increased in weight, it will press down the mercury in the cistern, which, on the other hand, will rise in the tube, until the additional quantity entering from the cistern beneath restores the former equality. Now, it is found that the air is lighter before and during wet than in fine weather, consequently the falling of the mercurial column may be expected at that time. The same principle is applied when the instrument is used for measuring heights; with this difference, that then the column of air is shortened, and therefore lightened, by elevation above the surface of the earth, while in the former case the same effect is produced by increased elasticity.

There are at present two kinds of barometers in

common use, which are distinguished by the names of 'wheel-barometer,' and 'cistern-barometer.' In the former, the tube is bent up at the lower extremity, forming a syphon. A small iron float rests upon the surface of the metal in the shorter leg of the syphon, and a thread attached to the float at one extremity passes over a small wheel, or axle, carrying an index, and terminates in a light weight at the other end. The index points to divisions upon a metal dial-plate, which is the only part of the instrument exposed to view. This barometer, though convenient from the large size of the divisions, is far from certain in its indications; and for accuracy, as well as simplicity, we should decidedly prefer the cistern-barometer, which consists of a cistern to hold the mercury, and an upright glass-tube, 33 or 34 inches in length, attached to a scale upon which the divisions are marked, and further subdivided by a vernier, which is now generally added.

The first point of importance in a good instrument is the mercury itself, which, in order to give accurate indications, must be perfectly pure and clean. As commonly sold in the shops, it is adulterated to a great extent with tin, lead, zinc, and bismuth, which must all be removed before the mercury can be advantageously employed. This is effected by agitating it in a glass-bottle, containing sand or powdered loaf-sugar, opening the bottle from time to time in order to blow out the impure air, and afterwards straining it through chamois-leather. The metal must then be boiled, in order to extricate any air which it may contain; and when poured into the tube, it should again be heated to boiling-point, in order to expel moisture, and any particles of air which may still remain, or may have contracted in the process of pouring in. We may ascertain when the vacuum above the column is perfect, by holding the barometer in the hands, and suddenly inclining it from the vertical position. By these means, the mercury will be driven against the top of the tube. If the blow thus given be of a hard and dry character, the vacuum is probably good; but if, on the other hand, the blow sound dull and imperfect, we may be sure that the space above the liquid contains air.

After the mercury itself, the tube in which it moves is the next object of consideration. It should be clean, and of uniform bore throughout. The internal diameter varies; but a quarter of an inch is perhaps the best. The tube terminates at its lower extremity in a reservoir of mercury, which sometimes consists of a wooden or ivory dish, but more generally, and far more conveniently, of a leather bag, enclosed in a wooden case. The external atmosphere penetrates the leather, and acts upon the mercury, which cannot be driven through the pores of the leather but by hard pressure. This form is well adapted for carriage; as, by means of a screw beneath the leather bag, the mercury may be fastened up tight to the top of its tube, and when wanted, may be lowered to its former position. Behind the tube is an ivory scale, divided into tenths of an inch, by which the movements of the mercury are measured. For accurate observations, however, these are not sufficiently fine, and a vernier scale is added, to render the instrument more complete. The vernier is moved up and down along the scale by a milled head outside the case. By its means we can measure the height of the mercury to tenths of an inch. Suppose for instance, that the mercury stands a little above 29½ inches by the barometer scale, and we wish to ascertain its exact height: let the vernier be set with its top or 0 division precisely level with the surface of the mercury. Some division on the vernier will always be found exactly on a line with a division of the barometer scale; say it be the sixth, reckoning downwards from zero. We may then conclude that the height of the mercurial column

is $\frac{29}{100}$ inches and $\frac{7}{100}$ ths of an inch, or expressed decimally, 29.56. In the same way, if the coinciding line had been the seventh, the height would have been 29.57; and so on. The rule is this: that the figure on the vernier, which is attached to the coinciding line, will always express the number of hundredths of an inch, which must be added to the height observed by the barometer scale. Little or no dependence can be placed on the words 'fair, change, rain,' generally engraved on barometers. (Observations must be made by noticing the change of level, not by any fixed standard, which is nearly certain to mislead. Nor can the state of the weather be predicted from the convexity or concavity of the upper surface of the mercury, which is often considered a sure guide. In fact, the natural position of the surface in a column of pure mercury is convex; and on this principle, the liquid may appear to be rising, while in reality it is not moving at all.

Where accuracy is an object, the barometer should be corrected by a thermometer, for heat, as well as change in the atmospheric density, will influence its indications. Indeed, it is best to have a small thermometer set in the barometer-case, so that the correction can be made, and the proper reading ascertained at once. A barometer should not be exposed to the varying heat of a fire, or of a frequented room, and it must be guarded from draughts. A sheltered nook in a passage is a good position; but any tolerably dry and uniformly-heated place will do. With a good instrument at first, and a little precaution and care afterwards, the barometer may be rendered a very trustworthy and useful, though not absolutely certain weather-glass.

THE VOLUNTIER AND THE REGULAR.

The Regular in this anecdote, from Baron Mülling's *Passages from My Life*, is an orderly-officer, captured by Marshal Blücher, and sitting at dinner with him in the Castle of Brémme, while it was cannonaded by the French army:—"The usual cheerfulness reigned during the dinner. Some French balls went through the castle. The field-marshal made excuses to his guest, and directed an officer of his guard to take him to a safe place to finish his dinner; but the French officer declared, that he found himself in too good company to leave them. There was, amongst the guests, a man who, as a volunteer defender of his country, was not a soldier by profession, and was so incensed by the noise of the balls, and the cracking of the falling perils in the walls over our head, that he kept changing colour, and moving his chair here and there, as if he wished to avoid the falling-in of the ceiling. As all eyes were directed on this restless person, the field-marshal called to him across the table: "Does this castle belong to you?"—"To me? No." "Then you may be quite easy; the castle is solidly built, the cost of repairs will not be considerable, and at any rate you will not have to pay for them."

THE MILLER'S WIFE.

In Eldersstedt there was a miller who had the misfortune to have his mill burned every Christmas-eve. He had, however, a courageous servant, who undertook to keep watch in the mill on that portentous night. He kindled a blazing fire, and made himself a good kettledish of porridge, which he stirred about with a large ladle. He had an old sabre lying by him. Ere long there came a whole regiment of cats into the mill, and he heard one say in a low tone to another: "Mouskint! go and sit by Hanskin!" and a beautiful milk-white cat came creeping softly to him, and would place herself by his side. At this, taking a ladleful of the scalding porridge, he dashed it in her face, then seizing the sabre, he cut off one of her paws. The cats now all disappeared. On looking at the paw more attentively, he found, instead of a paw, that it was a woman's delicate hand, with a gold ring on one of the fingers, whereon was his master's cipher. Next morning, the miller's wife lay in bed, and would not rise. "Give me thy

hand, wife!" said the miller. At first she refused, but was obliged at length to hold out her mutilated limb. When the authorities got intelligence of this event, the woman was burned for a witch.—*Thorpe's Northern Mythology.*

A NEW STORY OF A LIFE.

'The seasons come and go, and find him the same.'

SPRING.

The hedge is sprouting out again,
The thrush resumes his voice,
The rainbow spans the daisied plain,
The hills and woods rejoice:
But on a roadside mound there sits—
Made up of skin and bones,
And sorely plagued with coughing fits—
A man a-breaking stones!

SUMMER.

The hedge is in its greenest suit,
The thrush sings clearer still,
The plain is decked with flower and fruit,
The sun lights up the hill:
But there—upon the rubble bank,
With short asthmatic groans,
And silvered hair, all long and lank—
That man's a-breaking stones!

AUTUMN.

The hedges gleam with varied leaf,
The thrush darts to and fro,
The plain yields up the golden sheaf,
The hill is all a-glow:
But settled down in granite seat,
With weak and childish moans,
And big, ungainly, outstretched feet—
That man's a-breaking stones!

WINTER.

Now, stark and spare, the hedges stare;
The hungry thrush grows bold;
The plain is bare—all's cheerless there,
The hill is black and cold:
But there he sits, as folks pass by—
Chatting in cheerful tones—
With purple lip and tearful eye—
That man a-breaking stones!

MORAL.

Perchance you pity this old soul?
His work will soon be o'er:
Then, recollect, to what a goal
The immortal part may soar!
If man, for all his wicked ways,
In after-life atones,
There well if some had spent their days
Like him—a-breaking stones!

G. MOORE.

INTEREST ON LOANS OF MONEY.

In England, under Edward VI., it was, from religious motives, forbidden entirely; under Henry VIII., it was fixed at 10 per cent. per annum; under Elizabeth, this rate was revived; under James I., it was reduced to 8 per cent.; under Charles II., to 6 per cent.; and under Anna, to 5 per cent. At present, there are no laws fixing the rate of interest: money, like every other commodity, is left to find its own level; yet instead of this leading to usurious dealing, it would require to be good security that would now command $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

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LESSONS FROM BEYOND THE ATLANTIC.

A FEW peculiarities of manners in the Americans, and, perhaps, a few political prejudices on our own part, have prevented that perfect sympathy from arising between them and us which might have been expected of two great nations of common blood. Who can deny that the United States are a great country, and their people a great people? They are so; and they will be greater still, and that both relatively and absolutely. Indeed, with so much spare country to fill up, and so rapid an increment of population continually going on, it is easy to see that what was once a group of English colonies, will—barring mischances—be, at the close of the nineteenth century, the greatest state upon the face of the earth. We hear much of the boastfulness of that people; but when we consider what they have to boast of, it is not to be wondered at. Had we equal grounds for boasting, we might be as boastful ourselves.

It is deeply interesting to trace in Mr Bancroft's excellent history, the small beginnings and painful early struggles of these now proud and powerful states. An Englishman may well have a keen relish of much which it records, for he sees there depicted, in unusually strong colouring and relief, some of the very best properties of his own national character—indomitable fortitude in difficulties, great industry, and a spirit of self-dependence which makes misgovernment impossible. He may also read in it many lessons of the most persuasive kind as to what is best in certain social and commercial questions, which can scarcely be considered as yet entirely settled on either side of the Atlantic.

Various are the impulses which Providence has appointed for making mankind press onward and occupy the earth. We see, at the present moment, the thirst for gold acting as the means of filling up two great territories in widely separated parts of the globe. Two hundred and fifty years ago, it was the impossibility of submission to certain religious institutions, which set large bodies of men afloat in search of new homes. This operated largely, though not exclusively, in causing the English settlements on the eastern seaboard of North America. One group of men, with certain convictions, found it impossible in those days to associate with another body whose convictions were somewhat different. The more powerful party would not leave the weaker alone; these must conform, or go elsewhere. Hence, even after one set of refugees had planted themselves in America, a dissent within themselves led to a swarming-off of the smaller party, that they might indulge their own predilections without control in some other part of the wilderness.

Toleration was not then understood, even by the sufferers. Yet it was in America that some of the earliest and most important exemplifications of this great principle took place.

The recentness of the whole history is surprising. There are many English gentlemen living in good country mansions, which were built before the planting of Virginia—the eldest of these states. A portion of the establishment where these lines will be printed, is a hundred years older than the colonisation of Pennsylvania. In little more than two centuries, England has seen an offshoot of her own population take root in America, and come to an overbalance of her own numbers. At such a rate, what will two centuries more produce!

It was in the early part of the reign of James I. that a few enterprising merchants, and others, sent out the first expeditions which aimed at effecting settlements on the American coast. Misery, death, and utter ruin befell them all, till at length a successful plantation was made in 1611, at Jamestown, on a river running into the beautiful Chesapeake Bay. The gentlemen contemplated making large estates out of the wilderness, and the inferior people thought of agriculture and traffic with the Indians. They carried with them the forms of the Church of England, and proposed being governed by a mercantile council at home; but it was not found possible long by any home-power, to control the energetic self-dependent spirit of the settlers; and in a very few years we find them managing their own affairs by an assembly elected by the people, with little more than a nominal subjection to the British monarch. One of the first measures for general benefit, after attaining a settled form of government, was to send for a shipment of the gentler sex, to serve as wives for the planters, the earliest colonists being chiefly males. 'Ninety agreeable persons, young and incorrupt' were carried out at the expense of the corporation, and married to men who were able and willing to reimburse the company for the expense; and, in the succeeding year, sixty more arrived. Tobacco was then the currency of Virginia, and we learn that the price of a wife, which had at first been 120 pounds of that herb, rose, under competition, to 150, and even more. 'The debt for a wife was a debt of honour, and took precedence of any other; and the company, in conferring employments, gave a preference to the married men. Domestic ties were formed, virtuous sentiments and habits of thrift ensued, the tide of emigration swelled,' and by 1621, 3500 persons had made the colony their permanent home.

The genius of the English government of that time was most unfavourable for the planting of democratic

institutions in America; but the colonists were distressed by an accident. Charles I. having his attention concentrated on a monopoly of the tobacco-trade, broke down, for its sake, the company by which Virginia was planted, and entirely forgot to take any steps that might have interfered with the operations of the humble colonial assembly. Representative institutions were thus established in America by a 'salutary neglect' on the part of the home-government. Distance seems also to have helped to this good end. The colonists felt the force of the Scotch maxim: 'It's a far cry to Lochawe.' To put down a bustling, self-important, resolute little rough kind of parliament, sitting on the other side of the Atlantic, was no easy matter for a monarch whose struggles with the patriotic spirit at home were sufficiently engrossing. It is most interesting to trace, we might almost say, the birth of great maxims amongst these denizens of the American wilds. In 1642, when a new royal governor arrived—little more than a governor in name—a document issued from the assembly, 'breathing the tone of a body accustomed to public discussion, and the independent exercise of political power.' They asserted 'the necessity of the freedom of trade; "for freedom of trade," say they, "is the blood and life of a commonwealth." And they defended their preference of self-government through a colonial legislature, by a conclusive argument: "There is more likelihood that such as are acquainted with the climate and its accidents, may upon better grounds prescribe our advantages, than such as shall sit at the helm in England." At the same time, there seems to have been a more loyal feeling towards the king's person than that which prevailed in England; although this was, after all, only what might have been expected, as the Virginians had not had the same causes of exasperation in the royal efforts to suppress the popular element of their constitution. There was also a disposition to support the Church against political hostility, yet with a practical tolerance towards other Christians. The Church was not here so much a secular institution as it was in England, a distinction in which a great deal may be inferred.

Thus, says Mr Bancroft, 'Virginia established upon her soil the supremacy of the popular branch, the freedom of trade, the independence of religious societies. . . . If, in following years, she departed from these principles, and yielded a reluctant consent to change, it was from the influence of foreign authority.' It was already spoken of as 'the best poor man's country in the world.' 'Labour was valuable; land was cheap; competence quickly followed industry. There was no need for a scramble; abundance gushed from the earth for all. The morasses were alive with water-fowl; the creeks abounded with oysters, heaped together in inexhaustible beds; the rivers were crowded with fish; the woods rustled with coveys of quails and wild-turkeys, while they rung with the merry notes of the singing-birds; and hogs, swarming like vermin, ran at large in troops.' It is supposed that, at the time of the Restoration, fifty years after the first planting, there were about 30,000 people in Virginia.

On a winter day, about nine years after the planting of this colony, a small storm-buffed vessel entered the harbour of Cape Cod, and was moored on a bleak and inhospitable part of the desert coast of Massachusetts. It had brought about forty men, with women and children making up a hundred in all—serious Christian people, who found all-sufficient grounds of faith in the Bible alone, and could not be brought to acknowledge that any virtue lay in mere institutions professedly founded upon it, but trusting for support to 'the arm of flesh.' Driven by harsh laws out of their own country, poor and friendless, they had first sought a home in the Netherlands, and now they aimed at establishing one in America, content to enter upon a hard struggle with the wilderness, so that they might

worship God in their own way without molestation. Will there ever be a more affecting spectacle presented in the history of the world, than these poor people now held forth, as they stepped ashore, all provided in all respects, hardly knowing how they were to live in that desert for a single week, yet cherishing in their bosoms the purest faith, and political principles superior to their age. Too glad to escape from the tyranny which galled them in England, they had no charter constituting them a corporation, or assuring them of the property of any lands they might cultivate. Finding no proper resting-ground where they first landed, they coasted along for some time, and at length made a decided pause at a spot afterwards called Plymouth. Democratic liberty and independent Christian worship landed with them, took root, and have never since left the soil. During the winter, their hardships were extreme, and many died. Next autumn, when a fresh party from England joined them, they were obliged to put themselves upon half-allowance of bread, and men were seen staggering from the weakness induced by want, while endeavouring to build houses and cultivate the soil. But for some supplies obtained from fishermen who haunted the coast, the colony must have been starved out. 'Even in the third year of the settlement, their victuals were so entirely spent, that "they knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning." For months they had no corn. Cattle were not introduced till the fourth year. 'Yet, during all this season of self-denial and suffering, the cheerful confidence of the Pilgrims in the mercies of Providence remained unshaken.' Such was the metal of which the state of Massachusetts was made. Degenerate were the Englishman who could withhold his admiration and his sympathies from the Pilgrims!

The first ten years saw this colony numbering less than 300 men; but they, nevertheless, obtained a patent from the king, giving them the property of their lands, although not investing them with any rights of self-government. At their own discretion, they met in council, and framed regulations for the general benefit. In a little time, more settlements were made within the bounds of what was afterwards called New England. Additional parties of Puritans, feeling themselves uneasy at home, came to seek freedom of worship in America. Fishing seems to have been the chief resource; and it is probable that these ultra-Protestant communities found much of their prosperity in supplying to the Catholics of Spain a food which was demanded by a religious principle totally opposed to the views of those who caught and exported the fish. They also applied diligently to the cultivation of the soil. At length, King Charles I. granted them a charter, which assigned them rights of self-government, not because he was willing to see any independent state erected there, but because he deemed them only a trading company; and with the internal proceedings of such a body it did not seem necessary that he should interfere. He probably felt an additional security in reflecting, that the heads of the Massachusetts corporation resided in England, where he could of course easily check any conduct disrespectful to his authority. Great must have been his surprise when these head men emigrated also, carrying the charter and its powers along with them. In 1630, there was a large emigration from England to Massachusetts, chiefly of Puritans, including many men of high endowments, some of large fortune, several good scholars, and eminent clergymen. It was now that the city of Boston was founded.

In those days, when the Scriptures, with their wonderful narrations and deep spiritual teachings, were a novelty to the intelligent English mind, men acted towards them and from them with an earnestness which we scarcely see anywhere now. The Puritans desired no other rule of life, or any better code of

public laws. Massachusetts, therefore, became a kind of theocratic republic. All men were expected to vote, but not unless they were 'church-members.' Scoffing and hesitations in belief were held as delinquencies calling for severe punishment. Among the strictest laws, was one compelling all persons not mere infants to attend church. Newly escaped, as they were, from persecution for conscience' sake at home, they had not learned to be tolerant of any doctrines, which to themselves seemed strange. There was one Roger Williams at Salem—a man of accurate and capacious understanding, who had 'revolved the nature of intolerance,' and 'arrived at the great principle which is its sole effectual remedy'—the sanctity of the conscience. 'The civil magistrate,' he said, 'should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul.' On this doctrine, he reasoned luminously, accepting every fair inference from it, and with great ingenuity repelling every objection. It brought him painfully into collision with his fellow-citizens, for he condemned the law for church-attendance as one violating natural rights, and tending to generate hypocrisy. What must have been more exasperating, he said that to select magistrates exclusively from members of the church, was no more reasonable than it would be to choose a doctor of physic or a pilot according to his skill in theology. 'The controversy,' says Mr Bancroft, 'finally turned on the rights and duties of magistrates to guard the minds of the people against corruption, and to punish what would seem to them error and heresy. Magistrates protested, are but the agents of the people, or its trustees, on whom no spiritual power, in matters of worship, can ever be conferred; since conscience belongs to the individual, and is not the property of the body politic; and, with admirable dialectics, clothing the great truth in its boldest and most general forms, he asserted that "the civil magistrate may not intermeddle even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy"—"that his power extends only to the bodies and goods, and outward estate of men." With corresponding distinctness, he foresaw the influence of his principles on society. "The removal of the yoke of soul-oppression, as it will prove an act of mercy and righteousness to the enslaved nations, so it is of binding force to engage the whole and every interest and conscience to preserve the common liberty and peace."

Lamentable to say, the settlers of Massachusetts could not put up with the novel doctrines of William; and he had to fly from his home at an inclement season, and seek shelter among the Indians. The man to whom the honour is due of being the first on earth to announce the great doctrine of soul-liberty, wandered in the wilderness without a guide, and often had no house but a hollow tree. At a more propitious season, he went with five companions to Narraganset Bay, and, making a small independent settlement, proved the founder of the state of Rhode Island. He took care, of course, to exclude the magistrates of this infant community from any concern in the affairs of the conscience. The character at first given to its institutions has never been obliterated. Mr Bancroft says: 'The annals of Rhode Island, if written in the spirit of philosophy, would exhibit the forms of society under a peculiar aspect: had the territory of the state corresponded to the importance and singularity of the principles of its early existence, the world would have been filled with wonder at the phenomena of its history.'

While we must deplore this failure of toleration in the magistrates of Massachusetts, it is gratifying to record, that many of the colonists, including the whole community of Salem, where Williams had acted as a pastor, were his friends throughout, and disapproved of his persecution. He himself, with mildness worthy of

his principles, never ceased to love the whole people of Massachusetts, and never uttered a word of revilement against even those who had been active in expelling him from the colony.

Offshoot settlements on the Connecticut and at New-haven were meanwhile attesting the vigorous vitality of Massachusetts. The king and Archbishop Laud heard with jealousy of the large community that was springing up in utter disregard of prelatic institutions, and but a slight acknowledgment of even the royal authority. They prepared to bring the colony into subjection, and had roused a strong feeling of resistance in the settlers, when, fortunately for them, the troubles in Scotland diverted the king's attention. He was never afterwards in circumstances to molest the Puritan colony, otherwise its progress might have been seriously retarded. The twenty years of non-interference from the home-government, which the New England states now enjoyed, were of vast service to them. 'The change which their industry had wrought in the wilderness was the admiration of their times. Plenty prevailed throughout the settlements. The wigwams and hovels in which the English had at first found shelter, were replaced by well-built houses. The number of emigrants who had arrived in New England before the assembling of the Long Parliament, are esteemed to have been 21,200. One hundred and ninety-eight ships had borne them across the Atlantic; and the whole cost of the plantations had been about a million of dollars—a great expenditure and a great emigration for that age. In little more than ten years, fifty towns and villages had been planted; between thirty and forty churches were built. . . . The natural exports of the country were furs and lumber; grain was carried to the West India; fish was also a staple.' It was signally seen of all these English transatlantic states, that they required nothing but that 'salutary neglect' of which Mr Bancroft speaks, in order to flourish. Home-government interference alone could check their naturally rapid and brilliant career.

The one dark spot in their history, is the denial of freedom of conscience. It seems to have been something not to be expected in nature, that these Puritan colonists should be the simple, earnest, faithful men they were, and at the same time distrustful of their title to check and punish dissent from their own views. While Cromwell was ruling in England, a few stray members of the sect of Quakers landed in Boston. As is well known, the Quakers of those days formed a most distressing problem to the Christian world; they were everywhere regarded with intense aversion. The New England magistrates contented themselves at first with returning them to England. Several persisted in staying in the colony, and preaching, having made up their minds to die if necessary for their doctrines. Most sad to say, the austere semi-clerical magistracy did bring several of these poor people to the gallows, notwithstanding that many of the citizens condemned the proceeding. One is almost disposed to be angry with the victims for bringing such a stain upon an otherwise fair scutcheon; but, on serious reflection, the guilt of the magistrates is great, and should on no account be extenuated. The fact is, there is a want of mildness in the whole demonstrations of these men. Apparently, the most stern and uncompromising natures were attracted within the Puritan fold. They denounced innocent trifles—such as wigs for men, and tiffany-scarfs for women—and made a rigid principle of many indifferent things. In setting themselves to maintain in all men a strict system of belief, they could not but become tyrannical. In seeking to realise in modern society the customs depicted in Scripture, they could not but be guilty of many solecisms. Where there is so much to remember in their favour, it is hoped that these things may be said of them without offense.

In those days, the Romanists were not much less

persecuted in England than the Puritans, and accordingly there was an inclination amongst them to emigrate, in like manner, to America, in order to enjoy unmolested their own mode of worship. A respectable statesman, named Sir George Calvert, who had been converted to the Romish Church, desired to be the leader of a flock of his fellow-religionists into the new Goshen; and this object he effected when, in 1634, he founded the state of Maryland. Under the title of Lord Baltimore, he obtained a grant of the property of that state, with a charter enabling him to frame laws for its government. The emigrants were accordingly his tenants; yet they were not the less invited to form a legislative body under their governor. Owing mainly to the humane and enlightened principles of the proprietor, Maryland became a not less flourishing colony than its predecessors. There was not even an attempt to make Catholicism predominant. All Christians alike were free to settle and live there, none being held as inferior to another. 'Calvert,' says Mr Bancroft, 'deserves to be ranked amongst the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first, in the history of the Christian world, to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power—to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience—to advance the career of civilisation by recognising the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary* adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state.' It is humiliating to add that, at a subsequent time, when the Church of England was planted in Maryland, the Catholic religion was as severely treated there as in England itself, or even in Ireland.

It is common in England, when the republican system of America is spoken of, to remark that it has had as yet but a short trial, scarcely two generations having lived under it. The idea on which this remark proceeds is a great mistake. The colonies of America have been republics in all important respects since their very commencement, which, as we have seen, was in some cases two hundred years ago, and even more. They were familiarised with self-government long before the time of so-called independence; and when that time came, the only real change consisted in dismissing some emissary or emissaries of the British government, who had all along been felt as an incumbrance and a source of trouble. Such a change had nothing of dangerous innovation in it. The traditions of the people were all in favour of simple representative government; and that kind of government was therefore the most likely to succeed. Their case was obviously a very different one from that of France, where we have seen attempts to ingratiate a republic upon a monarchy—both of them lamentable failures.

We do not intend to trace the establishment of the Carolinas, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, because they supply no new lesson on the philosophy of colonisation. It is sufficiently proved by the older communities, that for any colonies there is prosperity and happiness, precisely in the ratio in which they are left to develop their own resources, and manage their own affairs. The twenty years of the 'troubles' in England formed the halcyon period of American colonisation, simply because the mother-country had then little power of interfering with the young communities. After the Restoration, when governors and counsels from the mother-country were imposed on them, and their commerce was put under restrictions for the benefit of English merchants, the joyous vitality of the new country was at an end. Population did indeed continue to advance, and industry was sustained; but the

paralysing effect of the interference is abundantly manifest, and it is impossible to behold, without indignation, how selfishness and stupidity, combining for misgovernment, were allowed for upwards of a century to blight a scene which otherwise might have been a terrestrial paradise.

The great error regarding colonies has hitherto been, in considering them as only to be cherished for the sake of a direct or sordidly immediate profit to the mother-country. The governments of the Stuarts and early Guelfs cared nothing for these American plantations, but as good pasture-grounds for men of rank, to whose families they owed obligations. They never paused to consider whether it could be for the advantage of the colonists to have a reckless, sensual nobleman or gentleman placed in authority over them. Even the clergy sent out to the colonies were in great part such men as would not have been endured in the cure of souls at home. Can we wonder that these things wrung the nerves of the colonists, and inspired a hatred of British rule? The selfishness of the home-government was, however, chiefly shown in the commercial regulations imposed on the colonies. None but English ships could carry goods to their ports. No American products—such as sugar, tobacco, indigo, and cotton—which the English merchants cared to buy, could be sold to any country besides England. Neither could any but English ships carry foreign products to the colonies. The manufactures of New England were prevented from competing with those of the home-country in the other colonies. Finally, America was forbidden, not merely to manufacture those articles which might compete with the English in foreign markets, but even to supply herself, by her own industry, with those articles which her own position enabled her to manufacture with success for her own wants. Thus she had to take English goods of inferior value at high prices, and sell her own products at the inferior prices which the English merchant chose to give for them. It was considered as protection to England; but the English people at large suffered as well as the colonists, and the benefits were in reality confined to a few greedy merchants. In this iniquity, Mr Bancroft sees commerce, 'which should be the bond of peace,' converted into a source of rankling hostility. The grievance contained, in his language, 'a pledge of the ultimate independence of America,' for it greatly conduced to that indignant casting off of the British rule which took place between 1775 and 1782, with such results of merited humiliation to monarch, parliament, army, and people, all alike.

Our limits have enabled us only to give the merest sketch of the great lessons reflected from American colonial history. We must urge upon all intelligent minds in our own country, the duty (fortunately an agreeable one) of reading them more at large in Mr Bancroft's volumes.* The world is far from being yet so much improved, as to render the misgovernment and selfish commercial policy which England exemplified in that arena, a matter of merely historical curiosity. There are yet evils amongst us, the euthanasia of which might be hastened by the study of those which afflicted the Anglo-American people during the first century and a half of their history. The one supreme lesson is the value of the *laissez faire*, or Let-alone principle. It is clear beyond doubt, that this principle was the only one which thrived in America. Of themselves, the people, they could plant new homes, protect themselves from barbarous neighbours, create manufactures and commerce, and regulate all their internal affairs. The touch of the home-government blighted and paralysed whatever it lighted upon. Starting in perfect equality, the citizens never had the least difficulty with the

* *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By George Bancroft. 2 vols. A cheap edition of the work has been published by Routledge & Co., London.

* Americanism for proprietor.

democratic arrangements; on the contrary, everything else looked awkward and inapplicable. The people were not, in general, sufficiently enlightened to maintain perfect equality of religious professions, or avoid mutual vexations on account of diversity of faith; but it is indisputable, that their peace and serenity, and even the promotion of religion itself amongst them, were in proportion to their repressing all predominancy of one denomination over another, and allowing freedom of conscience. It seemed that the best thing the state could do for religion was—it were disrespectful to say, to ignore its existence, but it is only the truth to say—to leave it to the individual conscience, and the zeal of private bodies. Above all things, we receive from American history a confirmation of the truth, that God has so arranged the world as to make all selfishness suicidal, and only to give happiness where rectitude and mercy and mutual helpfulness have gone hand in hand together.

A STORY OF MAY-DAY.

How different is our world of England from what it was in the days of the eighth Harry! Look at a May-day now, and compare it with its predecessor of some 350 years ago.

In that good old time, it must be remembered, May-day was held, throughout all England, as a general holiday. Monster May-poles, sometimes kept standing from one year's end to another, were then set up, and adorned with green boughs and spring flowers; and around them, and under their shadow, all manner of country sports were pursued, mingled with song, dance, and revel—and, there is very little doubt, no small share of intemperance, to say nothing of licentiousness. The good citizens of London on that day made a practice of assembling in small companies, each, probably, comprising members of the same guild or corporation of traders, and, attended by their followers, made excursions into the neighbouring woods and meadows, where they passed the hours in the enjoyment of rustic sports and diversions. Even bluff King Harry himself did not disdain occasionally to join in these recreations; for, saith the *Chronicle* of Edward Hall, 'King Henry VIII., in the seventh year of his reign, on May day, in the morning, with Queen Catherine, his wife, accompanied by many lords and ladies, rode a-Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill; where, as they passed along, they saw a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods, and with bows and arrows, to the number of 200. One, being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who desired the king and all his company to stay and see his men shoot; which the king consented to; and then Robin Hood whistling, all the 200 archers shot off at once, and when he whistled again, they likewise shot again. Their arrows were so contrived in the heels of them, that they all whistled when shot off; so that the noise was strange and loud, and greatly delighted the king, queen, and company. Moreover, this Robin Hood desired the king and queen, with their retinue, to enter the greenwood, where, in arbours made with boughs, and decked with flowers, they were set and plentifully served with venison and wine, by Robin Hood and his men, to their great satisfaction.'

We all know that that was the age of monopoly and of protection in its rankest phase, when commerce was trammelled with every restriction that speculative ingenuity could devise, and that these restrictions were regarded by many, who ought to have known better, as the natural and legitimate defences of trade. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the prejudices of the governing powers, and the selfish spirit that fostered them, were largely shared by the populace—or that, while employers and capitalists eagerly bought up monopolies, and thus secured to themselves

the profits of certain branches of traffic, the handicraftsmen, in their turn, should imagine that they had an exclusive right to the exercise of their respective callings. This idea, in fact, survives—in London especially, and in some professions throughout the whole country—to the present day; and perhaps it might be found to have some secret connection with the system of tramping and tramp-relief so largely prevailing; but that is a question which we cannot pause here to consider.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, there arose by degrees a great jealousy and enmity among the smaller traders and artificers of London, against strangers, immigrants from the various kingdoms of the continent, who, by a long course of industry and economy, resulting in their natural consequences, respectability and competence, had rendered themselves obnoxious to a certain class of the English. These latter, reasoning according to the popular fashion of the times, saw, in the success of their rivals in trade, the cause of their own want of it; and hence, says our local historian, 'in the ninth year of the reign of King Henry VIII., a great heart-burning and malicious grudge grew among the Englishmen of the city of London against strangers; and namely [especially] the artificers found themselves much aggrieved, because such number of strangers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise, handicrafts, to the great hindrance and impoverishing of the king's liege people.' This grudge grew at length to such a pitch as to lead to a deplorable outbreak, the details of which afford curious insight into the customs, municipal and other, of the day. The riot, however, was very disastrous in its consequences, which were long deplored by the inhabitants, and caused the day upon which it occurred to be stigmatised as 'Evil May-day' in the calendar of many succeeding generations. The circumstances of the riot, and its consequences to all concerned, we shall abridge, as clearly as may be, from the narrative of the old chronicle.

The first step in the business appears to have been taken by one John Lincolne, a broker, who, on the 5th of April 1517, called upon Dr Standish, who was engaged to preach at the Spital on Monday in Easter week, and endeavoured to induce him to advocate the cause of the English workmen against the foreigners; beseeching him to declare their wrongs in his sermon, and assuring him that in so doing, he would 'deserve great thanks of my lord mayor and of all his brethren.' He further offered the doctor a document, containing a specification of the whole grievance, set forth at length. Dr Standish, however, too wise to risk his preferment in such a ticklish business, refused the document, and told Lincolne plainly that he had no intention to meddle with the matter in his sermon. Thereupon Lincolne applied to Dr Bell, or Beale, a canon of the said Spital, whom he found willing to listen to his representations; and who, taking his instructions from him, actually preached, on Easter Tuesday, an incendiary sermon, from the text: 'The heavens, even the heavens, are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men.' From this text, he argued that their land was given to Englishmen, and that they were bound to cherish themselves, and annoy aliens, for the good of the commonwealth. Further, he shewed from a text, that it was lawful to fight against strangers. By this sermon, the flame of discontent was fanned, and the general rancour against foreigners inflamed.

On the 28th of April, some young fellows got up a quarrel with the foreigners as they passed along the streets; the ringleaders in the fray were, however, taken into custody, and the lord mayor committed some of them to prison. Upon this, it began secretly to be rumoured abroad, though with whom the rumour commenced no one could tell, that there was to be a general slaughter of the foreigners on the coming May-

day. Many of the strangers fled the city in alarm; and, the rumour coming to the knowledge of the king's council, the lord cardinal sent for the mayor and other members of the city-council, and made them acquainted with the report. The mayor, who apprehended no danger, assured the cardinal that the peace of the city should be preserved, and took his leave; but not without an admonition from the cardinal, to take effective measures against any riotous attempt.

The mayor quitted the house of the cardinal about four o'clock in the afternoon, on May-day eve. He immediately called a meeting of his brethren in the Guildhall, but it was near seven before the assembly was set. The council were divided in opinion as to what it was incumbent upon them to do. One party were for setting a strong watch, sufficient to withstand any attempt to break the peace; while another were of opinion, that every man should be commanded to shut up his doors, and to keep his servants within. These several propositions were submitted before eight o'clock to the cardinal, who decided upon adopting the latter—sending back the recorder and Sir Thomas More to declare his pleasure to the mayor and corporation. It was now half-past eight, and immediately each alderman despatched an order to his ward, to the effect that no man, after nine o'clock, should stir out of his house, but keep his doors shut, and his servants within, until nine o'clock in the morning. After this command had been given, but before it could have been generally known, one of the aldermen, returning from his ward, found two youths in Cheap playing at bucklers amid a group of on-lookers. The alderman ordered them to desist, and because one of them asked the reason, took him into custody. Immediately, the 'prentices—ancestors, as the reader will note, of Jim Vin, and his compeers of the time of James I.—taking the part of their comrade, rescued him from the alderman, and with one voice raised the well-known cry of—'Prentices, 'prentices! Clubs, clubs!' In an instant, clubs and other weapons were seen sallying forth from every door, and the alderman found the wisest course was to take to his heels. The cry, once raised, was not readily silenced. From every quarter, the 'prentices, with their allies the watermen, footmen, and others, came pouring into Cheapside, so that by eleven o'clock some 600 or 700 were assembled. From St Paul's Churchyard came 300 more; and being at length increased to an irrepressible host, they broke into the Compter and Newgate prisons, and liberated those whom the mayor had committed for assaulting the strangers. In vain the mayor hurried to the spot, and made proclamation in the king's name: the mob had their own way. At St Martin's Gate, the rioters were met by Sir Thomas More, who advised them to return to their homes, and had almost persuaded them to do so, when one of his attendants, being wounded by a stone or stick flung from within the gate, shouted: 'Down with them!' whereat the crowd, refusing further parley, commenced the work of destruction, and, to use the words of our historian, 'spoiled all they could.' Thence they ran into Cornhill, and on to a house east of Leadenhall, where dwelt one Mewlas, a Picard, whose house they plundered, 'and if they had found Mewlas himself, they would have struck off his head.' The plunder once commenced, continued through the whole night, the unfortunate foreigners being the victims, their houses being mercilessly gutted in all quarters. About three in the morning, as the dawn began to break, the rioters skulked homewards; but now they were intercepted in various thoroughfares by the mayor, with the bands of the city-watch, and, to the number of above 800, marched off to Newgate, the Compter, and the Tower.

The cardinal, being made aware of what was going on, sent news of the events of the night to the king, who was then at Richmond. While the plunder was going forward, the lieutenant of the Tower had dis-

charged his cannon against the city—~~with what intent it is difficult to guess, but fortunately did no great mischief.~~ About five in the morning, soldiers were marched into the city, under the Earls of Shrewsbury and others; and the Inns of Court also mustered their forces, to assist in keeping the peace; but the affair was all over before they came. In the course of the day, a number of the prisoners were had up for examination; and the sermon of Dr Bell being called to remembrance, that worthy was sent to the Tower. On the 24 of May, many of the offenders were indicted at Guildhall, and having pleaded not guilty, were remanded. A commission of oyer and terminer having been directed to the Duke of Norfolk, and other lords, for the punishment of the insurrection, that nobleman, on the 4th of the month, entered the city with 1300 men, and, with the lord mayor, the Earl of Surrey, and others, sat in judgment at the Guildhall. The prisoners, to the number of 278, a good portion of them boys, were brought, bound together with ropes, through the streets. That day, Lincolne, the busy broker, and others, were indicted; and on the day following, thirteen were adjudged to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Ten pair of gallowses were set up, mounted on wheels, so that they might be drawn from street to street, and from door to door. They appear to have been left standing in the public ways for some weeks, as a warning to evildoers, and as a mark of disgrace to the city, suffering under the displeasure of the king. On the 7th of May, several other rioters were found guilty, and received sentence. Within a short time after, they were drawn upon hurdles to the Standard in Cheapside, where the agitating broker was first hanged; but as the rest were about to be turned off, a reprieve came from the king, and the execution was stayed, the people shouting: 'God save the king!' and the prisoners returning to prison.

The armed men, who, since the riot, had kept watch in the city, were now withdrawn; and the citizens began to hope that the king's wrath was relenting. On the 11th of the month, his majesty being at Greenwich, the mayor, recorder, and aldermen, having donned mourning-gowns, went to wait for him at the privy-chamber door. When the monarch came forth, they all plumped down on their knees; and the recorder, as spokesman for the whole, humbly besought his grace and mercy for their negligence, and his compassion for the offenders. His majesty, who did not choose to be in a compassionate mood, rather rudely repulsed their petition; and accusing them of winking at the insurrection, denied his favour both to them and the criminals, and referred them to the lord-chancellor for the declaration of his pleasure.

We must close the narrative in the words of the historian, which hardly admit of curtailment, and afford a remarkable picture of the judicial customs of the day. 'At this speech of the king's,' says he, 'the citizens departed very sorrowful; but having notice that the king intended to be at his palace of Westminster on the 22d of May, they resolved to repair thither, which they did accordingly, though not without the appointment of Cardinal Wolsey, who was then lord-chancellor; when, as a cloth of estate being placed at the upper end of Westminster Hall, the king took his place, and after him the cardinal, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earls of Wiltshire, Surrey, Shrewsbury, and Essex, with several others; the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen, together with many of the commons, attending in their liveries; when, about nine o'clock, order was given for the bringing forth the prisoners, which was accordingly done; so that in they came in their shirts, bound together with ropes, and halters about their necks, to the number of 400 men and eleven women, one after another; which sight so moved several of the nobility, that they became earnest intercessors to the king for their pardon.'

When silence was made, and they were all come into the king's presence, the cardinal sharply rebuked the mayor, aldermen, and commonalty for their negligence; and then addressing his speech to the prisoners, he told them, that for their offences against the laws of the realm, and against his majesty's crown and dignity, they had deserved death; whereupon they all set up a piteous cry, saying: "Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!" which so moved the king, that, at the earnest entreaty of the lords, he pronounced them pardoned; upon which, giving a great shout, they threw up their halters towards the roof of the hall, crying: "God save the king!" When this news was bruited abroad, several that had been in the insurrection, and had escaped, came in upon their own accords, with ropes about their necks, and received the benefit of the king's pardon; after which the cardinal gave them several good exhortations tending to loyalty and obedience; and so dismissed them, to their no small joy; and within awhile after, the gallowses that were set in the several parts of the city, were taken down, which so far pleased the citizens, that they expressed infinite thanks to the king for his clemency.

'This company was called the *Black Wagon*; and the day whereon this riot and insurrection happened bears the name of *Evil May-day*, to these our present times. And thus have you heard how the citizens escaped the king's displeasure, and were again received into favour; though, as it is thought, not without paying a considerable sum of money to the cardinal to stand their friend, for at that time he was in such power that he did all with the king.

'These great Mayings and May-games, with the triumphant setting up the great shaft—a principal May-pole in Leadenhall Street, before the parish church of St Andrew, thence called Undershaft—were not so commonly used after this insurrection on May-day 1517 as before.'

The above narrative exhibits some noteworthy peculiarities in the social condition of our forefathers; and it is one of the simple records, of which there are not too many remaining to us, which serve to throw some light on the history of the common people. We cannot escape the perception, that in those days they were treated very much like children under the rule of but half-enlightened, indulgent, and, at the same time, despotic parents, who often find it impossible to curb their offspring when the restraints of discipline are once broken through. The corporation do not cut a very creditable figure in the story. Their want of judgment in preventing the outbreak, and of vigour in suppressing it, agrees well with their self-humiliation before the king, and their bribing the venal Wolsey to take their part—of the fact of which bribery it is hardly possible to entertain a doubt. Neither did the cardinal shew much wisdom in recommending the least effectual of the measures proposed to keep the peace. Had a strong watch been set in conjunction with the issuing of the order for keeping within doors, the first fray with the alderman would hardly have arisen, and all the miserable consequences had been avoided.

The summary administration of justice adopted by the special commission, savours too much of despotism for modern notions. The portentous and terrifying display of locomotive gallowses—the dragging of prisoners tied together with ropes through the streets—the mourning-gowns and debasing prostration of the city authorities before the king—the spectacle of 400 prisoners in white shirts, and with halters round their necks, in Westminster Hall; and the indiscriminate amnesty of the monarch—all are evidences of a very primitive constitution of government, half paternal, half despotic, which it is interesting to contemplate. It is easy to see, too, that at this period of his reign, Harry was a highly-popular sovereign, and a great favourite with the lower orders. It was not until nine or ten years

after these events, when he had grown fat, dissolute, and luxurious, that he commenced his wretched campaigns. His fondness for the sports of the people is shewn by his patronage and presence at their May-games; and his feeling in their favour is sufficiently manifest from his pardoning the whole mob of rioters after the execution of the prime mover in the business; while he revenged the insurrection upon the corporation, by leaving them to the tender mercies of his lord-chancellor, the wily Wolsey. Whether his majesty himself got a share of the considerable sum of money paid to the cardinal, this deponent saith not.

CO-OPERATIVE TRADING.

In the course of last year, at the instance of Mr Slaney, an act of parliament was passed, with a view to regulate and give legal sanction to schemes of co-operative trading among the working-classes. This was a remarkable recognition of the supposed benefits to be derived from artisans clubbing their means in order to supply themselves with articles at a moderate rate.

Previous to the passing of the act, the co-operative principle of making purchases received the consideration of a committee of the House of Commons; and one of the witnesses on this occasion, Mr J. S. Mill, stated as his opinion, that 'there is no way in which the working-classes can make so beneficial a use of their savings, both to themselves and to society, as by the formation of associations to carry on the business with which they are acquainted, and in which they are themselves engaged as work-people; provided always, that experience should shew that these associations can keep together. If the experiment should succeed, I think there is much more advantage to be gained to the working-classes by this than by any other mode of investing their savings.' That schemes of the kind proposed might serve at least a good purpose, may be gathered from the recent work, *Money and Morals*, by Mr Lalor, who makes the following shrewd observations:—'The workman does not understand the position of the capitalist. The remedy is, to put him in the way of learning it by practical experience. A simplification of the law of partnership could not fail to have this effect; for the disposition of the working-classes to invest their own savings in joint-stock industrial enterprises, is manifesting itself with increased strength from day to day. In many departments of industry, of course, their small capitals would be of no use; and in many, the vigilant despotism of a single owner or absolute manager is indispensable to success; but what is wanted is, that men shall be free, and shall find legal facilities for making every experiment which shall seem to themselves to promise profit. They are anxious to do this. They ought to have leave to do it. They will no doubt be often deceived; they will make mistakes, and will suffer losses. With the ignorance, the rashness, and the gullibility which is found in men, there cannot but be victims. But what great good can be bought without a price? . . . Working-men, once enabled to act together as the owners of a joint capital, will soon find their whole view of the relations between capital and labour undergo a radical alteration. They will learn what anxiety and toil it costs even to hold a small concern together in tolerable order; what amazing difficulties there are in the way of organising, by voluntary consent, that industrial discipline which capital now enforces; and what losses, what cruel disappointments in markets, what trembling uncertainties, may carry off the mind of the owner of capital in painful abstraction, when the children are on the knee at the fireside, or may whiten the hair on a sleepless pillow. Operatives who go through this experience will find not only their thoughts, but their sympathies enlarged: they will grow both in wisdom and in charity.'

This subduing or sobering of prevailing opinions

having been once brought about by actual experience, Mr Lalor joins with most other thoughtful men at the present day in thinking that the middle and operative classes would derive great material and social good by the exercise of the joint-stock principle. They may club their means simply to buy at wholesale prices from large dealers; or to supply a common store, each one from his own trade; or to manufacture articles to sell again, keeping a warehouse common to all; or to buy in common the raw materials only, and leave each member to manufacture for himself, or at his own pleasure; or to buy houses already built; or to buy bits of freehold land and build houses thereon—the ways of proceeding are numerous: but the argument is, that if men of small means were permitted thus to invest their savings, they would soon find out which is the best and which the worst mode of proceeding. Mr Lalor, after alluding to the co-operative stores at Rochdale and Leeds, says: 'The shareholders sought to obtain two things—*first*, to secure articles perfectly free from adulteration; and, *secondly*, to obtain them as nearly as possible at wholesale prices. Their belief is, that in both ways they have succeeded. To me, it would seem that the gain in either way can be at best but slight, if the joint-stock plan be compared with that of obtaining the articles from an equally large store of a private capitalist; and whatever the gain may be, of course it involves the risk of mismanagement, and of loss to the capital invested. But if the parties concerned believe that there is a gain, and that the gain is worth the risk; and if they go on steadily with this scheme of co-operative distribution, acquiring from day to day new powers of industrial combination, learning to look at many questions from a point of view at which they never stood before, and constantly growing in habits of mutual trust; then the worth of the whole process, considered merely as one of practical education, is incalculable.'

Mr Lalor's meaning, in comparing two modes of making joint-stock purchases, can doubtless receive illustration from the experience of many persons. We know a Coal-club, for instance, respectably founded and supported, in the vicinity of London, by nearly two hundred members, who pay a small weekly sum each towards a common fund; this fund is applied to the purchase of a ship-load of coals at a time, and the coals are distributed to the members at such a price as will just pay all the expenses of the transaction. Nothing could seem more favourable than this; yet the society, after many such purchases, have found it cheaper in the end to contract with a coal-merchant whose operations are conducted on a large scale. The truth is, in making their purchases, the managers or committee, or other officers, were dabbling with what they did not understand; they had no sharp-sighted control over the purchases in the Tyne; they were not quite certain whether the captain cheated them in bringing the coals up to London; they were hampered by the heavy coal-duties levied in the Thames, and by the peculiar monopoly of the coal-whippers in the port of London. The result was, that when these petty troubles were surmounted, the coals were found to have cost much more than a coal-merchant, experienced in all the details of his trade, would have given for them; and they received an offer which set all doubt on that matter at rest. Still, this does not endanger the safety of the co-operative principle: the members obtain their coals cheaply, simply because they purchase by contract on a large scale with ready money: they purchase from a middleman or merchant, it is true, but the purchase must, nevertheless, be regarded as wholesale in its character.

Now for the act of parliament itself. It was on June 30, 1852, that this measure became law. In the preamble of the act, reference is made to the Friendly Societies' Act of 1850, which, among other things,

sanctioned the making of 'frugal investments of the savings of the members, for better enabling them to purchase food, firing, clothes, or other necessities, or the tools or implements of their trade or calling.' The shares in all such societies were, however, declared to be not transferable; a member could not sell his membership or interest, or transfer his responsibility, to another. The preamble then proceeds to declare, that various associations of working-men have been formed for carrying out the above-named objects, 'by exercising in common their respective trades or handicrafts;' and that it is expedient to afford encouragement to such associations by the provisions of the present statute.

The first clause, then, declares, that societies of working-men may be established for attaining the objects of Friendly Societies' Acts, by means of joint trade. A joint-stock fund may be formed by the voluntary subscription of members; and this fund may be applied in aiding them to carry on jointly any labour, trade, or handicraft, except the business of banking, and that of mining in foreign countries. This privilege is to apply, not merely to new societies, but to all existing friendly societies which choose to conform to the provisions of the present statute.

It will be seen from the terms of the next clause, that the powers given to the societies are really very varied. The society may pay any of its members for work or service rendered to the society. It may employ persons not members of the society, provided it pays them the same salaries, wages, or prices, as if they were members—a provision against monopoly and favouritism. The society may accept loans of money, to aid in carrying on the objects for which it was established; these loans may be accepted either from members or non-members; but two conditions are attached to their acceptance—there must not be a higher interest paid *for* the loans than six per cent.; and the total amount of such loans at any one time, must not exceed four times the amount of paid-up subscriptions from the members. These members' subscriptions are entitled to interest not exceeding five per cent. per annum, provided no interest is paid out of capital; that is, the members are not to give themselves interest or dividend, except out of the net profits accruing from the operations carried on. All the contracts entered into are binding on all the members of the society. Members may withdraw from the society at any time, on due notice, subject to a fair adjustment, in respect to the obligations of the society at the time.

Supposing, subject to the above and other conditions, that the society has traded or manufactured, and has made a money-return, this money is to be applied to the following purposes, so far as it goes:—namely, to pay for work done or services rendered; to pay interest on loans from non-members; to pay interest or dividend on subscriptions from members; to repay loans made to the society; to increase the capital or business of the society; to aid any of the provident purposes for which friendly societies are usually established; and to a division or return to the members of any profit which the society may have made, by selling articles or goods to those members. It will thus be seen, that a considerable latitude is given to the society, both in the modes of obtaining money, and in the disposal of it when obtained. There are certain arrangements whereby the state of the society's accounts may be known to the Registrar of friendly societies, and sanctioned by it; but there is evidently breathed into the act, a desire to leave the societies unshackled by mere technicalities and legal complexities.

The old proviso is still continued: that the interest of any member shall not be transferable; but he is to receive back, on withdrawal, any profit which may be due to him. The society will neither have a specified number of shares, nor a specified sum paid up on every share; it is a matter of agreement between the society

on the one hand, and any individual member on the other, how much capital he shall throw into the concern. Provision is made for the contingencies of death or bankruptcy on the part of a member. Any disputes between the members and the officers are to be settled by arbitration; and if the arbitrator's decision be disputed, the county courts are made tribunals of appeal for all small sums.

As the object of these societies is different from that of ordinary friendly societies, they are not required to invest their funds in any particular way, nor are they permitted to invest them with the National Debt Commissioners.

In order that the operations of these societies may be confined within the limits likely to be serviceable to working-men, no member may throw into the society a larger capital than £100; nor be entitled, from the society, to any annuity or allowance exceeding £30 per annum.

Such are the chief provisions of a statute which is worthy of attention, so far as it offers facilities for men to apply provident theories in a practical form, let the theories themselves be more or less sound. The only doubt that can be thrown on the subject, is as regards the *will* to take advantage of the act. In plain language, now that the law has cleared the ground, will the working-classes co-operate in the way that Mr Slaney in his benevolence anticipated? From anything we have heard, the act is little known or applied. The truth is, the law as it stands is a very defective piece of legislation, so far as great results can be looked for. What is wanted, and what ought to have been granted long ago, is a law of limited partnership of *universal* application. Again and again have we urged the adoption of such a law, as calculated, beyond all legislative indulgences, to promote the elevation of the manual labouring-classes; for it would enable capitalists to let them have money on safe terms, and would set afloat, in useful investment, a vast number of small sums of money now squandered and lost. Surely, the time cannot be distant when partnerships, with limited responsibility, will be legalised and brought into effective operation.

TOILET-TALK.

THERE are certain moralists in the world, who labour under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy, or being old, fantastic, or slovenly, her mental qualifications, and a chance of being passed over with indifference or disgust.

We can hardly overestimate the effect of pure and delicate costume on the ruder sex. A family of brothers and sisters, with, it may be, a cousin, or a visitor here and there, assemble round the early meal. The ladies have complexions fresh from plentiful morning ablutions, hair carefully parted and braided, or floating in silky curls; the plain well-fitting dark dress of winter, or the still more attractive small-patterned floating muslin of a warmer season. The delicately embroidered collar and cuffs; the suspicion of black velvet, that, encircling the throat, just suggests its shape, and breaks the line. Some hand of taste has been at work on other matters, as well as self-adornment: taste is seldom a solitary gift, evidenced in one department only. Look at those sweet violets on the table, low-lying among moss; or those primroses, almost hidden in their

own leaves, not mixed up and dressed with gaudier flowers. The father of that family carries to his dusty counting-house, his toilsome or anxious daily business, a sense of happiness and refinement—not one of those scents is lost. Cheerfully will he labour, that his home may be preserved inviolate, that not one of those bright precious heads may ever know change or privation. And those young men—will they ever dare approach such a sanctuary with fumes of tobacco or beer? Will they not turn with disgust from persons and places less pure and pleasant than those of their own home?

To a much greater extent than we are at all aware, is dress indicative of character. Will Honeycomb say, he can tell the humour of a woman by the colour of her hood. And not only do we read

The cut, the whip, the masculine attire

aright, but all the finer gradations of propriety and elegance. Fortunately, an attractive exterior is not dependent on wealth, an adequate consideration of place and circumstances being one of the great secrets of dressing well. The portly dame, who waddles along the street stiff with satin, crowned with feathers, glaring with ermine; and the strong-minded individual, who pays her morning-calls in clumping shoes, dusty bonnet, and dismal gown, depositing her cotton umbrella in the hall, are both out of place. The former should be hidden in a carriage; the latter, walking in the country, paying for her last week's butter and eggs. And yet there are circumstances in which wealth stands beside the toilet, with ameliorating grace. The diffident lady, who feels that she has no taste or experience herself, but who can enter the sanctum of a real artiste, and say: 'Behold me!—my eyes, hair, stature, position; dress me!' will probably, in the end, have a relieved mind as well as pocket. Among the lesser afflictions of life, there is none greater than when a gentlewoman of narrow means, in some moment of infatuation or of unwarrantable desertion by her guardian angel, has possessed herself of a decidedly objectionable article—a suspicious shawl, or an incongruous dress—and yet feels with shame and sorrow that it must be conscientiously worn out. In this case, also, money would indeed be a relief. There are certain fundamental rules, however, that, if constantly borne in mind, will go far to prevent evil. No woman can dress well who does not consider her own station, her own points, and her own age. Her first study should be the becoming; her second, the good; her third, the fashionable: in uniting in one happy union these great principles, consists the real art of pleasing the eye, and through the eye, impressing the judgment and the feelings.

We live in an age that has attained to much fixed principle on the subject of dress, though part of its charm must ever consist in change and variety. The Empress of the French has lately decided in favour of waists in their natural place. Our own Queen, God bless her! has always, for reasons best known to herself, been a tower of strength in the matter of long petticoats. Indeed for this reason there never could have been any real danger that the Bloomer costume should obtain favour in our land. For the acknowledged evil of trailing garments, there are other remedies than an approach to masculine attire—abhorred of gods and men. The proposition of American taste was extreme; sensible women may shorten their walking-dresses, and sensible ladies display elegance in adjusting their falling drapery, but in the evening the example of

Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground, will still be followed; and the last of our poets will long have to rejoice that the terminals of his mistress are

Little feet lost in her garments' fall.*

* Arnold.

Later, the most feminine of all adornments, is now duly used and appreciated. The straw-bonnet, exercising a deep mysterious spell over wearer and spectator, full of happy childish memories—of picnics without a cloud—of communings under moonlit trees—within every one's reach—modest, truly English—is now more in vogue than ever.

But perhaps the greatest triumph of good sense we have lived to witness, consists in allowing women of a certain age—such, alas! there will ever be—to wear their own hair. The preposterous habit of fixing glossy bands and tresses round waning cheeks, and eyes whose lustre has departed—the whole intended by nature to fade together into a not unpleasing autumn hue—is now abandoned; and if the individual has a due horror of flowers and brilliant colours, in juxtaposition with the face, it is her own fault if some attraction, even more valuable than that of youth, does not linger with her still.

Every season produces something trying or ungraceful: no short or *embonpoint* figure should rejoice in patterns that run round the skirt of a dress, now so universally worn; and war to the death ought to be proclaimed against uncovered wrists, and arms in perspective while in walking costume.

No material seems so consonant to the genius and climate of England as that of silk. A silk dress, if pure and fresh, is becoming to all ages, and nearly all seasons. Textures of woven air are very nice, at least the old poets thought so. But our island bards understand the matter better, and rightly consider the gift of a silk gown irresistible.

Madam, I will give you a fine silken gown,
Ten yards and ten yards, and hanging on the ground,
If you'll be my true lover.

The canny Scot bribes still higher—

An' ye sall walk in silk attire.

It was to be the common everyday costume of his lady-love. One is lost in wonder, that any feminine heart could turn from the munificence of the proposal.

I'll send you a braw new gown, lassie; I'll send you a braw new gown, Jeanie;
And it shall be o' silk and gowd, wi' valenciennes set round, lassie.

It was so much better worth having than the story-telling laird, that the only feeling left on the mind by the ballad is—there is no accounting for tastes.

ADVENTURES WITH THE GIANTS.

A story of captivity among savages, full of hairbreadth escapes and strange adventures, is something unexpected at the present day; and when one finds that the narrator is a bold mariner, who affirms that he lived three months among giants, one naturally begins to think of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, and to be reasonably suspicious. There are really, however, no good grounds for supposing that Mr Bourne's story, which comes to us in a book recently published in America, is unworthy of credit; and the information it affords concerning a country and a people very little known, is certainly curious, and may prove useful to future explorers.

Mr Bourne was mate of the American schooner *John Allyne*, which left the port of New Bedford on the 13th of February 1849, with a number of passengers, bound for California. They had a prosperous voyage till they reached the Strait of Magellan. They were in want of fresh provisions; and at the captain's desire, Mr Bourne, with three men, went ashore in a small boat to see if he could procure some. He did not go very willingly, as he knew that the natives bore an extremely bad reputation among seamen for treachery and cruelty. When the boat drew near the shore, a

crowd of huge, black-looking barbarians came down to the beach, and greeted them in broken Spanish. The natives pretended to be friendly; and urged them on land, promising them plenty of eggs, fowls, and ~~other~~ in barter. But no sooner had the boat touched the shore, than the savages crowded into it; and Mr Bourne found himself and his men prisoners. They were not at first ill-treated, however; and after a while, the three sailors were allowed to return to the ship, to bring the ransom demanded for Mr Bourne's release, consisting of tobacco, rum, bread, flour, brass, and beads—a rather odd assortment. The articles were brought immediately, and, at the request of the natives, placed on the beach; but when the faithless Patagonians had got possession of the ransom, they demanded more, and refused to let their prisoner go. The boats pulled back to the schooner, and were to return the next day; but a violent gale drove the vessel from her anchorage, and nothing more was seen of her from the shore. In this way, the unfortunate mate was left in the hands of the natives—a captive almost as helpless as Captain Gulliver among the giants of Brobdingnag.

He fared, however, very differently from the hero of Swift's famous story. One of the most unaccountable facts in the natural history of mankind, is the circumstance, that the hugest race of men should be found in such a country as Patagonia, which is little better than a treeless desert, with few rivers or fountains, and hardly any plants fit for food. The advocates of a vegetable diet may be somewhat puzzled, when they learn that these colossal Patagonians subsist entirely on the flesh of wild animals, and of horses. On the other hand, it will be a satisfaction to the vegetarians to find that these overgrown flesh-eaters are among the most stupid, degraded, and repulsive of barbarians. Take, as an evidence of this, the description of them given by Mr Bourne. 'In person,' he says, 'they are large; at first sight, they appear absolutely gigantic. They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only standard of measurement I had was my own height, which is about five feet ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them; and all the men were at least a head taller than myself. Their average height, I should think, is nearly six and a half feet; and there were specimens that could be little less than seven feet high. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, frames muscular and finely proportioned; the whole figure and air making an impression like that which the first view of the sons of Anak is said to have made on the children of Israel. They exhibit enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness, and exert it. They have large heads, high cheek-bones like the North-American Indians, whom they also resemble in their complexion, though it is a shade or two darker. Their foreheads are broad, but low, the hair covering them nearly to the eyes. The eyes are full, generally black, or of a dark-brown, and brilliant, though expressive of but little intelligence. Thick, coarse, and stiff hair, protects the head, its abundance making any artificial covering superfluous. Their teeth are really beautiful, sound and white—about the only attractive and enviable feature of their persons. They have deep, heavy voices, and speak in guttural tones—the worst guttural I ever heard—with a muttering, indistinct articulation, much as if their mouths were filled with hot padding. Their countenances are generally stupid; but on closer inspection, there is a gleam of low cunning that flashes through this dull mask, and is increasingly discernible on acquaintance with them. When excited, or engaged in any earnest business that calls their faculties into full exercise, their features light up with unexpected intelligence and animation. They are almost as imitative as monkeys, and are all great liars: falsehood is

immoderate and inveterate with men, women, and children. To these traits should be added a thorough-paced treachery, and, what might seem rather inconsistent with their other qualities, a large share of vanity, and an immoderate love of praise. They are excessively filthy in their personal habits. They never wash themselves; hands and faces are usually covered with a thick deposit of dirt. The men sometimes paint or bedaub their faces with a kind of red earth. Charcoal is also used as a cosmetic. A broad line of red, alternating with a stripe of black, in various fantastic figures, is a favourite style of decoration. The women make themselves, if possible, still more hideous than the men, by the application of a pigment made of clay, blood, and grease. Some of them would be very comely, if only cleanly, and content to leave nature less strenuously adorned. The moral character of the people corresponds with their appearance and habits, and is about as bad in every respect as it can possibly be. There are even strong grounds—including the confessions of some of them—for believing that they are addicted to cannibalism, and that they sometimes kill and devour, not only strangers, but members of their own tribe.

These savage giants live a roving, Arab-like life, wandering continually from the neighbourhood of one fountain or stream to that of another. They are good riders, and have many horses, most of which have been stolen from the Spanish settlements near the northern border of their territory. The highest accomplishment of a young Patagonian, is to be an expert horse-thief. Their habitations are small and movable, consisting merely of a framework of stakes, covered with skins of the guanaco. This creature is a quadruped allied to the Peruvian llama. Its flesh is their chief article of food; and its skin is used for clothing, and various other purposes. The only weapons of the natives are their long knives, and the bolas, or balls. This is the name given to the curious implement with which they capture their game. It consists of two round stones, or leaden balls, when these can be procured, weighing each about a pound, and connected by a strap or thong of leather, ten or twelve feet long. When engaged in the chase, his horse at the highest speed, the rider holds one ball in his hand, and whurls the other rapidly above his head. When it has acquired a sufficient momentum, it is hurled with unerring aim at the object of pursuit, and either strikes the victim dead, or wounds mortally about him, and roots him to the spot—a helpless mark for the hunter's knife.

Such were the people among whom the unfortunate seaman was doomed to pass rather more than three months, in great discomfort and anxiety. On three or four occasions, his life was in serious danger from some of the more ferocious members of the tribe. He owed his escape mainly to their cupidity and their love of strong liquor, of which, as well as of rice, tobacco, flour, sugar, and other favourite articles of food, he promised them immense quantities, on condition that they would bring him to a settlement of white men. The old chief, by name Parosilver, with whom he lived, also stood his friend in some critical emergencies. Fortunately for Mr Bourne, the chief was rather less blood-thirsty than most of his followers, though otherwise of a sufficiently ogreish disposition. The following account of a wooing and wedding, graphically narrated by Mr Bourne, will give an idea of the domestic life of a Patagonian giant:—

‘One evening the chief, his four wives, two daughters, an infant grand-daughter, and myself, were scattered about the lodge, enveloped in a smoke of unusual strength and density. While the others sat around as unconcerned as so many pieces of bacon, I lay flat, with my face close to the ground, and my head covered with a piece of guanaco-skin, the only position in which it was possible to gain any relief from the stifling

fumigation. While in this attitude, I thought I heard the tramp of many feet without, and a confused murmuring, as if a multitude of Indians were talking together. Presently, a hoarse voice sounded in front, evidently aimed at the ears of some one within, to which the chief promptly replied. I caught a few words, enough to satisfy me that I was not the subject of their colloquy, but that there was a lady in the case. The conversation grew animated, and the equanimity of his high mightiness the chief was somewhat disturbed. I cast a penetrating glance into the smoke at the female members of our household, to discern, if possible, whether any one of them was specially interested. One look was sufficient. The chief's daughter—who, by the way, was a widow, with one hopeful scion springing up by her side—sat listening to the conversation with anxiety and apprehension visible in every feature. Her mother sat near her, her chin resting upon her hand, with an anxious and thoughtful expression of countenance. The invisible speaker without, it soon appeared, was an unsuccessful suitor of the daughter, and had come with his friends to press his claim. He urged his suit, if not with classic, with earnest eloquence, but with success ill proportioned to his efforts. The chief told him he was a poor, good-for-nothing fellow, had no horses, and was unfit to be his son-in-law, or any one else's. The outsider was not to be so easily put off; he pressed his suit with fresh energy, affirming that his deficiency of horses was from want of opportunity, not from lack of will or ability to appropriate the first that came within his reach. On the contrary, he claimed to be as ingenious and accomplished a thief as ever swung a lasso or run off with a horse; and a mighty hunter besides, whose wife would never suffer for want of grouse. The inexorable chief hereat got considerably excited, and told him he was a poor creature, and might be off with himself: he wouldn't talk any more about it. The suppliant, as a last resource, appealed to the fair one herself, begging her to smile on his suit, and assuring her, with marked emphasis, that if successful in his aspirations, he would give her *plenty of grease*.

At this last argument, she was unable to resist any longer, and entreated her father to sanction their union. But the hard-hearted parent, not at all mollified by this appeal from his decision to an inferior tribunal, broke out in a towering passion, and poured forth a torrent of abuse. The mother here interposed, and besought him not to be angry with the young folks, but to deal more gently and considerately with them. She even hinted that he might have done injustice to the young man. He might turn out a smarter man than he had credit for. He might—who knows?—make a fine thief yet, possess plenty of horses, and prove a highly eligible match for their daughter. The old fellow had been (for him) quite moderate; but this was too much. His rage completely mastered him. He rose up, seized the child's cradle, and hurled it violently out of doors; and the other chattels appertaining to his daughter went after it in rapid succession. He then ordered her to follow her goods *instantly*, with which benediction she departed, responding with a smile of satisfaction. Leaving the lodge, she gathered up her scattered effects, and, accompanied by her mother, the bridal-party disappeared. The chief sat on his horse-skin couch, his legs crossed partly under him, looking sour enough. Presently the bride and her mother returned, and now began the second scene. The chief no sooner recognised them than a sound—something between a grunt and a growl, but much nearer the latter than the former—gave warning of a fresh eruption. The rumbling grew more emphatic; and suddenly his fury burst on the head of his wife. Seizing her by the hair, he hurled her violently to the ground, and, at her with his clenched fists till I thought he would break every bone in her body, and

reduce her substance to a jelly. The drubbing ended, she rose, and muttered something he did not like. He replied by a violent blow on the side of her head, that sent her staggering to the further end of the hut. This last argument was decisive; and she kept her huge mouth closed for the night. There was a silent pause for some minutes; and without another word, we ranged ourselves for repose. I thought the old heathen's conscience troubled him through the night; his sleep was broken, and he appeared very restless. Early the next morning he went to the lodge of the newly-married pair, and had a long chat with them. They thought him rather severe upon them at first; but after a good deal of diplomacy, a better understanding was brought about. The young people could hardly get over a sense of the indignities they had received; but in the course of the day they returned, bag and baggage, to the old chief's tent, and made it their permanent abode.

These strange people did not appear to have any form of worship, or even any idea of a Supreme Being. Possibly, however, a better acquaintance with their language would shew that they were not so entirely destitute of religious feeling as they seemed to the captive stranger. The only ceremony which appeared to have anything of a superstitious aspect, was a singular one sometimes practised in smoking. A group of a dozen or more assemble, sometimes in a wigwam, sometimes in the open air. A vessel made of a piece of hardened hide, or sometimes an ox-horn, filled with water, is set on the ground. A stone pipe is filled with the scrapings of a wood resembling yellow ebony, mixed with finely-cut tobacco. The company then lay themselves in a circle flat on their faces, their mantles drawn up to the tops of their heads. The pipe is lighted. One takes it into his mouth, and inhales as much smoke as he can swallow; the others take it in succession, till all have become satisfied. By the time the second smoker is fully charged, the first begins a series of groanings and gruntings, with a slight trembling of the head, the smoke slowly oozing out at the nostrils; the groaning soon becomes general, and waves louder, till it swells into a hideous howling, enough to frighten man or beast. The noise gradually dies away. They remain a short time in profound silence, and each imbibes a draught of water. Then succeeds another interval of silence, observed with the most profound and devotional gravity. All at length rise, and slowly disperse. This may or may not have been a form of worship; but the circumstances attending it, the numbers uniformly engaged in it, the formality with which it was invariably conducted, the solemnity of visage, the prostration, the silence, the trembling, these, and traits of expression which were more easily discerned and remembered than described, gave the wondering seaman a decided impression that the whole had a superstitious meaning.

The Patagonians, like other American Indians, have their 'medicine-men,' who are supposed to possess a mysterious power of expelling diseases by the practice of certain necromantic arts. The faith which the natives place in these doctors is so great, as sometimes to lead to results disastrous to the medicine-men themselves; for if they are not successful in relieving the patient, the failure is ascribed, not to want of power, but to want of will, and the relatives sometimes wreak summary vengeance upon the physician, who, in their opinion, has maliciously forbore to effect a cure. Mr Bourne knowing this, was naturally much alarmed when, on one occasion, the chief took it into his head that his captive must be an able doctor, and required him to undertake the cure of a sick woman. The patient was a widow, and a person of some consequence, being the owner of several horses, and, in virtue of that wealth, holding a distinguished position in Patagonian society. Finding it of no use to disclaim the medical

ability which was ascribed to him, Mr Bourne took care, at all events, to make his prescription as harmless as possible, merely directing, with much solemnity, that the 'very untidy patient should be thoroughly washed from head to foot with warm water.' This treatment, he thought, would at least meet the most obvious indications of her case. Luckily for him, the prescription worked to good effect, and the widow recovered. But, strange to say, notwithstanding the public interest then evinced in her behalf, she was shortly afterwards deliberately put to death in cold blood by some men of the tribe, with the chief's consent, and without the slightest provocation; their only motive being a desire to get possession of her horses.

Mr Bourne, in his anxiety to escape from his painful captivity, continued, by promises and persuasions, to urge the savages to convey him to some settlement of white men. At first, he proposed that they should proceed with him to the Chilian penal settlement, in the Strait of Magellan; but to this request they gave a prompt and decided refusal; and he afterwards learned, that they had lately returned from a horse-stealing expedition in that quarter, and naturally did not feel inclined to repeat their visit. They assured him, however, that they would take him to a much better place, which they called 'Holland,' and where there were 'twenty or thirty white men, and plenty of rum and tobacco.' Mr Bourne had never before heard of this South American Holland, and was much inclined to doubt its existence. However, after wandering about for three months, in various directions, they at length reached the river Santa Cruz, which flows into the Atlantic Ocean, about 150 miles north of the Strait of Magellan. Sure enough, on an island opposite the mouth of the river, were visible several small buildings, which he was told were occupied by white men. A signal was made, which had the effect of attracting a boat from the island. As it came near, the Indians ordered their captive to keep back, and he saw reason to fear that they meant to practise the same deception and bad faith with regard to his ransom as he had experienced when he first fell into their hands. Determined to make a desperate effort for freedom, he suddenly broke away from them, and rushed down to the beach, hotly pursued by the savages. After a hurried parley with the boatmen in English, he threw himself into the water, and swam out through the surf to the boat, which he reached in a nearly exhausted state. He was immediately drawn into it by the boatmen, and conveyed to the island, where he was received with the greatest kindness by the persons in charge of the establishment. The name of the place, he learned, was Sea-lion Island; the last word being that which the Patagonians, in their guttural pronunciation, had transformed into Holland. The party then occupying it consisted of only ten men, who had been placed on the island by an English commercial company, for the purpose of collecting guano, which was from time to time taken away by the vessels of the company. The agent in charge of the party, Mr Hall, whom the grateful seaman praises as 'a noble specimen of a true-hearted Englishman,' behaved in the most generous manner to the unfortunate American, furnished him with clothing, and took him into his own habitation. After residing for a considerable time on the island, Mr Bourne was at length taken off by an American whale-ship which chanced to pass that way.

It deserves notice, that it was in the Strait of Magellan, at no great distance from the place where Mr Bourne was taken prisoner, that Captain Gardiner and his companions met with their deplorable fate in the year 1851—encountering death from starvation while engaged in the attempt to commence a mission among these very Patagonians. Had the information which this narrative affords been possessed by the

unfortunate missionaries or their friends in England, different arrangements would doubtless have been made, and that calamitous result would probably have been avoided.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

May 1853.

A *spring-tide* of talk has prevailed for a few weeks past, and has not yet begun to ebb, so ample are its sources. The Art-Union have made their annual report, and drawn their annual lottery, which sends a few pictures to some fortunate individuals, and thousands of blanks to the unfortunates. The Exhibitions have opened, and painters, whether in oil or water, are receiving their average amount of praise and dispraise; and some of the pre-Raphaelites have found out that crotchets are not principles, that ugliness is not beauty, to the manifest improvement of such of their pictures as, in auctioneers' phrase, are now 'on view.' It is clear that a love for pictorial decoration is, year by year, widening its influence, and adding to the numbers of those who appreciate paintings or good engravings, and every year it seems that the new want is to be satisfied by a further cheapening of objects of art. Artists who are artists, and not mere imitators, need never fear a lack of customers, even although they may not have visited Rome. Then there is the Panopticon, which is no longer a mere name, but a real local habitation, as may be seen in Leicester Square, where its two tall minarets overtop the surrounding buildings. It is a handsome edifice, in the Saracenic style of architecture; and on entering the spacious interior, with its lofty star-bedecked roof, gorgeous decorations, horseshoe arches, and glittering columns, you immediately begin to think about the Alhambra, and all that authors tell us of the cunning of Moorish architects. The managers have made the most of their space; and as they purpose to shew how science is applied to useful arts—how industry achieves its results—how history, science, and literature contribute to enlightenment, and to inspire the million with a love for all these things—there is reason to believe that it will become a favourite among metropolitan exhibitions. The Crystal Palace, too, is beginning to shew its vast proportions on the top of the hill at Sydenham, where its mighty arch—present an imposing sight. Some 2000 men are working in and around the building, and the noise of closing rivets is in itself a sufficient proof to the visitor of the activity that prevails.

Government proceedings, too, have been largely talked about, and not without reason. For there is in them a recognition of some of the true principles of national progress. Our enormous burden of debt is to be made somewhat lighter, trade is to be further relieved of some of its restrictions, and industry of some of its fetters. Let the 'great unwashed' rejoice, for the soap-duties are abolished; and let the promoters of public health take courage in their work of sanitation. The advertisement-tax is to be lowered, with the result, doubtless, of multiplying advertisers threefold, and receipt stamps for any amount are to cost no more than a penny. Who would go to Australia now? An additional turn of the screw next year will perhaps make the chancellor abolish the paper-tax, and leave writers and publishers free to shew whether literature will really be made better and cheaper thereby, to say nothing of relieving our 700 paper-mills of the present vexatious Excise regulations. These mills turn out about 150,000,000 pounds of paper every year, worth

£4,000,000 sterling—no inconsiderable amount of trade to be produced out of rags, straw, and old ropes! It is a matter in which education is also interested; and there is promise of another advance in the educational movement. Lord John Russell is shaping the way, and if White, Brown, Red, Green, Blue, &c., will only remember, that the prismatic colours, instead of shining each for itself, must all combine to form real light, we may fairly hope that a national education is at length a possibility and a reality.

In another matter, much satisfaction is expressed that government intend to act in earnest—the great oceanic survey. This is a work which the Americans have been carrying on for a few years past with most praiseworthy zeal and highly satisfactory results. By systematic observations made in all frequented parts of the ocean, the Naval Department at Washington have been enabled to construct charts of extraordinary value to mariners. As Lord Wrottesley said in his speech on the subject to the House of Peers, the observations on the winds have led to the finding of shorter routes from North America to Brazil, while the voyage from New York to San Francisco is shortened one-third. Besides which, 'a system of north-westerly monsoons in the equatorial regions of the Atlantic, and on the west coast of America, has been discovered; and a vibratory motion of the trade-wind zones, with their belts of calms, and their limits for every month of the year, has been determined. The course, bifurcation, extent, and other phenomena of the great Gulf-stream have been more accurately defined; and the existence of almost equally remarkable systems of currents in the Indian Ocean, on the coast of China, and on the north-west coast of America and elsewhere, has been ascertained.' These are great results, and yet they are but the commencement of what may be hoped for when two such naval powers as America and England combine for so grand an object as the survey of the ocean. It is one in which we islanders are especially interested; and there is no doubt that we greatly prefer to see money spent for such a purpose, than in the subsidising of mail-steamer.

Apropos of sea-borne mails—the authorities are at last going to try whether private enterprise is not equal to the work without an enormous retaining-fee, and at the same time to refrain from imposing absurd and vexatious conditions. A most wholesome project this—one which, if carried into effect, will give the Australians a steady instead of an intermittent supply of mail-bags. It is pretty clear, that the days of huge mail-contracts are numbered, and so much the better. If corn can be carried without a subsidy, why not letters?

What if all this should be a movement towards that simplicity which is so possible, and yet so apparently impossible in the science of government? Our legislators are meanwhile furnishing themselves with an electric telegraph: an office is fitted up in the House of Commons, and enthusiastic members may have their speeches flashed to admiring constituents in all parts of the three kingdoms. There is to be an electric clock for the especial benefit of legislators; and thirty bells, hung in different parts of the House, are to be set a-ringing simultaneously by the electric impulse, to warn members when a division is about to take place. From the same office, wires communicate with the leading clubs, so that absent M.P.s will be able to get reports of what is going on, without the trouble of walking down to their places, and to obey a sudden summons in case of emergency. The march of science will have thus produced a new mode of whipping-in.

The United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company, who obtained their act two years ago, are giving signs of life: they propose to erect lines between London and all the chief towns and ports, to transmit messages at

very small charges—say, a penny a word, something like the rate in the United States—and to let the exclusive use of a wire to any mercantile house requiring it. It has often been argued, that England is too small a country to make cheap telegraphic communications either needful or profitable. We shall see, if ever the Company's project exists in a tangible form. Meantime, preparations are being made at Orfordness for the under-sea telegraph to Holland; and late advices from the Mediterranean, state that Malta and Sardinia are to be connected in a similar way. It is perhaps safe to say, that no useful invention has ever spread itself so rapidly over the world as the electric telegraph.

The improving condition of the nation generally is a fertile subject of talk, and many are the theories and predictions as to what will grow out of it in the future. Some contend that a great untaxed class, growing every year stronger and richer, will prove a source of danger in time to come. If this be true, so much the more necessity to educate. Were the artisans of Sheffield properly educated, they would stick to work, now that work is abundant, instead of wilfully wasting time in idleness or worse. They will find out their mistake ere long, for the young and better-taught generation are treading fast on their heels. Wages are still on the rise, farm-labourers are becoming every day more conscious of their value, and we shall doubtless want a large number of reaping-machines for the next harvest. Government have asked the Agricultural Society to undertake the collection of a series of agricultural statistics, probably to serve as data for future legislation; but the buccic corporation are disinclined to the task; so, unless some other means be devised of arriving at the facts, we must remain yet longer in ignorance of much that is desirable to be known concerning farms, their economy, crops, cattle, &c., and the physical and moral condition of those who till them. There is scarcely another country in Europe in which these subjects do not appear in periodical reports.

A Peruvian railway is talked about: it will be a paying one if it touches the vast beds of nitrate of soda lying at the foot of the Andes, ready for transmutation into corn and gold. A new geographical survey of Spain is to be set on foot, which will doubtless lead to the discovery of yet undeveloped resources in that country; and if the Dons will only try to turn them to account, they may again hold up their heads among their contemporaries. The railway from the French frontier to Madrid, ought, as its construction proceeds, to stir up the Iberian blood to something like enterprise, while at the same time offering a route to trade and tourists.

If our promised customs reforms are to produce their natural effect of facilitating and increasing trade, so much the more reason is there to wish success to a long-talked-of project for some means of preventing shipwrecks on the Goodwin Sands. The scheme now contemplated provides for an extensive breakwater, a harbour of refuge, and a light-house, the constructions to be open-timbered, to offer less resistance to the sea than would be the case with solid works. The fact that 500 lives and £1,500,000 worth of property have been lost in the Channel within the past eighteen months, and chiefly on the Goodwin, is stronger than any argument that can be urged in favour of the scheme. If this scheme can be realised, what a triumph it will be of modern engineering!

A report just published shews that the Mint has not been idle; and it may afford some idea of the working capabilities of that establishment, to give the results. From January 1 to March 31 of the present year, there were coined 4,304,227 sovereigns, 62,260 half-sovereigns, 382,214 florins, 847,440 shillings, 483,120 sixpences, 4168 fourpences, 4488 threepences, 4752 twopences, and 7920 silver pennies. What evidence such an aggregate furnishes of the vast and ceaseless demands of commerce! The weight of gold converted into coin

was a little more than 42,784 pounds. No wonder the diggers are kept so busy in Australia. A portion of the land of gold—many disappointed emigrants have come back: nothing was as they anticipated—gold-digging, employments, country, climate, all proved to have been charming only in the distance.

Another portion of Southern Africa has been explored by Mr Campbell, who travelled 150 miles up a river which flows into Lake Ngami, where he heard of other large streams, stretching far to the interior of the continent, and found the natives everywhere disposed to trade. How much more buying and selling enter into the views of travellers now, than formerly! in which we may see a sign of the times—trade being the prime mover of the present century. If, as Thomas Carlyle says, it is the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to spin cotton for all the rest of the world, the sooner we become acquainted with all our customers the better. We are shortly to know something more of the Kalmucks; for the Imperial Printing-office at Vienna has just cast a fount of Kalmuck type, and is going to print Professor Jülg's researches in that language. We are also about to renew our acquaintance with Madagascar: the prince of that country having come of age, is determined to revoke his mother's edicts for the expulsion of the English missionaries; and now Mr Ellis is to go out with a small party, to resume the interrupted work under the new auspices. If Madagascar would but emerge from its barbarism, its exhaustless resources would render it a most tempting field for emigrants—not afraid of an equatorial climate.

Those who want to go somewhere in search of a new home, may bethink themselves of Vancouver's Island, which is not at all overdone by colonists. Since 1848, the numbers sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company have not been more than 271 males, 80 females, and 84 children, the first comprising agricultural labourers, miners, and farm-bailiffs. Eleven purchasers of land have taken 1478 acres, at 20s. the acre, and 2355 acres are being surveyed for nineteen other applicants. Good coal has been found, after a long search, on the eastern coast of the island, eighty miles north of Fort Victoria, which, besides supplying the wants of the settlement, will be available for the numerous ocean-steamers that are soon to be ploughing the Pacific in all directions. The progress of this colony is but slow, owing, as is said, to the high price of land, and certain restrictions imposed by the Hudson's Bay Company, who are lords of the territory.

The Americans are beginning to find out that the Bahamas have a health-restoring climate; and the governor of these islands, adverting to the fact of the arrival of invalids from the United States, says, that English health-seekers might find it worth while to try a season in the same sunny latitudes. Another light-house has just been built on one of the islands, whereby navigation among the reef-bordered channels is greatly facilitated. If our fashionable M.D.s will only take to recommending the Bahamas, the governor will soon find himself surrounded by troops of valetudinarians.

The number of the asteroidal planets has been increased by two or three new discoveries; so that now we have twenty-five of these minor globes, some of them not bigger than an English county, revolving in fixed orbits, and claiming notice in the *Nautical Almanac*, if nowhere else. Lord Brougham, in his journey from Cannes to the House of Lords, stopped at Padua, to give the Académie another instalment of his *Researches on Light*. M. Deleuil has submitted to the same learned body a self-registering compass, which registers the variations every three minutes, so that the captain of a ship can at once detect the steering errors. The instrument is ingenious, combining a clock-movement, and an apparatus which, by making a series of dots on a soft surface, marks the course and its deviations. If

will check the wanderings of sleepy steersmen. M. Coste, who pursues his fish-breeding experiments with unabated zeal, makes an interesting statement on the question as to whether young fish, artificially hatched, would eat the food supplied to them, or whether their natural instinct would cause them to seek for such as they find naturally in streams. He now says, that by experiments made at the College of France, he has satisfactorily resolved the question. 'Two thousand young salmon,' he tells us, 'newly hatched, were placed in water in an earthenware trough, about twenty inches long, five wide, and three deep, through which a current was kept up by a thread of water not larger than a straw. They have grown visibly, and have thriven better in the same space of time than those in a wild state. The food given is a paste of boiled meat reduced to loose fibrils, which our young pupils seek with more avidity and benefit than the coagulated blood proposed a short time since.' M. Coste also exhibited a six-months' salmon, raised at the same place and in the same manner, with the remark, that it was 'sensibly larger' than those of the same age taken in the rivers of Scotland. There is no doubt that this fish-question is fraught with important consequences, seeing that it opens the way to increase supplies of food without limit. Dr Robertson of Dunkeld has added to the interest of the inquiry, by proving that the meeting of the male and female at the spawning place is not essential to the eggs producing living fish. Fecundation, he believes, is effected before the eggs are extruded. He took the roe from several female trout last October, and penned them in a zinc box in a running-stream; and during the present spring most of the eggs were hatched into swarms of minute troutlets. This experiment confirms a theory which has often been put forward, and, if further verified by repetition, we must accept it as a fact.

Stereoscopy has been turned to good account by Professor Riddell of New Orleans, who has contrived a binocular microscope, in which he employs the stereoscopic prism, looking at the object with both eyes, and thus produces an instrument of the highest use to naturalists. The light is diverged from the objective, by two prisms, to two other prisms which form the eye-pieces. 'With these instruments,' he states, 'the microscopic dissecting-knife can be exactly guided. The watchmaker and artist can work under the binocular eye-glass with certainty and satisfaction. In looking at microscopic animal tissues, the single eye may perhaps behold a confused enormous or nebulous mass, which the pair of eyes instantly shapes into delicate superimposed membranes, with intervening spaces, the thickness of which can be correctly estimated. Blood corpuscles, usually seen as flat disks, loom out as oblate spheroids. In brief, the whole microscopic world, as thus displayed, acquires a tenfold greater interest, in every phase, exhibiting in a new light beauty and symmetry indescribable.'

CELESTIAL LOVE.

In the Celestial Empire, love-matters are managed by a confidant, or go-between, and the billets-doux written to one another by the papas. At Amoy, a marriage was recently concluded between the respectable houses of Tan and O; on which occasion the following epistles, copied from the *Panama Herald*, passed between the two old gentlemen:—

From Papa Tan:—'The ashamed younger brother, sur-named Su, with washed head makes obeisance, and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and honourable gentleman whose surname is O, old teacher, great man, and presents it at the foot of the gallery. At this season of the year the satin curtains are enveloped in mist, reflecting the beauty of the river and hills, in the fields of the blue gum are planted rows of willows close together, arranging and diffusing the commencement of genial

influences, and consequently adding to the good of the old year.

'I duly reverence your lofty door. The guest of the Sue country descends from a good stock, the origin of the female of the Hui country likewise (is so too). You have received their transforming influences, resembling the great effects produced by rain, much more you, my honourable nearly-related uncle, your good qualities are of a very rare order. I, the mean one, am ashamed of myself, just as rotten wood is in the presence of aromatic herbs. I now receive your indulgence inasmuch as you have listened to the words of the match-maker, and given Miss S. in marriage to the mean one's eldest son, named Kang; your assenting to it is worth more to me than a thousand pieces of gold. The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things received in your basket, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them. From this time forward the two surnames will be united, and I trust the union will be a felicitous one, and last for hundred years, and realise the delight experienced by the union of the two countries Chu and Chin. I hope that your honourable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present the dragon flies in Sin Hai term, the first month, lucky day. I, Mr Su, bow respectfully. Light before.'

From Papa O:—'The younger brother surnamed O, named Tus, of the family to be related by marriage, washes his head clean, knocks his head and bows, and writes this marriage letter in reply to the far-famed and virtuous gentleman surnamed Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages this business. At this season the heart of the plum-blossom is increasingly white; at the beginning of the first month it opens its petals. The eyebrows of the willow shoot out then green, when shaken by the wind it displays its glory, and grows luxuriantly into five generations. 'Tis matter for congratulation the union of 100 years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together. In every succeeding dynasty office will be held, and for many a generation official vestments will be worn—not only those of your family surname will enjoy all the afore-mentioned felicity—more especially will your honourable gentlemen who possess abilities great and deep, whose manners are dignified and pure. I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my dimnity-ness. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers, now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statements of the match-maker, and agree to give Mr Kang to be united to my despicable daughter. We all wish the girl to have her hair dressed, and the young man to put on his cap of manhood. The peach-flowers just now look beautiful, the red plum also looks gay. I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse who can cross over through water, and is able to ride upon the wind and waves; but my tiny daughter is like a green window and a feeble plant, and is not worthy of becoming the subject of a rose.

'Now I recollect how to your good words, and make use of them to display your good-breeding. Now I hope your honourable benevolence will always remember me without end. Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term, first month, lucky day. Mr Tu makes obeisance. May the future be prosperous.'

In external appearance, these letters, as we learn from the *Panama paper*, are equally curious.—'Each of them is about the size of one of the *Citizen's* pages, and consists of a rich frame composed of something like our papier maché, inside of which is artistically folded a scroll of richly-tinted crimson paper, studded with the golden letters that convey the words of love and modesty. The outer surface is likewise emblazoned with a quantity of raised work, representing robes of honour, tails of distinction, the smallest of all small shoes, peacock's feathers, and a variety of other equally tasteful designs, which are supposed to be emblematic of the vast accession to the wealth and honour of both contracting houses, that they are expected to flow from the union of the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O.'

A THOUGHT IN A WHEAT-FIELD.

'The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.'—Mat. xiii. 39.

In his fields the Master walketh,
In his fair fields, ripe for harvest,
Where the golden sun smiles slantwise
On the rich ears, heavy bending;
Saith the Master: 'It is time.'
Though no leaf wears brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-blight
Only reddens the horizon,
'It is full time,' saith the Master—
The good Master—'It is time.'

Lo! he looks. His look compelling,
Brings the labourers to the harvest.
Quick they gather, as in autumn
Wandering birds in silent eddies
Drop upon the pasture-fields:
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet, shod with swift obedience;
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And a shining sickle reareth—
'Speak, O Master! is it time?'

O'er the fields the servants hasten;
Where the full-stored ears droop downward.
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gray tares flaunt in rows.
But the sickles, the bright sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing;
Songs are heard in earth and heaven;
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest-time.

O Great Master! are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art Thou walking in Thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the purple air?
Are thy signs abroad?—the glowing
Of the evening sky, blood-red-dened—
And the full ears trodden earthenward,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Surely 'tis near harvest-time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether 'tis at morn or sunset,
When night-dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only, may thy voice, O Master!
Peal above the reapers' chorus
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling:
'Gather all into my garner,
For it is my harvest-time.'

AN INDIAN BEAUTY.

While lying at anchor this day, two female Indians came off from the shore in a beautiful bark canoe. It was so light and buoyant that it sat like a gull on the water, and was truly a fine specimen of exquisite workmanship. The youngest of these females was a fine model of feminine simplicity and artless beauty: her long black hair was gracefully braided; in front, it was parted sufficiently to show a light-brown forehead, with jet-black eyes and regular features, that might serve as a model for a sculptor to imitate the perfection of the human form. Her dress was made close around the waist, and so arranged as to show a full bust; and thus, with close, ornamented pantaloons, and high-wrought moccasins, was gracefully seated, at her ease, this simple child of nature. We may call her a savage, and sneer at her want of elegance and taste; but has she no charms to kindle the flame of love in the human bosom? A fine lady, it is true, may excel her in the gaudy decorated drawing-room; but can she balance herself with perfect ease, confidence, and grace, in this exquisite boat, that two poundweights would overturn in unskilful hands? can she manage the frail canoe,

and force it through the water with an arrow's speed—anon let it gently float like a swan on its peaceful bottom? To complete the picture, and add a new charm to the scene, was their gentle deportment. When I invited them on board, they modestly declined, but spread out before them a variety of little articles of their own production, many of which were prettily made, and gracefully displayed slight little party-coloured baskets, slippers, and other ornamented trifles, exquisitely wrought and tastefully exhibited. There was no importunity on their part to induce me to purchase; they patiently waited my pleasure to take what I desired, and leave the rest. I was so captivated with these children of the forest, that I purchased their whole stock, asking but one simple question: 'How much do the whole of these beautiful articles amount to?'—*Coggeshall's Second Series of Voyages.*

BURMESE SIMILE.

In the world, he who speaks sweetly and with affability, will have many friends; but he whose words are bitter, will have few or none. This we may learn from the sun and the moon. The sun, by reason of its dazzling light, drives away every star and planet from the heavens, while it is above the horizon, and is thus obliged to run its course solitary and unattended; but the moon, shedding only a soft and tender light, moves on in the midst of stars and constellations, escorted by a numerous company.—*Indian Charter.*

FIRST USE OF GAS AS AN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

In the year 1792, Mr Murdoch made use of gas in lighting his house and office at Redruth, in Cornwall, where he then resided. The mines at which he worked being distant some miles from his house, he was in the constant practice of filling a bladder with coal-gas, in the neck of which he fixed a metallic tube, with a small orifice, through which the gas issued; this being ignited, served as a lantern to light his way for the considerable distance he had nightly to traverse. This mode of illumination being then generally unknown, it was thought by the common people that magical art alone could produce such an effect.—*Clegg's Treatise on Coal-gas.*

WHAT ARDENT SPIRIT HAS DONE IN TEN YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. It has cost the nation a direct expense of 600,000,000 dollars. 2. It has cost the nation an indirect expense of 600,000,000 dollars. 3. It has destroyed 300,000 lives. 4. It has sent 100,000 children to the poor-house. 5. It has consigned at least 150,000 persons to the jails and penitentiaries. 6. It has made at least 1000 maniacs. 7. It has instigated to the commission of 1500 murders. 8. It has caused 2000 persons to commit suicide. 9. It has burned, or otherwise destroyed property to the amount of 10,000,000 dollars. 10. It has made 200,000 widows, and 1,000,000 of orphan children.—*Hon. Edward Everett.*

REPOSITORY OF TRACTS.

Inquiries have been made by various persons, whether the cheap publication lately commenced, under the title of CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TRACTS, is a re-issue of the MISCELLANY OF TRACTS, published a few years ago. It therefore becomes necessary to state, that the REPOSITORY is an entirely new work; it resembles the MISCELLANY only in size and price: the matter is new, and prepared on purpose. A Number appears every week, a Part every month, and a Volume, neatly done up for the pocket, at the end of every two months. Three volumes (i.e. each) have now appeared.

Part VII. just issued, price 5d.

The Eighteenth Volume of CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY, price 6d., is now published. Of this work, designed as a Literary Companion for the Railway, the Fireside, or the Bush, a volume appears every month, and may be had of all Booksellers.

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A DESERTED VILLAGE IN LONDON.

Upon the site of what was once known as Toth-hill, or Tuttle or Tote-hill, and more lately as Tothill Fields—fields long since as dead as mummies, shrouded in mortar and buried in brick—stood the village whose abandonment and transformation we have to deplore. It is unaccountable to us, that although we lived in that village during many happy years of our youth, and though numbers must be yet alive who shared with us in the ill-assorted but characteristic mixture of the rural and the urban which thirty years ago rendered the spot in some respects an oasis in the great dry desert of London, yet the writers on the topography of the metropolis and its environs, from old Maitland—in whose time, we have reason to believe, it had existed for some years—down to Peter Cunningham, F.S.A., the clever and indefatigable author of Mr Murray's burly red-coated hand-book, appear one and all to have ignored its unobtrusive entity. Of the Tothill Fields, which in very old times were part and parcel of a manor of Westminster, belonging to John Maunsell, a chancellor of England, they afford us abundance of information. Here the wealthy chancellor entertained King Henry III. and his retinue in spacious tents—his hospitality being so much larger than his house, that one-half of his guests could not get within the walls. Here the 'wagers of battle' were decided, by which, in feudal times, rival claims to privilege and property were settled by the arbitrament of war. It was here, too, in the seventeenth century, that dissatisfied gentlemen resorted in search of that peculiar kind of satisfaction which honourable minds contrived to distil from such grim ingredients as gunpowder, and lead, and cold steel. As the place became gradually built over, it grew less convenient for these private encounters. Gentlemen could not fight in comfort in a vulgar atmosphere, and such satisfactory meetings were transferred, as most of our readers know, to the back of Montague House, to Chisil Farm, north of the city, and to other places classical in the history of gentleman-slaughter.

An alms-house and school, in which the aged were housed and fed, the young educated, and both had the Gospel preached to them, were, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the nucleus around which 'Palmer's Village' rose into being. In those days, Tothill or Toth-hill Side was a gentle rise of verdant ground, sloping pleasantly away towards the country at a distance of something less than a mile westward of the old abbey of Westminster. Long before we knew it, the advancing tide of brick and mortar had closed round the little village, and locked it up in the far-

spreading embrace of the great Babylon, where, though hemmed in by crowded streets, dark narrow lanes, and fetid courts, it retained many of the rural charms of its primal condition. It had still a village-green, though the narrow strip of dusty grass which justified the appellation was finally trodden out under our own eyes; and on the green, every 1st of May, up rose, reared by invisible hands in the night, the village May-pole, round which we have seen the lads and lasses dancing to the music of their own laughter. It had an old-fashioned wayside inn, the Prince of Orange—well we remember it, and its merry-faced and active little landlord, Wiggins, who never would be still, and never could be sad, but with a perennial laugh on his lips and a joke on his tongue, welcomed the weary traveller to cheap and wholesome refreshment. Then there was Mrs Wiggins, who lived in the bar, and of whom nobody ever saw more than the head and shoulders—the living personification of a 'portrait of a lady,' three-quarter size, with a background of bottles and decanters, and strange old-fashioned glasses, and dark-blue specimens of Lilliputian china brought from beyond sea, and that identical 'brown jug' which 'was once Toby Philpot,' and a long-necked phial of some mysterious cordial of her own concoction, the contents of which were not to be bought with money, but freely gurgled forth when sorrow-struck poverty sought the hospitality of the Prince, or accident had a poor neighbour on the shelf. It is to be supposed that Mrs Wiggins did not pass every hour of her life in the bar, but during all the years of our residence in the village, we never had the good-fortune to see her at full length—and sure we are, that the bottles and the shelves must have cut but a melancholy figure lacking the sunshine of her laughter-lighted countenance. The Prince of Orange was a model of a village inn as village inns are found in rural districts. It stood away from the road, retired modestly a few paces from the footpath; reared aloft on a strong squared beam, the Protestant Prince, baton in hand, swung backwards and forwards under the impulse of the wind; but being painted both sides alike on the pendulous board, he never turned his back on the public, and therein he was a faithful prototype of the landlord and landlady, who were ever to be found at their respective posts. The house itself appeared, at the first glance, to be three parts roof, the long sloping gray tiles of which came down within seven feet or so of the ground, so that a man might reach them with his hand, but beneath that homely crust, the wayworn traveller found order and cleanliness, wholesome fare, the whitest linen, ready and cheerful service—and all at an honest price. We speak of the inn as it existed thirty years ago. What

transformations it underwent before it finally vanished from the face of the earth, we are in no condition to recount.

Next to the inn, if, indeed, it ought not to rank before it, the most remarkable feature in our metropolitan village was the shop. Of what goes to the constitution of a village shop, such as that was in our day, and such as multitudes of others are at the present hour in remote country districts, the Londoner born within the sound of Bow Bells has for the most part not the remotest idea. The village shop cannot keep its head above water unless it monopolises the commerce of the whole neighbourhood. It is grocer and tea-dealer, and stationer and bookseller, and draper and haberdasher, and chemist and druggist, and jeweller and ironmonger, and seedsman and toymen, and egg-merchant and buttermilk; and though it is neither butcher nor baker, nor tailor, yet it kills a periodical pig, and sells country pork, and retails fancy loaves, biscuits, and bricks (crusty), and slop-coats and trousers, and gaiters and overalls, and a hundred things besides: in short, it does the work of Cheapside, Holborn, and the Strand, all under one roof, for its own peculiar population. Such was the shop of our village in days of yore. We do not pretend, however, that it was the only shop in the village: there was a baker, who was nothing but a baker; and a butcher, who was nothing but a butcher; and both of them had shops of their own. Then there was the dress-maker, who made a shop of her parlour window, where, not having yet learned to believe in gas, she stuck a single candle, in the long winter nights, to shew the delicate beauties of a mob-cap and gophered collar; and where she exhibited a notice, 'Crimping done here,' and display'd the identical crimping-machine, consisting of a couple of cogged brass cylinders, hollow for the reception of hot irons, and turned by a small wooden handle affixed to the framework—with which the mysterious process was accomplished. She was a tall, and almost incredibly thin personage, with no shoulders, and sharp cheek-bones and a wandering eye; she had the character of haughtiness with her customers, who were mostly servant-maids. Mrs Wiggins, who had a good word as well as a cordial for everybody, once described her in our hearing as 'a good soul enough, but very unbending;' which, by the way, was not a precisely exact description, if taken literally, seeing that Miss Gaudy—that was the dress-maker's name—did bend a little, only it was backwards, and not forwards. In ascribing to the character of an upright woman, she had attained to that and something beyond it. Her familiar friends called her Mrs Gaudy: the implied Mr G. was, however, nothing more than a complimentary fiction; the dress-maker had never married, but she had passed the uncertain limit of a 'certain age;' and the brevet rank was due to her mature appearance, and, perhaps—who knows?—was a balm to her feelings.

Then there was the village tailor—a sharp-nosed, fiery-eyed man, of unknown proportions; seeing that we never beheld him elsewhere than at his open window, where he sat all day long, with a couple of pale-faced urchins at his side, upon a board level with the sill, cross-legged like a Turk, and stitching with his needle, or singing with his goose from one year's end to the other. We don't know how it came to pass—whether it was owing to the ferocious expression upon the man's face, or what—but certain it is that we identified him in imagination, from the very first, with the cruel tailor of Delhi, who stuck his needle into the elephant's trunk, and got a shower-bath of dirty water for his pains. He was the very man to have done such a thing; and we felt certain, that if at any time an elephant, out for a walk, had happened to wander that way, and to have turned an inquiring obsequious look at Rosser's open window, Rosser would have stuck his

needle in it as sure as fate: it wasn't in him to have helped it. So we never think of the resentful elephant of Delhi, without thinking, too, of Rosser and his two pale-faced apprentices, and that shining sleeve-board and hot-smelling goose, and the dreadful contortions of countenance which their master used to exhibit when engaged in the ticklish experiment of covering a blind button with a jacket of stiff corduroy.

As we stand gazing in at the tailor's open window, we hear, with memory's ear, the metallic sound of the broad hammer of the blacksmith. 'The brawny blacksmith bangs broad bars for bread' just round the corner. He is a short, sturdy fellow, and, like most members of his trade, strong, and of a massive build, with a beard which has been growing ever since last Saturday night, and a pair of shaggy eyebrows, beneath which a couple of fat eyes wink and glimmer like sparks from his forge. He can hammer out a horseshoe in we forget exactly how many minutes or fractions of a minute; and he is known through all Westminster among the hackney-coachmen and grooms as a cheap, safe, and expeditious hand at a horse's foot. He is strong enough, as the village barber says, to make a show of, and can bend a crown-piece and straighten it again with his fingers. He could knock your life out with a blow of his fist if he chose, only he doesn't choose anything of the sort, being tender-hearted, and fond of children and pet-birds, and lop-eared rabbits, and everything or anything that is weak and helpless. You should see him lay aside his work, and forge a new tooth for a peg-top, to pacify a whimpering boy, the child of a neighbour, who has disabled his toy by rough usage; and note how tenderly, with his hard hands, he wipes away the tears from the child's face ere he sends him off exulting to his play-fellows. It is one of nature's compensations, that such formidable Samsons as our village blacksmith are rarely found without some touch of tenderness in their composition, which tames their wild strength, even when, from the untoward circumstances of their life, the influence of education is not brought to bear upon them. Our blacksmith, though he can barely read a chapter in the Testament, and keeps all his accounts with a piece of chalk on the back of his smutty door, is a practical musician; and you may hear him on a Sunday afternoon hammering out, upon a set of pendent bells, the psalm-tunes he has heard at Westminster Abbey in the morning; and you will hear, too, if you listen long, that he has a family round him who are chiming in with very faint and juvenile voices, which gladden his heart, as he enjoys his weekly holiday.

Our village, in appearance, does not much resemble the rest of the brick and mortar paradise of London. Properly speaking, there are no regular streets in it: rows of houses, chiefly cottages, there are; but they do not stand face to face, like the two sides of a street proper, but face to back, like the ranks of soldiers in a regiment; and it is thought that, like a regiment, they will be marched off the ground some day. There are little odd-shaped and triangular patches of ground here and there, which might perhaps, by a stretch of courtesy, be called streets; but nobody calls them streets—they are Palmer's Village, all of them, and nothing else: the postmaster and the postman lump them all together; and the latter has to learn the whereabouts of each inhabitant; or if he can't find him, to leave the letter at the Prince of Orange, where the correspondent will be sure to get it when he comes for his supper-beer. Most of the ground not required for traffic—and there is not very much of that—is laid out in gardens, which, though they have a rather dusty hue, abound, in summer-time, with the old English cottage-flowers—the hollyhock, the polyanthus, the bloody-warrior, the cabbage-rose, the marigold, the sun-flower—all intermingled with flat beds of onions, and vistas of kidney-beans and scarlet-runners. After a shower, when the

rain has washed the dust off them, they look uncommonly bright and gay; and then there is a grateful perfume in the air, not to be encountered in any other district in London, broad as it is. The gardens are well railed off, securely, though in a homely way; if they were not, they would soon cease to be gardens, because the natives of our village are a good many of them descendants of certain patriarch goats and pigs and geese, and ducks, and bantam fowls, which came in with the early settlers, when there was plenty of grass-land in the neighbourhood for their accommodation. From time immemorial, their sires were free of the village; and though the several races have considerably diminished of late years, there are yet enough of them remaining to give the locality something like a farming aspect. The ducks yet contrive to pick up a living, partly helped by the remains of everybody's dinner, which are daily thrown out to them, and partly by the care of the duckweed merchant, who makes his periodical rounds. It is they and the geese, we suspect, which have gradually eaten up the best part of the village green, of which the last straggling roots of grass are dying out.

There is an old Billy-goat with a long beard—that ought to be gray, though it isn't—which is the progenitor of half the guardian goats in London. We say guardian goats, because there exists a superstition among the hostlers, grooms, and stable-keepers in London, by which goats of all grades enjoy protection and good treatment: it is supposed that the presence of a goat in a stable, or in that concatenation of stables called a news, secures all the horses there stabled from the attacks of certain diseases to which they would otherwise be liable. Hence Billy or Nanny is a pet in the stable-yard, and is so well fed and well used, that he or she is familiar with all, and afraid of nobody. Perhaps this superstition might be traced back to the old Mosaic ceremonial of the scape-goat of the wilderness—who can tell? We cannot say much in favour of the pigs; they are voted a nuisance, and seem to be conscious that they are not in good odour; but they are learned in their way, and know the map of Westminster as well as the postman. They invade Petty France, which is not half a mile off, every morning, and amidst the ineffable filth of that indescribably filthy district, they growl and grunt, and snuffle through the hveling day. We have met the village pig before now as far north as the Broad Sanctuary; but we never knew of his losing his way, or failing to return at night to his supper and his sty.

But we must awake from the visions of the past. The remorseless *now* puts its extinguisher upon these old recollections, and compels us, however unwilling, to record the Decline and Fall of what is now but an empire of dreams. The decline of Palmer's Village may date, if we mistake not, from a revolution in our system of street conveyances. The cabs and their struggling proprietors pitched, as if by instinct, upon the village and its patches of enclosable land, and by degrees monopolised a good part of the territory. Shed-built stables rose on the sites of the pleasant gardens; dunghoops banished the bloom and the fragrance of the flowers; broken-kneed, broken-winded, glandered, blind, and spavined hacks, supplanted the pigs and the poultry. With the cabs of course came cabmen, and with the cabmen, equally of course, came late hours and midnight riot, and gin-drinking and squabbling. Then the hospital, which had once flourished close to the precincts of the village, was removed to its present site; and the Prince of Orange, who had supplied beer to the inmates, losing his best customer, was soon after closed. The shop was transformed into a chemist and druggist's. Poor Miss Gaudy took fright at the onset of the Jehus, and carried off her crimping-machine to a quiet retreat in Pimlico. We ourselves stood it out as long as we could; and, indeed, Palmer's Village had been swallowed up, and buried alive in unmitigated Westminster—the filth, moral and material,

of the dirty world around had got possession of its sacred precincts—before we could find heart, like Dick Dowlas, to pack up our linen in a blue-and-white pocket-handkerchief, and bid a final farewell to the pleasant home of our youth—a pleasant home no longer.

Since then, we have wandered far and wide about the world, and done and suffered many things, about which we are not going to say anything here; and time has sinued our flowing hair, and grizzled what is left of it; and we have forgotten many things which it might have been as well to remember; but we have never forgotten, we could not forget, the old village. The other day, 'last Wednesday was a week,' as Boniface says, one of those pensive events which sometimes occur in the lives of all of us, and the particulars of which we need not relate, sent us impromptu on an exploring expedition to see what had become of Palmer's Village. The overland route from Merry Islington, where it is our lot to dwell, is easily practicable by means of the 'Favourite' omnibus, which, for the modest charge of fourpence, takes you up at Highbury, and drops you, after a wholesome shaking of four or five miles, within the shadow of Westminster Abbey, from whence a walk of twenty minutes takes you to the site of the subject of our paper. It was not without a rush of tenderness, and a twitching at the heart and the eyelids, that, leaving the abbey behind us, we plunged into the narrow, dirty throat of Tottil Street, where Southern, the author of *Isabella*, once dwelt in a house yet standing; and where yet stands, too, the 'Cock Public-house,' which stood while the abbey was rebuilding by Henry III. We proceeded on our way towards the once well-known spot, but we might have saved ourselves the trouble and the pain. Arrived at the place where it ought to have been, not a vestige of it could we trace, but sheer through the heart of it there ran a broad new road, which had pushed the whole village out of its way in its unceremonious advance. The new road is almost upon a level with the roofs of the old cottages, which are the *en down*, and their sides converted into building-ground, which, as everybody knows, is of all wildernesses the most desolate and forbidding.

'Palmer's Willidge?' said a sallow-faced Westminsterian youth of whom we made inquiry. 'There ain't no such place as I knows on;' and we were obliged to have recourse to a reverend elder who sat at the door of a marine store in a neighbouring street.

'Palmer's Village?' said he. 'Why, your honour's the first as has axed me that question for many a year. Reck'lect it? To be sure I do, man and boy, fifty year and more. Why, bless your 'art, I don't think there's a bit on it left stamin'. Let me see—yes, there is though. You see them boards yonder over the brick-wall?—that's a bit on it; but 'tain't much, you'll say; but you won't find no more on it, I reckon. 'Tis curious that you should ax arter it though.'

'And what have they done with the Prince of Orange?'

'There ain't a lath on it left—all gone as clean as a whistle. But they're abuildin' a new un—a slap-up house to match wi' the new neighbourhood as is to be.'

'And Mr Wiggin—what has become of him?'

'There you has me hard! Wiggin didn't do kindly like, arter his wife's death—she were a goodish soul, she were, a spry little woman—and he gived up the Prince; and they do say he wot to Jersey, and died there; but I can't tell 'ee for sartin.'

'One question more: What became of the black-smith?'

'What! — that used to play the bells?'

'The same.'

'Well, he can play the bells all day if he likes now. Why, he made a fortune out o' railway carriage-buffers, or suth'n o' the sort, and he's quite a gemman now. I seen him, four year ago, a drivin' in a open carriage,

wi' a pair o' gray ponies, over Westminster Bridge. He's all right anyhow, I should think.'

And this was all the information we could obtain—the whole and sole record of the vanished village, of which not a trace beyond a few old walls and rusty mildewed boardings remained. We strolled musingly about the deserted spot, over the piles of irregular earth, and among the mounds of broken bricks and dried mortar; occupied the while in the anxious attempt to connect any, the slightest, vestige yet on the ground with our cherished associations of the past. It was not to be done. The home of some of our happiest years had been blotted out of the world; and its very memory must soon pass away from the earth; seeing that it lives in the recollections of few who care to remember it, and that no local historian has condescended to allot it a place in his pages.

This brief sketch will soon be all that survives of Palmer's Village; and perhaps it may be allowed to serve at once for its history and its funeral oration.

AUNT ROSEMARY.

The elder members of our family used to exclaim, whenever they met with anything which seemed to be what it was not: 'Heigh-ho for Aunt Rosemary!' until at length the exclamation, 'Heigh-ho for Aunt Rosemary!' became a kind of secret pass-word or sign in deprecation of every sort of deception, or outward varnish, of whatever kind or degree. Now it may easily be surmised, that in this hollow and deceptive world, the pass-word alluded to was in pretty frequent circulation, and from earliest years I had been familiar with it.

I was aware that Aunt Rosemary was a living personage—an actual, eating, drinking, sleeping, walking, and talking woman, much like other folk; but yet she always seemed to me to represent an awful, mysterious embodiment of stern truth and reality: in my childish imagination she held about the same place as the picture of Britannia with the lion; and I thought Britannia and Aunt Rosemary must be firm allies. I remember being told over and over again, that the two distinct names of Rose and Mary were prefixed to my aunt's maiden name of Harrison—for she was one of the much-maligned race of old maids—although they were habitually pronounced like the name of the ancient garden-tree whose fragrant flowers suggest melancholy associations. She resided in a distant county; and though I was her god-daughter, and Aunt Rosemary our paternal aunt, yet hitherto circumstances had prevented our meeting; for she abhorred the metropolis; and our residence there, and home education, strictly and carefully conducted, rendered absence from that happy home not desirable until the due course of instruction was completed. Nevertheless, a pleasant and affectionate intercourse was kept up with Aunt Rosemary, and at various periods she had sent me gifts, as tokens of interest and goodwill: knitted stockings of the finest, whitest wool, finished as exquisitely inside as outside, and marked with my initials. Never were such stockings or such marking seen before! And greatly I prized and admired them. Then came a doll. Whoever carved that doll from the block of wood, or moulded its well-turned jointed arms and legs, must have been really a clever sculptor. No paint was about that doll—it might be washed and scrubbed with soap and water, face and all—no false hair; no bead-eyes, but the nose, mouth, and eyes delicately yet strongly defined; and the smooth, bald pate, a study for a beginner in the science of phrenology. Then as to the wooden creature's wardrobe?—of fine texture and the most beautiful needle-work that human hands could execute; for Aunt Rosemary could not have worked in a slovenly way

had she tried ever so much. There was not a seam, there was not a stitch on my doll's garments, that might not have been worn outside as well as inside, so far as appearance went. A work-box succeeded the doll; a box of plain make, but strong and large within. What artificer of the present day had finished it? Each division, carved so neatly and tastefully—no satin lining, no coloured paper, but the good oak knit together with wondrous cunning and exactness. Where did the thread and the scissors, and the bodkin and all the etceteras, come from? So excellent of their kind; unornamented, but simply beautiful. Each article might have been hunted for in vain in showy shops with plate-glass fronts, or in tinsel bazaars. But showy shops and gay bazaars were Aunt Rosemary's utter abomination; and when I overheard our mother remark, that I took very much after Aunt Rosemary, the opinion greatly flattered my self-esteem. In short, while still in my teens, I talked so sagaciously about the 'age of veneer' in which we lived, that our kind parents smiled, and said they thought it quite time I should pay the long-promised visit to Aunt Rosemary.

How I enjoyed that charming summer journey! Through forests of green leaves and gardens of summer flowers, watered by refreshing streams, the onward pathway led—the iron pathway, which yet left me many miles to traverse, ere Stone-house, my aunt's abode, could be attained. Green, luxuriant valleys were threaded; and in the midst of the fairest and greenest I had beheld during my coach-progress, seen afar off as the road skirted a steep hill, nestled the straggling village where I was to alight, and on the outskirts of which my aunt's dwelling was situated. My sight was fairly dazzled by the singular richness and profusion of flowers in the garden which spread before the house: it was indeed a fairy garden; and human hands, I opined, never could keep any plot of earth in such unique order as this. I feared to place a foot upon the lawn, lest I should sink down into a deep bed of yielding moss; roses and honeysuckle clustered round; the old fine trees which spread their branches overhead; a clear purling brooklet watered their roots, and the brightest of bright blossoms hung over the limpid waters. It was not a formal garden; it was not artificial; but the order, and neatness, and culture were so perfect, that it seemed as if there was an absence of mere earthy ingredients. And all this brightness of falling waters and gorgeous flowers, contrasted more forcibly with the plain stone-dwelling, whose bare and shiningly clean appearance presented rather a cold and formal aspect to the beholder. And such was the first impression produced by the appearance of Aunt Rosemary, whose slight form was habited in a dress of sombre hue but rich material, fashioned in the plainest style—a spotless cambric kerchief folded across her bosom, and a cap of similar texture, of Quaker simplicity, covering her plainly-parted snowy hair. There was a severity about her appearance which chilled and awed me: her features, delicate and beautiful, did not even relax into a smile when she gently received my embrace; and she merely said: 'I hope, Mary, that you may receive some benefit and pleasure from the long journey you have undertaken to visit me.' I never was very glib with my tongue, and my reply—the only one I felt equal to making—at least bore the stamp of truth: 'I hope so, Aunt Rosemary, or I wouldn't have come.' Then she smiled—what a sweet smile it was!—and kissing me kindly, said: 'I will try and make you happy.' From that moment, I knew that I should dearly love Aunt Rosemary; and yet she seldom smiled, and seldom spoke.

On entering the wild-looking, square stone-house, I found much food, indeed, for silent observation and surprise. There were two good-sized parlours, one on each side of the door; these apartments were white-washed from ceiling to walls—all white-washed: there

was not a dim speck the size of a needle's point to be discerned. The window-frames were not painted—Aunt Rosemary could not endure paint—*it* came under her ban of 'veneer'; it 'hid dirt, and encouraged it,' she affirmed. The window-frames and all the wood-work in the house—which she had built and superintended with jealous exactitude—were of solid oak; the doors and sashes fitted with a marvellous nicety, which in regal palaces might be sought for in vain. The white linen-blinds were drawn over thick, brilliant plate-glass; and the curtains were of light-coloured silk, rich and massive. The oak-floors were polished with dry rubbing, until they were difficult to walk over; and small squares of carpet reposed before the fire, easily taken up and shaken: but where was the dust? The tables and chairs in both apartments were of plain, solid oak also, with loose cushions belonging to the chairs, of the same light silk as the curtains. Aunt Rosemary had stuffed them herself; she knew what was inside; and they, too, endured frequent beatings and shakings: but where was the dust? In one apartment was a massively-carved oaken book-case, full of half-bound volumes—half-bound, but well bound—all opening delightfully—all the best print and on the best paper—all the best editions of the best books for amusement or instruction. In the opposite room stood a 'lute.' That harp had cost Aunt Rosemary infinite trouble in former years, and had cost her also a little fortune; it was rumoured. She rejected gilding with disdain; all must be solid, and what it seemed to be: no veneer—no deception for Aunt Rosemary! So the harp was made for her expressly: the finest in tone and the plainest in form that could be devised—the frame being of solid and beautiful satin-wood. French-polish Aunt Rosemary deemed worse than paint; cast-iron things, or any cast things in any manufacture, she equally detested; as to leather-work, and imitation of oak-carving—*that* she regarded as a positive device of Satan, to seduce folks into idle ways, and to save the honest legitimate labour of the hands. Nor could she be reconciled to any new inventions, however excellent they might be; she looked with supreme contempt on new-fangled cotton edging, and clung to the old pillow-lace with fond affection.

But to return from this digression on Aunt Rosemary's likings and dislikings. The unmatred hall and uncarpeted stairs struck me as being bare and comfortable; for here, also, all was white-wash and polished oak. Polished by hand labour, like the string-room. But the sleeping-apartments—they absolutely startled me! The beds were made to contain one person each, and the frames were of oak. A fine but strong sackling stretched across the frame, which supported one mattress only—these mattresses being covered with the best linen, and stuffed with the finest white wool. No hangings, no drapery, either to windows or beds, were visible in these dormitories; but the downy blankets were so pure and spotless—the sheets literally rivaling the snow in whiteness—and the yielding, delicious texture of the mattresses—inviting sweet repose, that I soon became quite reconciled to the absence of what my aunt denominated 'dust-collecting trumpery.' It is true the rooms were rather bare; a wardrobe, made of oak; a wash-hand stand of ditto, with white marble-top, and dressing-table to correspond—alone occupied the oak-flooring. Not a vestige of carpeting or mat was visible; there was not a picture, or a vase, or a book-shelf, to break the cold clean monotony. There was not a feminine gewgaw throughout the house, to harbour the dust, that enemy of my aunt's domestic peace. All was white-wash, and unpainted, unvarnished, honest oak! As to the kitchen region, I own to have had dismal misgivings as to whether the pans and kettles, and plates and dishes, were meant for use, so imitatively bright and clean were they, and so methodical were all the arrangements in this important department, the presiding genius being a fac-simile of

Aunt Rosemary. We were very tidy folks in our own home, very order-loving; but we were *flat* in comparison with the order and neatness which reigned at Stone-house. It made me feel cold and shivery. The very snails and slugs seemed to avoid that garden, and the worms did not burrow there; they knew they would be found out. A picture on the walls would have relieved my spirits; a spider or a cobweb would have absolutely envenomed me. I asked Aunt Rosemary if she disliked pictures? She replied: 'No, Mary. I will shew you a beautiful picture in the morning, set in an oak-frame—the production of an unrivalled artist.' So I began to conjecture whereabouts Aunt Rosemary's picture could be; for I had seen all the eight chambers of the square stone-house, save one, and that one led out of my aunt's own chamber; and though the door stood open, she had not invited me to enter. Doubtless the unique picture was there.

How different was our silent tea-table from that merry and bustling meal at home! The viands were excellent, and the china was fair, and Aunt Rosemary was the attentive, hospitable hostess; but somehow I yearned to break away into wild woodland scenes, and to join some rough gypsy encampment. Soon, however, these feelings subsided, and though at first I shrank with nervous embarrassment from the companionship of one whose mind and manners were so widely different from those of the world in which I had been brought up, yet when I found there was nothing to apprehend, and that life with Aunt Rosemary was simply a life of truth within and without—truth without the veneer I hated—then all my reserve and shyness wore away, and I let her see my heart, and how it inclined to love her. She was a wonderful woman. She had a wonderful gift of reading the hearts of others, and of detecting and quietly setting aside all kinds of deceit or falsity. She held no terms with veneer of manner, or veneer of ornament, or veneer of apparel, or veneer of furniture. She waged war with all. The inside of everything should be as good as the outside, she declared; all should be solid—no veneer.

Poor Aunt Rosemary! She listened with horror and seem to my description of shops and general affairs in the busy world I had left. I told her of the 'great bargains' and 'sacrifices' that were daily offered for sale; of the numerous devices used to entrap the unwary (foolish women in particular); of the mock jewellery, mock articles of all descriptions; of the dust, the dirt, the bustle, the turmoil, the go-ahead system of large cities—and though she had heard it all a thousand times before, and read of it still oftener, yet her inmost soul revolted at the description, and with folded hands and compressed lips, I heard her murmur, 'This stone-shell is scarcely strong enough to keep the world out; but the stone-shell is stronger'—an expression somewhat enigmatical. I did not then understand she alluded to the 'hard resting-place' which she had caused to be built at considerable cost, beneath the sacred edifice where it was her Sabbath wont to worship. I did not then know all the preparations she had completed, or how constantly she looked forward with complacency to leave a world whose hollow ways displeased her.

'I am quite curious to see the picture you told me about, Aunt Rosemary,' said I, when the early morning broke in rosy splendour for my aunt rose with the dawn, and retired with the birds at summer sunset. She led me to her own chamber, and pointing from a window said:

'That is my unrivalled picture: what artist can approach it? I do not covet canvas and oil framed in gilt when I possess that.' And the lovely sylvan scene of wood and water, hill and dale, which spread before our eyes, fully justified her encomium. A break in the distant range of green hills, gave to view a blue line far beyond; while a gleam of sunshine

rested on a glittering white wing: it was a sail on the ocean—and the sweet peaceful garden beneath, whose odours were wafted on the summer breeze, seemed like a gay carpet spread between the valley and the massive oaken window-frame through which we gazed.

'It is indeed a beautiful picture, aunt,' I exclaimed.

'You should behold it at sunrise, niece,' was the reply, as the speaker gently placed her hand on my arm, to withhold me from entering the open door which led from her chamber to the adjoining one. There could be no mystery attached to it—the door being always invitingly open, and Martha, the domestic, passing in and out, with her demure face and cat-like step.

'May I not enter that room, aunt?' I inquired; 'it is the only one I have not yet made acquaintance with.'

'I do not forbid you to do so,' replied Aunt Rosemary in her usual mild tone; 'but I recommend you to become more accustomed to me and my ways ere you penetrate into those precincts.' My curiosity of course was fairly roused; I could see into the forbidden apartment about a few feet; but there was no furniture visible so far—nothing save the whitewashed walls and oak-floor. I longed to peep round the door—the impulse was almost irresistible. I saw Aunt Rosemary smile as she led the way down stairs, and, half ashamed of myself, I followed. But I was haunted all day by the remembrance of her words, and I fancied all sorts of improbable things hidden in that inner chamber.

How the days passed at Stone-house I have never been able exactly to ascertain; but pass they did, and very quickly and pleasantly too. My aunt's mornings were occupied with her school, which she had established in the village, and superintended in person. Here the tug of war was carried on daily; and Aunt Rosemary strove earnestly, in this profligate field, to combat with and overcome the lacerating weakness of human nature, in striving to appear what it is not; or, in other words, to instil into the little children's breasts the same intolerance she cherished in her own of veneer in all shapes and aspects. A portion of her time she devoted to reading, a portion to making garments for the poor, and a portion to her harp; and that was a happy time, at evening tide, when she warbled, in a low sweet voice, some quaint old words to the full rich accompaniment of her matchless instrument. I read with her, I taught with her, I worked with her, and sung with her; and though our routine of life was monotonous in the extreme—for Aunt Rosemary paid no visits, except charitable ones, and received few visitors—and I was of an age to dislike monotony, yet I often look back on the few months I passed at Stone-house as the most contented and peaceful period of my existence. Yet Aunt Rosemary was, in truth, a very peculiar personage—a very particular and fidgety body indeed. She was charitable and benevolent, and truthful in every word and action; but then she carried her crotchets about dust and veneer to a distressing pitch; and the rubbing and scrubbing, and dusting and washing, seemed never ending, still beginning. A grease-spot would have raised a commotion like a plague-spot! And we be to that audacious spider which should have spun its web in the house where white-wash reigned paramount!

Many weeks had passed pleasantly away ere I ventured to satisfy my curiosity, by entering the inner chamber, though the door always stood wide open. This may seem strange; but my aunt's words withheld me, from the time when it was first named; and every evening when she asked me the question of: 'Have you been in?' I could see she looked pleased when I replied: 'No,' and I had been brought up in too strict a school of adherence to truth, to contemplate the possibility of evading the question, and at the same

time of peeping round the corner, which certainly would not have been going in. However, at length, one bright breezy morning, when some trifling ailment had prevented my accompanying Aunt Rosemary to her school, and I felt idle, wandering, restless propensities creeping over me, which caused me to enter first one room, and then another, in the vain hope of finding something to look at, or to be amused with—I had tried the harp, and thrown down volume after volume—my footsteps strayed into Aunt Rosemary's apartment, where a survey of the curtainless bed, wardrobe, wash-hand stand, and dressing-table, was soon completed. My gaze fell on the open door, my footsteps faltered, and I actually trembled and looked round in terror. Yet why should I not enter? I had received no prohibition against it, and I had only to reply 'Yes' instead of 'No' to my aunt's nightly question. Hastily I stepped forward with renovated courage, in a moment crossed the threshold, and stood in the midst of a square room, of the same dimensions as the one I had just left. It was totally empty, with the exception of one article, which rested on the floor in the middle of the apartment. It was an oaken coffin, perfectly plain, but of the strongest and most perfect workmanship. I stooped down, and in a paroxysm of astonishment and dismay, lifted the lid. It was lined with the richest white satin; and a cambric robe, folded with the utmost nicety of precision, occupied the interior of this satin-quilted bed. The night-gear ready for the occupant! On a small silver plate on the lid was inscribed the name of 'Rose Mary Harrison.' That night, when I replied 'Yes' to my aunt's nightly question, a flood of tears relieved my overcharged feelings. She looked at me in silence and in some surprise.

'Why do you weep, my niece?' she said kindly. 'I expected you might feel surprise, and repugnance probably, for the insignia of death are a melancholy contemplation for the young and happy. But I did not think to see you sorrow thus.'

'Ah, dear Aunt Rosemary,' I answered between my sobs, 'I cannot bear to think of your death.'

'Why, do you think the possession of my last resting-place—fashioned according to my own taste—will hasten my end, you foolish girl?' said Aunt Rosemary.

'O no, aunt,' I replied; 'but it is so sad to see your coffin—it makes me quite miserable.'

'I dust it every day,' she exclaimed with a smile; 'and if you will help me, you will soon cease to feel uncomfortable, I think.' I declined the task, however, with a shudder; nor did I care to enter that apartment again.

From all I could ever learn, the life of Aunt Rosemary had not been marked by vicissitude or disappointment; on the contrary, she had glided down the stream of time rather more smoothly than is usual for voyagers on that variable current. There was not a particle of romance in her history; and it is probable the same feelings influenced her in preparing her last narrow bed, as those which swayed every action of her life. Doubtless she laboured under a species of monomania, based on an abstract love of truth and detestation of veneer, thus carried out in an eccentric and whimsical manner. She continued to reside at Stone-house for ten years after my visit, which, owing to adverse circumstances, was never repeated; and I believe her end was at length hastened by the loss of her faithful domestic, old Martha; whose younger and often-changed successors—many of whom decamped on first obtaining a glimpse into the inner chamber—proved a constant source of vexation to the lonely woman. Aunt Rosemary's mortal remains were duly deposited in the satin-quilted bed, and laid to rest in the strong stone vault which she had built for their accommodation. To this day, her memory is preserved

among us by a repetition of the familiar phrase—of which few strangers possess the key, but which intercourse with the world frequently calls forth—'Heigh-ho for Aunt Rosemary!'

THE NEW CORRECTIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

It is a remarkable history that of Shakspeare, and it would be interesting to trace by what slow degrees public opinion has advanced from the time when Robert Greene sneered at him as an upstart crow beautified with borrowed feathers, and thinking himself 'the only Shake-scene in a country,' till he became admired by his contemporaries as unmatched, but only for his wit and felicity of repartee; or from that later period when he was regarded by Milton as an untaught songster, warbling his native wood-notes wild; or later still, when Voltaire looked upon him as an inspired clown, a merman with a great deal too much of the fish in him, a strange compound of Ariel and Caliban; and when Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs retailed to the daughters of Dr Primrose the fashionable talk about 'pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glassees;' until this year of grace, when he is almost worshipped like a god, when his very faults are either beauties or beauty-patches; when we guard his cottage as the Romans guarded the hut of Romulus; when it is painted on tea-trays and enamelled on portfolios; when his bust is in every house, and perhaps the letter lying on your breakfast-table is sealed with his likeness; when Knight, Collier, and Halliwell vie with each other in learned editions of his works; and, to crown all, when Mary Cowden Clarke writes a concordance—a veritable concordance—to Shakspeare, and still better, a series of tales on the girlhood of her poet's heroines; thus treating them as realities, and then making researches in the archives of imagination as to their previous history.

Apart from the splendour of the homage now presented to the name of Shakspeare, as compared with that which he first received, there are few things in his history more remarkable than the manner in which that homage is now bestowed, as compared with the manner in which it was at first rendered. Shakspeare is no longer heard; he is read. He no longer dazzles in a gaudy spectacle before the footlights; he shines on the modest page of illustrated editions. He is no longer our host in the theatre; he is our guest by the fireside. To account for the fact that, in the space of 250 years, Shakspeare should have almost vanished the playhouse, and should address himself more to a reading than to a hearing public, has often been adverted to as a perplexing problem, and so should we, too, consider it, if we did not see it to be in some degree explicable by the simple fact, that reading generally has, in late years, been much extended, while theatrical entertainments generally have shrunk, or barely kept their ground.

A volume just published by Mr. Collier is one of the many tokens that Shakspeare now belongs to a reading-public.* The first complete edition of *Mr William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, was published in 1623, in folio, and this was reprinted in 1632. A copy of the reprint of 1632, usually known as the second folio of Shakspeare, fell into Mr Collier's hands not long ago; and he found that, from first to last, every page contains notes and emendations in a handwriting not much later than the time when it came from the press.[†] From the character of these corrections, it would seem that the volume belonged to some one connected with a company of players, who,

perhaps, for the honour of Shakspeare, as well as for theatrical purposes, took the very great trouble of amending the numerous errata, and of adding the directions necessary to the faithful delivery of the different parts. To shew the extent and the minuteness of this revival, it has been calculated that in punctuation alone not less than 20,000 corrections have been made, and all apparently by the same hand. Besides these corrections, of the value of which we are not enabled to judge, there are about 1100 alterations of words and phrases, of which Mr Collier has given us abundant examples in the volume now under our notice. His own opinion of these is high; he thinks them restorations of an original and true text, which has not hitherto been open to any editor or commentator. And many persons of no small reputation for critical acumen, have joined in this opinion. On the other hand, Mr Charles Knight, and one or two others, have passed a less favourable judgment, regarding the emendator as one who, in most instances, only used his own wit in devising plainer readings; and often in this process shewed himself insensible to the profound though quaint meanings of his author. We think there is a good deal to be said on both sides of this curious question. We shall first give a few examples of what occur to us as really emendations.

In the last act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in the fifth scene, when the fairies approach Falstaff, Anne Page acting the Fairy Queen, Dame Quickly accompanies them; and in the common editions we find that the very authoritative speech addressed to the fairies, and which we would expect from none but their queen, is put into the mouth of Mrs Quickly. The ground for so doing is, that 'Qui' is prefixed to it. In Mr Collier's volume, however, the 'Qui' is changed to 'Que,' as a misprint; and thus a speech most inappropriate for poor Dame Quickly, is given to its rightful owner, the Fairy Queen, Anne Page. This is one of the most valuable emendations of its kind. On the whole, however, the stage-directions which we find in this volume are not of much importance. The improvements in the punctuation are far more valuable; although these are for the most part so minute, that the ordinary reader will probably be inclined to pass them by. Here is one of the most striking. In *Julius Cesar* (iii. 1), a crowd of people in the street make a rush on Cesar to offer their petitions, and one more forward than the rest cries:

O Cesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cesar nearer.

Cesar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

By the change of a single letter, and the introduction of a mark of interrogation, this not very gracefully-worded reply becomes quite clear:

That touches us? Ourself shall be last served.

There is another very interesting emendation of the same kind in the *Merchant of Venice*. Bassanio choosing between the caskets, begins to moralise upon the deceitfulness of outward show; external glitter is not a proof of real worth; ornament, he says, is but

The beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

Such is the now and corrected version of the passage; but in all the old editions there is no stop after *Indian*, while a semicolon occurs after *beauty*, thus making utter nonsense, inasmuch that Sir Thomas Hamner, in order to make out a meaning that might harmonise with the general strain of the reflection, proposed to read that 'ornament is but the beauteous scarf veiling an Indian Gowdy.'

Let us now turn to emendations that affect words.

* Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays, from early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

In *King Henry V.* (ii. 8), Dame Quickly, describing the death of Falstaff, says, according to the old folios: 'His nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of green fields.' This passage will puzzle every reader; for what imaginable resemblance there is between a nose—a sharp nose, too—and a table, and what in the world is a table of green fields, not the most learned of commentators can explain, though he should rise from the dead for the express purpose of doing so. Let the reader, then, try his hand at a conjectural emendation. He will not easily make a happier correction than that of Theobald: 'his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields;' a' being Mrs Quickly's substitute for *he*. This correction has been considered so happy, that it is the one generally adopted, and has, in fact, passed into a current phrase. One is sorry to reject it, as it adds a pleasing touch to Falstaff's character; but we are at the same time to remember, that it is a mere guess. Pope seems not to have been satisfied with it, and attempted to set the passage right in this ridiculous way: 'his nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of Greenfield's'—as if Greenfield had been the property-man of the theatre. In Mr Collier's folio, the passage is thus given: 'his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze.' If, in losing Theobald's emendation, we lose a fine trait in Sir John's character, in accepting this one, we get a touch of Dame Quickly. That speech is Dame Quickly to the life. One of the most remarkable things about her, is a way that she has of particularising. She is not content to say generally that Falstaff's nose was as sharp as a pen, but her memory recalls a particular occasion when she was struck with the sharpness of a pen as seen in relief upon a green table; and to that she refers. In illustration of this particularising humour, take the following speech addressed to Falstaff: 'Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny 't? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound.'

In *Love's Labour Lost*, Armado asks the page: 'How hast thou purchased this experience?' and his answer is: 'By my penny of observation.' This phrase, which has now become quite common, is a conjectural emendation, like that of Theobald above mentioned. In the old copies, the reply of Moth is: 'By my penny of observation,' which Sir Thomas Hamner, to whom allusion has already been made as the inventor of the 'Indian dowdy,' altered as it now stands. The old manuscript corrector, however, gives a different version: 'By my paine of observation'—that is, *pain*; and this seems a word more likely to be misprinted into *penny*, than is the other. Here is another mistake of the compositor; it occurs in *Coriolanus*, the worst printed of the old plays:—

Pray be counselled.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

There is a line omitted, the absence of which has not hitherto been suspected, and which has evidently arisen from the repetition of the same word at the end of two lines:—

I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Another evident error of the compositor will be found in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

For 'Aristotle's checks,' the annotator gives 'Aristotle's ethica,' which no one can doubt to have been the real reading.

Besides these errors of the press, there is a large class of blunders which may be supposed to have sprang up in transcription, the copyist hearing a word or two wrong, and writing on without thinking. Of this kind, there is a remarkable instance in *Coriolanus*: 'I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint.' What is meant by the first complaint? It is evidently a mistake for *thirst*: the Tiber is imperfect in curing the *thirst* complaint. The corrector of the folio makes also a noteworthy change in *As you Like it*. The Beau comes to tell Rosalind and Celia about the wrestling, and says: 'Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.' Celia's answer is, in the common editions: 'Sport? Of what colour?' and we are at a loss to know what she can mean. The Beau is also at a loss, for he asks: 'What colour, madam? How shall I answer that?' The explanation of the passage is this, that the Beau had spoken affectedly, and pronounced *spot* as if *spot*. Celia then, to ridicule his mincing pronunciation, says: 'Spot? Of what colour?' There is another curious instance in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Fairy, soon after meeting with Puck, says of Titania:—

Thy cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

Mr Collier's criticism is as follows: 'There seem several objections to this passage as it has stood in all editions. First, cowslips are never tall; and next, the crimson spots are not in their coats, or on the petals, but at the bottom of the calyx, as Shakspeare has himself told us in *Cymbeline* :—

Like the crimson drops
In th' bottom of a cowslip.

The alteration authorised in the manuscript in the folio, 1632, is therefore as follows:—

The cowslips all her pensioners be;
In their gold cups spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

Rubies would be singular decorations for a coat, but were common ornaments to golden chaises.'

Let us now advert to the antagonistic views on this interesting subject. Our friend, Mr Charles Knight, in a small pamphlet published by him,* acknowledges the value of some of the so-called emendations, but condemns the great bulk of them as prosaic, as proceeding indeed upon an effort to reduce certain obscure passages of Shakspeare to common-sense, and thus running the risk of destroying the actual text of the author. In many instances, we think he convincingly shews that the emendator has acted thus, and not always with understanding. For example, in the speech of Westmoreland to the archbishop (*Henry IV.* part 2, act iv, scene 2), occurs this passage, as usually printed:

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war.

* *Old Lamps, or New? A Plea for the Original Editions of the Text of Shakspeare, &c.* 1853.

The emendator gives report of war, and Mr Collier rejoices in the alteration, because, says he, "point of war" can have no meaning." To this, Mr Knight replies by shewing, that 'point of war' is a phrase explained in so familiar a book as Johnson's Dictionary, and actually used in one so recent as *Waverley*. *Point of war* is merely a note or brief tune, expressed by the trumpet. It is plain that neither the emendator nor Mr Collier has understood this phrase, or the one would never have made, or the other sanctioned a change.

A similar case occurs in the *Tempest*, where Ceres blesses the betrothed pair:

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest.

The emendator reads for spring, *rain*; on which Mr Collier remarks: 'It may be asked why Juno should wish spring to be so long deferred? On the other hand, *rain* before "the very end of harvest" would be a misfortune, and the singer is deprecating such disasters.' Hereon Mr Knight comments: 'The singer is invoking blessings, and not deprecating disasters. She wishes all increase and plenty to "bless this twain." Ceres is the singer, and not Juno. It is one of the blunders of the corrector to take the whole song belong to Juno, instead of its being dramatically divided, so as to suit the attributes of each goddess; and Ceres appropriately wishes full barns, loaded vines, and bending fruit-trees—and at the very end of harvest [at latest] another *spring* to come with no intervening winter.' There is, we think, no room for doubt that for Ceres to wish the pair rain in any part of harvest before its close, would have been to invoke a disaster and not a blessing for them. We must, therefore, regard this as an instance of a deliberate alteration of Shakspeare's text, without any authority, and under the guidance of a common-sense which was sadly deficient in true intelligence.

Four letters by Mr Thomas Smibert on this subject, in the *Edinburgh News*, take generally the same view as Mr Knight, and contain some acute criticism. A few of the remarks of this writer may be given, as further examples of what may be said in defence of the old readings.

'In the *Tempest*, these words occur, being addressed to Prospero:

Whether thou bestest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me.

The improvement offered to us here is "devil" for "trifle." The change is a poor one viewed in any light; but "enchanted trifle" is almost certainly the right reading, as it plainly means "illusion" here, and "living drolleries" are spoken of just before. Besides, the devil does enchant other beings sometimes, folks say; but an "enchanted devil" is not a very intelligible sort of animal. At all events, the phrase is but a lame one to pick out, when people are professedly improving upon the accepted language of Shakspeare.

'Another passage in the *Tempest* runs thus:

And the fair soul herself
Weighed, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.

The shipwrecked king of Naples is here taunted with having wedded off his daughter at Tunis almost against her will. The change which Perkins wisens us to assent to is:

Weighed, between loathness and obedience, as
Which end o' the beam should bow.

This interpretation is again decidedly of the cast of Mr Puff's, harder than the original. There is, indeed, not a shade of doubt or difficulty about the common version. Why vary it, then, at once without advantage, and upon (certainly) doubtful authority?

'We are asked to transform, in the same play, "the

green-sour ringlets, whereof the ewe not bites," into the "green-sward ringlets." By doing so, we shall simply take away the plainly-given reason why "the ewe not bites," without making an improvement worth a pinch of snuff. Besides, the ringlets are assuredly real, and Nebuchadnezzar would probably have pronounced *green-sour* into the bargain.

'In *Measure for Measure*, Isabel observes, in addressing Angelo on the subject of mercy:

How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?

We are required to read "God of judgment"—a feeble substitution; and certainly springing from a very common-place brain indeed. "Top" is both apt and poetical. The judge ever does sit above the judged in reality.

'In *King Henry VIII.*, the monarch says, alluding to a tax laid by Wolsey on the incomes of the people—

Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution!

It strikes me that the word "trembling" here may be held, without much forcing, to mean "momentous, trying, agitative." But, allowing it to be a dubious phrase, the word "trembling" is a substitute bad beyond dubiety. It is true that "six" is divisible into "threes," and this fact is the obvious basis of the new reading; but then it happens that a sixth part is neither a trebled nor a trebling contribution, as compared with the lesser number or third part. The exacted amount, of course, diminishes by every three you add numerically in this way. As the king, therefore, plainly meant something very different from what "trebling" could possibly express, we may rest assured that he never used such a word. "Trampling" would be a much better suggestion, or even "troubling." But against all needless tamperings!

The changes proposed upon *Hamlet* are those, perhaps, which try the patience of a fond Shakspearian most severely. In describing the first ghost-scene, Horatio uses the words—

Whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear.

The new reading is "bestilled"—that is, "behushed," or "becalmed." Passing over the novel and violent cast of "bestilled," the old version is not only the more poetical and impressive, but it is even by much the plainer of the two, as common jellies are well known to be formed by evaporation, or by distilling off the vapour from the more solid matters. In short, "distilled" has a clear connection with "jelly," and constitutes a continuous image. How a man is to be "stilled" or "hushed" into a jelly is not so easily seen. "Bechilled," which some have proposed, would be the better emendation, seeing that jellies are really so far made by cooling. But there is no need of any alteration whatever. The suggestion, again, of "stoop" for "step," in the closet scene, is in the same position, or rather, it is in a worse one. The "counterfeit presentments" of the two brothers were almost certainly hung on the stage-walls originally; and it was much more natural for Hamlet, while pointing to them, to say: "What judgment would step from this to this?" than to say: "Stoop from this to this." The four last words shew clearly that he was indicating the pictures by gesture; and "step" is the term most appropriate to the action and situation. In another scene of *Hamlet* a "certain convocation of politic worms" are said to be at the body of Elonius. "Palated worms" is the alteration here laid down for us. It is far-fetched; and if we accept it, we assuredly destroy the continuity of the image, which hangs visibly on the relation between "convocation" and "politic." Once more must that

Intellect be pronounced ordinary, if not most obtuse, that could deem any change necessary.'

The conclusion at which we arrive is, that the emendator was a player who had access to some true readings of Shakespeare, possibly traditional on the stage, but who further busied himself in smoothing away obscure passages, under the guidance of his own judgment, which was far, indeed, from being infallible.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

IN 1849, the United States government despatched Captain Howard Stansbury to survey the Great Salt Lake, and explore its shores—a region, the name of which has become familiar to most readers, from the Mormons having chosen it as their abiding-place after their long and painful migrations. Starting on 31st May from Fort Leavenworth, a post on the banks of the Missouri, far up in the Indian territory, the captain, with Lieutenant Gunnison as his second, commenced the journey with eighteen men and a well-equipped train of wagons and animals. The route lay along the 'emigration-road,' which, having been travelled by so many thousands on their way from the States to Oregon and California, is said to be as broad and well-beaten as any in the country. In the very first day, dispirited emigrants were met returning to the settled districts with their worldly goods packed on their shoulders; and all along the route, distressing instances were seen of suffering, death, and abandonment of property among the multitudes who had been tempted from their quiet homes and peaceful pursuits by the hope of gain in the land of gold.

The passage of such large bodies of adventurers had not been without its effect on the Indian tribes: in some, the spirit of cruelty and cupidity was excited by opportunities for plunder, while others had picked up a few business notions. As the party approached the boundaries of the Sauk Indians, for instance, the chief rode up, and presented a memorandum, intimating the propriety of paying for the grass, wood, and water which would be consumed while going through their country. Biscuit and tobacco were the most acceptable toll that could be offered to them.

There is but little variety in the incidents of travel over the dreary plains which stretch away for 1000 miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Now it is fording a river, shooting game, catching fish or terrapin, gathering strawberries by the hatful, toiling over a scorching level, where not even a stick grows to afford shelter from the burning glare of the sun; or if game be scarce, salt pork and biscuit are the fare—not particularly refreshing in sultry weather; while at times swarms of black beetles and other insects prove an intolerable annoyance in the bivouac, 'pattering against the tents like large drops of rain in a heavy shower,' all night long. Then came sudden squalls and hurricanes of terrific violence, accompanied by drifting sand or driving rain, which level the tents in an instant, overturn wagons, and drench everything. The Indians, too, are a perpetual source of alarm; and as a means of protection when halting for the night, wagon-trains are formed into what is called a *corral*. The vehicles are ranged in a circle, and chained together, leaving only a single narrow opening; and within this impromptu fort, men and animals repose in security. Instances have occurred of their having withstood a regular siege for a whole day by the savages, who, after all, would contrive to possess themselves of a few stray horses and mules. Overland emigration, therefore, does not present a very inviting prospect as yet, whatever it may be when the railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific is completed.

The action of water in the ravines, gullies, and streams which intersect the region is remarkable: channels in some places have been worn 200 feet deep by floods, leaving perpendicular walls, or isolated ridges or needles, to tell of their effects, and to mark how surely, though slowly, the interior of the mighty continent is being carried away to the ocean. The action of water, too, is clearly discernible in some of the vast basins among the hills, where well-defined levels all round the sides shew the hollows to have been great lakes or inland seas at some former period of the earth's history. Mineral wealth—iron ore, rare stones, and excellent coal, are everywhere met with. In one part of the Sweetwater Valley, hundreds of square yards were found covered with an efflorescence of carbonate of soda, so pure that the emigrants used it for their bread in preference to that which they had brought with them. In another place was an abundant spring of petroleum or mineral tar, which was laid under contribution as a lubricant for the wagon-wheels. If ever the country becomes settled by a numerous population, they will not lack resources.

Captain Stansbury's party kept the 4th July with due honours, and such a dinner as falls to the lot of few. 'Buffalo-soup, buffalo-ribs, tender-loin, and marrow-bones roasted, boiled ham, stewed peaches, and broiled curlew,' with wine, coffee, and cigars, might well inspire them for their weary travel. As they increased their elevation up the slope, the atmosphere became so dry, that the wood of the wagons shrunk and cracked to such a degree, that the vehicles would scarcely hold together even when wedges, lashing, and other expedients had been resorted to; but this difficulty was overcome, as well as many others that beset them. In crossing the Platte River at Deer Creek, they were obliged to use a ferry-boat, which had been established by two enterprising individuals, who, in the hope of doing a good stroke of business, had taken up their quarters in that lonely spot, exposed to the attendant privations and risk of attack by the Indians. Their boat, if such it can be called, was formed of seven logs of the cottonwood-tree, roughly hollowed to the shape of canoes, and held together by poles, with two planks across the top, on which the wagon-wheels rested. It was pulled to and fro by means of a rope stretched across the stream, the toll for a wagon being two dollars—not an exorbitant charge under the circumstances.

On the 6th August, the South Pass was crossed, and the descent commenced on the western side; and in three weeks more, the party were on the edge of the great basin which contains the Mormon territory, destined, ere long, to become the state of Utah. In descending the pass from the Wahsatch Mountains, a first faint misty glimpse of the Great Salt Lake was obtained; and by the end of the month, the explorers had arrived in the city which bears the same name as the lake, after a toilsome journey of nearly 1200 miles from Fort Leavenworth.

After a short rest for refreshment and repairs, a reconnaissance was made into the country bordering on the lake, with a view of observing the general character of the valley, and of getting an idea of the work to be done. Now the hardships began in earnest; all that had passed before was as nothing in comparison. The region is a savage desert, with scarcely a drop of drinkable water, and entirely destitute of trees, relieved at remote intervals by a small patch of grass on the borders of a spring, and by a scanty growth of artemisia, which serves as fuel. Leaving Lieutenant Gunnison to proceed with one part of the triangulations, the captain, with his division, bent his steps into the dreary solitudes. At times a sudden view of the lake was obtained, where one of its bays indented the shore, covered with myriads of wild geese, ducks, and swans, whose clamour and movement presented a striking contrast to the surrounding stillness: it is only, how-

over, at particular spots that the birds are found, the general character being that of oppressive solitariness. Of their first evening's bivouac, Captain Stansbury observes: 'The evening was mild and bland, and the scene around us one of exciting interest. At our feet, and on each side, lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose up from 800 to 1000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreamy haze hovering over this still and solitary sea, threw its dim uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild-duck floating on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound, unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltiest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness, which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme.'

During the next few days, the want of water was terribly felt: the route lay across plains of mud or sand of many miles in extent, where some of the mules had to be abandoned, and the others were saved with difficulty, sixty hours having passed without their finding a single drop of water; and it was only by dint of the strictest economy—going without their coffee for breakfast—that the party saved sufficient for their own wants. While plodding wearily onwards in this condition, they came to 'a portion of the plain where salt lay in a solid state, in one unbroken sheet, extending apparently to its western border. So firm and strong was this unique and snowy floor,' says Captain Stansbury, 'that it sustained the weight of our entire train, without in the least giving way or cracking beneath the pressure. Our mules walked upon it as upon a sheet of solid ice. The whole field was crossed by a net-work of little ridges projecting about half an inch, as if the salt had expanded in the process of crystallisation. I estimated this field to be at least seven miles wide, and ten in length. How much further it extended northward, I could not tell; but if it covered the plain in that direction, as it did where we crossed, its extent must have been very much greater. The salt, which was very pure and white, averaged from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and was equal in all respects to our finest specimens for table use. Assuming these data, the quantity that here lay upon the ground in one body, exclusive of that in a deliquescent state, amounted to above four and a half millions of cubic yards, or about 100,000,000 of bushels.'

Two days afterwards, this bright and clear field of salt was converted into a swamp by heavy rain: it may be regarded as a prominent characteristic of the region. Next succeeded a desert of seventy miles in width, good part of which had been changed into a sea of mud by the rain, and was so soft and slippery, that travelling on it was a work of extreme toil and difficulty. It was only by spreading a layer of artemisia on the ground, that anything like a firm or dry halting-place could be found; comfort was out of the question. At length, on the 7th November, the party had completed their

perilous task, and returned to the city, being the first white men who had ever made the entire tour of the lake.

The result of this reconnaissance, was the ascertaining of the character of the valley, and the nature of the work required for the survey. The broad stretches of swamp or sand on every side but little above the level of the lake, gave reason to believe that they had once formed part of the bottom when the water was at a greater elevation than at present—a conclusion supported by the appearance of water-lines or ancient beaches on the shores and on the surrounding hills, from which it would appear, that formerly a great inland sea, hundreds of miles in extent, filled the vast basin, the water now standing being all that remains after ages of evaporation. Similar instances of disappearance are to be met with on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The water is the purest brine known, and is so intensely salt, that meat immersed in it for twelve hours becomes perfectly salted. Swimming in it is difficult, as it is scarcely possible to keep the legs under the surface, owing to the density of the water; and swallowing a few drops produces a constriction of the throat as painful as when the fumes of sulphur are inhaled: death is, therefore, almost inevitable from an accidental plunge. The present dimensions of the lake are about seventy miles long and twenty wide at the widest part, and thirty-two feet the greatest depth. The highest of the ancient water-lines is 200 feet above the existing level; and this level will doubtless continue to sink, for great part of the lake is so shallow, that the wind as it shifts blows the water off broad flats on one side to overflow similar flats on the other—a phenomenon which added materially to the labour and fatigue of the subsequent survey. The islands that spring from the lake have their counterpart in the rocky hills and ridges that rise from the desert flats around; and centuries hence, in obedience to the same law, the water will probably disappear from their bases, and leave them isolated in a sandy waste. It is worthy of remark, that the general direction of the ridges, ranges, or islands, all over the region, is north and south.

Lieutenant Gunnison, in the meantime, had measured a base-line 31,680 feet in length, and erected tall pyramidal tripods of timber at each extremity, and on fourteen principal triangulation stations. This was not accomplished without much labour and perseverance, as all the wood had to be brought thirty miles from the gorges of the mountains, not only for the structures, but also for cooking purposes. During the winter, as no field-work could be done, owing to the deep snows and severity of the weather, a large boat was built, and preparations were made for scientific objects.

Not till April 1850 could the party move again; and glad at being released from their weary winter-quarters, they launched their boat on the Jordan, and after a pleasant trip of twenty miles, came to its mouth in the lake. Here was a shoal on which the water was but a few inches deep, crowded with wild-fowl; and for several miles the boat had to be dragged through the soft mud, until it again floated, and they reached Antelope Island, on which the first encampment was formed. This island, like all the rest, is a rocky ridge running north and south, and rising to a height of 2000 feet at its topmost crags. The eastern slope is one of the best pasture-grounds in the whole country, and large herds of cattle are constantly kept there by the Mormons. At a distance of ten miles is Fremont's Island, twelve miles in circumference, on which, though not a single drop of water could be found, abundance of a bulbous root, named *sego*, much prized as an esculent, was met with, as well as wild-parsneps, and trees of wild-sage eight feet high, with stems six inches in diameter.

The boat, which was christened the *Salicornia*, proved a tolerable sloop; and while one division of the party

was employed in fixing stations on the islands, the other worked as a chain-party along the shore; and the terrible work it proved to measure distances and determine positions with scientific accuracy in those dreary deserts. The result affords another proof of what enterprise and endurance are capable of. By the beginning of May, the gnats had come forth in such myriads, that their attacks drove the sufferers almost to madness: this was accompanied by the scorching glare, and hot dust-winds, but liable to a sudden change by cold blasts from the mountains; and fires were always necessary after sunset, so rapid and extreme are the alternations of temperature.

Tripods were erected on the high peaks of the islands, or some promontory of the shore; and to render them visible from a distance, they were covered with red or white cloth, according to the colour of the background. The use of the theodolite was, however, very much interfered with by a haze that continually filled the atmosphere, whatever might be the direction of the wind. In wading to the shore at Mud Island, another peculiarity of the lake was discovered. 'We struggled,' writes Captain Stansbury, 'through a deep, soft, dark-coloured mass of what at first appeared to be ooze and slimy mud, but which, upon examination, proved to consist almost solely of the larvæ of insects lying upon the bottom, producing, when disturbed, a most offensive and nauseous odour. The mass was more than a foot in thickness, and extended several yards from the shore. A belt of soft black mud, more than knee-deep, lay between the water and the hard rocky beach, and seemed to be impregnated with all the villainous smells which nature's laboratory was capable of producing.' On this mud-flat, evidences were met with of volcanic action going on underneath on a small scale. 'Above the level of the water,' it is described 'as thickly covered with round, dark-coloured circular cakes, precisely resembling in form, colour, and appearance the excrement of cattle dried in the sun. Underneath the dry surface of these cakes is a soft, black, and sometimes greenish mud, which, when the cake is moved by the foot, and the dry covering pushed aside, emits a most fetid sulphurous odour, poisoning all the surrounding air. The substance of which these lumps are formed, appears to have boiled up from beneath, through numerous small orifices in the sand, and to have spread itself over the surface of the flat, in a semi-fluid state, to the thickness of from half an inch to three inches, with various diameters from three inches to a foot. The exposed surface has been indurated slightly by the action of the sun, and has formed a thin, tough, and slightly elastic covering or skin, which retains the substance within in a moist state for a long time. By long exposure, these lumps seem to dry up entirely, although, upon removing them, they are found still to be supplied with moisture from the small orifice or tube in the centre beneath, which latter apparently extends to a considerable depth in the ground.'

On one of the small rocky islands where a landing was effected, pelicans and gulls were found in the bay by thousands; and it was scarcely possible to walk without setting foot on their nests. The old pelicans proved to be less attentive to their young than those who derive their conclusions from ancient fable would be willing to believe; for they hurried out of reach of the intruders, and stood for hours drawn up in regular rank-and-file, like soldiers, at one side of the bay. And during a hail-storm, numbers of the young ones were killed by the fury of the gust, while the parents betook themselves to the shelter of the rocks. One instance, however, was met with, which may be set down to the instinct of kindness. 'In a ramble around the shores of the island,' the captain relates, 'I came across a venerable-looking old pelican, very large and fat, which allowed me to approach him without

attempting to escape. Surprised at his apparent tameness, we examined him more closely, and found that it was owing to his being perfectly blind; but he proved to be very pugnacious, snapping fiercely, but vaguely, on each side, in search of his enemies, whom he could hear but could not see. As he was totally helpless, he must have subsisted on the charity of his neighbours; and his sleek and comfortable condition shewed that, like beggars in more civilised communities, he had fared sumptuously every day.' Large flocks of the young, huddled in different parts of the island, were left in the charge of an old one as keeper or overlooker; and this old one was seen to be as regularly relieved as a sentry on watch.

Slowly and painfully the work of the survey went on. Squalls and hurricanes at times threatened destruction to the boat, when one-half of the party were encamped on a rocky islet, where they must have perished miserably of thirst; and sleet and snow sweeping down from the Wahsatch Mountains, froze them almost to death. Food and water often ran short. One of the encampments of the shore-party was named Tophet, so terrible was its heat and desolation. A voyage of twenty or thirty miles had repeatedly to be made to the springs at the head of the lake for a supply of water; and only on such occasions could the party afford themselves the luxury of a wash. The captain steered, he being the only sailor; and as the swell on the lake, when the wind blew, made his men sick, he sat at the helm all night while they lay down in the bottom of the boat. On one of these trips, he says: 'I shall never forget this night. The silence of the grave was around me, unrelieved by the slightest sound. Not the leap of a fish, nor the solitary cry of a bird was to be heard, as, in profound darkness the boat moved on, plunging her bows into the black and sullen waters. As we passed within the shadows of the obscure and towering mountains, the eye was strained in vain to catch some evidence of life. The sense of isolation from everything living was painfully oppressive.'

After three months of such labours as are here described, the survey was finished on 27th June, when another tour round the lake was made to connect the different sets of triangulations with each other, and the whole was completed by the 12th of August. The sum-total of work was—the measurement of a base-line, six miles in length; the erection of twenty-four stations in wood or stone; 513 miles of survey of Great Salt Lake, and Lake Utah, and the river Jordan, which connects the two; and the observations from the several stations comprising an area of more than 5000 square miles.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

BY A WOMAN.

'For his rule over his family, and his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render; for in society there is no law to control the king of the fireside. He is master of property, happiness—life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seignior who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen, or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talking over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French king and the emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs, too, in their way) govern their own dominions at home, where each

man rules absolute. When the annals of such a reign are shown to the Supreme Judge, when we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid open of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, and as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles.

This is the admission of a male writer of our day, one who never speaks without reflection. I accept it as the admission of a possible case, to which the condition of the slave under a master is comparative happiness. Of the woman in such a case, what can we conclude, but that she must at the best sink into a mere toy or tool, a cipher, an appendage to her earthly law-giver? He is her all-controlling planet, and she, the feeble satellite, grows dim beside his fiercer rays, which blind without warning; her purer light becoming merged in his, absorbed or annihilated by a power assumed not by Almighty warrant, but exercised without mercy, and destined to endure—unless love shall grow stronger than self—till the crush of worlds. Terrible are the issues to the weaker vessel. Self-respect is dead—supineness and piteous dependence of mind follow. As years sweep on, she may strive hard, strive with tears of blood, to be patient, and wise, and strong; but the crippled bargains of a life can never be made whole again. The sovereign daunt of a cordial love is at its lees; and little is the most which those can achieve, who, to use the words of Goethe, 'are left to tread the wine-press alone.'

These are strong truths, which ought to be spoken, even though there be some who cannot feel, and others who dare not confess them. Doubtless, there exist many wives who bless their chain; and to them this picture will appear overdrawn. But that such instances are frequent, and that such evils are endured and silently wept over, we know, though in each case a veil may be drawn over the wound, and the face of the sufferer may be hidden as the face of one who 'covers up her head to die.' The white Christian slave must walk quietly, and with pulses subdued to the tone of a meek endurance, from which there must be no appeal—not even to the Master, still less to the world. Her face must wear an outward calm, though the fires of Etna boil within her breast. She is expected to hear without a murmur every breach of that holy ordinance to which both are alike vowed, the very slightest divergence from which in herself she would shudder to contemplate. She must countenance no vice, save that alone which falls like an evil shadow upon her own hearth, darkening the firelight, which should shew but looks of confidence and love on faces gathered round it in the sweet sanctity of home. Are a man's fortunes cast in lowly places?—blows dealt in drunken brawls may brutify the nature of her who, mindless of her own degradation in the effort to reclaim him, pursues his reeling steps to the tavern door. Does he wear a crown?—there is then no limit to the wrongs he may inflict upon the innocent: witness the dealings of the monster-king with Catherine of Arragon, the precious 'jewel' that

hung twenty years.

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:

and later, poor Josephine—'enthroned, unwed, at the pleasure of her imperial master.'

Here we might close the chapter of woman's wrongs, did not the turning of one page more open up a history yet sadder and more startling. In recording it, the hand falters, and the eyes are dim with the mist

of a mother for her child—the child, however, and herself an especially fine and insensate of surpassing tenderness has been appointed to the best purposes, and in accordance with the strictest and most unerring wisdom. How stands it, then, with the mother? Has she in marriage an unlimited power over the child for whom her love is limitless? We answer—no; she has none whatever. She has no more legal right to the 'babe that milks her,' than the American slave-mother has to her offspring; no more right to its possession, than he who subjects her to his corrupt will has to the possession of her accountable soul. He is at all times at liberty to rend it from her arms, as his passion or his caprice dictates. He may give it over to the arms of one whose embrace is pollution, and there is none to call him to account. In some isolated instance, indeed, where the case is more than commonly flagrant, the law—or rather, perhaps, a divergence from the strict letter of the law—weild step in for the protection of the wronged; but there, in its very courts, the many-headed hydra of wealth stands sentinel, and guards the pass that might lead to hope and peace. The laws of property are against her. Her hands are tied: those hands, stretched out in vain and agonised longing after the babe dragged ruthlessly from her bosom, drop powerless before the advocate grasping for his fee!

The man who would use the terrible power he possesses against the mother of his child, cannot, we would willingly think, comprehend the full force of the maternal tie. If he does, then is the guilt more signal that would tamper with that strength of love, that mightiest passion of the heart. There is no cry in heaven like the cry of Rachel weeping for her children. And she, over whose head hangs the threat of that bereavement, which many a mother has been called upon to bear—a bereavement, not by death, but by the cruel wrenching away of that which is dearer than life—might almost be pardoned for offering up in her desolation a prayer to the more tender Father above, that rather than see her loved ones led away into perdition, she might be permitted to watch over them like Elizabeth, calmed and sustained by the one consolation, that they were 'safe in the grave.'

The tale of Chamber's *Griselda*, in which we see a wife and mother submitting to every imaginable wrong from her husband, seems to be generally accepted as a model of female conduct. None but a man could have conceived the idea of so utter a negation of the sacred rights and solemn duties of motherhood, as is depicted in *Griselda*: no woman, moreover, could even her imagination have suggested the series in which the mother yields up her offspring to destruction—would have closed the tale with so monstrous a climax. Never, we believe, save once, has the conclusion of this harrowing story been dealt with in the right spirit. It was left for a German writer to evolve the true soul of the subject. The author of *Leopoldine*, in his drama of *Griselda*—with that fine and delicate appreciation of all that is purest and best in the feminine character, which is rare in any but a woman—shows us the true wife asserting at last the high nature with which she has been endowed; making her repudiate the husband whose selfish love—if love it can be called—could work out its ends through a tyranny so ruthless and unprovoked:

O Percival, thou'st gambled with my peace:
This faithful heart was but a plaything to thee.

I was not born
To be caprice's sport—the toy of humour—
And lost and won upon a single throw.
Thou'st never loved me; and if now I could,

Without thy love, consent to live with thee,
I ne'er deserved the title of thy wife.

Love, every struggle will for love endure,
But is not called upon to yield obedience
To the rough sole that treads it to the earth.

When we consider how many of the current prejudices of fifty years ago are being gradually weeded out, while a fair growth of enlightened views is springing up in their place, we do not despair of the advancement of the cause we are advocating—the cause of woman's freedom, not from such restraints as are wholesome, but from such chains as are a moral torture. There is now sounding in our ears the faintest echo of that sneer which, in days gone by, was directed against the most defenceless portion of the community—we allude to the jibe contained in the words, old maid. Still less do we hear of the blue-stockings of the past century. The fact has at length begun to dawn upon the minds of men, that the life of the solitary woman is worthy of respect, and entitled to a tender consideration and sympathy; and that, moreover, it is quite possible for a woman, whether wedded or single, to exercise the intellect God has given her, and to be at the same time a loving, tender, earnest being, a dutiful daughter, an obedient wife, a watchful and devoted mother. To this character, the women, not of England only, but of the world, have modestly, yet courageously, earned their title. Seeing that they have already done thus much, we are content to wait and watch, and hope for them still better things. No crown was ever yet worn that was not circled by thorns; and a time must and will arrive, when the voice of nature's holiest truth shall be heard above the turmoil of man's ignoble passions; when womanhood shall be honoured, and motherhood held sacred. We look forward to no Utopia; our hope rests on the knowledge of what has already been gained, and on our belief, that the wiser and nobler of the existing generations of men are on our side. These better spirits need not be told that the Rachel Russells of the world are not moulded out of the wrecks of crushed or of shrinking hearts. A living female writer has said, that 'wrongs, be they but deep enough, may temper a human spirit into something divine'; but in that case, the wrongs, while they sting, must not, at the same time, degrade. Possibly, love may survive even such for a brief summer; but once stricken at the root, light will be the touch that shall shake down its last leaves. The wrongs which revolt the sensitive and noble mind—the hard rule which sends the purest and best affections trembling back upon the heart, can know no reparation on this side the grave. There is a deep and beautiful meaning in the saying of the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Some peasants coming to her in tears, complained that the servants of the king her husband had carried off their cattle. She went to her husband, and obtained instant redress. 'Their cattle have been restored to them,' said the queen, 'but who shall give them back their tears?'

[Our contributor, while perhaps more than sufficiently earnest in depicting what we must believe an exceptional case, is right in looking for a remedy chiefly to the progress of society. It is equally true and piteous, that where a female has united her fate with that of a tyrannical or unsympathising mate, there is for her hardly any available refuge; so great are the terrors of society regarding annulment of the marriage-bond; and, at any rate, it being obviously difficult for society, even if inclined, to interfere in the domestic affairs of the enchained individuals. Hence we occasionally become aware of miserable tragedies being enacted in homes that appear externally decent—tyrannies over gentle wives and tender children that make the blood boil to think of. Perhaps it may not be always so; it may in time appear that much less risk is incurred than is now generally supposed, by ruling that a

wretched woman may go away with her children from an intolerable husband, without losing the respect of her circle. Still, we look mainly to the advancing humanity of society to soften away these and many other troubles.]

EXPERIMENTS IN MOUNTAIN-MAKING.

SOME years ago, the phenomena produced by the cooling of a mass of melted silver, gave rise to a new geological theory of the earth. Since that time, experiment has proved that non-metallic substances exhibit the same phenomena; and within the past few months, Professor Gorini, of Lodi, by publishing his researches on this interesting subject, has shewn that it involves many remarkable facts and highly important considerations. 'Not only,' to quote the words of a foreign journal, 'does he succeed in imitating volcanic phenomena, such as we behold in active volcanoes, but he further produces another class—those of plutonic phenomena, which geologists have sought to explain from the nature and position of the rocks, but which they have never been able to examine while in activity or progress, from their having ceased before the appearance of man.'

The results of the researches in question, shew that the phenomena are identical with those that took place in the earlier periods of the earth's history. The substances employed are those containing gas or vapours: experiments made with silicates have failed from want of gas. After working at the subject for some years, Professor Gorini has published the results and the theoretical views which they suggest, in a volume of 500 pages, entitled, *On the Origin of Mountains and Volcanoes*. He has since repeated his experiments before the Society for the Encouragement of Science, Letters, and Arts at Milan, and that learned body has drawn up a critical report on what they saw, favourable to the general question. The subject has excited much attention among geologists on the continent, and it has recently been brought under the notice of those of this country, for the author has sent his volume, with a large explanatory mountain-model, to the Royal Society. He is desirous of assistance in pursuing his inquiry, and with a view to make his work—printed in Italian—more widely known, we give a brief account of his experiments.

As yet, Professor Gorini makes a secret of the substances he employs, by which he prevents others from testing his experiments; the composition, however, varies somewhat with the effect to be produced, about 150 pounds being melted together at the same time, in a vessel contrived for the purpose. The most interesting experiment is that shewing the mode in which mountains were upheaved above the surface of the earth. The melted materials having been run into a shallow iron cistern about five feet long and two feet wide, after a short time begin to solidify in different parts of the surface, by forming along the sides of the cistern acicular crystallisations grouped in centres, similarly to what is observed in water passing slowly to the state of ice. Soon the entire mass is covered with a solid crust, which, except at a few small spots where the liquid still appears, remains horizontal, or else slightly swollen towards the centre. An action now commences where the yet liquid spots afford a communication with the interior; irregular upheavals of molten matter are seen to take place, which, spreading over the crust, quickly solidifies in its turn, leaving a surface strewn with minute protuberances and many unequal humps. Sometimes the eruption issuing from one of the orifices ceases suddenly, and finds an outlet by another a little distance off; or the crust breaks, and a new passage is opened to the igneous matter of the interior. In this primary phase of the phenomena, the disturbances occur without any regularity—a noise of sharp cracks is heard from the inside; and it may be concluded, that the

solidification proceeds in such a way that all between the crust and the bottom of the cistern is still liquid. By this time, the surface of the mass appears to be uniformly solidified, and it might be supposed that all eruption had ceased, were it not that presently the outbursts recommence, and in what is considered a more normal manner.

New openings appear in the crust, and the igneous matter exudes in the same way as water percolating through sand. It is at this moment that certain phenomena are seen, to which Professor Gorini calls particular attention. The liquid continues to exude slowly and with remarkable quietness, spreads itself gradually, hardens almost instantaneously, then covers itself with a new layer so spontaneously, that it is impossible to catch the moment at which the preceding layer solidified. In this way the liquid accumulates little by little upon itself, creating a protuberance with such slowness and calmness, that the phenomenon must be observed during several minutes before the spectator becomes fully aware of the growth of the elevation. Gradually the eruptive movement ceases; the surface of the liquid last exuded appears always as if polished, and traversed by innumerable bubbles of gas almost microscopic. The polish, however, undergoes certain alterations towards the end of the experiment. Sometimes the exuded matter appears to be in part reabsorbed, leaving an interior solid crust exposed, but shortly afterwards it reappears, and with its brilliant surface.

The prominences produced in this manner vary frequently in their forms; sometimes they have a number of humps at their base. The flanks of these little mountains also vary in their inclination, being sometimes that of a long single slope; at others, forming a group full of projections and hollows. As a general rule, the fewer the orifices of eruption, the larger are the prominences. Sometimes, by a closing of all the openings, the result is a state of tranquillity, soon, however, to be interrupted by an unexpected explosion from the side of one of the solidified mountains, by which the melted matter again forces itself outwards.

From a quarter to half an hour is necessary for the manifestation of these different phenomena. Soon after their termination, the solid mass in which they took place detaches itself from the sides of the cistern; it can then be seen that the structure is crystalline. Like ice, it expands in passing from the liquid to the solid state.

In these phenomena, Professor Gorini considers that we see, on a small scale, the mode in which the mountains of the earth, whether volcanic or plutonic, were formed. By varying the combination of his materials, he produces other effects not less striking. In a second experiment made in presence of the Milan Society, he illustrated the phenomena of earthquakes: except in a greater weight of material, it appears to differ but slightly from the former. The process is more rapid, and the elevations produced smaller. When the superficial crust has solidified, and the eruption ceased, attention is fixed upon a number of small iron masts which rest on the bottom of the cistern, and rise above the surface of the melted material, bearing little bells on the upper extremity. At the end of half an hour, interior explosions are heard, repeated at intervals with increasing intensity; the bells ring, and are sometimes thrown down. Crevices open and close; the melted liquid appears which has remained throbbing and surging under the solid crust of the surface. This in turn also cools; and after the cooling, the mass is seen to have formed itself into concentric layers, containing cavities and bubbles of air.

A third change in the composition produced a substance which underwent a great diminution of volume on cooling, but which, after remelting, cooled a second

time with increase of bulk. Singular effects are thus brought out by varying the time, temperature, and material. Sulphur appears to be the principal ingredient; and the substances, as a whole, are designated *plutonic-negatives*. It is to be hoped that Professor Gorini will meet with the aid he seeks, for he is an earnest and diligent inquirer, and will probably throw further light on the mysteries of mountain-making.

STUDENT LIFE IN LOWER RUSSIA.*

As soon as the seminary bell, which hung before the door of the convent at Kiev, began to ring, pupils were seen arriving from all parts of the town. Those belonging to the grammar-class were still children, most of them having soiled and torn clothes, and their pockets filled with marbles, whistles, fragments of pastry, and, in the season, with young sparrows, whose shrill cry not seldom brought on their captors blows of the ferule, or even a flogging with a leathern strap. The rhetoricians were older, walked more steadily, and had decidedly fewer rents in their garments; but they frequently bore on their countenances ornaments in the shape of figures of rhetoric, imprinted by each other's energetic fists. The students of philosophy and theology were quite grown up, and carried nothing in their pockets save fragments of tobacco. They never had any store of eatables about them, for it was their custom to devour on the spot whatever in that way they could lay their hands on. They smelt so strongly of pipes and vodka, that the odour often attracted the wistful noses of the peasants passing by. The square in front of the convent was usually filled with itinerant dealers in bread, cakes, water-melons, patties seasoned with honey and poppy-seeds, and various other dainties peculiar to the *cuisine* of Lower Russia. These merchants were in general women, and vied with each other in the loudness of their commendations of their respective wares. Barely, however, did they address themselves to either the philosophers or the theologians, for these gentlemen usually contented themselves with taking gratuitous samples of the good things, and that by handfuls.

On reaching the seminary, the crowd divided into classes, which assembled in large low rooms, with small windows, large doors, and old blackened benches. These were soon filled with divers and confused buzzings. The monitors made the pupils recite their lessons; while the sharp and piercing voice of a grammarian was answered in precisely the same key by the vibration of a cracked pane in one of the windows. In another corner resounded the deep bass voice of a thick-lipped rhetorician, reciting his morning's lesson. The monitors, while they listened to the repetitions, kept one eye peering under the bench, to try if they could discover in the pupils' pockets any delicacy that might be turned to their own account. When all this learned, although rabble-rout, arrived somewhat early, or when the professors came later than usual, then, by general consent, commenced a *mélée*, in which every one took part, even the censors, whose duty it was to maintain order. Generally, two of the elder theologians were the arbiters of the combat, and decided whether each class should fight on its own account, or whether all the students should divide themselves into two great parties—the bursars and the paying students. The grammarians were usually the first to commence; then came philosophy, with long black mustaches; and theology, in enormous Cossack pantaloons. The battle almost always ended in favour of the latter branch of study; and philosophy went back to its class, rubbing its sides, and sat down panting on the bench. Enter the professor, who, having in his youth taken a constant and active part in such pastimes,

* From the Russian of Nicholas Gogol.

know no difficulty in discovering on the flushed faces of his auditors abundant indications of the heat of the conflict. And while he administered strokes of the rod to the fingers of rhetoric, another professor, in another division, slapped the hands of philosophy with a flat wooden ruler. As to the theologians, they each received what their head-professor called a *measure of dried peace*—that is to say, a good dose of blows applied with a leathern strap.

On holidays, the bursars and the scholars were in the habit of going about the town carrying little theatres of puppets. Sometimes, in their own persons, they acted a comedy, and received as a recompense a piece of cloth, a bag of maize, half of a roasted goose, or something of that nature. In whatever other particulars the students might differ among themselves, in one point there was an astonishing uniformity among them—and that was in the voracious extent of their appetite. It would be impossible to calculate how many *kalatches** each of them could manage to swallow for his supper. Sometimes a party of them would make a foray on the kitchen-gardens in the neighbourhood, and then a rich tureen of vegetable soup would smoke beneath their hungry noses. All the students wore long black gowns, which came down to their heels.

The vacation was the great event of the year. It commenced in June, when the pupils were all sent back to their parents. Then every high-road was covered with grammarians, rhetoricians, theologians, and philosophers. Some went on a visit to their companions; but the elder students generally sought for places—that is to say, they went to give lessons to the sons of the rich country farmers, and received in return a pair of new boots, or perhaps a half-worn coat. Until they obtained a place, they lived, ate, and slept in the fields; each one carrying a bag containing a shirt and a pair of stockings. Some of the more economical carried their boots slung on a stick over their shoulder; and when the roads were muddy, they tucked their wide trousers up to the knees, and boldly paddled through the puddles. Whenever they descried a village in the distance, they left the high-road, and placing themselves in single-file before the best-looking house in the place, chanted in chorus, and with deafening loudness, a religious carol. The master of the house, an old Cossack labourer, would perhaps listen to them with his head leaning on his hand, and then say to his wife: 'Wife, what the students are chanting must be very edifying. Give them a good lump of hog's lard, and whatever catables besides you have to spare.' Then very likely a basket of cakes, some loaves of rye-bread, a piece of lard, and perhaps a fowl with its claws tied together, would be poured into the singers' ever-open bag. Then they would gaily go on their way, until by degrees the numbers diminished, and all were finally dispersed, to meet again at the re-opening of the classes.

LIGHTING GAS WITH THE TIP OF THE FINGER.

This is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in his shoes or slippers walk briskly over a woollen-carpet, *scuffing* his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair with its legs in four tumblers, to insulate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff, by another person, and he will light his gas by simply touching his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything, or be touched by anybody during the trial of the experiment. The stock of electricity acquired by the process we have described, is discharged by contact with another object. The writer has lighted it in this way, and seen it done by children not half-a-dozen years old. We are all peripatetic lucifer-matches, if we did but know it.—*New York Tribune*.

* Little flour-cakes, eaten steeped in milk, butter, or honey.

LOOKING FOR SPRING.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A LINGERING damp within the air
Chilled all the murky town,
As I strode forth to scent the earth
In dingle or on down—
In any place where I could trace,
No shade of winter's frown.

I walked into the fields, still bare,
Though the accustomed plough
Had done its early duty there—
Then up a hill did go,
Till there I stood within a wood,
Beneath the broad day's glow.

'Twas Spring, and yet I saw few signs
Of any vernal sheen:
The ivy, round bare things that twines
Its natural growth of green,
I saw alone on tree and stone
To vivify the scene.

'And yet it is the Spring,' I said,
'For winter, yesterday,
Its filigree of frost that spread
O'er path and plant, away
The sun and wind have swept. I find
Soft dew where snow-drifts lay!

'And there its sulphur-tinted flowers
One venturesous primrose shows;
And hark! rejoice! it is the voice
Of Spring that comes and goes
From briar to bush! The speckled thrush
Sings where you hawthorn grows!'

It is the Spring! rich descants ring,
That wake within my mind
Hopes nearly dead; despair hath fled,
To leave no sting behind.
Hail, speckled thrush! hail hawthorn-bush!
Hail, sunny vernal wind!

The first song of the infant Spring
Is thine, thou merry thrush!
The first bud to thy branches cling,
Thou gentle hawthorn-bush!
To see leaves sprout and hear birds shout,
Glad thoughts within me gush!

A correspondent, dating from Plymouth, complains that in the POCKET MISCELLANY, to which he is a subscriber, he finds articles which originally appeared in CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL. We regret that there should be any disappointment on this subject. The POCKET MISCELLANY, as described in the prospectus and advertisements, professes to be little else than a reprint of amusing articles selected from the early volumes of the JOURNAL (first series), now irretrievably out of print—the whole issued in a cheap and convenient form for popular perusal. The general acceptability of the POCKET MISCELLANY is the best proof that the intention of throwing such a work together has not been misunderstood. Eighteen volumes, at sixpence each, are now issued; and as soon as the aim of the publication is attained, it will be brought to a close.

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A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND.

'Thus is a great day for Ireland,' said O'Connell, in one of his popular rhapsodies; but Dan, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, never imagined so great a day, in a practical point of view, as the 12th of May 1853, when Ireland, in the face of the world, may be said to have inaugurated a new era in her career—an era of peaceful industry, national prosperity, and happiness. At least such we verily believe to have been the case, when the Great Industrial Exhibition was opened the other day in Merrion Square—the very square where the Agitator had those visions of national regeneration which ended only in national distraction.

To this interesting fête we were obligingly invited; and as things of this sort are not numerous in a man's life, we gladly embraced the opportunity of being present, and of comparing the opening of the Dublin Exhibition with that of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park two years ago. Many others appear to have been of the same mind, for from divers quarters, north and south, there poured, for several days, long streams of passengers by the Chester and Holyhead Railway on their way to Kingstown. Never did steamer on the Irish Channel bear such a freight of travellers as that which crossed on the evening of Tuesday the 10th of May. Deck and cabins were literally crowded, every inch of standing and sitting room being occupied. Nor, perhaps, did pilgrims to an exhibition ever go in such harmony. The Channel was propitiously calm; the golden disk of the sun set beneath the placid waters with a splendour which gave hopes of the finest weather; and to give zest to the scene, there burst from a group of passengers on deck a series of glees, sung in the best style—the performers being a party of those chorus-singers for which Lancashire is celebrated—plain men apparently operatives, who were on their way to the inauguration, at which a thousand musicians were to assist. The vessel, regardless of its burden, rounded joyously on its course, and landed us all safely at Kingstown, where, after a little hurry-scurry, we shot off en masse by the short railway that communicates with the metropolis.

Remaining in Dublin for several days, I had an opportunity of seeing the Exhibition in different stages of its progress. The first glance I had of it, on the day preceding the formal opening, showed that the arrangements were dreadfully behind. The interior was a chaos of packing-boxes, workmen, and objects of art. The noise of a hundred hammers was mingled with the trial-notes sounding from a large organ; banners of various hues were being hung from the roof; and here and there were observed sculptors erecting statues, one of which was that of the inspiring genius

of the whole concern—William Dargan. This figure, by Jones, is a capital representation of the original—robust in person, with strongly-marked features, and the right hand stuck with sly humour, or, at all events, very appropriately, in the pocket—

How stalwart the figure! How manly of mould!

Each limb strongly set in its socket;

How firmly he stands, self-reliant and bold,

That man with his hand in his pocket!

That hand holds no hard, sordid gripe of his gold,

For the good of mankind he'll unlock it,

For science and art thousands freely are told,

By this man with his hand in his pocket.

So sings a native bard, one of the *Mystics*, as a club of Irish *beau-esprits* choose to call themselves, and at one of whose meetings I had the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with the remarkable man, whose teeming pocket has furnished the entire means for getting up the Exhibition, and bringing it to maturity. Dargan, like nearly all persons of any mark, is a self-made man. The son of a farmer, and with no education beyond that of his class, he rose through various stages of labour to that of a contractor for the execution of railway and other large undertakings in Ireland. Perhaps his success in this pursuit was aided by the general meagreness of capital and enterprise in his native country. At any rate, Dargan cleared the way for himself with surprising energy. His hand found work everywhere. He was the man for the time. Railways were wanted: he made them. It is stated that, in 1847, he had as many as 57,000 men in his employment, nearly all of whom were Irish. Vast as this force was, he had the genius to govern and direct it; and by following the simple maxim of doing strict justice, and the love and confidence of a class of men, usually, but without proper reason, considered to be intratable. In these great undertakings, in which he incurred pecuniary risks of no ordinary amount, Dargan realised a handsome fortune. After a fortune is realised the next thing is to spend it. Some 'hide it in a hedge,' and leave the spending to descendants—a plan which has the effect of giving one generation all the work and another all the play, and therefore is not quite philosophical. Dargan's method of bestowing his money strikes us as more reasonable. It consists in enjoying it *uses himself*, not on vanities or worse, but on what produces lasting pleasure. After making every requisite provision for those having claims on him, he has 'determined to be his own executor.' Hence the present Exhibition. In the Irish capital there is an institution called the Royal Dublin Society, equivalent to the Society of Arts in London, and which has

triennial exhibitions of objects of art. The present year was the recurring period for one of these exhibitions; but after the magnificent display in the Crystal Palace in 1851, something more than an arrangement of articles in a suite of common-place apartments was desirable. As Irishmen are understood to have a wonderful faculty of looking to government for assistance in their difficulties, it is not improbable that the Dublin Society turned its eyes in that direction; but be this as it may, forward stepped William Dargan to relieve it of all embarrassment on the subject. Impressed with the importance of shewing his countrymen what they were capable of, and also what others had achieved, he said to himself—we shall have a palace of art in Dublin, and I will find the money! The offer he made to the Society is without a parallel. He proposed to put £20,000 at their disposal, for a great Industrial Exhibition—taking his chance of repayment, according as the thing might be successful. The Society cordially accepted the offer, and in union with certain parties named by Mr Dargan, proceeded to carry the project into execution. This occurred about twelve months ago, since which time two persons have been mainly instrumental in bringing the affair to a successful issue—C. P. Roney, honorary secretary, and John C. Deane, assistant secretary. From nearly thirty designs furnished by architects for a suitable structure, the committee gave a preference to that of Mr Benson; and it would be difficult to conceive anything better for the purpose, without being a copy of the Hyde Park edifice. The cost, however, has greatly exceeded calculations. Instead of £20,000, as much as £70,000 and upwards have been expended; yet Dargan has never flinched, but liberally given out every shilling needed to bring the work to a conclusion. Where else, on earth, could such a Mæcenæus be found?

The building, as now completed, consists of wood, with iron pillars supporting the roof and galleries. The only glass is in the form of sky-light running along the apex of the roof from end to end; and, contrary to a generally expressed fear, the light is amply sufficient, and, on the whole, preferable to the universal glare in the Crystal Palace. Besides this admirable adaptation of light, the great merit of Benson is his construction of the roof, which is rounded like an arch, and in its entire length and proportions exceedingly sweet to the eye. The whole edifice was designed to form one central hall, with a lesser hall on each side, and galleries between; but on both sides, another lesser hall has been added, and there are various other side portions of small dimensions. The situation chosen for the building—an open space amidst a row of houses on the east side of Merrion Square—is not inconvenient; but the view of the exterior is necessarily limited, and the danger from fire is by no means inconsiderable. It must, however, be admitted, that the front, with its slender pillars, hanging galleries, and swelling central roof, the whole gaily coloured, is imposing, and certainly original in design. A comparison in point of size with the Crystal Palace is not to be instituted. While the building in Hyde Park was spread over seventeen, that in Merrion Square covers only seven acres. Falling far short in dimensions, the Dublin building attains considerably better proportions. The fault, architecturally, of the Crystal Palace, was the comparative lowness of the roof, which suggested the idea of looking through a long tube-like gallery; in fact, the only fine thing in

the glass structure was the transept. In the Dublin structure, the central or largest of the halls is 425 feet long, 100 feet broad, and 105 feet high—proportions vastly superior to those of the transept of the Crystal Palace, which, it will be recollected, were—length 408 feet, breadth 75 feet, and height 107 feet. Entering by the central doorway, we have before us the large hall of 425 feet, with its beautifully rounded roof, coloured a soft blue, picked with streaks of red and white in the lesser details. Adjoining on either side, galleries decked with draperies and flags, and reached by stairs at convenient distances, remind us at once of the Crystal Palace. In all the furnishings, the neatly fitted-up counters and glass-cases, the rows of figures in marble and bronze, the gorgeous tropical plants, the sparkling fountains, the separate courts for different branches of manufacture, the whirl of moving machinery in a side-hall, with steam-presses throwing off sheets descriptive of the Exhibition, and above all, the crowds of well-dressed visitors roaming to and fro—we find a wonderfully good revival of what most pleased us in the great Hyde Park Exhibition.* In some respects, we like the Dublin Exhibition better. It is manageable in size. The mind is not bewildered by intricacy and vastness. We are not compelled to feel that there may be too much of a good thing: there is just enough to satisfy reasonable curiosity, and suit any ordinary walking powers.

Of the opening of the Exhibition on the 12th, so many accounts of the ceremonial have been given, that little needs here to be said. The procession of officials was meagre, and contrasted poorly with that of the 1st May 1851; the proceedings were unpleasantly protracted; and we venture to hint, that from 6000 to 8000 of those present were admitted gratuitously, and occupied seats that should in justice have been at the disposal of those who had paid for tickets: this, and some other irregularities, formed the drawback in what was otherwise a great spectacle, suggestive of the best hopes for Ireland. Altogether, we should think about 20,000 persons were present on the occasion, the whole presenting a fair specimen of the rank and fashion of the country. The music—a kind of oratorio—performed by the great organ and choir, was really sublime. Seldom has the Old Hundredth been pealed forth with more effect; and in reality, this part of the treat was the only thing which deserves unqualified approbation. There was a general feeling of relief when the ceremony of inauguration was over, and left people to wander in search of objects of interest. Unfortunately, as already stated, the preparations for the show were in an exceedingly backward condition; so much so, that on this opening day, not a tenth of the counters or stalls was occupied. This delay was the more to be regretted, as hundreds, like myself, had come great distances to observe and describe the attractions of the scene, and could not wait till things got finally into shape. On the second day after the opening, matters had advanced a little. A few more stalls

* In the general classification of manufactures; the issuing of season-tickets, the holders of which subscribe their name at entry; the establishment of refreshment-rooms; the organisation of fire-engines and firemen ready to act at a moment's notice; and other subordinate arrangements, there is a close resemblance to what was witnessed in the Crystal Palace. The refreshment-rooms have been let for £.650 to Mr Polson, a confectioner, whose prices are regulated by a tariff. This part of the Exhibition, attended by young waitresses in a smart green uniform dress, could not be better managed.

and cases had been fitted up; and some of the finer kinds of Irish productions, including poplins, Limerick lace, the beautiful crochet-work, and Balbriggan stockings, were now exhibited. There were likewise some excellent specimens of Dublin bookbinding, and the Hibernian Bible Society shewed copies of the Scriptures in perhaps a hundred languages. In the department of woollen manufactures, much had been done by English exhibitors, among whose productions the elegant draperies of Holdsworth of Halifax occupied a conspicuous place. Among the foreign exhibitors, chiefly confined to the hall on the left side on entering, those of Belgium and France were the most advanced. Some carved marble chimney-pieces, and carvings in oak, were among the finer specimens of Belgic art. The French bronzes were of course much admired, being unapproachable by English craftsmen. The bronze equestrian statue of the Queen, by Baron Marochetti, formed a striking object in the centre of the great hall, towering in height over the ranges of smaller figures. In the galleries, cases of artificial flowers, wax-figures, uniforms, embroideries, perfumes, and jewellery, had been fully equipped; and tables with porcelain and crystal were beginning to blaze like parterres of flowers in a garden.

In this still rudimental state of the Exhibition, curiosity satiated itself with a view of the pictures that lined the walls of the northern hall. Here, all was admirable and unique. The addition of paintings to the ordinary classes of objects, is a novelty in exhibitions of this kind, and the result has been exceedingly happy. Let the reader conceive the idea of an apartment 325 feet long, 40 feet broad, and in height 18 feet to the springing of the rounded roof; and all this stretch of wall covered with oil-paintings of the ancient and modern masters—the pick of the best galleries of art and private collections in Europe. That the Irish should have been able to borrow this amazingly fine collection of pictures, valued in the gross at from two to three hundred thousand pounds, does immense credit to their powers of persuasion. A jocular story was going the round, to the effect that when they applied to the authorities of St Peter's College, at Radley, near Oxford, for a loan of their large organ, the result was—a unanimous expression of belief that nobody but an Irishman could have made such a request, and likewise a unanimous consent to the request being granted! So there stands the prodigiously fine organ of St Peter's, the work of a Dublin maker named Telford: the lending of which, with or without the alleged joke, was an act of liberality much to be commended. In a similar kindly spirit, pictures have been lent, at the request of Mr Roney and Mr Deane, by various crowned heads, and by different noblemen and gentlemen in England and Ireland. We have before us works of celebrity by Hogarth, Reynolds, Lawrence, Wilkie, Collins, Leslie, Stanfield, Cooper, Creswick, and others of the English school. Among the Dutch artists, Hendricks and Eckhouz stand conspicuous; and the French are represented by the productions of Tassart, Bonheur, and Lehmann. Achenbach, a Prussian painter, has a picture of a storm at sea of the very highest class, contributed by the king of Prussia. The works by Belgian masters include some of the finest things in the collection; the Temptation of St Anthony, by Gallait, and the picture of a dying child, by Wappers, being perhaps the most prized. The last-mentioned production, contributed by the king of the Belgians, indeed rivets attention. It represents the little captive king, Louis XVII., whom the Revolutionary Convention consigned to the keeping of Simon, a shoemaker. The poor child, starved and nearly naked, is seen reclining in a dying state against the walls of his prison, his pallid countenance and glassy eyes turned upward in meek resignation. Death is marked in every feature with terrible reality—a picture fearfully true to nature,

exciting the most poignant pity in the spectator, and leaving impressions that cannot easily be effaced. The sight of this picture alone is worth a journey from any part of England. But such, in a higher degree, may be said of the entire collection, which is not likely to be brought together again; a collection very different from those picture exhibitions that take place annually in London and other large towns, in which more than one-half is positive trash. In connection with the hall of the fine arts, there was fitting up a mediæval court, environed by coloured glass windows, and intended for the display of archaeological and other objects of interest. As Ireland is rich in antique curiosities, this department will form an important addition to the general attractions.

Since the period of our visit, the Exhibition has advanced to maturity, and now offers a high intellectual treat to all lovers of works of art, whether of the useful or ornamental kind. It is now only, when the thing is perfected, and flocked to as a spectacle by myriads from all parts of Ireland, that its value as a national regenerator can be fully realised. We may venture to express our earnest hope and wish that English, as well as Scotch, will likewise pour in throngs, not only to gratify their curiosity with the sight of the Dublin Exhibition, but to see with their own eyes what marvellous improvements are taking place in all quarters of Ireland. It assumes the aspect of a country starting into being—at all events, into social importance. Old things are passing away, and new things are taking their place. Railways now stretch across the length and breadth of the land—railways that never maim or kill people—everywhere introducing habits of order, punctuality, and dispatch. Never were there so few poor. We did not see any public begging during the four days we were in Dublin. On the contrary, the streets were crowded with as orderly and fashionable a population as can be seen at the west end of London. Literature, science, art, have made remarkable strides forward within these few years. Great numbers of the rural inhabitants are seen pouring along towards the outports, not a 'melancholy band,' but a very merry one; for they seem sensible that they are hastening to lands where, vastly to their advantage, scope will be afforded for their rough labours. At the same time, it is curious to note the corresponding introduction of fresh blood, bringing English and Scotch habits, wealth, and all the well-known arts of civilised existence into practical operation. To such an inlet there can be now no stop. What with steamers and railways, the land is opened up for the first time to tourists and settlers of every class, free from risk or trouble, and at an insignificant expense. It has been mentioned, that Mr C. P. Roney is one of the leading magnates of the Exhibition. Roney, an Anglicised Irishman, is a genius fitted for the times. Professionally connected with the railway interest, he plans gigantic schemes of traffic. He organises arrangements to send travellers spinning over the world, with the facility of taking a ride in a cab. He it is who, last summer, devised and carried into practice the plans now in operation in the transit from London to Kingstown. The last link of the chain of communication was the Chester and Holyhead Railway, with its wondrous tubular bridge. This railway and the steamers from Holyhead being 'one concern,' you are shot along over land, strait, and sea, without let or hindrance. In an office on the quay at Kingstown, you can get a ticket which takes you straight on to London, to Edinburgh, or any intermediate place you choose to name. In fact, the Channel is no longer a sea; it is for all purposes a ferry. The union between the British islands is complete. With such facilities—thanks to many great men of the age, Roney among the rest—little wonder is there in the phenomenon of hundreds of thousands of tourists going to Ireland every summer—a quarter of a million, it is

in 1852—or that we shall all be one kindred—and nation shortly, political and sectarian divisions notwithstanding. That the Dublin Exhibition is to perform another and not unimportant act in this mighty social revolution, there can be little reason to doubt. Reader, if you have a trifle in your pocket, and a little time at your command, go and see it; and so, besides amusing yourself, you will have the gratification of performing what should be deemed a very laudable act of public duty.

W. C.

ALARMING INVASION.

IN the autumn of 1842, Dr George Johnston, a well-known naturalist of Berwick-upon-Tweed, found, in the lake of Dunse Castle, in Berwickshire, a small water-plant previously unknown in this country. Specimens of the plant were sent to several botanists, and its appearance in Britain was duly noted in scientific publications; but the interest in the vegetable stranger of a distant Scottish lake soon died away, and the discovery was almost completely forgotten. The plant, however, was not one of those born to blush unseen. If it was not to be valued for its rarity, it had other properties which soon commanded the anxious attention of many. In 1847, Miss Kirby found it in England, in the reservoirs adjoining the Foxton Locks, on the canal near Market Harborough, in Leicestershire. It was growing closely matted together in great abundance, although it had never been observed there before, and the reservoirs had been carefully cleaned out only two years previous. Miss Kirby's re-discovery awakened the attention of botanists to the subject. Mr Babington, of Cambridge, published a description of the plant, naming it *Anacharis Alismastrum*. Dr Johnston, the first discoverer, reading Mr Babington's account, recognised it as the neglected water-weed of Dunse Loch; and going to look for it, found that it had travelled out of the loch, and was making its way down the Whiteadder to join the Tweed.

In the same season, Mr Mitchell found it in the Leno, a tributary of the Trent, in Nottinghamshire, 'growing in great profusion for a quarter of a mile in extent; and about the same time, it was also found 'in dense masses and great abundance' in the Watford Locks, Northamptonshire. In 1849, it made its first appearance in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, 'forming very large submerged masses of a striking appearance' in the Trent and adjoining canals; in 1850, it was found 'in the greatest abundance' near Rugby, in Warwickshire; in 1851, it was discovered in the Ouse and Cam, near Cambridge; and in 1852, the general public, through the columns of the local press, learned something of the alarming increase of the new water-weed.

The discovery of a new and decidedly exotic plant in large quantities and in various districts of the country, nearly at the same time, possesses more than a merely botanical interest. But when that plant, by its rapid increase, has materially interfered with inland navigation and drainage, threatening to exert a most pernicious influence on our water-communications, and on the large district termed the fen countries, its history, nature, and habits, become questions of great social and economical importance.

Only eighteen months after its discovery in the Trent, the Rev. W. M. Hind describes the *anacharis* as occupying a much larger portion of the river than when first noticed; and adds, 'in fact, it bids fair in a short time to block up one of the two streams into which the Trent here divides.' A year after it was first noticed in the Cam at Cambridge, the river, at the backs of the colleges, was so blocked up, that extra horses had to be yoked to draw the barges through the vegetable mass. A year after it was observed at Ely, the railway dock became so completely choked with the weed, that

boats could not enter till several tons of it had been lifted out. At Roswell Hill Pits, below Ely, the same thing occurred in the entrance docking. Indeed, wherever the plant has been noticed, it seems to be its tendency to choke up the mouths of docks, sluices, and narrow water-courses, impeding both navigation and drainage. An experienced engineer and drainage official has calculated that, last year, it impeded drainage in the fenny parts of Cambridge and Huntingdonshire equivalent to a rise of one foot in the outlet level. In many places, fishermen have discontinued setting long lines, because the 'new weed' either carries them away bodily or strips them of baits and fish; the Rev. A. Bloxam writes, that its increase has been such as entirely to prevent the use of nets in the Trent between Repton and Castle Donnington. Dr Johnston, writing last year, says:—'As with you, so with us the weed is altering the character of the Whiteadder, and will require before long to be dealt with as we have dealt with savages in some places.' To swimmers, it clings like 'scratch weed,' and more than one bather has been caught by it, entangled, drawn into deep water, and drowned. The amusement of rowing, so popular among the Cambridge students, has been materially interfered with, as a bundle of the weed will not only upset a light, outrigger boat, but also prevent the rower from swimming to the bank.

The *anacharis* may be easily recognised by its leaves growing in threes, round a slender stem. The fenners have already named it *water-thyme*, from a very slight resemblance it bears to that plant. It is of a deep green colour, grows under the surface of the water, and its round, semi-transparent stem, several feet in length, branches out irregularly, and is clothed throughout with whorls of leaves. It is by no means difficult to account for its rapid increase. Although in this country it cannot propagate itself by seed (a remarkable fact, which we shall presently more particularly advert to), yet every fragment of the stem is capable of becoming an independent plant, producing roots and leaves, and extending itself indefinitely in every direction. And as these leaves are studded with minute teeth, which cause them to cling, and the stems are so very brittle, that whenever the plant is disturbed, pieces are broken off, the *anacharis* is evidently in an almost continual state of reproduction. Another singular peculiarity which increases its prolific property, is the fact that, unlike most other water-plants, it does not require to be rooted in the bottom or side of the river or canal it infests. It will actually grow, after having been cut, as it travels slowly down the stream. Mr Marshall, of Ely, to whom we are indebted for much information on this plant, says: 'The specific gravity of it is so nearly that of water, that it is more disposed to sink than float; and the cut masses may be seen under water, either on or near the bottom, rolling over and over like woolpacks, clinging to everything they meet with, and accumulating, in great quantities, at locks and bridges, and grounding in shallow water. Its mode of growth may be best seen in still and shallow waters, where it seems to spring first from the two sides and the bottom, meeting at length in the middle, and completely filling up the water-course, as I have seen in some cases, almost to the exclusion of the water.'

Some botanists were at first inclined to believe that the new weed was a native of Britain; but its extraordinary power of increase proves that it can have been only a very short time in this country. Even adopting the absurd idea, that this extraordinary fecundity is a new property, lately acquired by the plant, how is it that it so long escaped the notice of our botanists? It is so very unlike any other of our British water-plants, that it could not possibly have been overlooked.

* There is only one British plant, the *Potamogeton pectinatus*, that bears the slightest botanical resemblance to it.

the furrmen, bargemen, watermen, fishermen, lock-keepers, water-bailiffs, millers, and others of a similar class, it is quite new, and is generally termed by them the 'furriner.' In fact, it is not even a European plant: all of the genus *anacharis* are natives of the New World; and our identical 'furriner' is found no nearer to Britain than the rivers of Canada, where it is known to American botanists as the *Anacharis Nuttallii*, or the *Udora Canadensis*. True, its almost simultaneous appearance in so many different localities, favours the idea of its being a native plant; but all those localities are reducible to two—namely, Dunse Loch, in Berwickshire, and the Foxton Locks, on the Union Canal, in Leicestershire. The great enigma is, how it found its way into Dunse Loch. Dr Johnston, however, acknowledges that several aquatic plants have been introduced into that very piece of water; and there is every probability of the *anacharis* being one of them. More, perhaps, might be said on this part of the subject; but as our knowledge of the plant's history is at present limited, we shall leave the puzzle to be solved by Time, who reveals, as well as conceals, many other secrets of greater importance. Except where specially introduced, all the English localities of the plant are in direct communication with Foxton Locks. Those locks are situated on the canal which connects Market Harborough with Leicester, and the rivers Welland and Soar with the Trent. The river Lene, the locks at Watford, the canal near Rugby, and the Oxford Canal, are all parts of the same extensive system of inland water-communication. All these places may, therefore, be virtually regarded as but one: for a sprig of the *anacharis* would, in a short time, inoculate any connected water-system from one end to the other.

There is scarcely a spot in all England more favourably situated for spreading this mischievous plant through the English rivers and canals than Rugby, or the Watford Locks, near the Crick railway-station. These places, situated at the height of 350 feet above the sea, are close to the line of water-shed which divides England into the Valley of the Ouse on the east, the Severn on the west, the Trent on the north, and the Thames on the south. A few detached stems of this erratic pest could, from any of these places, enter the Severn through the Avon, the Thames through the Chertwell, the Nene above Northampton, the Ouse at Buckingham, the Welland at Market Harborough, the Trent by the Anker, Tame, and Soar, from the Soar the Witham could be entered by the Grantham Canal; and from thence by Lincoln, the important water-courses that drain the fens of North Lincolnshire could be impregnated. Still more: when the weed had travelled as far down the Trent as its junction with the Humber, the numerous vessels ascending the great valley, containing 4000 square miles, drained by the Yorkshire Ouse, would carry it up with them, and so inoculate that large river and its many tributaries.

The plants of the genus *anacharis*, are what botanists term *dicious*—that is, the male and female flowers are found on separate individuals, and it is a noteworthy circumstance, that no male plant has been found in either England or Scotland—they are every one females. This well-ascertained fact affords an almost positive proof, that only one stem or seed of a female plant was the progenitor of all the *anacharis* in Britain, and also explains why it cannot be propagated by seed in this country.

A reasonable conjecture, strictly within the limits of probability, may be ventured, respecting the introduction of the plant into England. In Canada, logs of timber are floated down the rivers in rafts for many miles before they reach the ship in which they are conveyed to Europe. A single seed of the *anacharis* might have found its way into a crevice of a log, and thus, without losing its vitality, be brought to England. The great railway-works at and about Rugby

consumed an immense quantity of American timber, floated up the canals to that point; and by these means the seed, ripened in America, might have germinated in England, becoming by division the parent of an innumerable progeny.

It may be asked, how did the 'furriner' get into the Cam, as that river has no connection with the great water-communication previously mentioned? The reply is simple. It was introduced there. In 1847, a specimen from the Foxton Locks was planted in a tub in the Cambridge Botanical Garden; and in 1848, the late Mr Murray, the curator, planted a sprig of it in the Conduit stream that passes by the new garden, placing, as is usual, a stick to mark the spot. In the following year the stick could not be found, the plant having grown over it, and spread all over the ditch. From this place it escaped by a waste-pipe across the Trumpington Road, into the 'Vicar's Brook,' and from thence into the Cam. 'In the case of the Cam, then,' says Mr Marshall, 'we see it proved to demonstration, that the short space of four years has been sufficient for one small piece of the *anacharis* to multiply so as to impede both navigation and drainage.'

In the large, clear, swift-flowing rivers of America, the *anacharis* does not form the immense masses which unfortunately characterise its growth in England. Probably the sluggish nature of the English rivers and canals, and the great quantity of inorganic food supplied to the plants by the lime, and the decomposing animal and vegetable matter our rivers contain, cause the greater increase and more rapid growth of the *anacharis* in this country.

Like the brown rat, the black beetle, and another little insect we need not mention, the new water-weed has intruded amongst us, and there can be little doubt it has made its footing good. The only question, then, is, since it cannot be exterminated, what are the best means of keeping it under? This important consideration is now receiving the careful attention of botanists, engineers, canal proprietors, drainage commissioners, and others, and the probable condition and limits of the plant during the ensuing summer are looked forward to with anxious interest.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

THIEF is something very picturesque and romantic in the notion; but, at the same time, to get a right idea of it, we must consider certain matters which many people are apt to overlook. Thieving is a particular line of business, and of course it has its own circumstances, and must be conducted on its own principles, and by its own rules. A partnership in it is, in some respects, strikingly different from one in any other trade. Suppose, for instance, that Messrs Malt, Hops, & Co.—there is no need to name the junior partners—set up a brewery: well, they wish all mankind to know that they, the said Malt, Hops, & Co., have entered into a combination to brew beer. They announce it and advertise it in every possible way; but they will never think of dissembling the fact—that their object is to get money, and divide it. They are honourable men; and neither of them has the least idea that the other would cheat him. Nor are they, in fact, likely to disagree. The mild suavity of Mr Malt, and the dry austerity of Mr Hops, set each other off like the antagonist colours; and there would be little chance of a quarrel, even if each did not know that he could not get on at all without the other; but, nevertheless, if you look closely into their affairs, and their iron-safe, you will find that they severally signed, sealed, and delivered—being first duly stamped—certain solemn and prolix articles of partnership, drawn by a

possible solution, settled by an elegant counsel, and studiously framed to meet and define the circumstances and purposes of their confederacy— minutely reciting who they are, and what they are after; and making this as plain as it can be made, by describing the course which they are to pursue in every case that can be anticipated. And they know—and every-body knows—that if, notwithstanding its improbability, there should be a quarrel, these articles will burst out, and blaze up under the noses of chancellors and vice-chancellors, chief-justices and judges, and, above all, the reporters; and that so all the articles, and all the disputes, and all about it—the truth, the whole truth, and everything but the truth—will be served up with their beer to all the consumers of Malt and Hops's Entire, and all the world beside. And a very nice way of doing business this is for honest men; but one sees at once that it would not do for thieves.

There is another thing also to be considered—namely, that if a quarrel should take place between fair traders, one of them cannot say to the other, either in plain terms, or in the most courteous and distant method of hinting: 'My good friend, if I see reason to suspect you of playing me false to the amount of one penny, I will take care to have you hanged at the next sessions;' and the other could not, with his hand on his heart, and his honour on his lips, be mentally growling: 'Then I'll be before you.'

All this is very plain; but my principal object is to call the reader's attention to what is equally true, though not so obvious. Those who have given any attention to the felonial department of history, need not be told that thieves (that is, those more eminent ones who have had any pretence for talking of their honour, and have been under any great temptation to compromise it) have been, for the most part, singular persons. I do not mean men of great talents or wisdom, for sometimes the contrary has been very remarkably the case. But though such a man may be a fool, yet, in some respects, and with regard to some functions of the brain or fingers, he may be a clever one; and this mixed character may make him all the more interesting to look at, and the more difficult to deal with. And is it not probable that when any number of such persons form a union, and agree to act more or less in concert with each other, they will do business in an out-of-the-way manner?—and this particularly as regards two points: first, as to the odd and unexpected things which they will jointly and severally do, and which are only to be accounted for by a radical want of common sense; and, secondly, as to the unbounded confidence which they must, from time to time, place in each other, and without which their business could not go on at all.

The subject generally, and these remarks in particular, are, I think, illustrated by a story which I lately met with, and which certainly might, in the hands of some of our modern writers, be worked up into a three-volume novel. I aim at nothing of the sort, but scrupulously adhere to, while I abridge, my matter-of-fact authority; my object being, not to invent strange things, but to invite the reader to observe the strangeness of things which really happened, and to illustrate the familiar words which I have placed at the head of this paper.

Once upon a time, there were three men living in London. They had been previously associated in various robberies; but we shall have quite enough of their history if we say nothing of what happened before Saturday the 5th December 1763. On that day, John

Wesket was living as porter to Lord Harrington, in his lordship's residence in the Strand-yard, at the house of John Bradley, who had been a footman in the service of the same nobleman, was out of place, and lodged at the house of James Cooper, who, after having been a livery-servant, and subsequently becoming bankrupt as a cheesemonger in Ratcliffe Highway, was keeping a chandler's shop and coal-cellar in the New Turnstile, Holborn. In a room which Lord Harrington usually occupied, and which was called his study, there was a bureau which had excited the curiosity and cupidity of John Wesket; and during the year and a half that he had been in his lordship's service, he had, from time to time, outstepped his office of porter, by bringing letters, and coming on other pretences, into the room when his lordship was there, and the bureau open. By these means, he came to have a considerable knowledge of the internal arrangements of this piece of furniture, in which, as he rightly judged, his lordship kept his money and other valuables. It is almost unnecessary to add, that he had long made up his mind to plunder it, when, on that same Saturday, the 5th of December 1763, he was informed by Mr Bevel, my lord's steward, that money had been received to pay bills. It is but justice to the steward, who thus put the match to a train of ill consequences, to say, that he seems to have done it quite innocently. When questioned afterwards, he stated that his motive was to assure the porter, that he would take care that the tradesmen should come to the house to be paid, and to put him on the alert to claim his perquisites as they were going away with their money in their pockets; and this does not seem to have been doubted for a moment by anybody.

But though innocently given, this information naturally suggested to Wesket that a fit time for executing his purpose had arrived. He immediately communicated with Bradley. It was an Opera-night. Lord and Lady Harrington would be there; Wesket would admit his accomplice during their absence, and secrete him until they should have returned and retired to rest. Accordingly, about eight o'clock Bradley arrived, and was admitted by Wesket, who, to secure him from observation, locked him up in his own bedroom, receiving from him the brace of pistols and tinder-box which he had directed him to bring, and giving him a bottle of rum to amuse his solitude. The pistols were provided, it may be presumed, for self-defence in case of detection, and the tinder-box was to be left behind, to convey an idea that the robbery had been committed by a stranger.

Between one and two o'clock, Wesket came to tell his imprisoned friend that all was still, and they might proceed to business. Accordingly, they first went into the kitchen, where Wesket shewed Bradley 'a very high window which opened with a pulley and string, telling him that must be his way out when the business was done.' This seems as if Bradley, though he had at one time been in the service of Lord Harrington (perhaps in some other residence), was not acquainted with the house in the Stable-yard; and the idea is confirmed by my authority, which adds, with great simplicity: 'To this Bradley objected for a very good reason—because he did not know where he should come when he had got out of the window.' Nothing could have been wiser or more philosophical; and happy would it have been for John Bradley if he had carried out his consideration far, very far beyond the limits of Westminster, or even of the wide, wide world itself. Instead of this, however, he suggested 'that the purpose intended might be answered without trouble or risk; and immediately pulling off his shoes, which were dirty, he made the mark of his foot upon the dresser, which it was necessary to mount to get at the window, and then he daubed the mound and the wall, to make it appear that somebody with dirty feet had got out of it.'

After making these arrangements, the two confederates proceeded to the bureau. Wesket, having given the bundle to Bradley, made such use of a gimlet and chisel which he took from his pocket, that they presently seized on their prey. They found 'a large red leather pocket-book, with a silver clasp; a smaller ditto, with a gold clasp and gold pen [pen?], containing two drafts upon Messrs Blackwell & Co. for L.20 each; a note of Messrs Drummond for L.50; a draft of Mr Compton's of Derby on Bracey & Co. for L.200; two round tin cases, of the size of a guinea, and about six inches long, filled with guineas; a rich gold snuff-box enamelled red; another enamelled blue; a square gold snuff-box, of curious workmanship; a repeating watch in a transparent case, and a diamond hasp gold chain and seal; an antique seal set in gold; a silver ink-standish—the whole valued at upwards of L.3000.' A later account says L.2000; and adds, what is material, that among the plunder, probably in one of the pocket-books, there were two Bank-of-England notes—one for L.100, and the other for L.30.

This was a curious position. Here were two rogues in quiet possession of at least L.2000 worth of property, which was, from its nature, and in proportion to its value, remarkably portable, divisible, and concealable. Did it ever occur to them to creep back to Wesket's room, make a rough division, such as might have been arranged in a few minutes between friends, and then let Bradley go back to his lodgings, and beseech to his landlord, Cooper, who had promised to sit up for him, that some unfortunate accident had frustrated their design? On the contrary, Wesket handed over the whole of the plunder to Bradley, let him out at the front-door, and, what is more—what some readers may think to have been quite needless—requested that he might not see anything of him for a fortnight or three weeks. Having done this, and leaving the door wide open, John Wesket went to bed.

If it might be thought that the two rogues were under a temptation to cheat the third, certainly that one who was now the sole trustee of the spoil was under a doubly strong temptation to cheat both his associates. He had nothing to do (in fact, he could do nothing—the question was only one of, direction) but walk off. He knew the town, and had travelled abroad, and was quite ready, as we shall see, to start on a foreign trip for a much smaller consideration than he then had in his pockets. But he does not seem to have thought of such a thing. My authority says, with brief simplicity: 'Bradley made the best of his way [a nice way it must have been, somewhere about two o'clock on a December morning, ninety years ago] to Cooper's house, having desired him to sit up for him.'

You may imagine the anxiety of this lonely watcher in his little solitary coal-shed, and the nervous attentiveness with which he heard the footfall of every passenger, not without speculating whether it was John Bradley, or an officer to let him know that John Bradley was in a fair way to be hanged and himself too. You may, I say, imagine this, and very naturally too; but it is mere imagination. All that Bradley learned when he got to his lodgings (and how he learned that does not appear) was, that Mr Cooper was 'not at home.' The information, however he got it, must have somewhat startled him. If he had lived in the days belonging to the *Arabian Nights*, he would probably have dashed his turban on the ground, beaten his head and torn his beard, and shrieked: 'O faithless James Cooper!—O wretched John Bradley!' till he had roused the neighbourhood, and even disturbed the watch. But more discretion might be expected from a London house-breaker in the eighteenth century; and, at all events, my business is merely to say what Bradley did, not to speculate on what he might have done. His straightforward unsophisticated mind seems, for the time, to have entertained only the single idea of finding James

Cooper; and his only deduction from circumstances was, that as James Cooper was not to be found at home, he must be looked for elsewhere. You tell me, however, that he just stepped in (of course he would: it would be hard if a man whose business it was 'to get into other people's houses, could be kept out of his own), and relieved himself of his rart and weighty plunder; that he was anxious to divest himself of all that was suspicious, and to put all that was valuable in a safe place. But then, again, would his lodging be a safe place? Suppose he stayed by to guard it, and Wesket, whom he had just left, should have been detected, and have tried to save his own neck by sending the has and cry after him to Turnstile. Suppose he went away and left it, and Cooper came home and found it, and made off with it. Suppose—but really, reader, we shall make a tedious story of it if I do not put a stop to your suppositions (which I cannot help overhearing), by reminding you, that my object in detailing the proceedings of these rogues is to shew that they did not act according to common sense; and therefore, how are you (I daresay, from your having got so far in my story, a very sensible person) to anticipate their course of action? Impossible: be content with the mere facts, to which I scrupulously adhere, and which you may, if you like, pick out, and put together, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the years 1763, 1764, and 1765.

According to my brief and simple authority, Bradley, not finding Cooper at home, 'went about in search of him.' Now here, without any colouring from imagination, the portrait of truth is strange enough. Imagine a low, thin-faced pale man, somewhat pitted with the small-pox, and slender, his eyes sore or inflamed, and a large tumour on his hand, with the great pocket-book, and the little pocket-book, and the tin boxes of guineas, and the three gold snuff-boxes, and gold repeater with diamond hasp, and the silver standish, and the brace of pistols, and nobody knows what beside, in his pockets, setting forth at such a time and place on such an expedition—such a ramble in search of a wild-flower.

The search, however, was unsuccessful; though it was not until near four o'clock that he again reached Turnstile. Still, the faithless Cooper was absent, and again the indefatigable Bradley set out in search of him. But this time he divested himself of his load. Either to shew that he could have done so before, or, one would almost think, to shew that he could do something quite as absurd as he then did, he 'deposited the treasure which he had carried about the street all night, in a kind of shed in the yard under no lock.' Thus relieved, and true to his search after Cooper, he 'went out again to seek him, and by a chance met him near Temple Bar.' Did not they recognise each other by a silent nod and wink; and, lest they should be for a moment seen together, flit hastily by different dark byways to the rendezvous in Turnstile? No such thing: 'they went both to a night-house, where they sat drinking together till it was light,' leaving the guineas and gold snuff-boxes to take care of themselves in the coal-shed. At length, however, they reached home, immediately burned such part of the plunder as consisted of 'negotiable notes and bills of private persons,' and put all the rest of the spoil into a box, which they buried in the cellar.

Now, let us inquire after John Wesket, who had so comfortably gone to his bed in the Stable-yard, after letting out his friend Bradley. Before eight o'clock on the Sunday morning, as a maid-servant of Lord Harrington's household 'was dousing the fire in the steward's room, Wesket came to the door, and asked her if she had let in an old man, who used to be frequently about the house. She said, no; but that the door was wide open when she came down stairs. Upon which he turned away, swearing and pretending to wonder 'who could go and leave the door open.' Between ten and eleven o'clock, Lord Harrington entered his study, and

immediately perceived that the bureau had been broken open. Inquiry was of course set on foot as to the way by which the robber had entered. The kitchen window, still open, with the dirt about it, and the dresser with the shoe-marks, were obvious, and all very well so far as they went; but unfortunately for the thieves, those who conducted the search having—as Mr Oldbuck wished to have in treasure-seeking—fair daylight and their own good consciences to befriend them, were able to carry out John Bradley's line of reasoning one step further than he had been able to do in his midnight roguery. He was aware that if he went out of the very high window with the pulley and string, he should infallibly go somewhere—for he was philosopher enough to know, that if a thing was to be at all, it must be in a place—but he did not know where. The searchers saw plainly, that the place in question was 'enclosed with a wall about five feet high, and the top of the wall was overgrown with moss, so that if anybody had got over it, a mark must have been seen; the appearance, therefore, of dirt about the window, and its being open, only confirmed the notion that the robbery must have been committed by a servant.'

Another circumstance, trifling in itself, but worthy of observation in our view of the case, tended to confirm this opinion. 'A little box of tools, that was kept in a place where all the servants had access to it, was searched, and a gimlet and chisel were found that exactly answered the marks.' It is not surprising that, having to set to work on rather short notice, John Wesket should have availed himself of these tools; but that he should have so immediately restored them, as if he had been anxious to have them in their proper place, ready to be found and fitted, is rather surprising. On the other side, however, the steward's suspicion, grounded perhaps on his recollection of the information which he had innocently given to the porter the day before, induced him to step down to the lodge and take a look at Wesket's shoes. But they were clean, and we may hope that good Mr Bevel's mind was relieved. However, appearances were so strong, that Lord Harrington 'went for Mr Spinnage, a justice of peace, to examine the servants;' but nothing came out sufficient to authorise a charge against anybody. In Wesket's box, there was found a drinking-horn, containing sixteen guineas. The amount seems to have excited some surprise. He accounted for the money as wages; and we, who know more than my lord and Mr Spinnage knew, or were likely to learn, have no suspicion that the guineas, however he had come by them, had anything to do with the matter which they were inquiring about. We know, too, how the more they are prepared to hear of its being abandoned, the more they are prepared to hear of its being abandoned.

Probably suspicion was not extinct; at anyrate, 'not long afterwards,' the porter was turned away for some reason or other. He was now his own master, might go where he pleased, and see whom he pleased; and we might suppose that the first thing that he would do would be to look for John Bradley, with whom he does not appear to have had any communication since they parted in the Stable-yard. But how long it was after his discharge before they met does not appear; and then it seems to have been by mere accident. Bradley being in the gallery of the playhouse, saw Wesket in one of the side-boxes, and contriving to meet him as he came out, they went together to a house in the Piazza, Covent Garden. There at leisure, and apparently in a friendly and philosophical spirit, they talked over their affairs. 'Wesket said everything was safe, meaning that the inquiry had ended in nothing, and was asked with Bradley's account of the things.'

'They do not appear to have had any articles,' we cannot tell precisely for what part of the business each partner was specially responsible; but it seems that

'after this they met several times, when Wesket blamed Bradley for not putting off the bank-notes; Bradley then proposed to go abroad with them, having been abroad before; but Wesket telling him that my lord was well known at all the courts in Europe, he determined to carry them to Chester Fair'—a resolution which shews that they either had not been, or did not mean to be, in a hurry, for the notes were stolen on the 5th of December; and my authority proceeds: 'To Chester, therefore, he went at the Midsummer fair of 1764; and, pretending to be a young trader, he bought some linen of the Irish factors, and changed both his bank-notes, taking linen and cash, and bills on persons in London in exchange. The bills they got accepted and paid, and had now reason to think themselves safe beyond a possibility of detection, if they did not betray each other.'

'They seem to have shewn no disposition to do this. Wesket's confidence in Bradley was undiminished when he sent him with the bank-notes to Chester, and Bradley's honour was unsullied when he brought back the proceeds; but, notwithstanding this, they were, as my authority proceeds to relate, 'discovered by an accident so remarkable, that it would probably have been blamed as exceeding probability if it had been made an incident in a novel.' Sometime after the robbery—indeed, it is said to have been after Wesket's discharge, and it seems to have been after he had begun to spend his ill-gotten wealth—a gentleman who had casually met a woman of ill character in the street, was told by her, in the course of conversation, that she had been brought into her unhappy circumstances by the man who had been porter at Lord Harrington's at the time of the much-talked-of robbery, and who had promised her marriage. Some circumstances which she stated respecting Wesket's mode of dressing and living, led the gentleman to think that it would be proper for her to tell her story to Sir John Fielding. To this she made no objection, and, when examined by that magistrate, freely stated that she first became acquainted with Wesket after his quitting Lord Harrington's service; that, until within a month, she had lived with him as his wife, under a promise that he would make her so, and that she still went by his name. She gave some account of his associates, and put into the hands of the justice some letters which she had received from his associates while she lived with him; among them was one from Bradley. She stated also, that she had very lately seen sixty guineas in Wesket's possession.

On this information, Wesket was apprehended, and, sure enough, sixty guineas were found in his possession, and he could not give any very satisfactory account of the way in which he came by them. At the same time, there was nothing to justify his detention, and he was discharged. Sometime after, however, another line of inquiry opened. Lord Harrington happened to have an exact description of the L30 bank-note which had been stolen, and he had advertised the particulars; but it was not until three quarters of a year after the robbery, and of course long after the note had been passed at Chester Fair, that he reaped any advantage from this measure. On the 6th of September, the L30 note found its way back to the Bank of England. This led to its being traced through a variety of hands to one Smith, a merchant of Liverpool, who stated that he had received it from Mr Beath, a linen-factor of Newry. When applied to, Mr Beath said that he had received it at Chester Fair from a person who called himself John Walker, of London.

Still, nobody seems to have suspected that this John Walker was John Bradley. It does not appear that they inquired of the woman, who professed to know Bradley, how far the personal description of Walker, which Mr Beath gave (and which we have forestalled, in order to give the reader a clearer idea of the person who went

forth to seek James Cooper), would suit her acquaintance. 'If they had,' as my authority judiciously remarks, 'they would have taken a nearer way to their end. But,' it continues, 'on the contrary, Mr Bevel set out for Chester, to inquire where Walker had lodged, and by what carriage the cloth he bought had been sent to town, and how it was directed.' He succeeded in discovering that the so-called Walker had lodged with one Rippington, a shoemaker; but was disconcerted by learning, that he had left the place in a postchaise, taking the linen with him. He found, however, that the postboy who had driven the first stage, from Chester to Whitworth, had brought back a letter from Walker to Rippington, requesting that a pocket-book which he had left behind the looking-glass might be sent, 'directed to John Walker, to be left at the Blossoms Inn till called for.' No such book was to be found; and we may suppose that the letter was only written to inspire confidence in the reality and respectability of John Walker. One thing, however, is certain and important, that this letter of John Walker was in the handwriting of John Bradley; and one can only suppose that it was owing to some fear on his part that he had committed himself, that Mr Rippington soon after received a second letter on the subject. This came from London, and as from a friend of Walker, stating that the book had not come to hand, desiring Rippington to send it, and to advise by a letter directed to Mr Davies at St Clement's Coffee-house in the Strand.

This letter, Rippington gave to Bevel, and Bevel to Justice Fielding. He found that the master of the coffee-house had already received the letter directed to Davies; and he ordered him to detain anybody who should come for it. But nobody did come for it, and so nobody was the wiser. The letter to which it was an answer was, however, compared with those furnished by the woman, and it was clearly in Bradley's handwriting. Search had been previously made for him, but without success. His father and other relations were now examined, and three points were made out: first, that the personal description of Walker and Bradley agreed exactly; secondly, that Bradley had been at Chester Fair; thirdly, that he lodged at Cooper's in Turnstile. Upon this, Cooper was sent for, who acknowledged that Bradley had lodged in his house, but affirmed that he had left it about six weeks before, taking nothing with him, and adding that he did not know where he was gone to. 'Upon this, Bradley was publicly advertised, handbills were dispersed all over the kingdom, persons planted at all the ale-houses he used to frequent, and every other method used to discover and apprehend him.'

These vigorous measures, though not immediately successful in the capture of Bradley, led to one very important consequence. The matter was of course talked of in 'the ale-houses he used to frequent,' and all others; and in one of them 'one Bradshaw, a coachman, who drives a job at Gerard's Hall Inn,' said that he had got a large chest belonging to Bradley in his hayloft. Information of this was given by one of the company; and the coachman and the chest were both sent for. The latter was found to contain the linen bought at Chester; and the coachman stated that he had brought it about six weeks before from Cooper's, in Turnstile. On this, Cooper was re-examined; and being confronted with the coachman, confessed, in contradiction of his former statement, that he had known of the removal of the chest to Gerard's Hall Inn. On this, he was threatened with committal; and having said A, he was soon forced to say B, and to confess that Wesket and Bradley had committed the robbery, and that he knew of their intention and their plan beforehand. 'He added, that the booty had been buried in his cellar, where some part of it still remained. The cellar was then searched, and the gold snuff-boxes

and several other things were found.' In short, fearing that he was in danger of being anticipated, John Bradley turned king's evidence, Cooper was transported, and Wesket hanged.

LOCAL IMPRESSIONS.

PERHAPS no more beautiful passage could be cited from any historian, than Xenophon's description of the feelings of those whose memorable retreat he had himself led—the remnant of the renowned Ten Thousand. After all their danger, after all their escapes, they at length reached the summit of a sacred mountain, and the sea broke upon their sight. Uttering a shout of joy, they dashed off their bucklers, and rushed wildly on. Some laughed with delight, others wept aloud in the fulness of their hearts; while many, falling on their knees, blessed the ocean 'across whose blue waters, like floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes came and fanned their weary souls.' There are few, if indeed any, who cannot sympathise with their feelings, though they are best understood by those who have watched the waves, and felt the breezes which have been wafted from a home from which they have been long and far away, and to which return seems more than doubtful.

The strength and constancy of local attachment has been proved in every situation in life. The successful and the unfortunate are alike under its influence. How often do those, surrounded by all that can interest and excite, pine after their early homes, lonely and secluded though they be; and, amidst the cares of life, how does the troubled spirit look back to the haunts of former days—the paths so often trod, the song of birds amidst the old familiar trees, and the wild-flowers heedlessly gathered in childish sport! Though these are but trifles, they are among the dearest treasures of memory.

There are so many associations with the scenes we love, that, after a long absence, even the addition of an embellishment, or the removal of a defect, is seen with some degree of pain. We can well enter into the feelings of Chalmers, when he went on a visit to his father's house, where everything brought back the memory of early days. 'I proceeded to the manse,' he says. 'I remarked that the large gate laboured under its wonted difficulty of opening; and this circumstance brought the olden time with a gush of tenderness.' A word, an allusion, may bring back to the mind the most vivid local impressions. Dr Rusk, of Philadelphia, mentions, in one of his introductory lectures, that while at school in Cecil county, in Maryland, it was a favourite amusement with him and his school-fellows on holidays, to go into the field belonging to a neighbouring farmer, to see an eagle's nest, and to watch her at the time of incubation. The daughter of the farmer used sometimes to accompany them. After some years had passed, the little girl grew up and married, and, as it happened, settled in Philadelphia. A change, too, had come over the school-boy, when she and Dr Rusk, now a medical practitioner, met again. In their chance interviews, those early scenes were often reverted to—the pleasant walks, the romantic paths, and, above all, the eagle's nest in her father's field. Forty years and more had gone since those merry days, when he was called on as a physician to visit her. She was in the lowest stage of a typhus fever at the time. As Dr Rusk entered the room, he caught her eye, and he said in a cheerful tone: 'The eagle's nest!' She was unable to speak, but he had touched the right chord. She seized his hand while her countenance expressed all the emotions which he had awakened—the home of her

her early companions and friends, and all the innocent enjoyments of childhood, rushed at once to her recollection, and produced a reaction in her state. From that moment, the complaint took a favourable turn, and she recovered. So possessed was she with the conviction that these magic words had effected her cure, that her first salutation to Dr Rusk ever after was: 'The eagle's nest!'

Dr Rusk mentions another striking case, in which a vivid recollection of home was suddenly awakened, by which an immediate physical effect was produced. It was that of an old African slave, who had been absent from his country for fifty years. His long course of slavery had induced a torpidity of mind and body. With his master's permission, he went to see a lion, which was conducted as a show through the state of New Jersey. The effect was instantaneous. The sight of the animal which he had been accustomed to see in his native country brought back all its associations. Home, friends, and liberty, burst at once upon his recollection. The effect was truly marvellous. Mind and body at once relaxed, and he vented his feelings by jumping, dancing, and the most vehement acclamations. Dr Brown thinks it is the presence of part of the reality which awakens such vivid impressions, and brings the whole before the mind. The plans of Sir Joshua Reynolds were at one time completely upset by a casual circumstance, which seems to accord with Dr Brown's theory. He had gone abroad for professional study, and had been absent from England for three years, when it chanced that he heard an English air, which the manager of a theatre had selected in compliment to him and his companions. It happened to be one which was so popular before he left London, that go where he would he heard it—in the theatres, in private companies, in the public streets, still he was sure to hear it. He had never heard it since. He felt a strange emotion as he listened. The home he had left, the friends he loved, the society which he had enjoyed, all seemed to urge his return, and he set out immediately for England. Nothing, indeed, brings us back to former days more instantly than old familiar sounds. We all know what uncontrollable feelings have been excited by the *Ranz des Vaches*, and the sound of the Scottish pipes. Even the sounds that float through the air, 'waked by no minstrel's hand,' assume the tones of some melody from home. While on the wide seas, sailors frequently think they hear their village bells; and the author of *Lothian*, mentions hearing the chimes from his native village while travelling through the desert. Simple objects are invariably those which awaken the most tender recollections; nay, their very insignificance, under some circumstances, enhances their effect. 'Whilst we were at dinner,' says Captain King, 'in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Awatska—the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe—a solitary half-worn pewter spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention; and on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word London. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited in us.' We are told of a visit which Johnson paid not long before his death, which gave him infinite delight—it was to a hollow tree at Lichfield, of which he had been fond in his boyish days.

Macaulay, in speaking of local attachment, says, that it is generally found strongest in great minds. He quotes from Lord Clive's letters to show how, in the scenes of excitement and grandeur, his heart yearned after home. 'If I should be so far blest,' he says, 'as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope for or desire would be presented before me in one view.' He

tells us how powerfully Warren Hastings was attached to the seat of his ancestors at Daylesford, in Warwickshire: the family being unable to keep it up, had sold it to a merchant of London. Macaulay goes on to say: 'The daily seeing the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. One bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis; there—at threescore-and-ten years later, he told the tale—rose on his mind a scheme, which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned: he would recover the estate which had belonged to his father—he would be Hastings of Daylesford. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford; and when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford he retired to die.' It is, indeed, most affecting to see the home which has been hallowed by affection, and endeared by the earliest recollections, pass into the hands of strangers. Poor Cowper, in his youth, had this to lament: it had never occurred to him that the glebe where his father lived belonged to the parish rectory he held, and was not his own property; the sorrow he felt when he found it was about to be inhabited by another, is so affectingly touched on by himself, that it should be given in no other words: 'There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation; and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend my father in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived; then, and not till then, I felt for the first time that I and my native place were disunited for ever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties, as just when I left them all behind me, to return no more.'

The early haunts of imaginative persons influence to a great degree their delightful reveries—the solitude in which fancy had full sway—the woods, where the muses were first heard—the streams, from whose pure fountains inspiration was first imbued, are worth all the fame and fortune that later years can glean. It has been told, and on good authority, that when the Marquis of Wellesley was an old man, after he had been governor-general of India, and had filled one of the highest ministerial offices in England, he one day went to the New Forest. Sixty years had elapsed since he had been last there, but its scenes were never to be forgotten. It was there he had met one whom he had passionately loved, one who had fondly returned his affection, and who had died in the brightness of her youth. The lustre and activity of a long life were forgotten in the dearer recollections associated with the scenes of these early loves; every morning he drove to the immediate neighbourhood of the abode where they had been domesticated, and there, alighting from his carriage, he would wander through all the paths they used to tread, to feel too deeply that 'ambition is no cure for love.'

Ward tells us, that the Hindoos are strongly attached to their homesteads. Though the head of the family be employed in a distant part of the country, though the homesteads be almost in ruins, they cling still to the family inheritance with a fondness bordering on superstition. Tempted by the intense love of home, soldiers and sailors have often deserted, running fearful risk of detection, which indeed they do not often escape. Criminals, in their longings after home, have ventured from the places where they sought concealment, and have thus fallen into the hands of justice. Governor Wall, after he had been indicted for murder, and appre-

strained, contrived to make his escape to the continent, where he remained for many years. Part of the time he spent at Naples, where he was received into the best society, and treated with great kindness: a longing to visit home, however, induced him to forego the advantages of security and social intercourse, and he returned at all risks. Here he lingered under a fictitious name, and in utter seclusion. At length, wearied with the constant restraint and loneliness, and buoying himself up with hopes of an acquittal, he gave himself up. He was tried for murder, found guilty, and condemned—his last days were spent in a dungeon—and he died by the hands of the common executioner.

In the heart-yearnings after home, the health often gives way, fatal symptoms come on, and death ensues. This melancholy disease, known as the *mal du pays*, has been so common among the Swiss and Highland soldiers, as to favour the belief that its attacks were confined to the natives of mountainous districts; but it is an ascertained fact, that the disease has occurred among the conscripts in the French army, whose homes had been in towns. Mr Dunlop mentions the case of a London pickpocket who was labouring under it at the hulks. Female servants who had left their rustic homes and occupations, to seek for service in Paris, have been found in the hospitals of that city labouring under the *mal du pays*. Sailors, during lengthened and unfortunate voyages, have suffered severely from the complaint. When homeward bound—at the very moment when their fondest hopes appeared realised—when just about to revisit home, and to enjoy the long desired meeting with friends—they were again pressed into the service, and carried far from home and all they loved—the disease has often in such cases resulted in calençure; a kind of mania, under which the imagination pictures amidst the waves the green fields of home, the trees, the well-known paths—sometimes the cottage whose roof shelters all that is dearest—all appear within the dreamer's grasp, and, transported by the illusion, he casts himself among the billows. Among all the miseries of their lot, the poor negro slaves are peculiarly subject to the fatal heart-sickness: they have been frequently known to commit suicide, under the impression that, when freed by death from slavery, they would be transported to their early homes.

The *mal du pays* utterly baffles medical skill. Kindness has its salutary effect in keeping off the fatal disease, or in preventing its spreading, for it sometimes spreads like a contagious disorder. In regiments which are commanded by harsh and unkind officers it has been known to prevail to a great extent. Medicine, instead of relieving, aggravates the symptoms. The only cure which ever was, or probably ever will be found for it, is the promise of a speedy return to home. The magical effect of this is known to those who have had an opportunity of watching the progress of the complaint: they have seen it revive those who were reduced to the last extremity. Zimmerman tells of a young student at Göttingen, who endured such anguish while separated from his home, that he fell into this disease, and became, as it was supposed, a confirmed hypochondriac. He was so thoroughly impressed with the idea, that if he moved he would break a blood-vessel, that no entreaties could prevail on him to stir. When told that arrangements had been made for his immediate return home, every bad symptom vanished, as if by magic: he instantly jumped up, he traversed the length and breadth of the town, to take leave of his friends. The most desperate cases, cured in like manner, are on record. There are, indeed, instances of the powerful effect of local impressions in every form of disease. There is not one which could be named, where the patient's life would not be endangered by removal, in which the physician, to give him a last chance, has not recommended his native air and scenery; and their efficacy has been often

found all-powerful when everything else has failed. There is scarcely a day of our lives when we might not be led to acknowledge the influence of local impressions as part of our very nature. The affection for home seems to have been beneficently inspired: to shed a blessing on every lot: the most bleak and rugged home is as dear to its inmates as the finest landscapes are to those whose destiny places them among them. 'Home is home, be it ever so homely,' is a common adage that conveys a world of meaning, though it may be sometimes exemplified in a manner to make us smile. A servant, whom his master had taken over from Ireland to London, was asked what he thought of that marvellous city. 'It is a fine town, to be sure,' replied he, 'but it's nothing to Skibbereen!'

Memorials are scattered here and there, which tell how the thoughts of a long-absent one have been in the home of his fathers. We were much interested by an account of a faithful servant, who was leaving the service of a cardinal in Rome that he might pass the remnant of his days in his native village. His master, wishing to give him some substantial proof of the estimation in which he held his long-tried fidelity, desired him to name any article in the palace which he would wish to take with him. The servant declared his choice: it was the picture of our Saviour's removal from the cross, by Guido, at which he had often looked in the cardinal's gallery. It was what he would have—he would present it to the church of his native village. The cardinal was somewhat confounded, but his promise was given, and he allowed the picture to be taken away by the servant; and in the little church of the remote village of Petit Bernaud, in a wild secluded valley, this noble specimen of art by one of the first masters is to be found.

AFRICAN KINGS AT HOME.

A SINGULAR and laudable effort was made some years ago, by an enterprising missionary, to educate the children of African kings, thinking that if these could be rightly trained, they would exercise a very beneficial influence over their fellow-countrymen. He was favourably situated for this purpose, in MacCarthy Island, a small British settlement in the Gambia, about half-way up the navigable part of that noble river. This island contains 2000 or 3000 liberated Africans, who live under British rule and protection; and is the centre of European trade and influence in this district of Western Africa. Here the missionaries had built a spacious house, school-room, and other necessary premises; and here the government had granted 600 acres of land for a native village and model farm, under care of the mission. The Rev. W. Fox conceived the bold plan of getting the sons of all the neighbouring princes into a school taught by a competent master. Their board and education would of course be gratuitous; but the expense would not be great, and it would be willingly defrayed by some philanthropic persons in England.

All needful preparations were made; and now came the important question: Would the native kings intrust their children to the British teacher? This would be placing a confidence in him which they would not put in any other human being. Yet there were some grounds for such confidence. The English had long renounced the slave-trade, and had abolished it in the whole of the district; they had at great expense rescued thousands of captured negroes from the *slavers*, and located them in a territory where they enjoyed security and freedom; and the missionaries had always espoused the cause of the poor Africans, redressed many of their wrongs, and had taught, fed, and clothed a multitude of helpless children. These things were much talked about in the country, so that British honour and humanity bore a high character among

these rude descendants of Ham. Neighbouring kings and chieftains visited MacCarthy Island with the utmost confidence, and were hospitably treated by the merchants; and in times of war, crowds of refugees fled for protection to the British banner, which was never sullied by an act of treachery. Armed, therefore, with the assurance of a good reputation, and the confidence of his own beneficent intentions, Mr Fox paid visits to some of the most redoubtable princes of the country, for the purpose of asking them to send their children to his new-formed institution. Some incidents connected with these journeys will exhibit the manners and character of those semi-barbarous chieftains.

In visiting the king of Woolli, it was necessary to sail up the river more than 200 miles to Fattatenda. This is a place of considerable trade, as it is the highest port of importance in the Gambia, and is resorted to by native traders from the interior. The stream is here about 100 yards wide, and in the dry season, from two to three fathoms deep; but during the rains, the water rises forty or fifty feet higher. Mr Fox was accompanied by a Jaloof assistant—who was also familiar with the Mandingo language—with a Foolah interpreter, and some servants to carry his baggage. Walley, the wharfinger of Fattatenda, agreed to accompany him, and introduce him to the king of Woolli. But when they were on the point of starting, the wily African demanded another present beyond what he had bargained for; and it was found necessary to submit to this imposition. After an hour's ride, principally over a low clayish ground, Walley brought the party to a small town, in which was his own residence, where he insisted upon remaining till the afternoon, as he declined journeying during the heat of the day. But he behaved with the usual hospitality which negroes exercise toward travellers with whom they are at amity. He presented them with a fowl, and the alcaid sent a small goat for their breakfast; so that, with the aid of several bowls of *kooakoss*—a kind of pounded corn—they managed to make a good repast. Amongst other things which tended to while away the mid-day hours, was a rencontre with three young girls, of agreeable appearance, who disputed as to which of them was the prettiest; a question they wished the white man to decide. For this purpose, they presented themselves before him, each holding a small bit of straw, which he was desired to take from the hand of the most beautiful; but not understanding their language, or knowing why the lot was to be drawn, he took two of the straws at once, at which they had a hearty laugh, and were obliged to postpone the decision of their important question.

Owing to a variety of hinderances, the travellers did not get on the road till half-past four next morning, cheered on their way by the moon, whose clear pale beams shone amid the trees of the forest through which they passed. They reached Madina, the capital of Woolli, at eight o'clock. Mr Fox was here conducted to the premises of Sandi, a kind of secretary of state, who was at this time, as usual, somewhat bemused with strong drink. He had enough of his senses remaining, however, to receive his guest, to whom he immediately presented a goat for his entertainment, and then inquired what gifts he had brought for the king and for himself. Being informed of the articles intended for his majesty, he pronounced them to be unsatisfactory, as there was no rum in the list; and intimated an opinion, that the king would not allow the visitor to pass through his dominions to Bondou, as there was a dispute between the countries, which could not be settled for some days. After throwing other obstacles in the way, and giving various hints that they might be removed by a handsome gift to himself, he at length declared distinctly, that he would not introduce him to the sovereign till he had received what he considered to be his own right. The articles now tendered

were refused, and after sundry altercations, the matter was postponed till next day. The king's present, consisting of two pieces of blue baft and some tobacco, was immediately forwarded; and the royal compliments were sent in return, followed by a fowl and *kooakoss* for supper. Next morning, two dollars' worth of tobacco were offered to the secretary, who pretended to receive them with great indifference; nor would he be propitiated without a piece of baft, which at once contented him, and he led the strangers into the royal presence. The old king, whose name is Mansa Koi, about sixty years of age, was lounging upon a bed inside his hut. He desired Mr Fox to sit beside him; the rest of the company squatting on the earthen floor. A conversation ensued, in which his majesty expressed himself much in favour of the Englishman's projects; and after inquiring into his reasons for going forward to Bondou, at once granted his permission, and wished him success. Madina is surrounded with a wall eight feet high, and a ditch outside, having three gates or entrances. Its population may amount to 1200, consisting chiefly of *sonninkes*, or drunken infidels, who are distinguished by this name from the Mohammedans. Two or three of the old men remembered Mungo Park, who, on his first visit to the country, found a friend in a former king of Woolli.

At Bambako, about twelve miles from the capital, Mr Fox went to pay a visit to Mantamba, the king's general, or head warrior, who resides in this village. He was in the same predicament as Sandi, having spent the night in revelry; but cordially welcomed the party. In an hour after, he came to give his 'compliment,' bringing with him a *griot*, or player, with a fiddle, and a number of attendants, and immediately commenced dancing. He then took his guests to see a bullock, which he had ordered to be killed for their entertainment. After awaking from a few hours' sleep, he was again hunting for some rum, when he received a present from Mr Fox. He sent his thanks, with an expression of his intention to visit the party before they started; but this intimation only induced them to set off immediately. When Mungo Park was at Madina, this Mantamba was a young man, and son of the reigning king.

After twelve days' travelling through wood, wilderness, and champagne, the party arrived at Bulibani, the capital of Bondou, and took up their lodging with an uncle of their guide in an adjoining village. The king of this country is termed an almuhy, a Mohammedan prince, chieftain in both a civil and religious capacity; the office is partly hereditary and partly elective. The present sovereign, by name Sanda, had acted for many years as commander-in-chief, and was in high repute amongst the notables of the kingdom; so that, upon the death of the late king, he was immediately chosen in preference to a nearer relative. As Bondou is a very powerful kingdom, its metropolis is one of the best towns in Western Africa. It is surrounded with a substantial mud-wall, ten feet high, built in a zig-zag form, with strong buttresses inside. The wall is pierced with loopholes, and the gateways are surmounted with small embattled turrets, furnished in a similar manner. The palace, if such it may be called, has the appearance of a citadel, the walls being built of strong timbers and clay. It is divided into a number of small courts and separate apartments, some of which are used as store-rooms for ammunition, firearms, and other valuables. The passages are very intricate; and to prevent intrusion by a stranger, sentinels are posted in them, and at the doorways. The roof is flat, being covered with beams of a species of palm-tree, the most durable wood in Africa, and plastered over with a kind of mortar; and there is a parapet-wall, upon which three field-pieces are mounted. The walls of the palace are about seventeen feet high, and of immense thickness; and the whole is enclosed by another wall of the same kind.

It might be the residence of a negro Dionysius, and affords a good specimen of the architectural resources of a semi-barbarous warrior.

The almamy was going out upon a plundering expedition, and was encamped about six miles from Bulibani. Thither Mr Fox repaired, and sent him word of his arrival; upon which the king returned his compliments, and in about an hour favoured him with an interview. His majesty was seated in a tent, erected in a large square yard, surrounded by 250 of his counsellors, warriors, and priests; a sheep-skin near him was placed for the European and his interpreter. The almamy had a spear at his right hand, and a double-barrelled gun at his left; and all his attendants were armed with similar weapons, or with cutlasses and poisoned arrows. The object of the visit was briefly stated; then followed a long conversation concerning the doctrines which the missionary taught, and how they differed from Mohammedanism. Mr Fox afterwards expostulated with his sable majesty on the impropriety of such plundering warfare as he was about to engage in; and finished by presenting him with some pieces of baft and tobacco, and an Arabic Bible, handsomely bound in gilt morocco. The almamy graciously accepted the gift; and as to the expostulation, replied, that they were not going to make war upon good people, but upon infidels, whose destruction was well-pleasing to God, who would reward him with paradise if he should fall in the encounter. This notion was disputed by the white man; but the conversation soon terminated, and they shook hands in a friendly manner. Mr Fox sent word to the prince, that he wished to return to Bulibani, as he was hungry, and no provisions could be had in the camp-village; whereupon a calabash of honey was sent to stay his appetite. Presently another message came, requesting to know if he had any more black ribbon, like that which he wore round his neck, to which the king had taken a fancy. Knowing the meaning of this hint, Mr Fox took off the ribbon, carefully folded it up, and sent it with his compliments. Another message desired to have a second interview, when his majesty sought for additional explanations about the legality of warfare, and asked if the English did not engage in it. After being satisfied on these points, the meeting broke up in a friendly manner. In the afternoon, the army returned to the capital, instead of proceeding on their expedition; and the almamy sent a good fat sheep for the stranger's supper. On the occasion of a third visit to this sable prince, he was found sitting upon a large, rough white sheep-skin, outside his residence, surrounded by counsellors, priests, and *griots*. One of the latter was strutting about in an open space, using his voice at its utmost pitch in the praises of his sovereign. Saada wished to have a little chit-chat about politics, and to ascertain the designs of the English respecting late occurrences in the Gambia: his curiosity being gratified, he cordially shook hands with his guest, promised to furnish him with a guide, and when he retired, sent after him another calabash of honey.

The most difficult enterprise still remained. Kemmington, king of Upper Nyami, was the most formidable warrior in this region—a most cruel and desperate freebooter, whose very name made the more timid tribes of the negro race quake with fear. He neither feared God nor regarded man; and his whole life was a career of brutal violence and depravity. On the death of his father, he had usurped the throne, having first publicly murdered his two elder brothers, and left their carcases to the beasts of prey. His country was not so powerful as some others, but he kept a body of bandits, as ferocious as himself, with whom he made sudden sallies into the adjoining territories, plundering the towns, setting them on fire, and killing or carrying off their inhabitants. Nor did he confine his plundering excursions to his own vicinity, but ravaged the banks of

the Gambia for a hundred miles; appearing among the people as if by magic, and destroying them at a blow. He was as savage to his own subjects as to foreigners, and when excited by strong liquor, was a terror to all around him. We can imagine the wild chieftain sitting at the door of his house drinking with his favourite warriors, with loaded guns at their sides, talking over their bloody feats, and slaying over again the slain. A luckless messenger comes in, who has travelled hard to inform him of the defeat of one of his marauding detachments. The king's eye flashes fury, and unable to vent his rage upon his enemies, he lifts his gun and shoots the bearer of bad tidings dead upon the spot. A *maraboo* or priest has offended him, by declaring that the omens are unlucky; and as it is unlawful to kill one of these sacred men, the king cuts off his hands and feet, and leaves him to bleed to death, saying: 'It was Allah who killed him; I only cut off his limbs!'

Kemmington had seized and plundered a vessel belonging to a British subject, in consequence of which the traders refused to sail up the river; and the kings of the upper district being thus deprived of their custom dues, entered into a coalition against the aggressor. Determined to oppose his enemies, he retired to his fortified capital, situated in an immense forest, and prepared for a vigorous defence. He now summons the chief *maraboos* to his aid, and requires of them a strong *grogree*, or charm, which will save him from foreign assaults. The head *bushreen* finds himself in an awful dilemma. It is with him a matter of life or death; for if his charm should fail, he knows what will be the result. So he plays a desperate game. He promises to make a sufficient *grogree*, if an adequate price be given. The bargain is struck, and the sorcerer requires two slaves and five horses for his trouble. He then has full authority to do what he pleases; and he resolves to do a deed which shall make the ears of him that hears it tingle. He commands two holes to be dug close to each other in front of Kemmington's fort. After performing various incantations in presence of the people, he selects a young female out of the company, and orders her legs to be put into the holes, which are filled up with earth. Lumps of clay are then brought and built up round her; and notwithstanding her appalling shrieks, and those of her mother, the work is continued until she is entirely enveloped, and is thus built alive into her tomb. This horrible mound is left standing as an incantation to prevent the approach of a foe. The news of this terrible deed spread abroad, as the wily *maraboo* expected; and no native king was found hardy enough to assail the chieftain protected by such sorceries.

At last, the British lieutenant-governor, having in vain demanded restitution, proceeded with a few native troops and white volunteers to chastise the marauder. They were as brave as they were ignorant of warfare. Having sailed in boats up a creek as near as possible to Dunkaseen, they marched through a jungle, being obliged to cut a way for three small pieces of artillery they had brought with them. At last they came within sight of the town; and being sure of success, took not the most ordinary precautions for its attainment. The sun poured his scorching beams upon them; yet without providing water, or taking any rest or refreshment, they at once commenced the attack. The cannon eventually made a breach in the mud-walls, which brought out the lion from his den. It had been agreed that when a breach was made, their allies from Woolli should enter and storm the place; but these feared the prowess of Kemmington, and waited for the British to enter first. The latter were quite exhausted from want of food, and more especially of water, and so far from being able to fight hand to hand with Kemmington's warriors, were scarcely able to stand under the oppressive heat. A few volleys of musketry were fired and returned, by which several

negro soldiers were killed, and two Europeans wounded; upon which the latter beat a hasty retreat, leaving their guns spiked behind them, and trying who should first regain their boats. They would doubtless have all perished, had not Mantamba's warriors protected their retreat. Kemmingtan was now more dreaded than ever by the negroes. He managed to unspike the guns, and mounting them upon his own walls, bade defiance to the world. It was reported that he had crammed them to the muzzle with old nails and iron rubbish of all kinds, never imagining that they would probably burst on the first discharge. But he has not been put to the trial. Attempts at an amicable settlement failed, as the chief refused to trust himself to an interview with the governor out of his own territory; and no European chose to enter the lion's lair. His power, however, was considerably curtailed, as all the neighbouring kings made alliance with the British, and he dared not venture far from his own precincts. Some British troops having been sent to aid the king of Kattaba against him, he swore that he would make a greengrass of the first white man's head he could obtain.

Mr Fox was the first who ventured into his presence, to make the bold request, that he would intrust him with one or more of his children to educate. From Fattatenda, he despatched a message to the king, who returned for answer, that he would be glad to see him, and had therefore sent a servant to conduct him from Woolli to Dunkaseen. The king of Woolli forwarded horses to bring him to Madina, where he again met with a kind reception. Thence he proceeded with an interpreter, who was much afraid of an interview with the savage warrior. He was also accompanied by his own negro servant, who now gave a striking proof of fidelity.

Being quite uncertain of the kind of reception he might meet with from Kemmingtan, Mr Fox proposed to Masasa to remain at Madina, in charge of his baggage; but the lad replied: 'No, masasa, I must go with you. Suppose Kemmingtan make you slave, he make me slave; suppose he kill you, he kill me too.' They, therefore, went together. After resting from their journey, they were taken to Kemmingtan's residence. The place of interview was an open space in a fortress, surrounded with a high wall, where the king sat on a stool in a doorway leading to one of his apartments. He held a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and ordered the stranger to sit down before him on a mat, about six feet distant. His determined and malevolent countenance was a faithful index of his character; he would scarcely look at the speaker, appearing to amuse himself with the triggers of his weapon. He made no reply, which he seldom did on a first visit. After separating, the king sent a plentiful supper of rice and goat-mutton, with a mess of milk and kooskoos. Next morning, he received his guest very civilly, even condescending to look at him benignantly. He said that he had thought over what had been advanced; that much talk was not good; what he said, that he meant; he was glad to see him; his object was proper, but so new and strange, that he could make no promise about it: he would reconsider the matter, and any future messenger to him on this subject should be treated with the same respect as Mr Fox himself. Presents were made, and further conversation ensued about political affairs. The king supplied the party with plenty of food, and furnished horses and guides back to Fattatenda. In eighteen months afterwards—so long had the wary chief taken to consider—he sent one of his children to the institution on Macarthy Island. Other kings and chiefs had already done so; and at one time there were twelve royal pupils under British training.

These bright prospects of usefulness were eventually, like other attempts to benefit Western Africa, blighted by the sickly nature of the climate. The agriculturist was obliged to return to England; the missionary in charge of the African Institution lost his wife and

his health, and hurried away; his successor, whose heart was enthusiastically set upon the work, died; and Mr Fox, after losing his wife and child, and suffering from repeated attacks of fever, felt constrained to abandon the field in which he had sedulously laboured for more than ten years. The mission, to which nearly 300 converted negroes are joined in church-fellowship, is now in charge of a native agent of good abilities and education; but though the common day-school which he superintends in Macarthy Island is in a prosperous condition (according to the testimony of the governor of the Gambia), the average attendance of children being ninety—and though many natives regularly attend the Sabbath-school for instruction in reading and religious truth—yet an African cannot be expected to possess the confidence of the surrounding kings and princes, and to have that influence over them which was obtained by a *tubaboo* *fo-day* (white learned-priest), whose bold daring in a benevolent design overcame even the savage heart of Kemmingtan—the only time this cruel chieftain was ever known to respect and trust a fellow-mortal.

The deadly climate of Western Africa is at once its bane and its security. It paralyses the efforts of Saxon philanthropists to educate the negroes, and teach them the arts of civilised life; but it also prevents avaricious Europeans from taking possession of the country, and enslaving the inhabitants on their own soil. Natives trained up in the British settlements on the coast and in Liberia, must be the educators of their own countrymen, carrying with them into the interior the letters and arts of civilised humanity.

THE POISON-EATERS.*

DR TOWN'S further investigations on the subject of arsenic-eating have led to no new discoveries, but they have enabled him to add a few more examples to those he had already given. In every instance, the poison-eater, when first questioned on the matter, denied his propensity with the most determined obstinacy. The confessions of one individual prove a consumption of poison in a certain number of years which is most extraordinary. From his twenty-seventh to his sixty-third year, this person was accustomed to take each month, during several days, a dose of arsenic. He began, as usual, with a portion not larger than a grain of linseed, and for a long succession of years kept to this quantity. On weighing a piece of Hungarian arsenic, such as the man had been accustomed to take, it was found to vary from two to four grains. When asked why he had not increased the dose, he replied, he had not the courage to do so; for having attempted it once when tipsy, and not at the ordinary time, the consequence was severe attacks of colic, a burning in the throat, and throbbing in the stomach. The bit he then swallowed was, however, pretty large. For more than two years he had entirely given up the practice, which he accounted for by saying, that one of his acquaintance, an old poison-eater, had died of dropsy after much suffering. He thought that illness had been caused by the use of arsenic, and as he greatly feared a like fate, he had of late wholly abstained from his accustomed *Hind*.

Since his discontinuance of arsenic, this man has suffered from time to time from very severe attacks of colic; but during the whole period of his use of the poison, he was unwell but once, and then from inflammation of the lungs. All the persons in the house where he lived had the itch for a long time; and although he was constantly in contact with them, he was never attacked by the disease. In the course of the thirty-five years that this individual was accustomed to eat poison, he must, according to computation, have swallowed from twenty to twenty-two ounces of

arsenic; and yet this enormous quantity of the most powerful mineral poison caused no observable derangement in his functions, except a certain hoarseness of voice—which, as it would appear, is peculiar to all poison-eaters.*

It seems to be a general rule, observed also by the individual just spoken of, that the arsenic must be taken when the moon is on the increase, and never, except under peculiar circumstances, when it is on the wane.

There are various methods of taking the dose. Some, when fasting, put a small morsel in their mouth, and let it gradually dissolve; others reduce it to powder, and strew it on a slice of bread or bacon.

It is not uninteresting to mention here an attempt at murder which occurred at the end of 1851, connected as it is with the effects of arsenic on the human system. One of the servants of a family living in the north of France, was desirous of getting rid of his mistress, on account of the strict control she exercised over the household. For this purpose, he mixed small doses of arsenic with her food, during a considerable length of time, probably from the belief, that a slow and gradual death by poison would avert all suspicion of a violent death. To his no small astonishment, however, he saw that in the course of some months the lady not only grew stouter, but improved in her good looks. Her countenance was fresher, and she was much gayer than before. As the small doses, instead of having the desired result, produced quite a contrary one, he mixed a considerably larger quantity of arsenic with some stewed chicken, and soon after this was eaten by the lady, such decided symptoms of poisoning appeared, that the attempt at murder was discovered.

It was already known that certain individuals in mountainous districts were accustomed to the use of arsenic, for the sake of giving them 'good wind'; but Dr Tschudi has since discovered that in Salzburg and Tyrol, as well as in Styria and the highlands of Austria, the custom of eating arsenic is very general, especially among the chamois-hunters.

Dr Tschudi gives, further, the following most curious communication, received by him from a perfectly trustworthy source. 'Mr F. St—, director of the arsenic-mines in M—kl, in L—au, has been accustomed to take daily at breakfast, for a number of years past, a small quantity of powdered arsenic, as much as would lie on the tip of his knife, to protect him, as he asserts, from the injurious effects arising from the fabrication of arsenic. At the request of a physician, he sent him a similar quantity, such as he had been daily in the habit of taking, being guided in the dose solely by the eye, and the portion was found to weigh three grains and three-fourths. He has thus been in the habit of taking daily between three and four grains of arsenic, at the same time enjoying most excellent health. It is said that he gives his workmen systematic instructions as to how they are to proceed in the enjoyment of arsenic, in order to preserve themselves from the hurtful effects caused by its preparation.'

It has already been stated, that it is a common practice in Austria—in Vienna especially—to give horses occasional doses of arsenic, in order to improve their coat, and add to its glossy appearance. Various as are the methods of giving it to the animals, and although each person adheres to his own particular practice, yet

all agree on one point—that the arsenic ought to be given only when the moon is on the increase. Some give it daily during this period in doses of from three to four grains; others administer it in a larger quantity, for two consecutive days before the moon is at the full, and then omit it for two days, during which time the animal is given, once in the week, an aperient of aloes. The grooms and farm-servants, however, are very particular in giving the arsenic after the animal has fed and drunk, strewing it generally in the form of powder on a piece of bread. If, however, the horse is to have his dose while at work, the lump of poison is then wrapped in a linen rag, or is strewed in a powdered state on a piece of bacon, and wrapped round the bit or curb. A portion of the arsenic would seem to be voided with the excrement; for it has often been observed, that fowls have died after eating the corn found in the dung of horses dosed with arsenic. Horses fed on oats are, as is well known, subject to attacks of colic; but the grooms assert that if arsenic be mixed with the grain, no illness of the sort ever takes place.

With cattle, the use of arsenic is less frequent, and is employed only in the case of fatted oxen and calves. The same rules are observed with regard to the moon as those alluded to above; and the poison is strewed in a powdered state on their food. The effect on the size of the animal is very striking; the increase of weight, however, being in no proportion to the increase of bulk. For this reason, the butchers never buy such oxen, according to the looks of the living animal, the real weight of flesh being always much less than the apparent weight. It is the same with calves, to which the arsenic is given strewed on wheaten bread. On account of this manner of fattening cattle for the market, many a peasant or grazier in Styria and Upper Austria is known by the name of *Hühner*—(arsenic-peasant, poison-peasant).

To pigs, arsenic is often given, especially at the beginning of the fattening-time. In many handbooks for breeders of cattle, it is recommended to strew a dose of sulphuret of antimony daily on the food of the pigs. Now, it has been remarked, that the purified antimony bought at the druggists' (*Antimonium sulphuratum nigrum laevigatum*) has no effect whatever; while the sulphuret of antimony purchased at the oil and colour shops proves efficacious—which arises probably from the circumstance, that the latter usually contains no inconsiderable quantity of sulphur.

Thus we see the same rules observed in administering arsenic to animals which the poison-eaters observe with regard to themselves. It would not be uninteresting to learn, whether the favourable effect produced on animals by small doses of arsenic, first led men to apply it to themselves; or whether, on the contrary, it was tried on the brute, after having been found so serviceable in the economy of the human being.

TABLE-MOVING AND SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS.

We have been requested by the gentleman who wrote the late article, entitled *The Spirits Come to Town*, to insert the following note. We do so, in justice to him, while reserving our own judgment regarding these so-called phenomena—

'Since writing my article on this subject, an unexpected circumstance has taken place, which calls for a considerable modification of the views expressed in that paper. Greatly to my surprise, the alleged phenomena have, within the last few days, been exemplified in my own house, under my own care, without the presence of any professed Medium. In concession to the generally felt improbability of spiritual communications, and my own feelings of scepticism on that point, I will not say that spirits have been concerned in the case; but whatever be the agency, I am clear as to the acts or things done. Under a light application of the hands of a few of my family and myself, a round table has moved both linearly

* The worthy clergyman A— in M— writes as follows on this particular symptom.—'On inquiry, I learned that the individual in question keeps his arsenicum a profound secret, and tells nobody what it is he eats; however, the general opinion is that it is arsenic. The man is fifty-five years old, has a healthy look, is robust, was never dangerously ill, but is always hoarse, and speaks with a roughness in his throat. He keeps his secret thus cautiously, for fear of being punished for possessing arsenic, and lest the supply, so necessary to his health, should be cut off. I am told he increases the dose when the moon increases, and diminishes it when she is on the wane.'

and round—in the latter manner so rapidly at some moments, that I counted six revolutions in half a minute. With hands disposed in the same manner, we have received signals of various kinds in answers to questions, sometimes by tapings, but more frequently by lateral movements of the table on its feet, or by its tilting in a particular direction requested. I can fully depend on the probity of the three or four members of the family circle who were associated with me in the experiments; but what places the matter beyond doubt is, that some of the responses have involved matters known only to myself. I may add, that the same phenomena have been elicited, under my care, in another family, composed of persons to whom they were entirely a novelty. I am therefore left in no doubt as to the verity of the alleged facts, and, in justice to the professed Mediums, must withdraw my hypothesis, that they are first deceived by themselves, and then unintentionally deceive others. For anything I can see, the same results might be realised in any family of from six to ten persons, as there is a tolerable chance of some person possessed of the necessary passive qualification being present in such a number; but care should be taken to exclude persons who seem likely to suffer from the excitement. All that is necessary at first, is to place hands touching each other in a circle round the edge of the table, and will that it move in a particular direction. From five to forty minutes are required to bring the phenomena into play. I could give many examples of the so-called manifestations, exceeding in interest any that I have seen described in print; but as you only commissioned me to try to explain the alleged facts in conformity with our ideas of common experience, I must leave the subject alone till you shall have invited me to enter upon it in another form and manner. Permit me to add but one sentence more. I am equally satisfied, as before, that the phenomena are natural; but to take them in, I think we shall have to widen somewhat our ideas of the extent and character of what is natural.

A HINT TO AUTHORS.

A line in the obituary paragraph of the Paris papers made known a few days ago that M. SEWIN, 'the senior dramatic author of France,' had departed this life, aged eighty-two. 'Sewin—who is he?' was immediately the question in the literary and theatrical circles. Nobody could tell—nobody had heard of him. Inquiries were instituted, and it was ascertained, though not without some difficulty, that, sixty years ago, a young man of that name obtained great celebrity by *vaudevilles* and other trifling pieces; and that he subsequently became one of the greatest purveyors of such articles to the different theatres all through the time of the Empire; also that he was a most voluminous writer of novels. His family having been applied to, stated that not fewer than 200 dramatic pieces, and upwards of thirty volumes of novels, were produced by his indefatigable pen. In his plays, Potier, Odry, Brunet, Vernet, and other eminent comedians, made their *débuts*; Cherubini, Zimmerman, Boieldieu, and other composers, accepted his *libretti*; whilst as to his novels, they were literally devoured by all France. He was, in short, for a time considered the greatest literary genius of his day, and was worshipped accordingly. Yet of all the vast mass that he wrote, not a work, not a line remains: it has all passed as completely from memory as if it had been written in sand!—*Literary Gazette*.

FORM OF CHIMNEYS.

Some very elementary considerations will shew, that a great momentum is obtained by a chimney increasing in size upwards, and thus allowing the air to expand. If a person blows in at the expanded end of an ordinary straight trumpet, he will find that there is a great expenditure of wind to no purpose, the force being entirely lost, and no vibration produced in the metal; but if he turns it round, and blows in at the small end, he will find that a small quantity of air forced in will produce a powerful vibration through the whole length of the instrument. The same thing takes place in chimneys, which are only a peculiar kind of wind-instrument—a gradually-increasing width

producing a greater 'draft' than a straight or contracted one. From this it follows, that the mouth of the flue next the fire must be as small as is practicable, and expand upwards from this point.—*The Builder*.

HELENA.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

My friend, our paths are separate on this earth;
Not often is it mine
To list the flow of fancy, thoughts of worth,
From those dear lips of thine.
Thou of the large free heart that knows no change,
On whom I rest my faith
Through good or ill secure, nor deem it strange
To trust thee e'en to death.

A poet's soul is thine—a hero's heart,
When Grief's shafts round thee fall;
To stand unmoved, and feel 'mid sorest smart,
God's love is over all.
Thou hast the calm that only angels bring,
O'er that fair soul of thine;
Softened, and so refined through suffering,
To strength almost divine.

Nature with all her thousand harmonies—
Earth, sea, and skies above—
Have tuned thy heart to seraph sympathies—
To beauty, truth, and love.
I saw thee first 'mid childhood's sunlit years—
Thou couldst not be forgot!
We met again—thy face was pale from tears,
That else had changed it not.

The lapse of time had made me e'en as thou—
I was no more a child
Gazing upon thy fair, most queenly brow
With wonder 'earnest mild.'
Sweet elder sister thou! and I was proud
That years such grace could lend,
That I might stand beside and hail thee loud,
An equal and a friend.

The veil that hides my soul from others' view,
For thee might well be torn;
Nor should I fear to meet, O friend most true,
Thy coldness or thy scorn.
Thou bear'st about thee yet that nameless charm
That struck me when a child;
Thou, still the lady crowned with regal calm,
And I, the dreamer wild.

We have a magic language without speech;
We want no words to tell
How truly, closely, each is bound to each—
How each is loved so well.
I need but one glance toward thy deep, clear eyes,
One soft touch of thy hand,
To know that mine are all thy sympathies
In Thought's great 'silent land.'

Not oft to take 'sweet counsel,' as I said,
To us perchance be given,
Until together, hand in hand, we tread
The starry shores of heaven;
Until we change this life for fadeless years,
Where truest splendours shine;
These doubts and fears, these raptures, joys, and tears,
For certainties divine.

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POOH-POOH.

POOH-POOH is a surly old gentleman, not without his virtues. It is his delight to throw cold water on ardent projectors, and save people from deluding themselves with extravagant views of human improvement. There is the same kind of respectability about PooH-pooH which makes Liberals glad when they can get a Conservative to head a requisition, or take the chair at a meeting. But PooH-pooH is more remarkable for his bad side than his good one. Without hopes or faith in anything himself, he tends to discourage all hopeful effort in others. Had he his way, there would never be any brilliant or highly useful thing done. He would keep all down to a fixed level of routine, passable, but only just enough to escape censure. He wishes to make the course he takes appear as springing from a hatred of the extravagant; but it often comes mainly from a desire to avoid being troubled, or, worse still, from a jealousy of the people who strive to be extra-good or great. He certainly is not quite the infallible sage he wishes to pass for.

The fact is, there is not one of the important inventions and extensions of power of the last wonderful age, which has not had to struggle against the chilling philosophy of Mister PooH-pooH. History is full of the instances in which he has condemned, as impracticable and absurd, proposals which have ultimately, in spite of him, borne the fairest fruit. Gas-lighting was referred to Sir Humphry Davy and Wollaston, as the two men best qualified to judge of its feasibility; but Mister PooH-pooH was at their elbow, to insinuate all sorts of objections and difficulties, and they pronounced against an article of domestic utility which is now used, more or less, in nearly every house in every town and village in the kingdom. It was all that steam-navigation could do to get over PooH-pooH's opposition. Even James Watt, who had in a manner made the steam-engine, gave way to the whispers of PooH-pooH regarding its use in vessels. Sir Joseph Banks was applied to by some enthusiastic advocate of this application; when, under the inspiration of PooH-pooH, who stood beside him, he said: 'It is a pretty plan, sir; but there is just one little point overlooked—that the steam-engine requires a firm basis on which to work.' He sent away the man, under the disgrace of his pity, and, we suppose, thought no more of the matter till he heard of steamers plying regularly on the Hudson and the Clyde, with or without the firm basis to work upon.

When PooH-pooH first heard that some persons were so mad as think of carriages being drawn by steam on rails at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, he was indignant, and set himself to prove, which he did

entirely to his own satisfaction, that the carriages would not go at anything like that speed—if driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock-still. He was sincerely anxious that this should prove to be the case, and we may imagine his feelings when the plan was realised with the effect contemplated by its projectors. The same unsanguine gentleman gave a lecture at Newcastle in 1838, to prove to the British Association that steamers could never cross the Atlantic. Some people wished, hoped, prayed that they might cross the Atlantic; he indulged in a calm but happy belief that they never would. Here, too, he underwent the mortification of defeat. Not long after that time, Mr Rowland Hill started the idea of a universal Penny Postage. He shewed many facts in favour of the feasibility of the scheme; and the public entered warmly into his views. But PooH-pooH had long been on intimate terms with the post-office officials, and under his advice these gentlemen did all they could to prevent the public from being gratified. When the new plan was carried in spite of all opposition, Mister PooH-pooH felt of course that a very foolish thing had been done, and he foretold its entire failure. It must have been with a sore heart that he has seen the number of letters multiplied sevenfold in ten or twelve years, the revenue not much diminished, and everybody besides himself pleased.

He is apt to be rather shabby afterwards about his false premises and prophecies. When the Crystal Palace was projected, and PooH-pooH was consulted, he said it would never stand the winds, but quickly tumble down like a castle of cards. Afterwards, when this hope of his—for his magnificent views are always founded upon hopes—was proved by the event to be fallacious, he explained the matter away: he had only said that, unless made of the requisite strength, it would fall! He does not like to be reminded of his false predictions; but it is seldom he has to suffer in that way, for, when a great and useful novelty has been successfully accomplished, the public generally confines its thoughts to the honoured author, taking but little heed of Mister PooH-pooH and his now vain prognostications—who, on his part, seldom then goes beyond a few quiet nibbles at the grandeur of the achievement.

PooH-pooH has his favourite positions in this world. He likes, above all things, to be in office. His defensive negative policy is seen there in its greatest force. Indeed, it scarcely has an existence elsewhere than in places of dignity and trust. From his being practically connected with things, he knows their difficulties, which dreamers out of office have no idea of; and thus it is that he feels himself entitled to speak so confidently

against every new thing that is proposed. Already burdened with a duty which perhaps occupies no less than four hours out of every twenty-four, he feels, with good reason, a horror of everything that proposes to bring new trouble into his department. Even a proposal to simplify his work he shrinks from, grudging the trouble of considering or discussing that from which he expects no success. Pooh-pooh, too, has generally some tolerable degree of scientific reputation; it is hard to say how acquired—sometimes, it is to be feared, only by looking wise and holding his tongue. There he is, however, a kind of authority in such matters. We it is for any new project in mechanics, or any new idea in science, to be referred to him, and all the more so if it be a thing 'in his line,' for no mercy will it meet! In the literary world, the analogous situation for Pooh-pooh is that of the old-established critic. He sits in the editorial chair, apparently for the sole purpose of keeping down all the rising geniuses. Every new birth of poetic energy, every fresh upturn of philosophic thought, is visited with his determined hostility. He relishes most that which keeps nearest to his own temperate and unoffending mediocrity.

Pooh-pooh is less strong in a new country than an old. He hardly has a hold at all among the fearless bounding spirits of Australia. The go-ahead Yankees despise him. In England, he has least strength in large cities and amongst the active mercantile classes. He is strongest in official circles, old-fashioned genteel towns, and torpid villages. But he has a certain strength everywhere, for he is a bit of human nature. We have no doubt that, even amongst the gold-diggers, he might occasionally be found shaking his head, and turning away with his characteristic contemptuous air from proposals of new 'prospectings.'

The external aspect of Mister Pooh-pooh is hard and repelling. He has a firm, well-set, self-satisfied air, as much as to say: 'Don't speak to me about that, sir.' He has a number of phrases, which he uses so often, that they come to his tongue without any effort of his will; such as, 'It will never do.'—'All that has been thought of before, but we know there is nothing in it.'—'People are always meddling with things they know nothing about;' and so forth. We might call them pet phrases, if it could be imagined that Mister Pooh-pooh had a favour for anything; but this we well know he has not. There is great reason to suspect that, from the readiness of these phrases to come to his tongue, he has on several occasions committed himself to opposition where a few moments' thought would have sufficed to shew him that that course was dangerous to his reputation. It must be owned that, once he is committed, nothing can exceed the heroism with which he maintains his consistency throughout all the stages of the refutation which events administer him.

We are afraid that this is beginning to be rather an unpleasant world for Mister Pooh-pooh. It goes too fast for him. So many of his hopelessnesses have been falsified by events, that he must feel himself a little out of credit. Then his own constant sense of disappointment! To find novelty after novelty 'getting on,' as it were, in spite of his ominous head-shakings, must be a sad pain to his spirit, cool and congealed as it is. One day, it is iron steamers—another day, rise of wages under free-trade. Great reliefs are given to misery, great positive additions made to national happiness, where he long ago assured the world no such things could be. It is too bad. I begin to feel almost sorry for poor Mister Pooh-pooh under these circumstances. It sets me upon recalling his virtues, which, in his present unfortunate position, we are too apt to overlook—namely, his usefulness in saving us from rushing into all kinds of hasty ill-concocted plans, and patronising all kinds of plausible superficial pretenders. Depend upon it, Mister Pooh-pooh has his appointed place in the economy of a wise Providence; and, therefore,

pestilent as he is sometimes with his leaden immovable mind, I think we are called upon to administer only a qualified condemnation. The drag is but a clumsy part of the mechanism of a carriage, but it has sometimes the honour of being indispensable to the saving of all the rest from destruction.

FURTHER PROOFS OF INTELLIGENCE IN BEES.

M. FELIX DUJARDIN, who, a few years ago, published some interesting observations on the brain of insects, in which the existence of such an organ is, as he believes, an established fact, has since pursued his investigations into the same subject, and has found many noteworthy proofs of intelligence, which confirm his former views. He set up a few bee-hives in his garden, to have the means of following up the inquiry immediately at hand; and with these he noticed a repetition of the well-known fact, that the bees which had been brought from a distance took the usual means to acquaint themselves with the entrance to their new habitations and their site, hovering for some minutes round the opening, with their heads towards it, and gradually extending their explorations further and further from the spot. One of the hives having become short of food in October, he placed near it a plate filled with lumps of sugar coated with honey and slightly moistened. The bees—attracted, no doubt, by the scent of the honey—came out in swarms, and in less than two hours devoured the whole, thus shewing that they were perfectly well aware of its presence. As M. Dujardin relates in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*: 'They soon accustomed themselves so well to associate the idea of my person and dress with the idea of this too speedily exhausted daily provender, that if I walked in the garden at thirty or forty yards from the hive, eight or ten of them would come and hover around me, settle on my clothes and hands, and crawl over them in remarkable excitement.' The bees of the neighbour hive, however, made the discovery also, and fierce were the combats that arose between the two parties, and numerous the slain; and the war could only be prevented by putting the food out of sight of the hive for which it was not intended, and withholding the honey, so as to get rid of the attractive scent.

One day, while on the watch, M. Dujardin saw a bee alight on some sugar placed on an ant-hill at a considerable distance from the hive. After eating a small portion, the creature flew away to the hive, and returned a few minutes later, accompanied by a number of other bees, when the whole troop began to devour the sugar. This remarkable fact led M. Dujardin to try what he believes to be a conclusive experiment as to the reasoning faculty in bees.

In a wall about twenty yards from the hives, a small opening had been left, which was concealed by a trellis and numerous climbing-plants. A saucer containing slightly moistened sugar was placed in this opening one day in November, and a bee from one of the hives having been allured by presenting honey to it on a small stick, was carried to the sugar. It began to eat, and continued for five or six minutes; then, having buzzed about for some time in the opening, and on the outside with its head towards the entrance, as though to reconnoitre, it flew away.

A quarter of an hour passed; after which bees came from the hive, to the number of thirty, exploring the locality, the situation of which must have been indicated to them, as there was no scent of honey to attract or guide them. These, in turn, verified the marks by which they would be enabled again to find the much-prized spot, or to point it out to others; and from this time, day after day, bees continued to travel from the hive to the sugar, the latter being renewed as fast as

consumed. Not a single bee, however, came from the other hive; the occupants of this flew hither and thither as usual, while the bees which had first been made acquainted with the presence of the sugar in the wall, flew directly from the hive to the opening. This fact was fully established.

If the sugar became dry by the evaporation of the moisture or sirup, the bees treated it with perfect indifference, as though it were no more to them than lumps of earth. Now and then, one of the number would visit the spot, apparently to examine the state of the sugar. If still dry, it was left untouched; but if it had been moistened in the interval, the explorer hastened at once to the hive, and quickly returned followed by other bees.

The experiment which had thus succeeded so well with the first hive, was little better than a failure with the second, owing to its being well stocked with honey—the bees did not want food, and but a few visited the sugar. 'Nevertheless,' as M. Dujardin says, 'the complete success in the first instance, an experiment so easily repeated, leaves no doubt as to the faculty which bees possess of transmitting very complex indications by corresponding signs.'

Another interesting fact brought out by these experiments, exemplifies the use of a reasoning power. Bees, as is well known, make much use of *propolis*, or bee-bread, in their household economy. Of this substance, the agglutinative quality is the only one essential to it; and if we find bees making use of another substance of similar qualities, we shall know that they take no account of scent or savour—that is, in so far as the *propolis* is concerned—and we are led to recognise a reasoning principle. The *propolis* is used to stop joints and crevices on the inside of the hive, and is the viscous substance generally taken from the buds of plants. 'But one day,' says M. Dujardin, 'I saw the bees collecting small particles of white paint from a hive which had been newly painted and left to dry. I had been surprised for some days to see the creatures going home laden with a white substance between their thighs, and at length discovered them detaching small fragments from the paint, with which, after filling their receptacles, they flew to the hive. The operation was so slowly performed as to be easily seen and perfectly understood, and it is clear that the bees, finding a viscous substance within reach, used it irrespectively of its other properties.'

When bees return laden with pollen, they are extremely eager to rush into the hive; but M. Dujardin has stopped one so burdened at the entrance, and the creature, after appearing to be puzzled for a short time, flew away to a second entrance at the side of the hive, thus evidently exchanging one idea for another. He states, too, that a stolen hive which had been put away in a loft of the Court of Justice at Rennes, was found to be in full activity some months afterwards, when wanted for purposes of evidence; and the bees made their way in and out by a small opening in the roof, which they had learned to distinguish from a thousand others: an additional instance of their susceptibility of individual impressions. This marvellous memory of localities is observed also in mammals and migratory birds. Savages, too, possess it; but the faculty grows weaker in man in proportion as he devotes himself to study.

In the words of M. Dujardin: 'This is not simply an individual impression, an image of the locality preserved in the brain of the bee: the impression, indeed, exists; but at the same time that it serves to guide the insect in its return, it becomes for it the motive of indications to be transmitted by signs or otherwise, which could not be the case if we do not accord to the creature a faculty of abstraction; for the indications are sufficient to awaken in the bees to which they are transmitted the same impressions that the actual

sight of sugar or other objects has excited in the first discoverers.'

Besides bee-hives, M. Dujardin has artificial ant-hills in different parts of his house and garden, in which he keeps nine species of ants under continual observation. He finds them not less apt than the bees to communicate impressions either of unexpected booty or sudden difficulties.

THE BALLET-DANCER.

THE last scene was played out, and the grim curtain of death fell for ever over the tragedy of Neil Preston's life. A bitter tragedy, indeed! Wife, fortune, health—all had gone by turns, until, of his former large possessions of happiness, only two fair girls were left, as the last frail argosies on his sea of fate; left him were they for to-day, to be themselves wrecked on the morrow, when death should have carried his soul out into infinity, and trampled his body beneath the churchyard sod. And so, with choking sobs and grieving prayers, Neil Preston commended them to the care of the universal Father, and died as a good man should—one loosening hand still clasped in the affections of earth, and one outstretched to the glories of the coming heaven.

The girls were both young; but Nelly was a mere child—a pretty romping little maid, some three years before her teens; while Mabel was already almost a woman at seventeen. The little one's tears were fastest, and her sobs the loudest at the loss of the kind playmate who had been always so glad to see her when she came back from her day-school; who used to call her his evening-star, and never met her without a smile and a kiss, however grave and silent he might be to others. But the tears soon dried on her rosy face, and her sobs soon changed to the light quick laughter of childhood; and the little heart, which had swelled so large for its first great grief, soon danced blithely in her breast again, understanding nothing of the bitterness of orphanage. But Mabel, though she did not weep nor sob—at least not when others were by—sorrowed as few sorrow even by a father's grave, knowing that she had lost her only earthly friend and protector, and that her way of life must now open upon a dark and thorny path of solitude and distress. Painfully she shrank from the heavy responsibility of her condition, and keenly she felt how frail a barrier she was between her pretty Nell and misery. Her father had told her, and told her with the solemnity of a dying man, that in leaving the little one to her care, he knew he left her to one that would never fail her; and that, whether for shelter from the storms of winter or from the burning sun of summer, for support in times of misery or for protection in times of temptation, his beloved Mabel would be all that he himself could have been to their darling, their star, their idol child. And Mabel, understanding full well the extent of the confidence reposed in her, was the more careful to perform her appointed task faithfully, and therefore the more anxious as to the means of its right fulfilment.

Long hours did Mabel sit by that clay-cold figure, planning various schemes of work, from all of which, considerations of youth or incompetency turned her aside. Whatever she did, she must gain sufficient for Nelly's fit maintenance and education; and she could think of nothing that would give her enough whereby to live herself, and tenderly to foster her precious charge. She could not be a governess; her own education had been far too meagre and desultory, interrupted, too, so early on account of her mother's long illness: the thing was therefore impossible—she must turn to something else. But to what else? Ah, that blank question rose up like a dim ghost before her, and by

its very presence seemed to paralyse her energies. A young girl who cannot be a governess has few other professions left her. Governess, workwoman, shopwoman—these are nearly all the careers open to the middle class, until we come to the stage and its various branches. And from this small supply, Mabel must make her choice. Governess she could not be; shopwoman she would not be. Poor Mabel! Before she had done, this little harmless pride was burned out of her. She used to look back on this aristocratic impulse as on a child's feeble fancy, and wonder how she could have been so weak, so wanting to her nobler self, to have cherished it for a moment. Needle-worker, then, must be her profession: a badly-paid one enough, but independent, and consequently more endurable—private, and consequently more respectable than many others. For Mabel set great store by the strictest forms of respectability, holding herself and her character in trust for her little one, undertaking bravely and following cordially any profession that would support her own life—which was Nelly's capital—under the condition of perfect blamelessness, according to the world's code.

'Really very well done,' said Miss Priscilla Wentworth.

'A trifle puckered in the gusset,' said Miss Silias Wentworth.

'Humph! pretty fair for a girl of the present day,' said old Miss Wentworth gruffly; 'but half of it is cats' eyes, too! Ah, girls! in my time young ladies could sew; they would not have dared to call such coddling as this fine work.'

Now, the three Miss Wentworths were three kind-hearted, precise, testy old maids; horribly conventional, but really benevolent when you got through the upper crust; ever at war with themselves, between educational principles and instinctive impulses; and therefore uncertain in their actions, and capricious in their dealings. They never passed a beggar without giving him something; but they never gave him a half-penny without taking it out in a lecture on political economy. They used to tell him of his sin in begging, and not going to the nice comfortable Union provided by the Queen, and all this in the harshest language and the shrillest voices imaginable; they threatened him with the police, and hinted big terrors of the lock-up; they told him that he ought to be put in the stocks—a wretch, to leave his wife and children, or an unfeeling monster, to drag about his poor wife and children, as the case might be; and then they pointed out their little villa, and told him he would find a dinner there. And all the while they had been anathematising him and his ways so bitterly, their eyes had been taking cognizance of the holes in his jacket, or the wounds of his shoeless feet, and they grumbled among themselves as to what old clothes they were possessed of and could spare for the poor fellow; and then they would walk away, growling pleasantly, satisfied with the duty they had rendered to the stern requirements of political economy, and vowing the man had had such a lecture he would never beg again.

They had known a little of Neil Preston in his better days, when he had burned a great blue and red hump before his door, and had 'Surgeon,' &c., blazoned in great gold letters thereon; and they were glad to be kind, in their way, to his daughter. They were wise enough to know, that money earned is better than alms received; so they gave Mabel work and high wages, as intrinsically a more benevolent thing to do than making her presents: not that they were behindhand in that either, for many a pretty frock and bonnet the Miss Wentworths gave the orphans, though unfortunately they always forgot their deep mourning, and gave them pink and blue instead of black. Still, the meaning was all the same; and Mabel was just as grateful as if she could have worn and looked smart

in their ribbons and flounces, instead of being obliged to sell them all, at very small prices, for one black frock for pretty Nelly's dancing-lesson days.

But the Miss Wentworths, though kind, could not entirely support the sisters. They had a great deal of plain needle-work to give away among them certainly; but even the plain needle-work of three precise old maids must come to an end some time; at last, their new sets of collars and cuffs—and those more complicated matters still, which every one wears, and no one names—were made, washed, ironed, and put away; and Mabel's occupation was gone—gone with the last half-dozen long jean pockets—the old-fashioned pockets—made for Miss Wentworth, who, as became a partisan of the good old times, disdained all modern inventions, from politics to millinery. Mabel must, then, look out for employment elsewhere; and after many disappointments, and no small trials both to her dignity and her resolution, she found a shop-selling shop that gave her shirts at three-halfpence, and other articles in proportion, as much. Compelled by poverty, Mabel entered herself on their list, trying to make the best of her condition, and to bear her evils hopefully, but failing sadly in her attempts at self-deception. She soon found that as much as the most diligent industry and unwearied self-sacrifice could do, was not enough to supply them both with daily bread; not to speak of the more expensive requirements of Nelly's schooling. Her failing health and wasting strength were not sufficient offerings before this great Juggernaut car of toil, to gain her the scanty goods for which they were so cheerfully offered up. Still, hitherto she had struggled on. Old savings now came in as grand helps; and being conscientious and diligent, she had not yet been fined for bad work or unpunctuality. She had secured all her earnings at any rate, so far as she had gone, though she knew, by what she saw about her, that her turn would come soon, and that, by some device, she should find herself in the power of the overseer, and on the wrong side of the books. She had seen others mulcted of their wages unjustly—how could she then escape?

'Your work is spoiled,' said the overseer at last, tossing her packet on the floor. 'I can't receive it. You must take it back.'

It was a white flowered waistcoat he threw down on the dirty floor: an expensive thing to buy, and a cheap thing to sell—as Mabel would be obliged to sell it—to the Jews. 'I am very sorry,' stammered she, the blood rushing to her face, for she remembered now that the candle had 'guttered' last night when she took it up stairs to hear Nelly say her prayers, and the waistcoat had been lying on the table—'I am very sorry: where is it spoiled?'

The man sprawled a grimy thumb on a minute spot of grease by the armhole—a very small spot, undiscernable by ordinary eyes, and which would have been hidden in the wearing. His unwashed hands left a broad dark mark, made purposely, as Mabel saw too well.

She gave a little indignant cry, and snatched the waistcoat from him.

'It was not so bad before! You have ruined it on purpose!' she said, looking him straight in the face, and speaking passionately.

He raised his hand to strike her, but a general murmur among the bystanders stopped him. Like all bullies, he was an arrant coward, and the meanness of popularity-hunters as well.

'You impudent wench!' he said; 'if you give me another word of your sauce, I will turn you off altogether! Coming here with your impertinence and fine-lady airs, indeed, as if the earth was not good enough for you, because you were an apothecary's daughter? I have as great a mind as I ever had in my life to turn you out of the place, and never let you set foot in it again. Here, madam, take this waistcoat

back, and bring no more of your airs and graces here. A pale-faced chit like you, sticking out against laws and masters! What next, indeed! You owe the house fifteen shillings, and that's letting you off easy, after your impudence, too. Take care how you pay it, for, by George, you shall smart for it, if you shirk. Will you take the waistcoat, I say?' He seized her by the shoulder roughly, leaving the mark of his strong clench on her flesh. The girl winced, and a faint moan escaped her. There was a general cry, and a hurried movement among the women; but he turned round with an oath, and silenced them. No one knew whose turn would come next: and women, however true in heart, are too weak, in both purpose and strength, to stand by each other long against a superior force. So Mabel had to bear her wrongs undefended.

She received no wages that day, but a large packet of work, with more yet to come, for which not one farthing would be paid until her terrible debt of fifteen shillings was wiped off. And she was threatened brutally, because she exclaimed against the injustice of this man's authority.

For the first time since her father's death, Mabel's courage sank. She sat down on a door-step in a by-street, and burst into as bitter a flood of tears as ever scalded the eyes of grieving womanhood. In all her trials, she had been preserved from personal insult until now. She had been poor, and therefore she had known moments of anguish; she had been rejected in her search after employment, and therefore she had felt the bitterest pangs of disappointment, dread, and uncertainty; but she had ever been respected as a woman. No rude word or familiar look had wounded her proud modesty: in all that regarded her condition, she had been treated with no less respect than when in her father's house. But now this last sweet secret boast was gone from her. She had been outraged and insulted, and there was no one to avenge, as there had been no one to defend her.

While she sat there, weeping passionately, and for once in her life forgetting duty in feeling, some one spoke to her. Something in the sound of the voice—the tender manly voice that it was—made her look up. A man of middle age, with hair turning slightly gray about his square broad forehead, with a fine cheery look in his deep-blue eyes, and a pleasant smile about his handsome mouth—a man of strength and nerve on the one hand, and of courteous breeding on the other—stood before her, something in a military attitude, and with much of a paternal expression. 'Who, how now, my child, what has happened?' he said kindly.

'Oh, nothing, nothing!' cried Mabel, hurriedly drying her eyes, and gathering up her work.

'Don't be frightened, my poor child, and don't run away from me yet; I may be able to be of use to you. Tell me who you are, or at least what has happened to you.' He laid his hand on her arm, not with any familiarity, as such, but with an indescribable something in his eyes and his touch that Mabel felt she must perforce confide in. She felt that distrust would have been affectation: the false modesty of the pride, which creates the evil it disclaims.

She told her story, then, simply, and without any expression of sorrow or regret. She merely related the facts, and left them to be translated according to her hearer's fancy. The stranger's face showed how that translation went. The flush of indignation, the tender smile of pity, the manly impulse of protection, all spoke by turns on his forehead and round his lips; and when Mabel ended, he drew out his purse, and placed in her hand two sovereigns, asking, at the same time, the address of the sloop-shop where she had been so ill treated. She shrank back.

'No, no!' she cried; 'I cannot receive alms!' She let her hand drop, and the gold fell on the pavement. Hastily stooping to pick it up, the man stooping

at the same moment, their hands met. He took hers in his, in both of his, and pressed it gently.

'You are right, my child,' he said; 'though to accept a gift from me would not be to receive alms. Still, as you do not know me, you cannot tell wherein I differ from other men; and you are therefore wise to treat me as you would treat other men—as I would ever advise you to treat them. I will not distress you by offering you unearned money again; but at least let me buy at my own price this unlucky waistcoat, which has brought you into so much trouble.'

Mabel smiled and blushed. She saw through the delicacy of this feint; and oh, how her poor heart, bruised as it was by the roughness of the late insult, seemed to expand like a flower in the sun beneath the gentleness, and tenderness, and delicacy of these few words! She unfolded her bundle, and produced the white-flowered waistcoat; tears in her eyes, smiles on her lips, and the burning blood flushing in her cheeks. The stranger made a pretence of looking at it critically; then forcing on her the two rejected sovereigns, he declared that it was worth much more, and that he would keep it for his best.

'Will you tell me where you live?' he then asked.

Mabel hesitated; she looked troubled.

'You are right,' he said kindly; 'and I was wrong to ask the question. Still, I should have liked to have seen you again; but you are right, quite right, to refuse it. I don't wish to know where you live; it is better not. God bless you! Be a good girl, and all will come right.'

'Good-by, sir,' said Mabel simply, looking up into his face.

'How great and handsome he is!' she thought.

'What a lovely little face!' said he, half aloud; 'and what a good expression!' Ah, she is an honest girl, I am sure! He shook hands with her, and walked slowly down the street. Mabel watched his manly figure striding in the sunshine, and a sharp swift pang came over her, to think that she had seen him for the last time perhaps!

'And yet I did right,' she said, turning away. 'What would my poor father have said, if I had made friends with a strange man in the streets, and brought him home to Nelly?'

But she remembered her adventure a long, long time, till the form and features of her unknown hero became idealised and glorified, and he gradually took the stature and divinity of a heroic myth in her life. She used to pray for him morning and evening, but at last it was rather as if she prayed to him; for by constantly thinking of him, he had become, to the dreams of her brooding fancy, like her guardian angel, ever present, great, and helpful.

When her savings and the two pounds from her unknown friend had gone, Mabel was completely at a loss. Sloop-working at the prices paid to her was a mere waste of time; yet how to employ this time more profitably? What to do, so that Nell might remain at the school, where she was already one of the most promising scholars, and hold up her head with the best of them? Little did Nell think of the bitter toil and patient motherly care it took to keep her at school and clothe her so prettily; little did she know how dearly she bought those approving smiles, when she brought home a favourable report; nor what deep trials were turned to blessings when, with all her heart full of love, and her lips red with kisses, she would sit by the side of her darling Mabel, and tell her how far she had got in Fendou and Cramer. It was better that she knew nothing. Mabel could work so much the more cheerily while her favourite was in the sunshine. Nelly sorrowed—Mabel would have drooped.

'What to do?' This was her question one day when her last shilling had disappeared in Nelly's quarter's school-bill. Tears were raining down her

cheeks, as she thought of her desolate condition, and her inability to support the weight of responsibility laid on her, when some one knocked at the door, opening it without waiting for her answer. A woman, living in the same house, entered, 'to borrow some coals.' She saw that Mabel was crying; and seating herself by her, she asked: 'What was the matter, and how she could comfort her?'

Mabel, after a few more questions put in that straightforward voice which goes direct to the heart, told her little history; in which there was nothing to tell but the old sad burden of poverty and helplessness. The woman listened to all with a careful contemplative air.

'You can do better than this,' she said after a pause. 'Can you dance?'

'Yes,' said Mabel; for, indeed, this was one of the few things she had brought away from school, where her lightness and activity had made her a great favourite with the old French dancing-master.

'Then come with me,' said the woman.

'Where?—what to do?'

'To the — Theatre.'—Mabel started.—'Does this frighten you?'

'Yes; a great deal.' She laughed—not scornfully, but as one who saw beyond and all round a subject, of which a fraction had disturbed the weak sight of another.

'Oh, never mind the name of a place, Mabel Preston. If you knew the world as well as I do, you would know that neither places nor professions were much. To a woman who respects herself, a theatre will be as safe as a throne. It is the heart carried into a thing, not the thing itself that degrades.' Mabel was much struck with the remark. The woman seemed so strong and true, that somehow she felt weak and childish beside her. She looked into her resolute honest face. Plain as it was in feature, its expression seemed quite beautiful to Mabel.

'You will be subject to impertinence and tyranny,' added the woman; 'but that all subordinates must bear. When you carry home your work, I daresay you hear many an oath from the overseer; and when you go on in the ballet, you will have many a hard word said to you by the ballet-master. If your petticoats are too short or too long, your stockings too pink or too white, if you are paler than usual or redder; anything, in short, will be made a matter of fault-finding when the ballet-master is in a bad humour. But show me the inferior position where you will not be subject to the same thing! Only don't fancy that because you are a ballet-dancer, you must necessarily be corrupt; for I tell you again, Mabel, the heart is a woman's safeguard of virtue, not her position. Good-morning. Think of what I have said, and if I can be of use to you, tell me. You shall come with me, and I will take care of you. I am thirty-one, and that is a respectable age enough!'

And so she left, smiling half sadly, and forgetting to take her coals. When she remembered them, it was rehearsal-time.

Days passed, and Mabel still dwelt with pain and dread on the prospect of being a ballet-dancer. If her kind unknown, or if the Miss Wentworths knew of it, what would they say? She fought it off for a long time; until at last driven into a corner by increasing poverty, she went down to Jane Thornton's room, and saying: 'Yes, I will be a ballet-dancer!' scaled in her own mind her happiness and respectability for ever, but secured her sister's. Then Jane kissed her, and said: 'She was a wise girl, and would be glad of having made up her mind to it some day.'

It did not take much teaching to bring Mabel to the level of the ordinary ballet-dancer; she was almost equal to her work at the outset. The manager was pleased with her beauty and sweet manners, the ballet-

master with her diligence and conscientiousness; and the girls could not find fault with her, seeing that she left their admirers alone, and did not wish to attract even the humblest. She obtained a liberal salary, and things went on very well. She made arrangements for Nelly to be a weekly boarder at her school, so that she might not be left alone at night when she herself was at the theatre, and also to keep this new profession concealed from her; for she could not get rid of the feeling of disgrace connected with it, though she had as yet found none of the disagreeables usual to young and pretty women behind the scenes. But Mabel was essentially a modest and pure-minded girl, and virtue has a divinity which even the worst men respect.

She was sent for to the Miss Wentworths. Their nephew, Captain John Wentworth, lately home from the Indies, wanted a new set of shirts. Mabel Preston was to make them, and to be very handsomely paid.

'Well, Mabel, and how have you been getting on since we saw you?' asked old Miss Wentworth sharply. She was spreading a large slice of bread and butter with jam for her.

'Very well lately, ma'am,' answered Mabel, turning rather red.

'What have you been doing, child?'

'Working, ma'am.'

'What at, Mabel?' asked Miss Silias.

'Needle-work, ma'am.'

'Who for, Mabel?' asked Miss Priscilla.

'A ready-made linen-warehouse, ma'am.'

'Did they give you good wages, child?'

'Not very,' said Mabel, beginning to quake as the catechism proceeded.

'Ugh! so I've heard,' growled the old lady from behind her jam-pot. 'Wretches!'

'What did they pry you, Mabel?' Miss Priscilla inquired. She was the inquiring mind of the family.

'Three-halfpence a shirt, fourpence for a dozen collars, and so on,' answered Mabel.

'There was a general burst of indignation.

'Why, how have you lived?' they all cried at once.

Mabel coloured deeper: she was silent. The three old ladies looked at one another. Horrible thoughts, misty and undefined, but terrible in their forebodings, crowded into those three maiden heads! 'Mabel! Mabel! what have you been about?—why do you blush so?—where did you get your money?' they cried altogether.

Mabel saw they were rapidly condemning her. Miss Wentworth had left off spreading the jam, and Miss Silias had gone to the other side of the room. She looked up plaintively: 'I am a ballet-dancer,' she said modestly, and courtesied.

The three old ladies gave each a little scream.

'A ballet-dancer!' cried the eldest.

'With such short petticoats, Mabel!' said Miss Silias reproachfully.

'Dancing in public on one toe!' exclaimed Miss Priscilla, holding up her hands. And then there was a dead silence, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. After a time they all left the room, and consulted among themselves secretly in a dark closet by the stairs; with much unfeigned sorrow, and many pathetic expressions, coming to the conclusion that it would be wrong to encourage such immorality, and that Mabel must be forbidden the house under all the penalties of the law. They were very sorry; but it must be so. It was a duty owing to society, and must be performed at all sacrifices of personal liking and natural inclination.

They went back to the parlour in procession.

'We are very sorry, Mabel Preston,' began Miss Wentworth, speaking far less gruffly than she would have done if she had been praising her, for the poor old lady was really touched.—'we are very sorry that you have so disgraced yourself as you have done. No

modest woman could go on the stage. We thought better of you. We have done as much for you as we could; and I think if you had consulted our feelings'—

'Yes, consulted our feelings,' interrupted Miss Silias.

'And asked our advice,' said Miss Priscilla sharply.

'You would not have done such a wicked thing,' continued old Miss Wentworth, considerably strengthened by these demonstrations. 'However, it is too late to say anything about it. The thing is over and done. But you cannot expect us to countenance such proceedings. We are very sorry for you, but you must get work elsewhere. We cannot have our nephew Captain John Wentworth's shirts, made by a ballet-dancer. It would be setting a young man far too bad an example.' (Captain John was past forty, but still 'our boy' in his old aunts' parlance.)

Mabel courtesied, and said nothing. Her modest face and humble manner touched the ladies.

'Here,' said Miss Wentworth, thrusting into her hand the bread and butter, 'take this: we won't part in unkindness, at any rate.'

Mabel kissed the shrivelled hand of the good old soul, and then in all haste withdrew. She felt the choking tears swelling in her throat, and she did not wish them to be seen. 'She did not want her reinstatement because she was weak and whining,' she said to herself; while the maiden aunts spoke sorrowfully of her fall, and said among themselves, that if it had not been for their boy, they would not have dismissed her—but a young officer, and a ballet-dancer!

Mabel, shutting the little green gate of the pretty villa, met a hand on the latch at the same moment with her own. She started, and there, smiling into her eyes, was the brave, manly, noble face of her unknown friend.

'I am glad to see you again, sir,' said Mabel hurriedly, before she had given herself time to think or to recollect herself.

'Thank you. Then you have not forgotten me?' he answered, with a gentle look and a pleasant smile.

'The poor never forget their benefactors,' said Mabel.

'Pshaw! what a foolish expression!'

'It is a true one, sir.'

'Well, well, don't call me a benefactor, if you please. I hate the word. And how has the world been using you these three months? It is just three months since I saw you last—did you know that?'

'Yes,' said Mabel—this time rather below her breath.

'Well, how have you been getting on?'

'Badly at first, sir—better now.'

'Better? Come, that's well! What are you doing?'

'Dancing at the — Theatre,' said Mabel with a sudden flush; and she looked up full into his face, as if determined to be indifferent and unconscious. 'The look was caught and understood.'

'A hazardous profession, he said gravely, but very kindly.

'A disgraceful one. I know it,' she answered, a cloud of bitterness hurrying over her eyes.

'Disgraceful? No, no!'

'It is thought so.'

'That depends on the individual. I for one don't think it disgraceful. Men of the world—I mean men who understand human nature—know that no profession of itself degrades any one. If you are an honest-hearted woman, ballet-dancing will not make you anything else.'

'Women don't look at it in this light,' said Mabel.

'Well, what then? The whole world is not made up of women. There is something far higher than regard for prejudices, however respectable, or for ignorance, however innocent.'

'Yet we live by the opinion of women,' returned Mabel.

'Tell me what you are alluding to. You are not talking abstract philosophy, that is plain. What has happened to you?'

'My new profession, undertaken for my sister's sake, and entered into solely as a means of subsistence—my only means of subsistence—has so damaged me in the eyes of the world, that I have lost my best friends by it.'

'Tell me the particulars.'

'The three old ladies at the villa'—

'Ha, ah!' said the stranger.

'They have been long kind to me. They were to give me some work to-day, for their nephew, a captain from India; and when they knew that I was on the stage—for they asked me what I was doing, and I could not tell a story—they forbade me the house, and took away the work. I cannot blame them. They are particular, innocent old women, and of course it seemed very dreadful to them.'

'And their nephew?'

'Oh, I don't know anything about him. I never saw him,' she answered carelessly.

'Indeed!' muttered the stranger.

'He has had nothing to do with it.'

'That I can swear to!' he said below his breath.

'But they seemed to think worse of it, because I was to have worked for him. They said it would set him such a bad example, if a ballet-dancer was allowed to do his work.'

The stranger burst into a large manly laugh; then suddenly changing to the most gentle tenderness of manner, he began a long lecture on her sensitiveness, and the necessity there was, in her circumstances, of doing what she thought good, and being what she thought right, independent of every person in the world. And speaking thus, they arrived at the door of her lodgings: he had not finished his lecture, so he went in. Mabel felt as if she knew him so well now, that she did not oppose his entering. He was like her father, or an old friend.

The cleanliness, modesty, and propriety of that little room pleased him very much—it was all such an index of a pure heart untouched by a most dangerous calling; and as she sat in the full light, just opposite to him, and he could see her fresh fair face in every line, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful Madonna head than hers, and never met more sweet, pure, and innocent eyes. He was grieved at her position—not but that she would weather all its shoals and rocks bravely; still men do not like young girls to be even tried. There is something in the very fact of trial which wounds the manly nature, whose instinct is to protect. He was much interested in Mabel—he was sorry to leave her: she was something like a young sister to him—she was not nineteen, and he was forty-four—so he might well feel paternally towards her! He should like to take her under his care, and shelter her from all the ills of life. He was so pained for her, and interested in her, that he would come again soon to see her. His counsel might be of use to her, and his friendship might comfort her, and make her feel less lonely. He was quite old enough to come and see her with perfect propriety—he was old enough to be her father. And so, with all the gentleness of a brave man, he left her, after a very long visit, bearing with him her grateful thanks for his kindness, and modest hope to see him 'when it should suit his convenience to call again; but he was not to give himself any trouble about it.'

And again and again he came, sometimes staying hours on hours, sometimes tearing himself forcibly away after he had been there a few minutes. His manner took an undefinable tone of tenderness and respect: he ceased to treat her as a child, and paid her

subtle homage of an inferior. He left off calling her 'Mabel,' 'my child,' 'poor girl,' &c., and forbade her, almost angrily, to call him 'sir;' but he did not tell her his name; that seemed to be a weighty secret, religiously guarded, to which not the smallest clue was given her. And she never sought, or wished to discover it. Her whole soul was wrapped up in her enthusiastic reverence and devotion for him; and whatever had been his will, she would have respected and fulfilled it.

This went on for months. He probed her character to its inmost depths; he taught her mind, and strengthened it in every way. By turns her teacher and her servant, their intimacy had a peculiar character of romance, to which his concealed name gave additional colouring. She did not know if he loved her, or if, in marrying her, he would, as the world calls it, honour her; she did not know their mutual positions, nor had he ever given her a hint as to his 'intentions.' Many things seemed to tell her that he loved her; then, again, his cold, calm, fatherly words—his quiet descriptions of her future prospects—his matrimonial probabilities for her—all said in the calmest tone of voice, made her blush at her own vanity, and say to herself: 'He cannot love me!' Time went on, dragging Mabel's heart deeper into the torture into which this uncertainty had cast it, till at last her health and spirits both began to suffer; and one day when, sick and weary, she turned sadly from her life, and only longed to die, she shrank from her lover's presence, and, wholly overpowered, besought him passionately to leave her, and never see her more.

Then the barrier of silence was cast down; the rein of months was broken; and the love hitherto held in such strict check of speech and feeling, flung aside its former rules, and plunged headlong into the heart of its new life. Then Mabel knew who was her friend, and what had kept him silent—how his grave years seemed so ill to accord with her fresh youth as to make her life a sacrifice if given up to him—and how he feared to ask her for that sacrifice, until thoroughly convinced that she loved him as he found she did—then, he who knelt at her feet, or pressed her to his heart alternately, who claimed to be her future husband, laying fortune and untarnished name in her lap, and only asking to share them with her, whispered the name she was to bear. Then Mabel, all her former troubles ended, found a new source of disquiet opened, as, hiding her face all trembling on his shoulder, she said: 'But the Miss Wentworths, beloved, how will they receive me?'

'As my wife, Mabel, and as their niece!' And then he pressed his first kiss on her blushing brow, and silently asked of God to bless her.

He was so positive that his aunts would do all that was possible to him, and so hopeful of their love for her, that at last Mabel's forebodings were conquered, and she believed in the future with him. But they were wrong, for the old ladies would neither receive nor recognise her. It was years before they forgave her; not until poor little Nelly died, just as she was entering womanhood, and Mabel had a severe illness in consequence; then woman's hearts were touched then, and they wrote to her, and forgave her, though 'she had been so ungrateful to them as to take in their nephew, Captain John, when he came from the Indies.' But Mabel did not quarrel with the form; she was too happy to see the peace of the family restored, to care for the tenacious pride of the old ladies. She revenged herself by making them all love her like their own child, so that even Miss Priscilla thought her quite correct enough; and Miss Wentworth, on her death-bed, told Captain John, that he had been a very fortunate man in his wife, and that she hoped God would bless him only in proportion as he was a good husband to his dear Mabel.

And Mabel found that what Jane Thornton had said

to her, when she came to borrow coals from her slop-working sister, was true. It is not the profession that degrades, but the heart. The most despised calling may be made honourable by the honour of its professors; nor will any manner of work whatsoever corrupt the nature which is intrinsically pure. The ballet-dancer may be as high-minded as the governess; the slop-worker as noble as the artist. It is the heart, the mind, the intention, carried into work which degrades or ennobles the character; for to the 'pure all things are pure,' and to the impure, all things are occasions of still further evil.

LONDON COMMON LODGING-HOUSES.

A LOOSE and vagrant population, of about 100,000 in number, are understood to find accommodation in what are called the 'common lodging-houses' in the metropolis. Years ago, this class of dwellings in Glasgow and other large towns, was subjected to the regulations of the police; but it was not until 1851 that such resorts in London were in any way brought under similar cognizance. That the humbler departments of the business of letting lodgings should in any respect be interfered with by statute, is certainly a violation of the ordinary rules of trade; but in this, as in a few other things, it is found that statutory regulation is exceedingly desirable, in order to protect the public health and morals from evils of a very serious kind.

A short inquiry into the manner in which the act of parliament for regulating common lodging-houses in the metropolis has been carried into execution, will afford a tolerable insight into the necessities of the case. It appears that there are upwards of 6000 houses of the kind embraced by the act, and that of these, up till last November, 3326 Peepers had been served with notices to register themselves: of these, 974 were approved of, 552 rejected for various reasons, and 1800 houses remained under survey. To the houses where notices had been served, visits of inspection had been paid; the numbers of their lodgers had been roughly estimated at 46,000; and it was calculated that, altogether, the police had, up to the time specified, succeeded in taking into account about one-half of the entire number of houses, keepers, and lodgers. The staff which performs the work appears, indeed, to be a very weak one, and to call loudly for increase. It consists of several superintendents, inspecting, surveying, and registering functionaries, and eight inspecting sergeants. These last appear to have been indefatigable in penetrating, amid disease and threats of violence, into the very recesses of the low lodging-houses, and in extricating poor fevered wretches from their dens, and sending them to the hospital. So active, indeed, are these gallant fellows in their perambulations, that they are calculated to get over 810 miles of ground per week, or more than sixteen miles per day apiece, besides the additional labour of running up stairs to garrets and down stairs to cellars. We only hope that so useful and devoted a body of men are well paid for such irksome and often revolting service.

The common lodging-houses are almost always conducted upon the middle-man system. There is, first, the landlord of the house; second, his tenant for the whole house; third, the sub-tenant for a room; and fourth, the half-dozen persons—sometimes the half-dozen families—who occupy it. As may be expected, the profits of such places divided among the three landlords are enormous. One of the houses summoned in St Giles was let by the owner for £1.25 per annum; the tenant received from his sub-tenants £1.58, 10s. per annum; while the sums received by these from the actual lodgers amounted to fully £1.20 per annum. Thus we see the burden increasing as it descends, and making the ultimate rent of a dwelling, which

was stated to be utterly unfit for human beings to live in at all, equal to that of a handsome West-end house. The cramming into these rooms, and the scenes of iniquity enacted in them, are described at length in the Report; and it would appear, from the names given in the cases cited, that the very worst instances of filth, indecency, and riot, abound in the houses peopled by the low Irish. Take a specimen. In a house in Church Lane, St Giles, there were found, in a room measuring 14 feet 6 inches square, 'no less than thirty-seven men, women, and children, all lying on the floor like beasts, with scarcely any other covering than the clothing taken from their persons, which they had worn throughout the day. On opening the door leading into this loathsome place, the heat was so great, and the odour so offensive, as to make it nearly insupportable. No means whatever were employed to ventilate the room except the chimney.' In a court in Gray's Inn Lane, in an ordinary-sized eight-roomed house, lived seventeen families, making, with lodgers, seventy-eight individuals. In an adjoining tenement, of the same size and construction, were found twenty-one families, with lodgers, amounting to 103 individuals; and in a third house, in the same court, seventy-seven persons, including sixteen families, lived, ate, slept, drunk, and smoked together, without distinction of age or sex. The keepers of these dens were nearly all Irish, or so at least it would appear, from such names as Daly, Barry, Driscoll, Moore, Shea, Macarthy, Conna, and Donovan—all persons summoned and punished for infringements of the Lodging-house Act. The rents paid by the wretches who inhabit these abodes are of course extravagant. We have seen a house produce five times the original sum for which the owner had let it; and there can be no doubt that such instances are extremely numerous. In Whitechapel, two families were living in a small room, for which they paid the landlord 2s. per week, while they charged another family, whom they received as lodgers, 2s. 6d. for the partial accommodation of a bed and one-third of the apartment. In a room at Poplar, worth about 2s. per week, the occupants consisted of the keeper, his wife, and a child, with three men as lodgers. The latter paid each 1s. 9d. per week, being nearly three times the rent. These cases are specially stated in the Report to be ordinary average ones, and not picked out as worse than the general run of common lodging-house charges.

As to any description of the sanitary condition of these dwellings, of their drainage, and their domestic conveniences, though these matters are discussed at length in the official Report, they are far too revolting to be entered upon in these columns. It is sufficient to conceive any noxious influence which overflowing drains, decaying garbage, rooms swarming with vermin, the worst of food, the worst of drink, and air which is all one mass of foul-smelling miasma, can produce, to obtain some idea of the tenements that are virtually rented at L.120, and sometimes more than that per annum. As may be imagined, not one inch of room is in any way lost. The cellars swarm, and lodgers are stowed away in the lofts, with their faces close under the tiles. Sometimes the former receptacles are used as slaughtering-places, by low butchers and knackers; and occasionally cattle or diseased horses are kept there for days without food, if not immediately required to be put out of their misery. The water used in such places is almost always in a more or less fetid state. There is generally, in a dirty yard, a butt or hoghead, into which the water comes through the pipes of one of the companies, perhaps twice a week, and at which all the inhabitants supply themselves. This water, being almost always left uncovered, absorbs the poisonous gases given out by all the surrounding filth, so that the state of health of those who habitually drink it may be

readily imagined; indeed, the statistics of the London hospitals tell their own tale in a very sufficing manner. The records of the Fever Hospital inform us, that, from the 18th of last February to the 31st of May, no less than sixty-seven cases of fever have been removed into the hospital from the courts in Gray's Inn Lane alone, eleven of these being from one house. In another house, the inspecting-sergeants were told that twenty cases of fever had occurred in two months; and in an adjacent tenement, during the last prevalence of the cholera, from fifteen to twenty virulent cases had to be attended to.

The Report furnishes several interesting, though horrible accounts of the scenes witnessed by the inspectors in the common lodging-houses, with some corroborative evidence from the *London City Mission Magazine*—a publication well worthy of being better known than it is. We subjoin in part the substance of the latter, which is a report of his labours, from apparently a simple and sincere emissary of the mission. This patient champion in a good work states, that he was long fruitlessly employed in trying to gain admittance to a place commonly called in the neighbourhood 'Thieves' Lodging-house.' Previously, no person not a thief had any chance of obtaining access, except the priest and the police; the former of whom is worshipped, the latter hated by the inhabitants. The thieves in this lodging-house generally amount to about fifty. None of them actually profess their real occupation, but call themselves crossing-sweepers, watercress-sellers, ballad-singers; and so forth. The missionary believes and hopes that these people are not so bad as they used to be. He states that upwards of 250 thieves were formerly in the habit of frequenting one large house, and that the landlord told him he had had applications for accommodation from as many more. In two of the worst houses, there is now a Bible; and this good man has acquired such influence over the inhabitants, that once a week they assemble in considerable numbers to hear him read and explain the Scriptures, in a room which the keeper gives him for the purpose. There is something very touching in the moral courage, as well as the devoted perseverance, which alone could have tamed these utter outcasts from society; but so complete has been the process, that the missionary adds, that 'even though I often tremble to go among them, yet, to the present time, they have treated me with kindness and the greatest respect.' Besides the Bible-reading, this missionary has introduced into the two houses four periodicals:—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Working-Man's Friend*, and the *Food of Hope Review*, a new monthly publication—all of which, he says, have been received gratefully, and proved of evident advantage.

It is in the reports of active and zealous persons like the gentleman who we have quoted, that the best points in the character of the lodging-house occupants appear. So his emissaries have been labouring to rouse the better feelings, and mildly to excite the sympathies of the degraded people among whom they pursue what ought to be an honoured labour, and they are naturally fond of displaying the more favourable effects of their ministrations. The police descriptions, however, are very different. Although couched in general terms, they contain many facts which are of deep and terrible significance. In one house, the inspecting-sergeants found from twenty to thirty men and women—some drinking, others drunken; several lying on the floor, fighting and swearing, others shouting indecent songs; while amid the uproar, lay upon a heap of straw an aged man, unable to move from decrepitude and disease. On another occasion, the police making their way into an Irish 'rookery,' where the inhabitants were howling the 'keene' over some fever-stricken victim, found the corpse, as a mockery, decorated with gaudy ribbons—most of the company greatly excited by drink, and one

woman lying in a state of intoxication under the table upon which the body was stretched. Gaming—it is not stated of what description—and card-playing are described as common amusements of the lodging-houses. Captain Huy, of the metropolitan police, the author of the Report from which we are quoting, adds:—'In those dens, neither sickness, old age, nor death, deters from the practice of the worst vices; and it would be unsafe for the police to be in such places, were it not from a consciousness which these people have of the overwhelming power at hand to punish any violence they may be guilty of. At times, however, even this influence does not preserve the officers from assault.'

Such being the general condition of the common lodging-houses, when the act affecting them was passed, let us see what alterations for the better, according to the Report, have been achieved under it. These, it is satisfactory to state, are both numerous and varied. The law has been put rigidly into force, so far as its administrators possessed the means, and they now earnestly appeal for an extension of their powers; a request which we certainly think they have made out a case for the legislature to grant. The details of the additional powers demanded would be uninteresting here, but what has been actually achieved under the existing bill is well worthy of notice.

In all the common lodging-houses as yet registered and licensed—including about half, and these the largest of the whole number—stringent rules have been enforced as to the number of lodgers to be admitted, and as to the observance of the sanitary regulations prescribed. To each house is allotted a certain number of inhabitants, to each room a certain number of occupants, and cards containing tabular statements of the fact must be hung up in every chamber. Many an apartment which a year ago contained a dozen sleepers, is now strictly limited to four—the numbers of course being regulated by the size of the houses and rooms. A due distinction of the sexes is observed; and extensive improvements have been made in drainage, ventilation, cleanliness, and in everything, in fact, which conduces to the preservation of health. The rooms must now be regularly whitewashed and cleaned out, and the bedding has been generally improved both in quantity and quality. The consequences of these reforms, as carried out in one year, has been a palpable decrease in fever cases, and an evident improvement, as stated by the police, in the habits and dispositions of the people. The occupants of such houses are almost all so migratory—for they seldom remain more than two or three nights under one roof—that it is difficult to trace the actual process of improvement in any one locality; but the keepers have been found to be generally amenable; and on being threatened with a summons, have usually obeyed without further demur the orders of the inspectors. Since the act came into operation, in September 1851, an ample supply of water has been laid in, by direction of the police, in fifty-nine houses, and extensive sewerage and drainage works have been completed in more than 160 instances.

It will be seen from these details, that a good start has been made, and that the section of the police intrusted with the new duties, entered upon them with singular vigour and devotion. The next annual Report will probably inform us of a great additional progress, with its corresponding results of less violence, less debauchery, and less disease. Were it but on the last consideration alone, the cleaning out of these typhus and putrid fever manufactories would be a matter of vital importance to the general society of the metropolis, who, if the doctors speak the truth, die in just about double the proportion which, by the laws of nature, is exacted from those who live wholesomely and in pure air. The Model Lodging-houses, though excellent institutions in themselves, especially when

not overloaded with rules and regulations, do not quite address themselves to the question of house accommodation for the very poor or the vagrant poor; or they, at all events, leave great hordes unprovided for in a way more congenial to the disorderly class of lodgers.

The real fact we believe to be, that these people, pursuing irregular and hazardous employments, constantly at war with society and its laws, wandering from place to place, here picking up a job, there committing a larceny, and thus living in the most reckless hand-to-mouth fashion, can never possibly be taught than a perfectly thriftless and uncalculating generation, who, till they abandon their evil ways of life, and take to regular employment, can only have their condition improved by the extrinsic aid of society, exerted through the executive. In this way the evil is mitigated in its effects, both on the persons principally exposed to it, and on society in general. But the cure is far from radical; indeed, it pretends to nothing but what it is—the vigorous checking of lawless debauchery, and the staying of the ravages of disease. What the world may do with its dregs, when it gets older and wiser, we know not; but at present there is a miserable and degraded class—the lowest stratum, the very Pariahs of England—clustered in winter in the great towns, and issuing forth to wander over the country in the summer, a pest and a terror to the land; sleeping under hedges in fine weather, claiming a bed and breakfast at the workhouse in bad; pilfering henroosts, linen, anything, in fact, they can lay their hands on; and just as happy in the county jail as out of it. The merits of all the jails, and all the Union houses in England, are perfectly patent to these keen hands; and the rural magistrates know well, that in those prisons or those workhouses where the discipline is less severe, or the dietary more copious than the average, there may always be found the greatest number of vagrant thieves and vagrant paupers. Such, we repeat, are the classes who, always in winter, and commonly while travelling in summer, people the common lodging-houses; lead for the most part a brief life of coarse debauchery, fatigue, privation, and anxiety; and die in their prime, or before it, of loathsome disease, or in the workhouse's worst ward, or a penal colony's worst settlement.'

SAM SLICK ON A FISHING CRUISE.

THAT popular author, Sam Slick—in whose popularity, by the way, we feel some little personal interest, as it was in our Journal his first work was noticed for the first time in Britain—has published a new work, the title of which is noted below,* but which might be more justly described by the title placed at the head of this article. Having been asked by his friend the President, to give him a private report on the state of the fisheries on the shores of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, Mr Slick deemed it expedient to comply, as he had been leading rather a moping life for some time at Slickville. He had thus an opportunity of lounging at leisure along the colonial coast, seeing old acquaintances, telling old stories, and picking up new ideas—realising, in short, materials for these two pleasant humorous volumes, besides, we suspect, a contemplated sequel of equal amount. His narration is a truly rambling one, and it is difficult sometimes to say, whether he is telling of current adventures or reciting some incident of the past. The book, however, is, like all his previous writings, highly entertaining, full of quaint common sense, penetrating, if not always flattering views of human nature, and droll pictures of individual character and passing fact.

* Sam Slick's *Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or What He Said, Did, and Invented*. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

He is unfortunate in his outset; for the captain of the *Black Hawk* is mad, and a fit comes upon him in consequence of the insubordination of one of his crew. The taming of the mutineer, whose fault was pride—he being a son of one of the owners—gives occasion for some lively description. Slick then makes his way on board another vessel, called the *Bald Eagle*, the captain of which, Love by name, is a singular example of roughness of exterior hiding a good heart and lofty principles. We have next an account of a skipper whose hobby it is to dabble among quack medicines. The oddity is defended by Love. 'On board ship, it is actually necessary to have some hobby or another, or the bottle is apt to be sent for as a companion. It is a dull life at sea sometimes, and a sameness in it even in its varieties; and it is a great thing to have some object for the mind to work on, where there are no passengers.' Then they take Mr Eldad Nicholson on board as pilot, and he proves a right worthy associate. Eldad, seeing a chase of porpoises after one of their own party, speculates on their being females, for this reason: 'It's the natur' of porpoises, when a she one gets wounded, that all the other porpoises race right arter her, and chase her to death. They shew her no mercy. Human natur' is the same as fish natur' in this particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal, or envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keeping her eye on the compass, and shapin' her course as she ought to, men, women, and boys, parsons and their tea-goin' gossipin' wives, pious galls and prim old mads, all start off in full cry like a pack of blood-hounds arter her, and tear her to pieces, and if she earths, and has the luck to get into a hole fast, they howl and yell round it every time she shows her nose, like so many imps of darkness. It's the race of charity to see which long-legged, cantin', bilious-lookin' crittur can be in fust at the death. They turn up the whites of their eyes like ducks in thunder, at a fox-hunt—it's so wicked; but a gall-hunt they love dearly—it's "servin' the Lord!"

Mr Slick himself thinks proper to give us his observations on females in general. He divides them into three classes: first, petticoat angels; second, women; and third, devils. 'Petticoat angels there are, beyond all doubt, the most exalted, the most pure, the most pious, the most lovin', the most devoted, and these angels are in low degree as well as high; they ain't confined to no station—prizes that clock-makers as well as princes may draw. . . . Then there's women. Well, women commonly are critturs of a mixed character, in general more good than bad about 'em by a long chalk (for men don't do 'em justice in talkin' of 'em), but spoiled like filleys in training. The mouth is hard from being broke with too small a bit, or their temper ruined by being punished when they don't deserve it, or outrun by being put to work they can't stand, or ain't fitted by natur' for. There never was a good husband that warn't a good horseman, for the natur' of the critturs is just alike. You must be gentle, kind, and patient, but you must be firm; and when there is a fight for mastery, just shew 'em it's best not to act foolish. Unless a crittur is too old, and too headstrong, it's a man's own fault if he can't manage to make 'em travel the road pleasantly. . . .

'Then, there are the devils. Well, some kick don't put 'em in harness agin, that's all; they are apt to cut their little pasterns, and hurt your little gig. Some stop, and won't go. Treat 'em as I did a hoss once who wouldn't draw up-hill. I set off from Slickville once with a regular devil, to put her through her facin', at three o'clock in the mornin', and took books and cigars, and my dinner with me, to be ready for inaction, as it was fine weather.

'Well, two miles from hum, was a high bill, and, as usual, my hoes stopped short, lay back in the breechin',

and wouldn't budge an inch. She thought she was agoin' to have a regular-built frolic, and I intended she should. She whisked her tail, laid back her ears, and looked wicked, athinkin' the more you wallop me, the more I won't go; and I'll upset you, and break a shaft if I can; but she didn't know what was in store for her.

"Don't you hope you may get the chance?" says I. 'So I threw down the reins, lit my cigar, and began to read, and took no more notice of her than if she was in the stable. When twelve o'clock came, she looked round, as much as to say, if you ain't agoin' to fight, will you make friends, old boy? Well, I took no notice; eat my dinner, and I turned to again and began to read. Well, as the sun was goin' down, she began to get dreadful oneasy and fidgety, and to put one foot before the other, but I stopped her, and called out "Who!" At last, she got very impatient, but I held on till she should take the word from me. Finally, I took up the reins, gave her a lick of the whip, and away she went up the hill, as if she smelt cats at the top of it; and to shew her what a fool she was, I drove her twenty miles straight on end, afore I hauled up. She never balked at a hull again.' &c.

Arriving opposite the mouth of the Jordan River, Sam went ashore to see an old friend, Captain Collingwood, who lived there in decent style, with two young daughters and a son. The sketch of this comfortable good-humoured family is highly attractive. Sam falls heartily in love with Miss Sophy, and has great thoughts of carrying her home, if she will allow him, to Slickville. The charm lies in the rural freshness of character. These girls have looked on beauty till they reflect it. Finding the father is not at hand, Sam bethinks himself of the propriety of not remaining in the way till his return. "So, says I: "Jemmy, my boy, did you ever see a salmon caught with a fly?"

"No, sir," said he.

"Well, then, s'posen you and I go down to where the Eskisoonny stream joins the river, and I will raise one for dinner in less than half no time. It's beautiful sport."

"I will jist run up and put on my bonnet, and walk with you," said Sophy. "I have often heard of fly-fishin', but never saw it. This week is my holidays, for it's Mary's turn to be housekeeper."

"Any chance of a shot, my little nun?" says I: "shall I take my rifle?"

"O yes, sir: the minks and otters, at this season, are very busy fishin'."

"There's some chance for a fur-cup for you then this winter, my boy," says I. Having prepared all things necessary, and loaded little Jemmy with the fishin'-rod and landin'-net, I took Sophy under one arm, and slung my rifle over the other, and in a few minutes was on the best spot on the river for salmon. "Now, my little squire, look here!" says I. "Do you see where the water shoals above that deep still pool? Well, that is the place to look for the gentleman to invite to dinner. Choose a fly always like the flies of the season and place, for he has an eye for natur' as well as you; and as you are agoin' to take him in so, he shan't know his own food when he sees it. You must make it look the very identical thing itself, or else he turns up his nose at it, laughs in his gills, and says to himself: 'I ain't such a fool as you take me to be.' Then throw your line clear across the stream; float it gently down this way, and then lift the head of the rod, and trail it up considerable quick—tip, tip, tip, on the water. Ah! that's a trout, and a fine fellow too. That's the way to play him to drown him. Now for the landin' net. Ain't he a whopper?"

"In a few minutes, a dozen and a half of splendid trout were extended on the grass. "You see the trout take the fly afore I have a chance to trail it up the stream. Now, I'll not float it down, for that's their

game, but cast it slantin' across, and then skim it up, as a natural fly skims along. That's the ticket. I've struck a nobliferus salmon. Now you'll see sport."

"The fish took down the stream at a great rate, and I in and arter him, stayin' but not snubbin', restrainin' but not checkin' him short; till he took his last desperate leap clear out of the water, and then headed up stream again. But he grew weaker and weaker, and arter awhile, I at last reached the old stand, brought him to shore nearly beat out, and pop he went into the net."

"That's lesson number one, Jemmy. Now, we'll set down under the oaks, and wait till the disturbance of the water is over. How strange it is, Sophy, that you couldn't recollect me! Maybe it's witchery, for that has a prodigious effect upon the memory. Do you believe in witches?" said I, leaning on my elbow in the grass, and looking up into her pretty face.

"How can I believe, who never saw one? Did you?" "Jist come from a county in England," said I, "that's chockful of 'em."

"Do tell me," said she, "what sort of looking people they are. Little, cross, spiteful, crooked old women, ain't they?"

"The most splendid galls," said I, "mortal man ever beheld—half-angel, half-woman, with a touch of cherubim, musical tongues, telegraph eyes, and cheeks made of red and white roses. They'd bewitch Old Scratch himself, if he was only to look on 'em. They call 'em Lancashire witches."

"Did they ever bewitch you?" she said laughin'.

"Well, they would, that's a fact; only I had been bewitched afore by a far handsomer one than any of 'em."

"And pray, who is she?"

"If I was to call her up from the deep," said I, "have you courage enough to look at her in the face?"

"Well, she looked a little churky at that, but said, with a steady voice: 'Certainly I have. I never did harm to any one in my life: why should I be afraid of her, especially if she's so handsome?'"

"Well, then, I'll raise her, and you'll see what I never saw in England or elsewhere. I'll shew her to you in the pool;" and I waved my hand three or four times round my head, and with a staff made a circle on the ground, pretendin' to comply with rules, and look wise. "Come," said I, "sweet witch, rise and shew your beautiful face. Now, give me your hand, miss;" and I led her down to the deep, still, transparent pool.

"Mr Slick," said she, "I'm not sure the raisin' of spirits is right for you to do."

"But I said: 'I would look on this one, and I will, to shew you there's nothin' to be afraid of but doin' wrong. Stoop and look into the water,'" said I: "now, what do you see?"

"Nothin'," she said, "but some trout swimmin' slowly about."

"Hold your head a little higher," said I. "Move a little further this way, on account of the light: that's it. What do you see now?"

"Nothin' but my own face."

"Are you sure? Look again."

"Certainly—it's my own; I ought to know it."

"Well, that's the face of Sophy, the witch of Eskisoony."

"Well, she jumped up on her feet, and she didn't look pleased at the joke, I tell you."

Sam is, on the whole, pleased with the reproof of Sophy for this jest, as it shews her to be possessed of solid sense. He then unexpectedly shoots a cariboo or deer, and, presently after, having occasion to tell her a story while he sits on the grass, and she beside him, he is charmed with her appearance as she bends her eyes downwards upon him. By the time the story was finished, she found it was time to go home. "With

that I jumped up on my feet, and held out both hands. 'Let me help you up, miss,' said I; and takin' hers in mine, I gave her a lift; and afore she knewed what I was at, she was bolt upright, face to face to me, and I drew her in, and put my head forward, close up. But she went back."

"Ah, no, Mr Slick; that's not fair: it's not right."

"Just one little kiss," said I.

"No, no!"

"Not for old times?"

"I can't."

"Not for makin' up?"

"Oh, we have made up."

"Well, then, just to remember you by, when I am gone, and far away?"

"But she held off, and said: 'You have no right to take this liberty, sir.' Just then I felt a slap on the back."

"That's fly-fishin', is it?" said Mary. "That's the tackle you explained to Jemmy for catchin' gulls and salmon. Pretty sport, ain't it?"

"O Mary!" said Sophy laughin', "how glad I am you've come. Here has Mr Slick been catchin' salmon with flies, that nobody else ever did on this river, and killin' cariboo where no soul ever saw 'em afore; and makin' a fool of me, which no one ever tried to do yet."

We are left at the end of the two volumes without any final conclusion to this affair of the heart; but there can be little doubt that Miss Sophy Collingwood is to be Mrs Slick.

Amidst the levities and slang of this amusing writer, there occur every here and there passages of admirable wisdom, and even of fine sentiment. Sam, with the vanity which forms part of his character, usually puts his wise saws in *italic*, that the reader may be the less apt to skim over without observing them. One or two are of almost Shakspearian truth and originality, as the following: '*I have learned a good deal from my own talk.*' Often, when I had been advisin' a man, or funnin' of him, new reasons or new illustrations have sprung up of their own accord, that I never thought of afore. It has made my opinions stronger, or given me cause to change them in some particulars.' Or: '*No crittur wants to learn, but every one wants to instruct.*' As a poetical passage—and with it we shall conclude—'Ah, sorrow, how close you follow on the heels of enjoyment! The rose has its thorn, the peach its worm; and decay lies concealed in the chalice of the flower. All earthly things are doomed to pass away. The feast ceases; the day expires; the night wears out at last; joys depart when most enjoyed. The chord snaps in twain, and is parted for ever. Life is not a dream—it is but a gleam. The sunny spot of the morning is the shady side of the evening.'

THE MODERN PARSEES.

The western highlands of Asia are generally considered as the geographical centre of the human race—the region where man was first created, and from which the streams of population issued in every direction over the habitable globe. It is a favourite remark with some of the most eminent geographers of our day, that in proportion as any family departed from this centre in the earlier ages of the world, they gradually became intellectually, morally, and even physically degenerate; the degraded Hottentot, the stunted Esquimaux, the wild Bosjesman, and the miserable inhabitant of Tierra del Fuego being pointed out as the extreme examples of this deterioration. It would be beside our present purpose to follow these savants in their theories on this subject; we advert to the fact only for the sake of more effectively introducing to our readers the vestiges of a people who were cradled in or very near the

favoured spot; whose fatherland was once the seat of the most extensive empire, and probably of the highest civilisation then known; and who now, after an exile of about 1200 years, still retain certain personal and mental endowments which mark them as a race decidedly superior to the more distant Asiatics among whom their lot is cast.

The earliest extant poetry of the Persians places before our imagination a people living under a sky of unclouded azure, which easily induced the study of astrology, if not the worship of the heavenly bodies; treading on fields enamelled with roses, hyacinths, and anemones, instead of daisies, buttercups, and dandelions; reposing amid groves of pomegranate, vocal with the song of the nightingale; and luxuriating in all the pleasures, both of sense and imagination, to which such circumstances naturally gave birth. Nor do we question the chivalrous character attributed by one of our own poets to the gallant fire-worshippers, who withstood to the death the efforts of the Moslems to subject them to the sceptre of the caliphs and the religion of the Prophet; neither are we disposed to make much less of the heroism of those who escaped death or subjugation by seeking in foreign lands a refuge for themselves and a shrine for their faith. But we have before us a volume which *Lalla Rookh* excited our curiosity to see, and which has, we must confess, dispersed the day-dream the poem had created; at least has forced on us the conviction, that if Gueber life in the seventh century was the essence of poetry, that in the nineteenth is the quintessence of prose.

For the sake of those of our readers who are little versant in Oriental matters, we advert to the circumstance that, after the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, in the seventh century, a small number of the fire-worshippers betook themselves to the Khorasan mountains, or the scarcely less dreary deserts of their own country; whence, about half a century afterwards, a company of them sailed for the western coasts of Hindostan, obtained leave to form settlements under the rajahs of the country, and acquired the appellation of Parsees. The first Englishman whose attention they appear to have excited was Mr Lord, who, above 220 years ago, published a short account of the community, as he became acquainted with them at Surat, and gained a knowledge of their religion through one of their priests. According to his information, the duties of the laity, as prescribed in the *Zend-avesta*, appear to be almost wholly of a moral character, and nowise remarkable. The clergy, who are divided into two orders, are obliged to observe a greater degree of holiness. A priest of the higher class is enjoined never to touch any person of any strange religion whatever, or even a layman of his own; if he do so, he must thoroughly wash himself before approaching Deity in prayer. He must perform with his own hand whatever is necessary for his own life—such as setting the herbs in his garden, sowing the seed in his field, and dressing his victuals; and this, both in testimony of his humility, and for the preservation of his sanctity. He is obliged to consecrate to charitable uses all the overplus of his large revenues, after supplying the wants of a recluse and austere life. He is forbidden to make known the divine revelations he receives in the visions of the night; and, above all, he is enjoined to keep up an everliving fire, kindled from that which Zerdusht brought from heaven with the book of the law; which fire is to endure till fire shall come to destroy the world. To provide, however, for the possibility of this fire suffering extinction, or of its being impossible, under some circumstances, to obtain a communication from it, the Parsees are allowed to compose one of various mixtures, when necessary—and the greater the number of sources the better; seven at least are indispensable. The most celebrated one in India, which had been kept alive for above 200 years before Mr Lord's time, had

been composed, first, of fire produced by the striking of a steel; secondly, of that made by rubbing two pieces of wood together; thirdly, of that occasioned by lightning; fourthly, of wild-fire, which had laid hold of something combustible; fifthly, of ordinary artificial fire, kindled in coals or wood; sixthly, of that used by the Hindoos in the burning of their dead; and seventhly, of that obtained from the beams of the sun, by means of burning-glasses. The most remarkable of the usages connected with this religion may be thus briefly described:—

When the Parsees assemble for worship in the temple or fire-house, they stand round the fire at the distance of eleven or twelve feet from it, and the priest utters a speech, to the effect that, as fire is the virtue and excellence of Deity, it must be worshipped as part of him; and that all things resembling it, as the sun and moon, which proceeded from it, are to be loved; and they pray that they may be forgiven if, in the ordinary uses of this element, they should either spill water on it, or supply it with any fuel unworthy of its purity, or commit any other irreverence or abuse, in the necessary employment of it for the wants of their common life.

As soon as a child is born, the priest is sent for; and on his arrival, he ascertains the precise moment when the birth took place, calculates the nativity according to astrological rules, and names the infant. Some time afterwards, the child is brought to the temple, when the priest takes pure water, and puts it into the bark of a tree which grows at Yezl, in Persia, and which they say receives no shadow from the sun. Out of this he pours the water on the child, praying that it may thus be cleansed from the pollutions of its parents. At seven years of age, the child is again taken to the temple, to receive religious instruction; and as soon as he knows the required prayers perfectly by heart, he is directed to repeat them over the fire, his mouth and nostrils being covered with a cloth, lest his sinful breath should pollute it. After prayers, he is required to drink water, chew a pomegranate leaf, and wash himself in a tank, when he is considered inwardly and outwardly clean, and the priest invests him with the linen *sadru*, or sacred shirt, and the girdle of camel's hair, woven by his own hand. He then prays over him, that he may continue a faithful follower of the religion of which these garments are the badge. All which being duly transacted, the child is held a confirmed Parsee.

For the celebration of funeral rites, the Parsees have in each of their settlements two tombs or towers, built of a circular shape, large, pretty high from the ground, and somewhat distant from each other. One is for those who have led a commendable life; the other, for such as may have been not unsoberly vicious. The tombs are paved inside with shining-stones, and in the middle is a deep pit to receive bones. All around the walls are laid the shrouded and sheeted dead, exposed to the action of the elements, and the ravages of the beasts and birds which frequent the spot; after which, the bones are collected, and deposited in the receptacle mentioned. A priest may not come within ten feet of a corpse, nor may the corpse be permitted to touch wood, because this is the fuel of the holy fire; it is laid on an iron bier, and carried to the spot by appointed persons who are commanded perfect silence. The priest, standing at a distance, pronounces that, 'as this, our brother, while he lived, consisted of the four elements, now he is dead, let each take his own—earth to earth, air to air, water to water, and fire to fire.'

According to the more recent author alluded to,* the Parsees are now far from remaining so peculiar a people as they were two hundred years ago. They have spread from their original settlements in Western

* *The Parsees*. By H. G. Briggs. Oliver and Boyd.

Hindustan into various parts of the East; and, like the Jews in their dispersion, have retained certain of their ancient usages, which, as well as their physical constitution, mark them as a distinct race; while they devote themselves to commercial pursuits with such keenness, that they are known as eager and unscrupulous money-makers, much more than as zealous fire-worshippers. They seem to have attached themselves peculiarly to the Europeans who are now in the ascendant. The Parsee has not only been the best sutler to the British forces in Scinde, Afghanistan, and Lahore, but he is generally the mess-agent at the different military stations throughout the presidency of Bombay; he is found likewise in some localities of Bengal and Madras, and in the British consular ports of China. He endeavours by all means to obtain for his sons an education in the English language, which many of them speak and write with remarkable facility. The government offices, the banks, the merchants' counting-houses, and the attorneys' offices, are crowded with clerks of this race.

The Parsees are personally distinguished from the Hindoos of Lower India by a taller, larger, and more athletic figure; and they have the bold formation of countenance, the fine aquiline nose, with well-developed nostrils, the large black eyes, and well-turned chin, which we admire in the Armenian; while the long ears, heavy eyebrows, and thick, sensual-looking lips, must be regarded as drawbacks. Some of them are as fair as Europeans; but instead of the ruddy complexion of the north, they exhibit the sallowness which even ourselves acquire by long residence in India. Parsees are notoriously given to good living. The best of flesh, fish, and fowl are whipped from a bazaar for their consumption; pork and beef are their aversion; but mutton-hams are imported by some of the gentry for their use. Every description of European wine is drunk. In the making up of their victuals, the Parsees are rather gross, as they use large quantities of clarified butter, commonly known as *ghee*. Confectionery of every variety is largely partaken of, and bread after the English fashion is eaten by almost every member of the tribe. The Parsee commences the day by eating a light breakfast, often no more than a slice or two of bread, and several cups of tea, which he drinks with a handkerchief applied to the piece of pottery. His dinner is between twelve and two o'clock during the day, and is served in polished plates of brass; large quantities of rice are then consumed with curry, along with a variety of pungent ingredients, ground into what is called *chutni*, stews, &c. By tradesfolk and the better classes of the community, a cup or more of tea is partaken of either at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The evening meal takes place between eight and ten o'clock, and is distinguished by much licence both in wine and speech. Then comes the *tat*, or parting-cup, which bids

To each and all a fair good-night.

But though a gourmand in point of living, and an undoubted *bon vivant*, the Parsee is sprightly, and alive to every amusement, fond of entertaining his friends, and benevolent from charitable impulse, rather than from any view of purchasing merit. His outer dress is of Gujerati origin; but beneath the closely-fitted cotton coat is the sacred shirt and cord, to which we have adverted as the essential badges of his faith. These are worn by the women as well as the men; while the outer dress even of the poorest Parsee female is a silk *sadee*, composed of several yards, first received in folds about the waist, and then thrown over the head, so that the outer end of it falls upon the right arm. The lower part of the dress of both sexes consists of loose drawers, made of cotton or silk, according to the circumstances of the wearer, and drawn in at the waist by a cord run through an open hem. Before children are invested

with the sacred shirt and cord, their dress is remarkably rich, and in many cases extravagantly ornamented with gold and precious stones.

Parsee ladies are intrusted wholly with the household management, and they are said to be as thrifty, precise, and provident in spending money, as the men are keen in making it. Some of them are themselves at the head of agency or mercantile establishments. They are by no means closely confined, and in case of widowhood, are permitted to marry again. They are further said to be loquacious beyond belief, and by no means choice in their vocabulary of complimentary terms. One would suppose that one such wife would be enough for any man; yet bigamy is frequent, and there is no law to forbid it.

The Parsees of the present day are, as a body, extremely indifferent to the religion for which their ancestors were content to suffer expatriation and even death. They neither study its doctrines, which are regarded rather as historical fragments than matters of faith, nor do they carefully regard its precepts. It is true, that every family supports from one to half-a-dozen priests; but though these professional gentlemen are often the confidants of the women, they are too frequently the butts or buffoons of the men, who perform the ceremonies enjoined on them with the same kind of relish that a patient evinces in swallowing a nauseous draught prescribed by a physician.

The Parsees exhibit so many startling inconsistencies with reference to their own once hallowed rites and tenets, that it is hard to say what peculiar observances they now as a body consider imperative; and still more difficult would it be to predict how long any of those now generally maintained will resist the progress of innovation. For instance, the reverence for fire is deemed their leading peculiarity; yet, since the celebrated conflagration in Bombay in 1802, it is notorious that Parsees have assisted in quenching fire: our author has seen one of this community fire a pistol; and though it has been affirmed, that they would not settle with their women in any locality where there was no *atish* (fire-temple) or *dokna* (funeral-tower), yet he says they are to be found scores of miles from either one or other. A number of them have been buried at Macao, outside the city-walls, and have tombstones of Anglican form, with inscriptions both in English and Gujerati. The truth seems to be, that this people, either from courtesy or political necessity, or as matter of mere indolent acquiescence, yielded one thing to the Hindoo, another to the Mohammedan, and now that they are aspiring to aggrandisement among the Christians, they are making new concessions.

Yet there remain some curious exceptions to this process of assimilation. Though the cow is not an object of Parsee worship, yet the elegant, the good, the learned, the grave, the delicate, the pious—all equally, and so far as we know without exception, rinse the mouth, and anoint the eyes and tips of the ears, with *Purine de baruf*, as a matutinal ceremony. Though even the credulity of Sir William Jones affected a fastidious hesitancy on this point, it has been established by more recent investigators of Parsee customs, who have never failed to observe in every household the brass *lotas*, or pots, employed for this purpose.

Again, though Parsees do not hold that tenderness for animal life which is entertained by the Buddhists of this part of the Indian peninsula, yet they hold the canine species, in superstitious veneration, believing that the sight of a dog carries with it an absolving virtue to a person in the article of death. That this may be effectually obtained, they place some curds on the forehead of the dying man, immediately between the eyebrows; and the brute, in licking the curds, affords opportunity for the gaze so devoutly desired. 'Ridiculous as this may seem,' says our author, 'and

accounted as it is by the respectable portion of the community, it is nevertheless well known throughout Gujarat.

Whatever may have been the zeal of the first emigrants to preserve their sacred literature, they seem utterly to have lost sight of their civil code of laws. As soon, however, as they gained some considerable strength, they selected a Panchayat, or assembly of five, from among the most wealthy, talented, and upright members of their community; its province being to protect their creed from innovations, and to guard their peculiar traditions. The Panchayat, which was afterwards extended in number, partook somewhat of the nature of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and possessed, with the voluntary consent of the tribe, all the usual powers of a government without affecting the political relations of the sovereign in whose country they resided. At a later date, the British government lent its sanction to this body to a certain extent, for the settlement of their own civil questions, especially with respect to inheritances and wills. Its present character is chiefly that of a committee for the distribution of charity; and the Parsees look to British law in almost every instance when justice is sought.

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE, FROM A NORWEGIAN MOUNTAIN.*

On the 28th of July 1851, unattended by any companion or guide, we ascended Sula Tind, a craggy, isolated mountain, the highest peak of that part of the great central chain known by the name of the Fille-Fjeld. At an elevation of 5800 feet, and surrounded on every side by snowy mountains and barren rocks, we waited in anxious hope that the heavy clouds would disperse, and permit us to see the sun, whose beams were illuminating vast fields of snow at no great distance. The morning had been by no means promising; the loftier mountains being all enveloped in mist, while black and stormy clouds sailed in rapid succession up the glens.

We almost shrunk from climbing to the top of the mountain, knowing that if the dense covering did not subside, we should not only be unable to see the sun at the time of the eclipse, but also the effect of the obscuration on the surrounding landscape.

However, determined that nothing should be wanting on our part to secure a view of what we could never again behold from so favoured a position, we steadily climbed through all interposing difficulties, soon leaving the dark glen of the Lierdals Ely far beneath us. Occasionally a bright beam of sunshine burst through a transient opening in the clouds, raising the temperature of our hopes, and animating everything with its genial warmth.

At length the summit was gained, and gradually the fleecy clouds, hitherto encircling the precipices, gently rose, leaving an atmosphere of crystalline clearness, and a prospect of extreme grandeur in every direction; vast sheets of snow covered the great plateau of the Fjeld, 1500 or 2000 feet beneath us, from which streams and rivers started into existence, and poured their foaming waters into the distant glens below: strangely contrasting with the deep solemnity of their music was the occasional croak of some solitary raven, or the whirr of a flock of ptarmigan, as they rose from the rocks. In front, the dark crags of Oddé Berg stood before us; and far beyond, the snowy 'Jökulen' stretched its white summit towards the western horizon. To the east, also, ranges of snowy mountains rose one

over the other, till lost in extreme distance; whilst frozen lakes of varied form lay half-buried in the hollows amongst them. Yet, far exceeding all these in grandeur, were the spiked and dome-like peaks of the Hu-ungen (the loftiest of the Norwegian mountains), which towered to the northward, even above the dark wreaths of cloud still clustering round them as if unwilling to resign their resting-place. Such was our enviable position when the eclipse began. It was not till a large portion of the sun was obscured that we could perceive any visible change in the intensity of the light. Gradually the glow gave way to a pale and rather sickly glare, as though the combined rays of the sun and moon shone upon the landscape. In a few minutes, the light decreased so rapidly, that we could perceive its diminution every second; a dull red tinge spread for a moment over the distant mountains, and then a transient scene of unparalleled grandeur commenced. The sun itself was obscured by an intervening cloud, so that our undivided attention was concentrated on the magical effect of the total obscuration.

First, a curtain of intense leaden darkness, definite in outline, though shaded at the margin, utterly obliterated the snowy ranges of the Jostedal, to the north of the Sogne Fiord, more than fifty miles distant; whilst all the nearer landscape glittered in a lurid sunshine. Then a stream of dull red tinged the northern horizon, which rapidly became a glow, far more awfully grand than any sunset. As the veil of night approached us, enveloping first one snowy peak and then another, till the whole was buried in a visible darkness, this sunset glow, now a brilliant copper-orange, suddenly shot over the whole northern and eastern horizon, in front of which the sharp peaks of the Hurungen towered with jetty blackness into the clouds. This extraordinary effect was produced by our being so near to the centre of the shadow, that for many miles around us in every direction the eclipse was total; while, from the great elevation of our position, we could see past the *umbra* to the distant horizon, which was only partially obscured. In about two minutes, the deep sunset colours gave place to all the exquisite tints of sunrise, which, on ordinary occasions, is a scene of uncommon beauty among the Norwegian mountains. Soon the snowy fields were again illuminated, and the night of darkness left the gloomy glen below us, slowly retreating like a vast curtain over the mountain-ranges to the south and west. Long after day had again risen on the Fille-Fjeld, with all its brightness and beauty, we could look into the region of night still lingering in the distance. The darkness of the eclipse was not the blackness of a moonless winter-night, but a deep leaden indigo colour, just sufficiently transparent to be dimly visible. At the time of the greatest obscuration, the snow entirely lost its whiteness, becoming invisible, except in our immediate vicinity. The temperature fell from 45 to 42 degrees, and the masses of cloud previously sailing around and above us, vanished on every hand, leaving even the spiked top of the surpassing Skagesloe-tinden perfectly clear. Some faint idea of the scene may be realised, by imagining an ordinary day, sunset, night, sunrise, and again day, all crowded into the space of five or six minutes, and beheld from an isolated mountain nearly 6000 feet high, with a range of view extending to 150 miles, from one side of the horizon to the other. When the darkness approached, and the first play of sunset-colours appeared, the rapidity of the change drew from us constant expressions of wondering delight; but as the obscuration became total, the effect was too overwhelming, and in perfect silence we felt the awful solemnity of the scene. It seemed almost as though the world had vanished, or had been reduced to the mere crest of rocks on which we stood; the glowing horizon before us, and black intervening mountains, scarcely looking as though they belonged to the same earth.

* This article has been communicated to us by the Professor of Astronomy in our own city, as the composition of a young gentleman residing in York.

'TIS EIGHTY YEARS SINCE.

As the gaming and extravagance of young men of quality had arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it. They had a club at Almuck's, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of L.50 each, and generally there was L.10,000 in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above L.20,000 for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamblers, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives), to save their laced ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw-hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinzé. Each gambler had a small neat stand by him, to hold his tea; or a wooden bowl with an edge of ornolu, to hold his rouleaus. They borrowed great sums of Jews, at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, his Jerusalem Chamber.—*Horace Walpole, in Lord John Russell's Memorials of Fox.*

CRATER OF HECLEA.

It was of very irregular form, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent one way—a long chasm some 200 feet deep—and not over 100 yards wide. Some parts of the sides were perpendicular, and smoke was coming out of fissures and crevices in many places. There were several deep snow-banks in it, and though a region of perpetual fire and brimstone, there has been no eruption from this crater for ages. We rolled some stones down the steep side of the crater, that crashed and thundered to the bottom, and there 'kicked up a dust,' and were lost in a vast cloud of smoke. The guides now did nothing without crying, but I was determined, if possible, to go down into the crater. We went to the east end of it, where the descent was most gradual, and on a steep bank of snow by a process pretty well known to boys as 'sliding down hill,' we soon found ourselves at the bottom. Rather a tedious place inside of Hecla's burning crater; but if the lava and smoke proved too warm friends, we could cool off by jumping into a snow-bank. We went through every part of this wonderful pit—now holding our hands in a stream of warm smoke, and again clambering over rocks and standing under arches of snow. The ground under our feet was principally moist earth; the sides of the crater, rock, lava, and in many places loose slags and scoria. One most remarkable basaltic rock lay near the centre of the crater. It was spherical, nearly as round as a cannon-ball, and about twenty or twenty-five feet in diameter. It lay apparently entirely on the surface of the ground, and though of compact and solid structure, there were small cracks all over it, from the twentieth of an inch to a quarter of an inch across. From these cracks, on every side of the rock, smoke and hot steam constantly came out. The ground all round it was moist earth and volcanic sand, and exhibited no signs of heat. Not ten feet from this rock, was an abrupt bank of snow, at least twenty feet deep. In one place under it was a crevice in the lava where the heat came out, and it had melted away the snow, forming a beautiful arch some ten feet high. We walked under it, and found streams of clear water running from the snow.—*From an original tour in the American Courier.*

A COOKING EARL.

The Earl of Peterborough, among other things, was in the habit of stating that, during the War of the Succession, he had frequently been in danger of perishing for want of food; and that even when he could get it, he was often obliged to cook it himself; he thus became a good artist, and, from the force of habit, still sometimes dressed his own dinner. Certain it was that, until disabled by advancing age, he constantly did so. Those who have dined with him at Parson's Green, have seen him at work in a dress for the purpose, like that of a tavern cook: he usually retired from his company about an hour before dinner-time, and

having despatched his culinary affairs, would return properly dressed to his place among the guests, and astonished them by his wit and varied information.—*Warburton's Life of Peterborough.*

APRIL.

'And he that sat upon the throne said: Behold, I make all things new.'

I go forth in the fields to meet thee, Spring.
By hanging larch-woods, through whose brown there runs
A trembling under-gush of faintest green,
As daily sun-bursts strike adown the hills;
By hedgerows, budding slow in nested nooks
Where primroses look up with childish smile
From Mother Earth's rich breast; who laughs aloud—
'I am young again! It is the April-time.'

Sweet April-time—O cruel April-time!
Year after year returning, with a brow
Of promise, and red lips with longing paled,
And backward-hidden hands that clutch the joys
Of vanished springs like flowers. Cast them not
down;
Let them not root again! Go by—go by,
Young April; thou art not of us nor ours.

Yet April-time, O golden April-time,
Stay but a little! Hast thou not some spell
In the fresh youth of the year to make all young?
Thou, at whose touch the rich sap leaps in the veins
Of dead brown boughs that mope, will winter long,
Roll back the shroud from that hazy, lost day—
The mournful day, the pale, ill-rain'd day,
Setting in showers—and in the new, airy day,
Lift dead morn out of the earth, and bid her
Like a returned ghost throb, upper air:
Canst thou do this?—wilt thou answer?

'Vain, all vain,'
The larch-wood sighs unto the darkening sky,
The silent sky replies in pitying tears
As the slow, grey-cloud trails adown the hills.

'There is a time to be born, a time to die,'
For all things. The irrevoable Hand
That opens the year's fair gate, doth open and close
The portals of our earthly destinies;
We walk through blindfold, and the noiseless doors
Shut after us, for ever.

Pause, my soul,
On these strange words—'for ever'—whose large sound
Breaks flood-like, drowning all the petty noise
Our human moans make on the shores of Time.

O Thou that openest, and no man shuts;
That shut'st, and no man opens—Thou we wait!
More longingly than the black frost-bound lands
Desire the budding green. Awakener, come!
Fling wide the gate of an eternal year,
The April of that glad new heavens and earth
Which shall grow out of these, as spring-tide grows
Slow out of Winter's breast.

Let Thy wide hand
Gather us all—with none left out (ah God!
Leave Thou out none!), from the east and from the
west,
Loose Thou our burdens; heal our sicknesses;
Give us one heart, one mouth, one faith, one love.
In Thy great Oneness made complete and strong
To do Thy work throughout the happy world—
Thy world, All-merciful—thy perfect world.

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A VEXED QUESTION.

AN Englishman connected with the business of gas-lighting had to go to Paris, in order to help in establishing a company there of the same nature as that with which he was connected in England. Paris being a novelty to him, one of his friends, on his return, put some of those general questions which people are apt to ask of those who have been seeing strange places. 'How did you like Paris?'—'What did you think of the French?' and so forth. He hesitated dislike. 'A strange set over there—will never do at all, sir. Why, they are all wrong in their hours. Would you believe it? a vast number of them go to bed as early as half-past nine in the evening!' &c.

The morals of the French were deficient in one point—they did not observe those late hours which conduce to the consumption of gas. We have no doubt that our gas official was quite sincere in feeling and expressing this sense of delinquency. It is like what twenty persons will be heard saying every morning regarding their own professions. We once knew a professor of dancing, who always spoke of any deficiency in that branch of education with a degree of horror such as would hardly have been inspired in anybody else by an inability to read and write. A certain music-mistress used, in like manner, to talk of the fact of any one coming to her for lessons as a kind of virtue; while it was evident that she could scarcely have felt more grieved by a young lady's elopement, than by her abandoning music in order to study German. Remembering these instances, we have often amused ourselves at evening-parties, by reflecting on what the Gunter of the night will be thinking of the company, as he superintends the handing out of the creams, ices, and sherbets. He must doubtless feel that some persons are ridiculously abstemious, as compared with others. Some evenings, as he prepares to go home with the *débris* of his feast, he must feel a glow of approbation regarding the totality of guests—hunger tolerable, thirst respectable. When a good tart goes home unbroken, he will feel as if merit had been slighted. When unusual justice, however, has been done to one thing, it will compensate for the neglect of another; and thus he may acknowledge that the company, on the whole, has done its duty.

An amusing example of judgment on professional grounds is supplied by the northern part of the island. Somewhere in the eastern part of the county of Fife, a coursing club, composed chiefly of elderly gentlemen, used to meet once a week in the season for their favourite sport, and conclude with a dinner in the inn. An old hare, which seemed to be the last of its race in the

district, was usually roused, and, after a pretty fair run, always contrived to get through a hole in a wall, and so escape. This went on for some time, to the perfect contentment of the club; but at length an unlucky weaver, in sheer wantonness, stopped up the hole in the wall; so that the hare was killed. The club, failing thereafter to find another hare, soon fell off, and finally ceased to exist. The innkeeper felt the event deeply, and several years after, when some one, who had been long absent from the country, inquired after the weaver, he answered with a bitter grin: 'He's dead, man, and his soul kens to-day whether the hare o' Bickersty got fair play or no!' It is perfectly evident that the weaver might have murdered one of his own children, and met with a more lenient condemnation in that particular quarter.

The story reminds us of another which is told in one of Captain Grose's facetious essays. The captain had gone down for a few days to a sporting part of the country. In the society of the gentlemen of the district, he found a general friendliness and good-humour, excepting only so far as a particular person was concerned. Grose met this gentleman several times, and found him an unusually intelligent and agreeable person. Why was he so shunned and frowned at? he asked in various quarters, but for some time could get nothing in reply but mysterious looks and gestures, such as would be used regarding a person who had committed some atrocious but unpunishable offence. At length, the gentleman with whom he lived was induced, under great entreaty, to come out with the awful secret. 'Oh, a horrible fellow! The fact is, he is believed to have once killed a fox!' The interdicted gentleman was merely a person who had spoiled sport.

Captain Macconochie, in his writings respecting the Australian convicts, speaks of 'a peculiar tyranny of public opinion' among them, influencing even their ordinary language. A 'good man' is, with them, one who will not divulge an offence; a 'rogue' is one who will. We learn from another writer on the same subject, that, in the conventional slang of these unhappy wretches, one who obeys the rules in a way calculated to content the superintending powers, is commonly called a 'bad man;' while the opposite term is applied to one who is always ready to break through regulations. It is when hope has entirely left the breast of the convict, that he exclaims, with Milton's Satan: 'Evil, be thou my good!' But the basis of the judgment is, after all, his sense of how the matter affects himself. Taking a pleasure in thwarting the authorities, he approves of all that is done in that way. Equally pained at seeing them obeyed, he feels obedience to be an evil, and denounces it as such.

The people of England, having no capital invested in slaves, nor any branch of industry dependent on such aid, are at full liberty to see slavery in its true light of an unjustifiable interference with natural rights. But very different is it with the unfortunate gentleman of the 'southern states,' who happens to be in exactly the contrary circumstances. To him, the most pressingly offensive breach of the moral law is doing anything that can render his slaves more dangerous as a possession. To teach them the alphabet is a misdemeanour; to address them on their wrongs would be an offence like that of the Gunpowder conspirators. Even to help them in their flight must appear as a dire, unbrotherly act. When a citizen of Charleston hears of the Abolitionists of Boston having been unable to get a hall for one of their meetings, he smiles grimly, with the same feeling as that with which Edward I. would hear of the taking of Wallace, or a Roundhead colonel see Charles led to Westminster Hall. We may well believe that a clergyman of the south would lose no more in the respect of his flock by giving up one-half his orthodoxy, than by beginning to doubt that slavery is sanctioned by Scripture. Equally assured may we be, that for a white man in any part of the great Republic to put himself in any manner on a level with a black, be he bondman or free, would peril his standing in society considerably more than almost any simple immorality he could commit.

Our judgments of men are, in like manner, affected by every relation in which they can stand towards us. How different the feeling towards Mr Kossuth of an Austrian, who dreads his power of troubling and overturning, from that of an English patriot, who beholds in him the martyr of a great principle in which the good of millions was aimed at! Need we do more than recall how differently the busy Jesuit is liable to be regarded in Italy and in Lanarkshire! Sir Robert Peel is spoken of by millions as their greatest benefactor; but we have heard a country gentleman declare, with eyes flashing and nostrils distended, that he regarded him as worthy of being hanged. It is much to be feared, regarding many of the liberal party throughout the first years of the French war, that the want of the power of stringing up a few of them by way of a lesson to the rest, was matter of serious regret to not a small number of their opponents. In short, the greatest patriot that ever bled for his country, the most pure-souled martyr of the faith, the most single-hearted of philosophers, each and all have been put under ban by some party which felt that their aspirations and teachings were not convenient.

An important lesson may be laughingly taught. These anecdotes and remarks, trivial as they are, help to illustrate one of the greatest questions that has yet been debated amongst the thinking part of mankind. What is the foundation of our ideas of morality? One party, as is well known, argues for there being in us all a moral sense which guides us as to right and wrong; so that right and wrong are to be considered as absolute things in the world, not to be changed with times and seasons, or to be in any degree obedient to our ideas of accidental convenience. Another party concludes that right and wrong are arbitrary things, respecting which we are guided merely by our judgment of their convenience or inconvenience, their effect in giving pleasure or pain; and by this party everything like a moral sense is dispensed with. The 'observed ten-

dency of actions in the external world,' is by them set forth as the real basis of morality. Not the tendency of each man's actions regarding himself individually, but the tendency of the actions with respect to the general happiness. It is remarkable of the two views of this question, that keenly intellectual men have generally felt that there was something incomplete or unsatisfactory in the former; while the more emotional class of men, including those who are under strong religious feelings, manifest an insuperable repugnance to the latter.

It seems to us that there is a certain amount of truth in both views, but that both are alike imperfect, and we can attain satisfaction on this great question only when we combine the two. That our ideas as to what is right and what is wrong are arbitrary, and that we judge of them by their effect on the happiness of society, is, we think, not to be denied. We find ourselves approving and disapproving on this ground every hour of the day. All codes of morals and of laws are founded on such views of what was expedient for the general good as the intelligence of the time and place could supply. It is but a rude primitive impulse of this kind which creates the selfish judgments of which we have adduced a few ludicrous examples; and it is only when our views expand from the personal to the social circle, that we can be said to form a true conception of what is right and wrong in the sense of the moralist and the lawgiver. Well, all this is true—so far. But, after we have attained to this perception of what is good and bad in our individual actions towards our fellow-creatures, there is still something required—namely, a disposition to regulate our actions accordingly. Here is the deficiency of the utilitarians. When we advance to the idea, that there are faculties implanted in our nature by its Author giving us an inclination to do what we know or suppose will be for the general good, although it may not always appear to be immediately for our own special benefit, and guarding us from any trespass on our neighbours for the sake of some immediate apparent benefit to ourselves, then we approach something like a complete system. Here, we think, and not in reason, is the more particularly divine element of morality. It is, in reality, the moral sense argued for by so large and respectable a party; the golden chain binding us to the divinity which we have to thank for all good. It may even be said, that the absolute right and wrong of the same party is not incompatible with this eclectic view; for, though the ideas of right and wrong arrived at must be liable to modification under different circumstances, it may be admitted that, to act according to them, whatever they are, will always be right, and to oppose or neglect them always wrong, the one course of action being a fulfilment of the good designs of Providence, and the other not. Nor is there necessarily any objection to be taken on the ground of conventionality; for grant that it is conventional to forbid lying and theft, or to approve of justice and mercy, have not these weighty matters been regarded exactly as they are now ever since the beginning, so far as human intelligence allowed their effects to be estimated? And does not every local or temporary morality—as, for instance, that regarding slaves in Virginia—merge in some more cosmopolitan and permanent judgment, which corrects it, and puts it into its true place? No; all true maxims have as absolute a character as can be desired, when once human intelligence has brought its full light to bear upon them, and their true connection with the supernal fountain of goodness is seen.

It would thus appear, that there is truth on both

sides of this great question, and that each errs only when it rejects the truth that is in the other; not at all an uncommon fact regarding questions which keep mankind in perennial hot water.

CURIOSITIES OF OUR PARISH.

THE parish to which the present article refers, is not a very enlightened one, nor is there much prospect of its ever becoming so; for though the schoolmaster is abroad in it, he is so very much abroad, or rather the population lies so wide apart from him, that a great number, supposed to be benefited by his services, are as good as quite unknown to him. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, this has always been the case; and it promises to remain the case from the present date onwards to the dawn of doomsday. The truth is, the parish is somewhat slow and stationary. There has scarcely a new idea come into it since the time of Cromwell's wars. Downward from that period, however, there have always been parochial scribes, who have chronicled its goings-on, and kept some account of the expenditure of its finances. It has lately been our privilege to get a glimpse of some of its vestry records; and as we have found in them a good many particulars, at once curious in themselves and, to a certain extent, illustrative of the proceedings of the parish in the olden times, we are about to bring a few of them together, for the amusement of such readers as may be disposed to look at them. We presume that if they serve to shadow forth any of the forgotten features of English life in one out-of-the-way corner of the kingdom, they will also indicate something of the former state of things in all similar localities, and may thus afford us some trivial insight into what we may term the byways of history.

The first extract we fall in with that seems any way suggestive, is an entry from the constable's accounts for 1643. From this we learn, that the said constable 'expended, with the constables of Wainfleet, a certain sum of parish money, when he went to see what Coronall Cromwell was doing.' Our parish seems to have been in the Parliamentary interest; and accordingly, in an expedition to gain intelligence of the leader's movements, drink-money for the messenger and his informants was a thing to be ungrudgingly allowed. The parish was active in assisting Colonel Cromwell, and had to suffer sometimes, in its officers and otherwise, for its services in the popular interest. The constable mentions, as an instance, that 'certain provisions, which was sent to Bullingbrooke Castle,' were 'taken away from me by the Cavilliers.' Of course, the constable charges the loss upon the parish, as he also does the following:—'Item, expended with the captain in the morning at Bullingbrooke before I went to Spilsbie, 2s.' At every turn and movement, our worthy parish functionary makes an excuse for drinking—charging his expenses, without the slightest dread of fault-finding, upon the funds of the vestry exchequer. This, we suppose, is proof enough that there were no teetotallers in those days. From what is next extracted, the specific rate of land-carriage during the civil wars may be proximately ascertained. A 'side of beafe' was bought at Spilsbie for the use of the forces at Bolingbrooke; and our constable pays 'to Thos. Stephenson for carrying the said side of beafe to the castle from Spilsbie, 4d.' The distance is about five miles, and at that time perhaps the roads might be dangerous. We pass over various items, and come upon the following:—'Expended, Christopher Spooner and myself, with Quarter-master Howell, and other neighbours of the towne, 2s. 6d.' Far better allowance this than the paltry groat to Thos. Stephenson for carrying the 'beafe.' Better also than the rate of payment indicated in the next item: 'Pd. to Jno. Thorpe's wife for meate and drink for 6 souldiers

belonging to Captn. Bussee, 4s.' This, no doubt, was pretty liberal allowance; for, further on, we find a journey of two persons to Fattershall (distance about thirty miles) set down at four shillings. A horse shod on the way appears to have cost a shilling.

The distance from our parish to the county town of Lincoln, is somewhere about forty miles, and people run there now-a-days in less than two hours. In 1643, the journey took our constable the greater part of three days. We find him stopping the 'first night at Spilsbie,' about eleven miles from his own parish church; and on the second night he stays at 'Bardney,' six or seven miles short of his destination; completing the remaining distance the third day. There are no means of judging whether he travelled in the fastest manner possible, but it is most likely that his rate of progress was about the average then customary.

Among the disbursements which have reference to the purely home business of the parish, we find a few such entries as these:—'21 July [the year is 1645]—Expended, when I went about the towne to summon the people to a sermon of thanksgiving, 8d.' . . . 'Given to a gentleman souldier which had a pass, 6d.' . . . 'Given to an Irishwoman, and 17 of her family, who was a ladies daughter, 1s. 6d.' . . . 'Given to a minister of the church, 2s. 6d.' . . . 'Given to the relief of the gypsies which lay in our towne from Saturday to Monday morn, 1s.' . . . 'For watching the said gypsies at the same tyme, 1s.'

Whoever desires to learn anything about the price of cattle in 1650, may be to some extent enlightened by the following:—'Item, pd. to Xter Spooner for the bull which I bought for towne's use, L. 1. 1s. 4d.' Such an animal, of even the poorest breed, could hardly be bought now for less than L. 30. Every one knows that money has declined in value; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that the price of bovine stock has risen in far higher proportion. Bulls, moreover, have ceased to be corporate property, and are kept now by private persons. The parish accounts of modern times, accordingly, contain no such memorandum as the next: 'Pd. to Mr. Burnitt, for finding the towne's bull, 3d.' The bull of our parish must have been incessantly going astray, as entries like the last are continually occurring through a period of a hundred years. It may be presumed that he was pastured in the open fens, and so was at liberty to roam over many miles of country.

From a preceding paragraph, it will be seen that it was formerly a part of the duty of the parish-officers to dispense charity on behalf of the population. In 1651, and other subsequent years, we find several entries in our parish annals, having reference to the relief of persons whose condition had been affected by the national disturbances. We learn, for instance, that 'sixpence' was given 'to Elizabeth Baker and 2 children,' they 'being driven out of Ireland by the rebels,' and 'having a sufficient pass to travel into Suffolk to their friends.' Further on we read: 'Item, given in relief to two gentlewomen which had great losses in Ireland, by the consent of Christ: Spooner, 6d.' . . . 'Given in relief to a married soldier, his wife, and 2 children, which came by pass, 8d.' . . . 'Given in relief to Ann Wood, a minister's wife, by consent of the neighbours, who came with a pointed letter of request declaring the great losses her husband had in Ireland, 2s.' . . . 'Given in relief to an old minister, who came out of Ireland, 1s.' . . . 'Given to two gentlemen that was taken by the torkes [Turks], 1s.' . . . 'For meat, drink, lodging, and money, for 14 Egyptians [gipsies], 3s. 6d.' Entries such as these are very numerous, and extend over several years. In connection with them, we find a statement of the constable's expenses, when he 'carried the money which was collected for the distressed Protestants in Savoy.' He had to journey for about eight miles, and he spent the liberal sum of tenpence.

But while money was pretty freely dispensed in charity to distressed persons 'with a sufficient pass,' the parish vindicated its disapprobation of indiscriminate beggary, by dealing rather severely with unaccredited vagabonds. Witness the item which we next extract: 'Given to a man for whipping Jno. Sheppard, a vagrant, and for sending him to Wrangle [the next parish], and given to him 2d.—8d.' Sixpence for the whipping, and twopence in compassion to the victim: this was the manner in which the parish tempered justice with mercy in the year 1652. Two hundred years later, it has not much improved upon the discipline: it now sends occasional vagrants to the treadmill, without supplying them with the pecuniary solatium. Our records contain frequent memorandums of this whipping practice; but a single notice of it is probably enough for present purposes.

The wages of the parish scribe afford us a more interesting topic for consideration. They are several times set down in these terms:—'To Mr Clarke, for writing for me the whole year, 2s.' This seems rather shabby pay, when we contrast it with the following, which reminds one of the unscrupulous liberality of public functionaries in general concerning all matters relating directly to themselves:—'Expended at Jno. Thorpe's, when the overseers and church-wardens passed their accounts to this town, 8s.' Only think of that!—eight shillings for one night's tipping, and just one-fourth of that amount for a whole year's painful writing in the parish books! The constable's mare cost exactly the same sum *shoeing*. This we know from an item many years repeated—'For my mare shoeing all the year, 2s.'

If anybody would like to know the price of bricks in 1658, and therabouts, we can supply him with the requisite information. It stands in our records under that date:—'Pd. for 2000 bricks, 8s.' Four shillings a thousand, then, was the price in cash, and no apparent discount. They cost now from twelve to eighteen shillings a thousand making, without the raw material. Anybody expert in figures may calculate the difference at his leisure. For our part, we are in a hurry to make known to you what a 'widow's grave' cost making in the year when Charles II., of blessed memory, returned to rule over his admiring English subjects. We find that in our parish, in 1660—Richard Dander-son and Jno. Dobson being overseers—there was 'Paid to Jas. Smyth for making a widow's grave, L.0, 0s. 9d.' You will say there has been a great rise of wages since the year of the Restoration. But we would not have you form an opinion about the matter too hastily. In that same year, our authorities expended money in getting a piece of work executed, which does not strike us as being by any means inordinately cheap. The account of it runs thus:—'Pd. to the painter for painting the king's arms, L.3, 1s. 0d.' We have reason to believe that this was a shabby daub by some bungling house-painter; for twenty-five years later, the 'arms' were repainted at a cost of L.8. It will be understood, that during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, the king's arms had been defaced from all the churches; and we have here an intimation of the manner in which they were restored on the king's return. In 1670, we find our parish expending L.2, 7s. 10d., 'for drums and trumpets;' but for what specific purpose we cannot ascertain. In the same year occurs this extraordinary entry:—'Given to an honest fellow, 4d.'

The ancient practice of perambulating the parish boundaries was very religiously observed by our parish ancestors. We have met with many notices of it in the records here before us, most of which run pretty much in this way:—'Spent with the ringers when we went perambulation, 7s. 6d.' The scribe's orthography is not exactly accurate; but if he made the entry the same evening, he may be charitably conceived to have been suffering from some slight confusion of the head, owing

to the strong drink which he probably assisted in imbibing. Another scribe, some few years later, is still worse up in the art of spelling, as he writes the word indifferently 'hambulation' and 'pambulation.' 'Expended going hambulation at Yarbora, 10s.' . . . 'Spent the day they went pambulation, 3s. 2d.' The next item of the sort shows some little improvement. It belongs to the year 1684, and stands thus:—'Expended at going pambulation, 7s.' Under a later date, we find it spelt 'preambution;' but in no case have we met with it written according to modern usage. As near as we can gather from our records, the perambulating ceremony was performed once in six or seven years; and we find that, on every occasion, there was something spent in commemoration of it at Jno. Thorpe's, or some other hostelry.

Now we are citing a few specimens of eccentric orthography, we think it would be a pity to miss the following:—'Feb. 6 [1686]—Given to 2 disbanded souldiers by pass from the Lord Mare of London, 8d.' . . . 'Paid Mr Jno. Gooderick for a poule for the Dogg Bridg Leaner, 1s. 6d.' If this be unintelligible to any reader, we beg to inform him that 'poule' means simply a pole, and that the 'Leaner' signifies a rail stretched across a ditch for the hand to rest on when people walk along the plank, which is locally called a 'brigg,' or bridge. 'Paid for a chaldre of coles for the engine, 18s. [1694].' Two years later, the price had risen one-third higher, Jno. Godrick being then paid 'for a chaldre of coles for engine, L.1, 4s. 0d.' They appear to have been fetched from a small town four miles off, and were conveyed on horseback—that being the only practicable method of conveyance in the winter, owing to the badness of the roads. The next extract is rather striking:—'Pd. to Paul Thewk, for writing the commandments and varnishing the pillows, L.4, 10s.' Of course, it will be seen that the scribe means *pillars*. These curiosities of spelling might be multiplied without limit, but perhaps we have quoted enough to illustrate the nature of them.

Among the entries of historical interest, the following, which belongs to the year 1695, is noticeable: 'Spent on the ringers when the king came home and on 5th Novr., 9s. 6d.' This also is significant, and refers to the same year: 'Spent when I went to Wainfleet about the papists, L.0, 0s. 9d.'—rather a moderate expenditure, considering the excitement of the occasion. The next, perhaps, has no strict historical interest, except that it shows how our ancestors spoke their minds in the parish-books:—'Given to a captain and his wife, and another rogue that cheated us, 2s.' This being 'cheated' would seem to have made the officers unusually parsimonious; for when, some time after, there came to them 'a minister begging,' they gave him only sixpence. The home poor, however, appear to have been wonderfully accommodated; take, as an instance, this: 'Pd. for hay for Widow Brough and George Mitchell, and leading into their yards, L.5, 5s. [1698.]' Those surely must have been the good old times! The case is not at all exceptional—there being for a series of years frequent entries, not only for cow-provender, but also for the purchase of actual cows, for numerous poor people. As an offset to this parochial philanthropy, however, we have fallen upon the following:—'Expended when the townsmen whipped old Bess, 6s. 8d. For whipping her, 6d.' Old Bess was probably a witch: the date of her whipping is the year 1699. About the same time, we find that our parish notables began occasionally to whip the gipsies, unless they chanced to have a pass signed by magistrates.

From what may be called incidental statistics, of which our records contain a sprinkling, we select the following, as being likely to throw a little light on the former state of prices, and as being otherwise characteristic of the olden times. We find that, in 1692, the parish paid for a 'paire of lethren breeches for Rr.

Bongham, 1s. 8d.' The year after, they paid sixpence 'to Wm. Laurence for a badger-skin;' and 12s. 6d. to somebody for a new Common Prayer-book. William Everington was paid 'for cloth and clothes for Jas. Brown—twining cloth for shirt, and a new hat, L.1, 13s. 3d.' At a pauper's funeral in 1687, the expenditure was as follows:—'To 9 doz. bread, 9s.; 9 gals. ale, 9s.; a coffin, 6s.; flannel, 5s.; for a certificate for burieing in woollen, 10s.' It cannot be said that there was anything lavish in the coffin or the flannel, but the cost for bread and ale does seem in preposterous proportion—something like the 'intolerable deal of sack' one remembers in Falstaff's tavern-bill. It was not for funerals only that the parish made provision; they likewise took charge of some of the parishioners' weddings. Whenever a poor girl had 'forgot herself,' and gave promise of being prematurely involved in the responsibilities of maturity, the parochial officials appear to have taken care to get her lawfully joined in wedlock with her betrayer, and to have liberally provided for the celebration of the nuptials. In 1726, a compulsory marriage of this description was effected, the cost of which is thus set forth in the parish accounts: 'Pd. to Philip Swanby for bread and cooking at Jno. Graves wedding, 4s.; Wm. Smedby, 2 lbs. of butter for Graves wedding, 8d.; given to Jno. Graves at ye wedding, 5s.; his wife a hat, 6d.; beef and mutton at his wedding, 9s.' There is nothing put down distinctly under the head of drunk-money; but as it is incredible to suppose there was no drink consumed, we are disposed to suspect that a formidable item which stands in immediate connection, is the specific bill for potent liquors. Just under the charge for beef and mutton, we read: 'Bryan Meads, as pr bill, L.3, 18s. 9d.' And when we consider that probably the whole parish was at the wedding, the amount will hardly seem larger than what might be reasonably required to make everybody nicely drunk. This, however, is only a conjecture, and in regard to it we leave the reader to frame his own hypothesis.

As an instance of the unexpected turn which these extraordinary weddings would sometimes take, we may here relate an anecdote with which the oldest inhabitant has supplied us. Once upon a time—not very far back in the traditions of the parish—the constable had been despatched to bring some backward Lothario to the altar; and while on his way with him to the church, he was rather curiously outwitted. The man had been captured, and was riding behind the constable on his mare; and on another horse the overseer was following with the prospective bride—a rabble of excited rustics running after them to see the fun; when, just as the procession was passing a plantation, the unconsenting bridegroom slyly slipped himself down over the horse's tail, and, jumping into the wood, escaped across the country, and from that day to the present has never more been heard of! The poor damsel was left to walk home again unmarried; and, after a slight effort to trace the fugitive, the constable and his associates turned into the public-house, and enjoyed themselves over the good things which had been provided for the marriage-dinner.

In reading of particular events in history, one is apt to wonder how they affected the ongoings of the far-away provincial people. At present, in remote places, such things as create sensation in the metropolis and large towns generally, often pass utterly unnoticed, and without the slightest commemoration. From the records of our parish, this would not seem to have been formerly the case. We find there was 'expended on Queen Ann's coronation-day, in ale and powder, 10s.;' but the parish has so degenerated in loyalty, that, on the coronation of her present Majesty, it made no public rejoicing whatsoever, and took no recognition of the event. Since cock-fighting went out among them, our inhabitants have allowed themselves no holidays or

recreations. Formerly, there were things of the sort frequently occurring. There is record of a public rejoicing in 1713, which seems to have been rather a grand affair. There was 'pd. to Jno. Panger for 30 lbs. of powder, L.1, 9s. 0d.;' a whole sheep was roasted—cost 15s.; and a gratuity of 1s. was made 'to Silvester Aublin for setting the table and taking it up again.' This table must have been set somewhere in the open air, and the whole parish no doubt sat down to it in a body.

The short space we have now left to us may be suitably occupied by a few miscellaneous curiosities. Under the date of 1702, there is this: 'To ye mountebank for ye cuering of Widow Brough of a paine in her side, 8s.' The most notable entry of the succeeding year is: 'For lodging a vagabond and whipping him, 1s. 4d.' The dates of the following range over the next thirty years:—'Pd. to Mr Isack Allam for surgening Jas. Smith and his wife and Widow Plant, L.3, 'Pd. to Mr Hallam for $\frac{1}{2}$ of the cure of Jas. Smith, L.3, 6s. 3d.' 'Given for whipping ye geeseys that was taken up in our parish, 1s.' 'Spent myself and my horse when I went before Captain Brian, 1s. 6d.' 'Spent when towne barnes [burns] was put out, 2s. 10d.' 'To Jno. Goodson for whipping dogs, 6s. 8d.' This was probably a year's salary for keeping the church cleared of those intruders during service-time. 'Expended when the bull was baited, 7s. 6d.' 'Given to Pearson for catching 2 foxes, 2s.' 'For powder and shot for shooting owls at church, 1s.' There are also frequent charges for 'shooting jack-daws,' the amounts ranging from three to six shillings. The next is an item also many times occurring: 'For towne's bull shewing, 3s.' The cost of this exhibition would seem to have varied a good deal, for it is sometimes set down at as much as half-a-sovereign. Our last extract is one having reference to the periodical perambulation, which in 1739 had come to be called by a slightly different name: 'Pd. Mr. Fox for ale at rambling-day, 12s.' And with this, good reader, ends our pickings from our old-fashioned parish records. If the particulars we have gathered should not be deemed expressly edifying, they may perhaps afford to some an innocent amusement; and in that case, our rather laborious rummagings will not be without result.

THE SPIRIT-CALLERS OF BERLIN.

In my college-days, which were passed at the university of Berlin, I had a class-fellow, whom, for the present, we will call Heinrich, as that was his Christian name. His father was a Prussian nobleman, his mother, a French lady of equal rank, whose family had fled from the first Revolution; and by both parents he was connected with some of the best houses in Paris and Berlin. Moreover, Heinrich was an only son, and the heir of large estates in Silesia. Handsome, lively, and clever, all that fortune and parental fondness could do to spoil him had been tried from his infancy with wonderfully small success. Heinrich was a little vain, and a little self-sufficient; but he was an honourable young man, a gay, kindly companion, and a rather promising student. My class-fellow was in high request at the university. His wit and spirit made him equally eligible as the leader in a frolic, or the second in a duel: such occurrences did take place at times among us—though student-life is somewhat better regulated in the well-policed city of Berlin than in most of our university towns—and Heinrich always came off handsomely; but some remarked that the young man's strength was not so great as his courage; his mind did not readily recover its balance after any

shock; and he had inherited a delicate constitution, with a fair and fine complexion, from his father. Heinrich had a cousin Rupert, who was some years older, the son of a baron, and a major in the Prussian army. His resemblance to my class-fellow was remarkable; but he was of larger proportions, and of a stronger type. Not less clever or social than his cousin, Rupert was far less liked, for his gaiety was dissipation, and his wit, sarcasm. I do not believe it was jealousy of Rupert's influence that made me think him an unsafe companion for Heinrich; the latter and I were intimate acquaintances, but could not be called friends. Out of college, we did not move in the same circle—I was not a baron's son—but the dashing major spent at least one half of his time on leave of absence at the house of Heinrich's father, a great mansion in Friedricstadt. Within its walls, every mode of killing time, from quadrilles to card-tables, was in continual practice. Berlin at large talked of its Wednesday receptions and Saturday balls, at which Rupert shone conspicuous in ladies' sight; though he was also occasionally found in the café, the theatre, and, it was said, more questionable quarters. Too sensible not to perceive the moral deficiencies of his character, Heinrich did not esteem his cousin; but in common with most of their acquaintances, he half admired, and was half amused by Rupert, quoted his satirical sayings, and laughed over his city adventures.

It was my second season at college, and expected to be a gay winter in Berlin, for a royal marriage was on the tapis; but at one of its first balls Rupert led a pretty *fraulein* out to dance from beside a general's plain daughter, and next morning received orders to join his regiment in Breslau without delay. Before his departure could be fairly discussed in the realm of fashion, a more extraordinary subject demanded its attention. In a street behind the church of St Nicholas, believed to have been built in the time of Albert the Bear, and sacred to the residence of wealthy Jews and Poles, two women, who came from nobody knew where, established themselves in a house which formed part of a Benedictine convent, suppressed in the seventeenth century as a hold of witchcraft.

The rest of the building had been long ago burned down by an accidental fire, and a Jew's warehouse erected on its site. The dwelling had held many tenants since then, but tradition reported them all to have been unlucky. The last occupant was a Bohemian mirror-maker, named Gortz, whose glasses, false or true, were said to have no rivals, even in Paris, although he worked in a primitive solitary fashion, and hanged himself one night in his own shop; whether from overmuch brandy, or unregarded love, the neighbours were not certain. After that, the price of his mirrors rose immensely. He had left none in the shop, and some secret in mirror-making was believed to have died with him.

The house had been deserted for thirteen years when the new inhabitants came. The landlord said they had named the Russian ambassador for reference. The neighbours remarked that they brought but one old servant, and little luggage; but rumour soon began to tell strange things of them. First, it was said they were wonderful fortune-tellers; then, that they cured diseases by some unknown drops; and at length it was whispered, that they practised the long-lost art of the classic *nekyromanteia*, which summoned back departed spirits to commune with the living. I have often remarked,

that some forms of quackery flourish best in the upper, and some in the lower strata of society. In general, this seems to depend on their nature. Anybody's pill or balsam will be profitable among the working-classes; while more spiritual pretensions, especially if mysterious enough, are quite as certain to succeed with their superiors. Casualties, which enter so largely into all human affairs, must be reckoned on, too, in such cases. That street, though antiquated and narrow—though far from the court-quarter, and devoted to Poles and Jews, belonged to a once fashionable neighbourhood, and fag-ends of fashion were still about it. People went there to hire costumes for mask-balls, to buy unlicensed books, and to obtain amazing bargains of French goods that never passed the custom-house. China of any age, and all manner of curiosities, could be bought there. Rare drugs were sold in the same shops, with no questions asked; and a Polish astrologer was among its residents. I know not how far these conveniences contributed to spread the new artists' fame among the rank and fashion of Berlin; but little else was talked of in their private circles, and the tales that oozed out had a strange mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous in them. For instance, it was said that the spirit invoked did not always attend; one not called for occasionally came in its room; neither were the apparitions always distinct, though many swore to having seen their departed friends. Sometimes a column of gray smoke, sometimes a long and shapeless shadow, and sometimes a moving skeleton, appeared; but revelations were generally made which left no doubt on the hearer's mind. Thus an old baroness, who had been twice a widow, and three times at the hymeneal altar, was unexpectedly reminded by her first husband of matters concerning which the world, and himself in particular, were believed to be ignorant; the head of a noble family was admonished by a companion of his wild youth, to restore 10,000 thalers won by false cards; and a foreign ambassador was told of intercepted letters, and a minister ruined in consequence, by a secretary who had died in his service seventeen years before.

A craving curiosity regarding the world to which they are hastening as surely as the grains flow from the sand-glass, is natural to men everywhere; but I cannot help thinking that a vein of native superstition runs through our German mind—at least we love to dabble in the mysterious. Nothing else could account for the numbers of Berlin's *beau monde* who visited the old house in Margravestrass, behind the church of St Nicholas. Gradually, the subject extended to all ranks: artisans talked of it in their workshops, families round their hearths, and literary circles at their æsthetic conversaziones. Everybody was interested, and the greater part frightened—but people like that. Mourners went there to see their lost ones more, and doubting minds to inquire into the secrets of the grave. I heard of a cabinet-maker who went to question his old master regarding the components of a certain varnish; and of a servant-maid, who sought her grandmother's advice which of two lovers she should choose for a husband. There are in every population masses of minds too shallow to receive a serious impression from anything. Hundreds of this description said they had seen Brother Karl or Sister Martha, who advised them to attend church regularly, and lead honest lives, with commands to pay certain debts, and advices how to invest their savings. Whether deceived or not, these good people would have been as much impressed by the Friday's market; but on others little removed from them, strange effects were

produced. A gay widow in Louisenstadt, whose jointure was large, and mind somewhat light, after a visit—paid for what purpose I never learned—retired, with all her riches, to the Carmelite convent, becoming at once a Catholic and the strictest nun in that establishment; but the story which amazed all Berlin most was that of the old landgrave Smessel, a rich man, and a confirmed miser. On some information obtained from his grandfather, whom he consulted regarding a bag of groats the latter had buried in East Prussia at the time of the Cossack invasion, Smessel sent for his only living relative, a sober, trusty clerk in the Berlin post-office, and made him a present of 5000 thalers in the Prussian Bank. The clerk's good-fortune was a subject of general satisfaction. His habitual civility and consideration for the public, made Ernest Smessel much more popular than government officers are wont to be among us, and with the post-office authorities he stood in high confidence from the prudent, punctual service of almost twenty years. Ernest was not young, but he had never married; neither had his aunt, who brought him up on her own slender portion, for his mother had died early, and his father, an ensign in the Prussian army, had fallen, with his colours in hand, at the battle of Leipzig. Frau Adelaide, as they called her, was his mother's sister. The story went, that she was the last descendant of one of the noblest families in Strasburg—that her ancestors had owned castles and lordships on the Lower Rhine; but all were lost long ago through war and wasteful heirs, except some old farmhouses and fields, which Frau Adelaide had disposed of, for a small annuity, to the convent of St Therese in her native town, where it was said she had been educated. Both aunt and nephew attended the Lutheran church in which my family worshipped. I remember him as a staid, respectable man, who looked as if all within had grown old before the time; and her as a tall lady always in black, with an immovable face, and the stiff but stately carriage peculiar to our old-fashioned nobility. They lived, in sober comfort, in one of the retired but respectable streets of Berlin Proper. The landgrave's present made no perceptible addition to their style or equipments. More wonderful still, it did not break old Smessel's heart; neither did he want the thalers back, as some anticipated; but, from the day of that donation, the landgrave kept an untiring watch on his relative's expenditure.

Meantime, the spirits continued to be called for, and marvellous stories multiplied. Strange to say, although all this occurred in Prussia, the police did not interfere—perhaps the government thought ghosts might help to keep people out of politics; but the clergy from most of their pulpits denounced the invokers as agents of Satan. Nobody but the old *fraus* minded that; yet it proved the signal for noble and plebeian, sage and simple in Berlin, to range themselves in two opposing parties, one of whom believed in the old house and its inhabitants to the uttermost, while the other questioned, reasoned, and tried to laugh them down.

I was young then, and warm on the latter side, for the division extended to the university. Heinrich was, if possible, more ardent than I: he argued, wagered, and asserted that it was imposture. Somehow, no one cared to fight on the subject, or my class-fellow might have had some duels on his hands; but the zeal with which both disputed the question at our debating society, naturally drew Heinrich and me more closely together. Most of the members had become converts, but our principal antagonist was a lank laborious student from the Polish, or rather Russian frontier, named Petermann, and remarkable for nothing at college but the cold-blooded tenacity with which he stuck to his point. Petermann said the dead might return, and those people might know how to call them; and from that position neither reason nor ridicule could drive him.

One evening, as our society was breaking up after

a stormy debate, in which every soul had lost his temper but Petermann, I heard him say to Heinrich, with one of his frosty smiles: 'It is a wonder, myn-heer, that you don't test the thing by asking them to call up one of your noble friends or relations: there must be some of them dead.'

'There are,' said Heinrich haughtily. 'But, I consider it beneath a gentleman to countenance imposture so far.'

'You could bring home the proof, though,' cried Petermann after him as he bade me good-night, and walked quickly away.

Our next meeting-night was Monday; but for days I observed that there was something on Heinrich's mind; and as I sat in my own room on Friday evening, reading Humboldt's first lecture, some one tapped at the door, and in stepped my class-fellow, dressed like a common artisan, with a rough bundle under his arm.

'Hermann,' said he, 'I want you to go with me: here is your masquerade costume.'

'Where, Heinrich?' said I.

'To the old house in Margravestrass,' he answered. 'I believe it was Petermann who made me think of it first; but I have got a famous test for the spirit-callers. In this trim, nobody will recognise us. I shall play the heart-stricken mourner; you will be my comforter. We are both house-carpenters of course, and our errand will be to see the spirit of Rupert, my hard-hearted brother, who rose to be a major in the French war, but disowned me, and died of a rapid decline. How my cousin, the living Rupert, will laugh when he hears the story! and shan't we have sport publishing it at the society's next meeting? That will open the believers' eyes!'

I thought the jest a capital one, as well as Heinrich. In a few minutes the dress was on, and we were on our way, Heinrich having provided himself with a small but very accurate likeness of Rupert from his mother's drawing-room, and some ten thalers, which were generally known to be requisites. It was mid-winter, and a clear keen frost made the pavement of Berlin—by the way, not the best in the world—ring under our feet like iron. The clock of St Nicholas chimed eight as we reached the Margravestrass. They kept old-fashioned German hours in that neighbourhood. Shop and warehouse were long closed, and there was not a passenger to be seen. The old house seemed in utter darkness; but at our first summons, the door was opened by the servant, taper in hand. She was a stout, middle-sized woman, with dark-gray hair, and a look approaching stupidity in its staidness. There was, moreover, about her something that reminded one, I know not how, of a solid square.

On saying we came to consult her ladies—such was the formula—she ushered us through a corridor into a back-parlour with twelve doors and the commonest of furniture, except a magnificent lamp which burned on the table. We had scarcely time to take these notes, when the spirit-callers entered by different doors. They were on the wrong side of forty—how far, I cannot tell; but the gray had made considerable progress, and there was no attempt at disguise. Each had the remains of beauty, but of a different order. The one had been an extreme blonde, and the other an ultra brunette. There was certainly no relationship in their faces; but both were tall spare women, whose attire, though neither odd nor old-fashioned, was of dingy colours, and carelessly put on; and whose look was at once haggard and singular, as if life had not gone with them after a common or easy fashion. I am thus particular in appearances, because they were stamped on my memory by after-events. The ladies received us with grave politeness, and my friend unfolded his tale. I never thought that Heinrich could tell a falsehood so well; but when he had finished, the dark lady inquired: 'Are you quite sure your brother is dead?'

'Certain,' said Heinrich with a well-affected sob. 'I saw the curé who consoled his last moments, and have worn craps for him.'

'And is your courage sufficient to meet a departed spirit, young man?'

'O yes,' said Heinrich; 'I think I could stand it.'

'Then I can call to-day, for my planet has power; but there are some points on which it is necessary to warn you;' and like a perfect mistress of her subject, the lady proceeded with a long instructive discourse, of which I only recollect that it treated familiarly of departed spirits, their comings and goings; of occult laws and magnetic sympathies; of herbs, amulets, and the lost knowledge of the ancients, which herself and partner had discovered through fasts, vigils, and planetary influence. In short, every assumption, old and new, was jumbled up in that oration. It had, moreover, the sound of a daily service, and wound up with their benevolent anxiety to serve the less gifted of mankind. I noticed, however, that the lady spoke most excellent German, and was particularly accurate in historical dates and names. At the conclusion, she took Rupert's picture from my companion's hand; while the other, who had listened with apparent attention to every word, took a clasped book, not unlike a missal, from her pocket, and sat down to read by the lamp.

'One of us always reads prayers while the other is engaged in this work,' said the dark lady. 'Follow me.'

Trying to look as like frightened carpenters as possible, Heinrich and I followed through a door on the right, which closed seemingly of itself behind us, and we stood in a great gallery, in which there was no light but the wintry moon shining through a high and narrow window. In its gleam stood something like a small Roman altar, with a funeral urn and antique vase upon it.

'Now,' said our conductress, 'some spirits can come only before, and some after midnight. I know not to which order your brother belongs, but whatever you may hear or see, keep silence on your peril till I bid you speak.' Saying this, she took the vase and poured some liquid from it into the urn. It had a strong odour, but one unknown to me, though I had served two seasons in the college laboratory; and almost the same moment, with a low crackling noise, a steady blue flame shot up, which illumined the gallery for some distance. Its length, however, seemed interminable, the further end being lost in darkness. I felt certain there was no such space within the house. Our conductress placed Rupert's picture before the flame, bowed three times to the altar, and repeated, in a loud distinct voice, some words which sounded like a mixture of Latin and some old Eastern tongue. As she ceased, we heard an indescribable sound like a moaning under the floor, and then both plainly saw coming to us out of the darkness Heinrich's cousin, Rupert, in the uniform of his regiment, and looking so like life, that I could have sworn it was he. Bold as Heinrich had been, I felt his hand, which was clasped in mine, tremble as our conductress, with a look of malicious triumph which actually appalled me, said: 'Speak to your brother now in the name of the old faith.'

Heinrich did try to speak, but he could not; and before I could summon words, the shadow, stopping half-way from us, said, in a thin hollow voice, but I observed its lips never moved: 'Why do you trouble the dead? Haven't you heard that I was shot three days ago by Captain Muller, after winning his last thaler at the hazard-table? Go home, and lead a better life than I have done!' and it vanished utterly, as the flame on the altar flickered and went out.

In silence the lady opened the door, and in silence we left the parlour. Heinrich emptied his purse into the hand of the servant at the outer door—for the spirit-

callers did not take money themselves—and we were past the old church before either spoke a word.

'It is very strange, Hermann,' said Heinrich at last. 'I wish we had not gone.'

I wished the same heartily. A real terror had come over us both, and we talked seriously of how the thing might have been managed, trying to convince each other that it was a cheat; neither, however, was satisfied with his own arguments; and with a dreary feeling of having done something wrong and dangerous, we parted, agreeing to say nothing about it. Next morning, as I was stepping out to college, Heinrich's valet, Keiser, almost ran against me, and with a wild, frightened look, handing me an open letter, said: 'Read that, sir. The baron received it this morning. My master has been in a shocking fit ever since. There are two doctors with him, but he would not rest till I took the letter to you.'

The brief epistle made me stagger where I stood. It was from the colonel of Rupert's regiment, informing Heinrich's father, in stiff military terms, that his nephew had been assassinated on the evening of Tuesday, by Captain Muller, a desperate gamester, who coolly waited for the major, and shot him at the door of the gaming-house, in retaliation for his ill-luck at play. The letter bore a post-office mark, which indicated that it had been mis-sent to Baden; thus the intelligence was delayed, and Heinrich and I were ignorant of what had happened. In our intended frolic, we had actually broken the quiet of the dead, and talked with one from beyond the grave. My first impulse, on rallying from the shock, was, I know not why, to go and see Heinrich. I found the great house in consternation; but a stiff message from the baroness, informed me that her son could not be seen, as his physician had ordered absolute quiet. By subsequent inquiries, I learned that, in a sort of delirium which succeeded the convulsive fit into which the reading of that letter had thrown him, Heinrich uttered some wild words concerning the previous night's adventure. I think his family never fully ascertained the story; but an intimation from the Berlin police, doubtless owing to the baron's influence, made the spirit-callers withdraw quietly on the following night; and I knew that Heinrich's relations ever after had a special dislike to me.

My class-fellow I never saw again; perhaps his mind never recovered from that shock. The baroness travelled with him through Switzerland, France, and Italy, for change of scene; but those who saw him at Rome and Paris, said he walked and spoke like one in a dream. Nothing would satisfy him but retirement at the family-seat in Silesia, and there he died of a rapid consumption in the following autumn. The few fragments of the story that servants had sent abroad, were hushed up long before. It was remarked, that whoever concerned himself much about them, was sure to come somehow under the notice of the secret police. They seemed to take no note of me, but the events I have related made my college-days dull, and youth sober. I pursued my studies, however, and graduated with some honour. Petermann took his degree on the same day; but all the while we remained at college, I observed he rather avoided me, and once I saw him talking earnestly with Keiser at the corner of the street. The fellow had left his master three weeks after he brought that letter to me, and obtained service at the Russian Embassy. Petermann's degree was not fairly in his pocket, till he received a medical appointment in the same household; while I, at the recommendation of our college president, was selected from many candidates as travelling physician to a noble pair grievously afflicted with wealth, idleness, and imagination. In their service, years passed, and I made the tour of Europe; residing from one to six months at every considerable town; but through all the capital cities I traced, rather indeed

by accident than inquiry, the wonderful women of the old house in Margravestrauss. In Rome, they had appeared in the character of miracle-workers; in Paris, they had told fortunes; at Vienna, they had been physicians; and the same occupation, together with the manufacture and sale of extraordinary drugs, was renewed at St Petersburg, where, however, they utterly disappeared soon after the Emperor Alexander's death. No clue to their previous story could I ever obtain, but that such a pair had once been novices at the convent of St Theresa at Strasburg, being brought from Russia and placed there by the notable Madame von Krudener on her travels. Tales of their marvellous powers in all the capacities mentioned, met me, and, for aught I know, are yet to be heard in those great cities; but none seemed so well proved and established as that of my own experience.

I had been eight years in the service of my noble patrons, when it pleased them to take up their abode in the oldest and most dingy quarter of Strasburg; and, returning alone from the theatre one night, through a shabby but quiet street, my eye was caught by a tobaccoist's sign. Being just then in want of the German's indispensable, I stepped in; the dame behind the counter had a face known to my memory: it was the old house-servant. She knew me, too, and we gazed at each other for a minute. There was an impulse to say something in her look, but at that moment a soldier entered, who saluted her familiarly by the name of Gretchen, and inquired if she knew what had become of old Petermann's nephew who used to live over the way.

'He went home to his friends in Prussia,' said the woman coolly; 'then to college; and turned out a great doctor after that in St Petersburg.'

'Is he there now?' inquired the soldier.

'How should I know where great people go?' and she smiled as Petermann used to do.

I left the shop with my cigars, but an odd impulse drew me often to that neighbourhood—and whenever I passed, the woman was sure to look anxiously out, and then draw back, as if not yet determined that she had something to say to me. I couldn't get over that thought, and made two or three errands to the shop, but all in vain—the woman pretended not to recognise me. On the last occasion, it was very late, and I had reached the end of the street: there wasn't a soul in it but myself, when, without a sound of steps that I could hear, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and the woman's face thrust over. 'Doctor,' said she, in a husky whisper, 'I can't go to sleep this night without telling you it wasn't a ghost you and the young baron saw that night in the Margravestrauss, but a shadow made with a picture in the Bohemian's glasses. It was I that spoke through a tube the men left in the floor. We knew you were coming. Take this home with you; I have kept it eleven years, and more,' she said, thrusting a crumpled paper into my hand; and before I could speak, the bang of her shop-door, closed up for the night, sounded through the street.

I read the paper in my own bedroom. It was, as nearly as I can recollect, a true copy of the colonel's letter to Heinrich's father; but there was no mark of mis-sending on it, and though in the same character, it was not like ordinary writing. It was long and late before I fell asleep, but my servant awoke me early in the morning with the report, that the countess was in hysterics from the sight of a fire which she saw on her return from the mayor's ball, consuming the house of a poor woman who kept a tobacco-shop, and had perished in the flames. The woman was Gretchen; and the only additional light ever thrown on that strange transaction was what a police-officer, to whom I rendered some medical service, told me at Berlin regarding the clerk Smessel. Some years before my return, he had died suddenly, and Frau Adelaide fell

into helpless imbecility. The house, of course came under police superintendence; and in all out-of-the-way closets there was found copies of innumerable letters, seals of every variety, and a curious and most complete copying-machine.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN IRELAND.

Your late article on the Dublin Exhibition, and the prospects opening up for Ireland, cannot be read without gratification, as furnishing one more corroboration of the fact, that our friends across the Channel are really about to go ahead, if they are not doing so already. As in this posture of affairs, every item of observation on the country and its usages may be useful, I venture to intrude the following notes, the result of a late pretty extensive tour in Ireland. I propose to speak of only what I saw, and can vouch for.

The first thing that struck me in Ireland, was the treatment of the servants, and the abrupt and haughty way in which men, whom I knew to be good-natured and kind-hearted, spoke to their dependents, their servants, or even to the beggars in the streets. As for the latter, indeed, I was soon obliged to adopt the Irish custom in self-defence. To refuse a beggar civilly, is to confess your greenness, and to attach him to you permanently, or till you pay him for his absence.

In looking for a house in Dublin, when I inquired for the servants' bedrooms, instead of being taken into the garret, I was always led below into the basement, and was told that the servants' sleeping-place was there. 'There' was very often a dark, damp, dingy hole, to which I certainly could not have condemned a favourite dog; and had I kept any human being sleeping there, should have expected to be troubled with very uneasy dreams in my own comfortable nest up stairs. How servants kept there could be expected to be clean, honest, and sober, is one of the Irish mysteries, which I have not yet heard unravelled. I am quite sure that if I were condemned to live in such a hole myself, I should cease to care about cleanliness or comfort, and take every opportunity of alleviating my condition by any dainties or drink I could lay my hands on.

From this and other circumstances coming under my notice, I fear the generality of domestic servants are not liberally dealt with. I had opportunities in attending sales by auction, and in other ways, of inspecting the kitchens of several houses in many quarters of the city of Dublin, and was astounded at the bareness and discomfort, the want of furniture, and the air of shabbiness in the kitchens of houses even in the most fashionable streets—houses that had their splendidly-furnished drawing-rooms *en suite* on the first floor, and all other appliances for keeping up an aristocratic appearance.

I am, as a middle-class Englishman, accustomed to see the kitchen looked on as the centre and heart of the establishment—its cleanliness, its comfort, and its being furnished with all appliances and instruments for the wellbeing of the domestics, and for facilitating them in their endeavours to minister to the wants of their masters—considered as the primary necessities of a house. If I were compelled to choose between the two, I would rather have a well-furnished comfortable kitchen for the servants, and sit without a carpet in the parlour myself, than luxury in my own

rooming and aqualor below stairs; and I know this is no uncommon nor unusual feeling on our side of the Channel. Here is one point on which our Irish brothers entirely differ from us, and on which I need hardly say, the sooner they agree with us the better for themselves.

Let us take a walk into the country. What are all these great stone-walls, eight or ten feet high, lining the roads for miles, with great gates or doors at intervals? They look, at first sight, like a series of jails or lunatic asylums; but if we manage to get a peep through one of the big doors, we see a handsome house standing in ornamented grounds, and find that these secluded and fortified demesnes are the residences of the gentry. This is a feature common to the outskirts of most Irish towns, where we have often to go a long walk into the country before we can get a peep at it. A great number of the residences of the nobility and gentry in the country are similarly surrounded by huge walls, though now many may be seen pretty well dilapidated; and I trust they never may be repaired.

On my first visit to Killarney, I was shocked to find all approach to the lake, except along one dirty lane, barred by miles upon miles of wall, shutting out all view of the scenery, and enclosing the demesnes of the Herberts and the Lord Kenmares, and such-like people. One of the smaller of these estates—thus girdling with the cordon of aristocratic seclusion one of the most beautiful of earth's pictures, which I feel almost tempted to declare belongs of right to mankind in general, rather than to any man or set of men in particular—has luckily been obliged to be sold, and the mansion has been converted into a hotel. It is here only, and at the other older hotel, which is equally walled in, that we can, by paying for it, acquire a right to revel in the loveliness of nature, without asking any man's leave, or trespassing on any man's property.*

And now, since we have stumbled on the subject of Irish scenery, let me endeavour to correct one great mistake as to Ireland, which, like many others, has arisen from the fancies and imaginative expressions of Irish authors, and especially Irish poets. We constantly hear of Green Erin; but is the island really green in its external aspect? When I first visited Ireland, I expected to find the land as green and verdurous, even in the uncultivated parts, as England is, over by far the larger portion of the country. It was not till I had travelled over nearly all the length and breadth of the island, that I became fully convinced of the real state of the case. Brown heathery mountains, bare, cold bleak ridges and moorlands, meet the eye universally in all the higher parts of Ireland; while on the low lands and plains, great black, desolate-looking bogs and fens, are the most striking features of the scenery over miles upon miles of country. It is true, there are great exceptions. Some of the valleys—perhaps I may say all the valleys—of Ireland are lovely. Wherever we get a river valley bordered by high land, there we get all the greenness and fertility one could desire—rich meadows and beautiful woodlands; but still, these are the exceptions, and not the rule. In natural greenness and fertility (I am not now speaking of beauty of form or outline), Ireland must be compared to Wales or to Scotland—not to England, which is far superior to it. I am not making these remarks in any spirit of disparagement, or from any paltry feeling whatever, but simply from a desire to speak the truth. I love and admire Ireland, both the country and the people, for many of their qualities;

but those who flatter them are not their true friends. Nothing would be more beneficial for Ireland, in the present posture of affairs, than that the exact truth should be known about it. For instance, I have often seen and heard it wondered that Ireland should be in such a distressed position, notwithstanding its having so rich and fertile a soil, and such vast mineral wealth and resources. People are apt to imagine, that those who have great natural advantages, and do not make a better use of them, have only themselves to blame. Now, I deny both the natural fertility of the soil and the great mineral wealth. Ireland, speaking of it in the whole, and in its generally unimproved state, has rather poor soil, and is deficient in mineral wealth. It is true, she has some valuable tracts of both kinds; it is equally true, that what she has, has not been turned to the best account. The very first preliminary to making the most of them, is to estimate them at their true value; so that people who come to invest capital in them, in the hopes of making a profit, may not turn away offended at the evident exaggeration that has been used, and naturally conclude the whole to be a delusion and a snare. Much has been done lately to introduce the sheep; but there are already grounds to fear that the climate may prove too moist for the animal. Black-cattle will probably be found a safer article of husbandry.

I recollect seeing, some time back, in one of the Cork newspapers, an article giving an account of the visit of two Scotch farmers to the south of Ireland in search of land to be let. The writer was highly indignant at what he styled the insolence of these gentry, who had the assurance to offer only from 5s. to 10s. per acre for land. He worked himself into a patriotic furor on the occasion, and seemed almost to look on it in the light of a personal insult—expressing himself glad that the wretches had left the country without taking a farm. Now these men were doubtless men of business, who took up farming, as any other man takes up a trade or profession, with the intention of making a decent living by it for themselves and their families, and putting by a little profit for the future. They very likely offered a fair rent for the farms in question, a rent which they thought would enable them to live handsomely and put by money. The writer of the article never took into the account how much capital would have to be sunk in the farm before it could be brought into such a condition as would enable a good farmer to do this. It is not at all unusual in Scotland for farmers, on entering upon a nineteen years' lease, to spend a couple of thousand pounds on the land—all, of course, to be got back in time, leaving the farm vastly improved.

An Irish farm, especially in remote parts of the country, is one of the many things calculated to astonish an Englishman. It is, we will suppose, a tract of land of about fifty English acres, which is thought a rather large farm in Ireland. The fields are usually separated by banks of stone and earth (no hedgerow timber to encumber the land at all events), the banks being two or three feet wide at top, and often serving as causeways for a footpath to run along upon them. Gaps in these fences are frequent; and the gates usually consist of a pile of loose stones artistically built one over the other, so that a slight kick brings them all down at once. After removing some of the stones, a cart can be taken through the opening, and at some time or other the gate can be built up again. When stones are not abundant—though I hardly know where that is likely to be in Ireland—a gorse-bush, or the cart itself, or anything else that is handy, is made to do duty for a gate. A friend of mine once saw an Irish farmer coming home and shutting the principal gate of his establishment. It was done in this way: after taking the horse out of the shafts of the cart, it was wheeled into the opening, and the shafts rested on the

* A complaint of this kind may with equal justice apply to some parts of England and Scotland.—Ed.

bank on one side, the body stopping the principal part of the gap. The gap being a wide one, however, the cart did not reach across it; and then what was to be done? Proceeding apparently in the ordinary routine, the man fetched a stick of wood, with which he propped up the cart on one side, took off the wheel from that side, and then rolled it into the remainder of the gap, propping it against the bank and the cart, to which he fastened it by a piece of straw-rope. His gate was then complete till the cart was wanted again. How would an English or Scotch farmer relish such a gate as that?

Let us proceed, however, with the description of the farm. The fields are undrained, and for the most part unmanured, full of thistles and weeds, and the land usually out of all heart and condition. But the house! Sometimes the shell is tolerable—a pretty good stone house of two stories, with perhaps a slated roof; more frequently, however, there is only one story; and the walls are partly of mud, and the roof of thatch, all miserably dingy and out of repair. Even in the first case, an entire window would be a rarity—there are casements, some of whose panes are boarded up, and the rest half-stuffed with the wreck and ruin of old rags, with just two or three cracked panes remaining. Inside is neither floor nor pavement—nothing but the natural soil. I stop not to speak of the furniture, or rather of the absence of all furniture but perhaps one rickety table, one or two three-legged stools, a chair, and a large iron pot, with a bedstead or two full of rags that look like the very nest of all sorts of horrors and abominations. I speak not of the furniture, I say; that is the tenant's affair, and not the landlord's. But the outbuildings! In front of the house, with a few stones just giving a passage up to the door, is a square pit, the dung-heap, half full of mud and water, and the rest rotten straw, and what little manure can be scraped together. On one side or other is a set of wretched thatched sheds, all ruinous and dishevelled, the roof half fallen in, and the whole as rickety as a child's card-house. These are the barn, stables, cow-houses, and cart-houses. Perhaps, also, but rarely, there may be a pigsty. For a thrashing-floor, I have seen the upstairs part of a two-storied house used—the bedrooms, as we should call them; but which, as the only floor, is used to thrash on, and as the driest place, is used as the granary. In a one-storied house, the family often, in thrashing-time, give it wholly up for barn purposes, and sleep in the cow-house.

How strange that such practices should prevail in a country so near our shores, and subject to the same government! The truth, however, is, that the inhabitants of Ireland have for ages been exposed to a blundering policy, and left to deteriorate, or to be misdirected, according to circumstances. There cannot be the slightest doubt—at least, I have none in my own mind—that in the ancient and still continued abdication of duties by landlords, is the foundation of Irish misery. The blame is not radically with the people; for who work more diligently than the Irish when they are removed to a distant country, and have a fair prospect of remuneration? No! we say it advisedly, it is the landlords, who, by their systems of management, adverse to all sound principles of social polity, have long retarded improvement, and driven the people to despair.

No mistaken sentimentalism seems to exist among the hard-toiling peasantry. I have often heard them speak with great anxiety of their desire for an English gentleman to settle in their neighbourhood; and have always found among them the strongest expressions of kindness and good-will when they found I was an Englishman. Some echo of the English idea, 'a fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' seems to have reached their ears, and produced an impression on their hearts; and I am convinced that English justice, to

say nothing of generosity and benevolence, would find a cordial and delighted acceptance among them.

Let us turn for a moment from these graver topics, and take a look at an Irish fair, as seen from my windows the other day, in the square of a small country town, in the south-west of Ireland.

It was a pouring wet day; notwithstanding which people began to come in about eight o'clock—one man with a cow, another with two or three sheep, another with a pig or two; and so on. They grouped themselves here and there about the market-place, seeming to expect the pigs and the sheep and the cattle to stand by them quietly, and be examined and sold as if they had an interest in the matter. The sheep and the cows really behaved very well on the occasion, the cows especially seeming to be on the most friendly terms with their masters, who walked about with one of the cow's horns under their arms, leading her by it, as if she were a lady. An intrusive cart, however, pushing into the throng, would every now and then cause some disturbance, making the cows restive, and causing them sometimes to shake their heads and brandish their horns in a way that seemed to cause much hazard to their masters' coats, if not to their ribs and muscles.

But the pigs were the worst. Such a concert of treble, tenor, and bass squeakings I never heard, even at the tuning of an orchestra! Every now and then, one of the pigs, taking a disgust at his situation, would make a dart into the thickest of the fair, with one or two men and half-a-dozen boys in pursuit of him, carrying terror and confusion in all directions; and when caught, his leg had to be tied with a straw-rope, and he had to be driven back to his position, causing a fresh confusion. One or two men would begin to bargain about a certain grave and respectable-looking pig, and after feeling him all over, it seemed to become necessary to examine his mouth, on which a united and unmanly assault would be committed upon piggy, which was seized by the legs and upset into the mud, knelt upon by two men, while a third thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, and seemed to be going to perform some dental operation on him. At all this, piggy complained loudly, and bewailed his ill-treatment in the bitterest and most discordant tones he could muster; till, the inspection being finished, he was allowed to rise, when he would probably sit up on his hinder-end—one side all white and clean, the other all plastered with mud—and look up at his master with an air of indignant remonstrance at his allowing him to be treated so.

I was delighted to find that there was no quarrelling or fighting at this fair—the bargaining, though often very vociferous, and accompanied by volleys of guttural Irish, was all good-humoured; and though some little shouting and singing was heard in the evening, there was no violent disturbance.

The whole fair, and the habits, appearance, manners, and language of the people, strongly reminded me of a Welsh fair—a resemblance I have frequently been struck with in Ireland, having resided some time in both countries. Another remarkable and cheering circumstance, was the number of whole great-coats among the men, and good cloaks among the women; so that it appeared that however badly off the labourers, there was still some means among the farmers. Let us hope that these may increase, and that by a change, whether in the laws or customs of the country, they may be induced to reform their domestic habits, and introduce something like cleanliness, decency, and comfort into their habitations.

[The above paper has been communicated by an English gentleman, who recently visited, and remained some time in Ireland. We trust that it will be read in England with interest, and in Ireland with both interest and profit. At least, we feel certain that the remarks of intelligent visitors, when conceived, as

these are, with good feeling, and expressed inoffensively, form one of the best means of correcting what is wrong in a country; and we hope that Ireland is not an exception to the rule, notwithstanding the soreness towards England which unfortunately exists.]

COLONEL THOMAS TALBOT.

THE death on the 5th of February last, at London on the Thames, county of Middlesex, in Upper or Western Canada, of the 'Great Colonel Talbot' of the British settlers, and the 'Big Chief' of the Indian tribes inhabiting the large expanse of territory clipped in by lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, closed one of the most remarkable careers recorded in the annals of private and peaceful enterprise. London, whither he had recently come from his residence on the shore of Lake Erie—to die as it proved—is about equidistant from the three inland seas just mentioned; and if you ascended balloon-wise two or three miles above it, and looked east, west, north, and south, you would see that that now populous and thriving town, with its wide-spreading streets, handsome public buildings, busy wharfs, and boat and barge crowded river, is but an oasis of civilisation, so to speak, amidst a dense encircling forest—pierced through, indeed, with roads, and broken into large patches of cultivation, but still, in the main, presenting a wild, though hopeful aspect. But when Colonel Thomas Talbot, a quarter of a century before the first stone, or, more correctly, the first log of this Canadian London was laid, encountered the wilderness, and by his indomitable energy and perseverance, hewed therein the foundations of a magnificent province, the only human habitants of the unbroken forest were a few scattered tribes of Hurons and Chippewas; the only paths through its tangled, melancholy solitudes, those which the deer, the wild-cat, and the bear had made for themselves during the thousands of years it had been their dwelling-place. And Colonel Talbot, let us, moreover, premise, was no Nimrod. It was not in quest of objects of the chase he came there, but solely to subdue, reclaim, and cultivate the western forest of Canada, and locate himself therein permanently—a herculean task in those days, and scarcely possible under the circumstances, save by a man prompted and sustained by the hardening influences which the following narrative will shew to have, in the first years of his enterprise at all events, actuated Colonel Talbot.

He was born in June 1772, at the Castle of Malahide, county of Dublin, Ireland; and it was the frequent boast of the half-hermit dweller by Lake Erie, especially as garrulous old age grew upon him, that the barony of Malahide had been held by the Talbots in unbroken succession for six centuries; and that the English Talbots, who figured so conspicuously in the old wars with France, were of the same family-stock as the Talbots of Malahide. Unfortunately, he was not so rich in purse as in blood; and in 1793, being then in his twenty-second year, he found himself an unattached captain in the army, his present wealth little more than the half-pay of that military rank, and his future much depending upon the answer he should receive to an application he had made through Major Watson—a mutual friend—to be placed upon the staff of the newly-appointed governor of Upper Canada, Simcoe. He preferred going out to America to taking his chance in Europe, notwithstanding that the breaking out of the French war promised abundant employment to men of the sword; and for several reasons, one of which he himself imparted to Mrs Jameson after an experience of some forty years of forest-life. He had been early fascinated, he told that lady, by Charlevoix' description of *La Nouvelle France*—as Canada was called previous to its acquirement by Great Britain, at the peace of 1763—particularly his account of the 'paradise

of the Hurons' in the western province; 'and being resolved to get to Paradise as speedily as possible,' jocosely observed the colonel, 'I made up my mind to come over and settle here.' The paradise, however, which excited his youthful dreams, was not the solitary one which, so far as his own home was concerned, it subsequently proved to be. The pages of Charlevoix had been read by the light of other and brighter eyes than his own; and the gallant captain, when he at last received the appointment of aid-de-camp and military-secretary to Governor Simcoe, with the rank of major, in Canada, either deceived himself or was deceived into the belief, that if he could secure a few thousand of the fertile acres which the English government, in its anxiety to flank the lately severed American states with a loyal British population, were willing to dispose of upon the single condition of *bona fide* occupation—he might return to the Old World for a young bride, whose perennial smiles would of course suffice a thousand times over to dispel whatever of gloom or sadness might possibly, spite of Charlevoix' pictured pages, attach to a dwelling amidst the wild beauties of a Canadian wilderness.

In this hope or illusion, Major Talbot at all events embarked with the governor, in the spring of 1794; reached Montreal in safety, and soon afterwards entered upon the active duties of his appointment. Subsequently, he accompanied the governor in his exploration of the Huron territory, for the purpose of marking the sites and divisions of the townships, counties, cities, in Western Canada, towards which the tide of emigration should be directed, and, as far as practicable, confined, till its swelling volume could profitably overpass those limits. The site where London now stands, it was unanimously agreed, was a fitting location for the capital of the new province; the name of the British metropolis was at once conferred upon the area marked out of the forest by the notching and felling of a few trees, and the stream which flowed through it, named the Thames. It is unnecessary to go into further details of the official survey, it being sufficient to remark, that Major Talbot was not deterred by the actual sight of the promised paradise, from his resolution to make it his life dwelling-place; and that, in 1800, he returned, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to England, for the several determined purposes of negotiating a grant from the crown of a tract of land which he had carefully surveyed near the central shore of Lake Erie, disposing of his commission, contracting marriage, and then immediately re-embarking with his wife for Canada. How it precisely happened we know not, but these last intentions remained unfulfilled; the lady, whether from fickleness of disposition, or a reasonable aversion to commence house-keeping or hut-keeping in an American forest, having preferred uniting herself with a gentleman of the class of mind and fortune who 'live at home at ease,' to sharing a Huron elysium with Colonel Talbot.

Happily, Lieutenant-colonel Talbot was by this time approaching his thirtieth year—a season of life when the heart will bear an immense deal of breaking without much danger of permanent damage; and he soon wisely resolved to banish from his man's memory all such trivial fond records, and bravely confront the wilderness alone. His commission was easily disposed of, and his suit at the Colonial Office was entirely successful—the sole condition insisted upon being the location, within a reasonable period, of one settler for every 200 acres. The land was in the nominal township of Dunwich, and was roughly guessed by the colonel to contain about 100,000 acres, more or less—a wild calculation, as it ultimately proved, when the partial clearing of the bewildering woods allowed the land to be more accurately measured—the area within the assigned limits being then found to comprise about 650,000 acres! This important matter finally adjusted, Colonel

Thomas Talbot embarked, early in 1803, for Canada, furnished, if not with a wife, with a large number of exceedingly useful aids for his proposed warfare with the forest—such as axes, saws, carpenters' tools of all sorts, agricultural implements, seeds, choice varieties of sheep and poultry, and a considerable sum in ready money. Safely arrived, the colonel lost no time in making his final preparations for his wild and desperate plunge—as his friends characterised the undertaking—into the pathless woods, which had just put on their gorgeous autumn dress as he left Montreal with a string of wagons, and thirty loggers, woodmen, and negro labourers. No woman accompanied the expedition—Colonel Thomas Talbot's recent experience having, no doubt, prejudiced him against that admirable moiety of the human race.

The spot—at nearly the centre of the north shore of Lake Erie—where this enterprising gentleman proposed to locate himself, was, at that time, fully 100 miles from any white man's dwelling, save across the lake to the United States, a distance of about seventy miles; and the difficulties, hardships, miseries, encountered, were of the most depressing and formidable kind. 'I am happy now,' remarked the aged colonel to Mrs. Jameson, 'with a betraying sweetness of tone; but if I had anticipated one-half of the horrors I actually went through, I should never have ventured upon the undertaking.' It was, in sooth, for many years a desperate battle for bare existence, far away from human ken, amidst the desolation of the wilderness, with cold, hunger, not unfrequently famine from the failure of crops, when life was only sustained by the chance products of the chase; and more than once Colonel Talbot was on the point of returning to the world he had too rashly abandoned in disgust. Pride, however, strengthened his manful resolution; and for upwards of fifteen years, little was heard in the far-off frontier towns of the adventurous band that had disappeared in the forest in 1803, except early in 1814, when the naval officer commanding the British force on the lakes, briefly reported that a party of Americans had gone on shore on the Canadian side of Lake Erie, and done some wanton damage at Colonel Talbot's clearing, by driving off his agricultural livestock. Those fifteen years, albeit, were years of prodigious and incessant exertion on the part of the isolated band of settlers, nearly one-third of whom died of disease, privation, and accident during that period. Colonel Talbot, usually attired in a blanket coat, and accoutred with an axe, worked as hard or harder than any one of the labourers in felling, logging, fencing, and planting his land, and was besides cook, dairyman, and baker to the entire party. His own residence—upon a lofty cliff overhanging Lake Erie, round which flows a rapid stream called Kettle Creek, that falls into the lake at Port Stanley—was at first an ordinary single-roomed log-house, where for many years he slept, like everybody else, on the bare ground; and it was gradually added to without much regard to symmetry, till, in the fulness of time, it became a huge aggregation of log-houses, affording accommodation to large numbers of sheep, pigs, and poultry, and sufficient dining and sleeping room for himself, one servant, and an occasional tourist-visitor or two. Even at the time of his death, the walls of the best apartments were still naked piles of logs, the furniture wooden benches and chairs, and the entrance-hall approached by a rude kind of veranda or covered porch, a granary piled with sacks of wheat, heaps of sheep-skins, Indian corn, pumpkins, &c. The home-farm comprised about 600 acres; and there was, besides, an orchard of twenty, and a well-cultivated garden, of about six acres, plentifully stocked with rose-trees.

These household luxuries were of course the work of time, and a very long time too; and, as before remarked, it was not till after the lapse of some fifteen years, that

definite tidings of the colonel and his doings reached Toronto and Montreal. By that time (1819), the European emigrative flood—loosened and impelled westward by the cessation of the giant war, at which triumphantly wrestled down at Waterloo—only faint and doubtful echoes of which world hurly-burly had reached Colonel Talbot in his forest solitude—had begun to flow in fast increasing volume towards Upper Canada; and it was not long before the spray of its more advanced waves began to besprinkle plentifully 'Talbot Settlement,' thereafter to soon become 'Talbot Country.' The colonel's terms for the disposal of his lands, in 200-acre allotments, were—a money-payment, by easy instalments, of £125; the construction by the settler of a log-house 18 feet long, and a chain of road in front thereof; and the clearing and sowing of at least ten acres within three years, under pain of forfeiture. Settlers were also bound to accept the colonel as their lawgiver, judge, and priest—in the latter capacity, however, only in administering the rite of marriage, a duty which he had exclusively performed from the time he had been compelled, by the clamours of his dependents, to admit a limited number of treacherous Eves into his delightful paradise. This spiritual attribute, however, was speedily rebelled against by the colonel's new subjects; but his material arrangements were successfully enforced. One of these was, that the new log-houses should be built along the margin of the road or track leading from his own residence to the site marked out as the future London, a distance of about thirty miles, and now known as 'The Talbot Road.' The now flourishing and charmingly situated town of St Thomas, half-way between London and Port Talbot, was soon afterwards commenced; and the achievement of a great success, after a quarter of a century's doubtful struggle, was no longer problematical. No sooner was this distinctly perceived by the superior local authorities, which they did very clearly after the actual foundation of London in 1827, than they began to be exceedingly inquisitive as to the elastic powers of the colonel's grant which, for 100,000 acres, as originally at all events intended, had stretched to nearly seven times that extent. Successive governors harassed the colonel terribly upon this matter; and he could only keep the crown-lawyers at bay—wrathfully determined as he was not to part with a single acre, if he could help it—by frequent appeals to the home-government. These were to a certain extent successful; but the colonel finding, in 1837, that the Canadian sons of Zion were becoming too strong for him, came over to England, obtained a personal interview with the colonial secretary, and returned in triumph with an official order that he should be left in unmolested possession of his 650,000 acres.

Other influences, however, much more difficult to deal with than chief-secretaries or governors, were day by day depriving Colonel Talbot of the despotic chieftain-like authority which he so highly valued. The advancing population which crowded his well-chosen territory as fast as it could be cleared, and which the terms of his new patent forbade him to bar out, had he wished to do so, swept away the sort of feudal customs and observances he had set up, faster than they did the pine and maple trees and stumps with which it was dotted. St Thomas, the metropolis of his 'country,' rapidly expanded into an important town, with rival churches, chapels, newspapers, furious Blue and Orange parties; and finding himself more and more overlooked in the thronging crowds, as well as dwarfed politically by newer notoriety, who engrossed the public ear by eloquent expositions of true Blue and bright Orange politics, this founder of a magnificent province perforce laid down his dictatorship, and finally subsided into a highly-respectable & wealthy Canadian country gentleman—his chief amusement for the last twenty years of his life

having been the cultivation of his garden, and an occasional gossip with a tourist from the old country touching the ancestral glories of the Talbots of Malahide—the raid upon his property in 1814 by the Americans—and the visit paid him in 1827 by three distinguished young Englishmen, the present Earl of Derby, Lord Wharfedale, and Mr Labouchère. The fierce repugnance which he for many years displayed against any female invasion of his domestic stronghold, was at length vanquished by his old and faithful servant Jennings, who, having become utterly weary of celibacy, in a sudden fit of desperation married an Irish widow, whose husband had been not long before carried off by the ague. It was necessary to inform the colonel of this catastrophe, who, contenting himself with storming at Jennings for a fool, offered no active opposition to Mrs Jennings's coming home, and accepted the good dame's ministrations to his domestic comfort, at first with silent, and after a while with pleased acquiescence.

The best illustration of the life of this singular individual we can offer, is to be found in the contrastive aspects of Talbot Country as he found it in 1803, and now when it contains 28 townships, 150,000 cleared and cultivated acres, and numerous flourishing towns and villages, inhabited by a fast-increasing population of 50,000 souls.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

June 1853.

DERRY DAY and the Dublin Exhibition have given our gossips a good deal to talk about, and helped newspapers to a few columns of information that were sure to find readers. Seeing that our legislators took a holiday to go to the race, we must of course look upon it as a national affair; and all the silly people who lost by betting on horseflesh, may console themselves in the fact, that fate overtook them under the eyes of parliament. The Exhibition may be regarded as a sign that the Irish are going to help themselves. Having brought together the products of their industry and the raw materials, and compared them with those of other nations, it will be their own fault in future if they do not seek to multiply and turn them to the best account, especially the valuable copper-mines lately discovered in Achill. What better stimulus can they need thereunto than the fact, that the Exhibition itself is due to the munificent enterprise of one of their own countrymen, who, a few years ago, was literally one of the labouring-classes? Those who will, may find in the career of William Dargan an encouragement to perseverance under any circumstances.

An official application has been made to the Treasury by the French government, inviting contributions of British manufactures for the Exposition which is to be held at Paris in 1855. Here may be another triumph for Peace. To bring things to light so that they can be seen, appears to be one of the tendencies of the time. Some private picture-galleries are again thrown open; and the purchase made at Kensington for the great National Institute, is in part already available to the public, for an Exhibition of Ornamental Art, and Choice Specimens of Cabinet-work, is now open at Gore House, once the residence of Lady Blessington, and afterwards the Symposium of M. Soyer. The necessity for actual observation as a part of education, as a means of cultivating thought, is becoming more and more apparent, and Glasgow and Sheffield have been holding a correspondence with the Board of Trade relative to the establishment of a Museum of Inventions in those towns. Trade is increasing, and it will not do for the traders to be found below the mark—besides remembering that *a lie has no legs*, whatever be its form, they must learn to manufacture according to the laws of true art. The aggregate tonnage of British vessels

employed in 1851 was 3,890,985 tons, and in 1852, 3,880,834 tons. With such a rate of growth, there will be no lack of ways and means. Steam-communication with Africa has widened our market: we now get steady supplies of oranges and pine-apples from the western coast.

The second course of lectures to working-men at the School of Mines has been as well attended as the first. There were more applicants for tickets than the rooms would hold. There is a sort of mania at present for lectures, just as there is for table-turning, and such like mystical phenomena. We have had lectures on poets and poetry, on satirical literature, and on the relations of different branches of art to each other; and so forth. It is, perhaps, a phase of that disposition which is seen in literature to popularise all subjects, and make them very easy, as shewn by the number of books put forth with apparently no other object than to waste time—so little do they contain to awaken thought or promote reflection. Mr Grote's *History of Greece*, which has just reached its eleventh volume, is an exception. Such a work proves that the spirit to write a great book is not yet dead, and we may accept it as a promise of more to come. For the present, the United States government declines to enter into a treaty for an international copyright; and so literary poachers, on both sides the Atlantic, may still exercise their predaceous propensities without fear of the law. Russia pursues another course: in that country, the duty on all books imported has just been doubled; and it excites a strange feeling in the present day to read, that Macaulay's *History*, the *Scripture Lessons* of the Irish Education Board, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, have all been entered on the pages of the *Index Expurgatorius*. The history of literature records many similar facts, and shews that such is not the way to put out the light.

There is talk of free libraries for rural districts, so as to admit of the books circulating through a group of villages. This plan has, to some extent, been carried out, as shewn by the Report of the Yorkshire Mechanics' Institute Union, but with indifferent success. The villagers, with few exceptions, will not read—they do not want to be enlightened; and, unless the Report belies them sadly, care for nothing but the grossest animal enjoyments. If it be hard work to convict adults of ignorance, the friends of education must devote themselves the more hopefully to the minds of the young. So far the free libraries in towns have prospered; but who would have thought that such places as Exeter and Birmingham would, in these days, have refused, by a large majority, to possess themselves with a free library and museum? Apart from what is doing in England, they may perhaps be induced to reconsider their vote, by the statement, in a recent communication from Valparaiso, that 'a free school had there been opened for the education of artisans, on the plan of the English schools, which promises to be of great service to the working-classes.'

There is a literary society of the employés on the Great Western Railway, which hitherto has proved itself useful, and continues to flourish. It was started in March 1852, with 113 members, and a library of 700 volumes. The books are now nearly doubled in number, and the members are increased to 178. Among other things, they are doubtless learning to estimate leisure hours at their full value—no unimportant item in education. Some idea of what is doing in the way of communicating knowledge, may be gathered from the statement, that, in 1851, we had 46,114 day-schools, with 2,144,372 scholars, being a proportion of 1 in 8.36 of the population; in 1818, it was 1 in 17.25. There are also 33,498 Sunday-schools, attended by 2,407,400 children. That good is being done, may be inferred from the fact, that the criminal offenders in England and Wales, in 1852, numbered 27,510, being 450 fewer than in 1861.

That enterprising lady, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, is still pursuing her travels in the Indian Archipelago. She has sent over an account of her visit to Sumatra and Java, written at Sourabaya in December last, and announces her intention of starting for the Moluccas and New Guinea. If successful in exploring the interior of the latter island, she will be the first European to accomplish the adventurous task. While so near China, a word may be said on the subject of the rebellion, which is giving rise to much earnest talk among our merchants. Nearly the whole of the southern half of the Celestial Empire is in the hands of the insurgents, who declare themselves bent on expelling the Tatar dynasty, and re-establishing a native line of kings. Tien-tih, their leader, is said to be a young man who a few years ago was a student at the American Mission in China; he speaks English, and his education will account for his allusion to the Hebrew Scriptures in his proclamations.

The astronomer-royal has published an able and emphatic paper in favour of the decimal system of coinage. The Geographical Society have given one of their gold medals to Mr F. Galton for his explorations in Southern Africa, and another to Captain Inglefield for his voyage to the Polar Seas. The latter award has excited much question, as to whether sailing to the top of Baffin's Bay and back be a sufficient claim for the golden distinction. There are other arctic navigators who have done much more than this. A project for a universal language is again talked about; and if it come to anything, a congress of philologists is to be held at Paris, to prepare an alphabet as the first measure. Such a scheme was talked about and written about some hundreds of years ago, but as yet we appear to be no nearer the desideratum. A Frenchman announces that he has found memoirs of Toussaint l'Ouverture, written by the negro monarch himself while shut up in the fortress of Joux, and in which he vindicates his character from the aspersions cast on it, and shows how mistaken were the views entertained of him by Bonaparte. Apart from other considerations, the work will be interesting when published as a production of African intellect—that is, provided the documents have not been manufactured. The world is not yet grown so virtuous as to make such a trick impossible.

Late news from Australia reveals the fact, that deaths have occurred in the streets of Melbourne from 'destitution and starvation.' Such a catastrophe might have been predicted in the face of so great an indiscriminate rush to the colony, and with bread at sixpence a mouthful. In pursuance of their wiser arrangement, the government have agreed to pay £1,000 to the owners of the *Stratford*, a clipper bark, for the conveyance of the mails to Melbourne, Port Phillip, and Sydney, in eighty-two days. This is a grand improvement on the old method; and the more so, as steam appears to be hardly yet competent to a quick passage to the antipodes. Perhaps, before steam does it, one of the new powers, electro-magnetism or caloric, will have become formidable rivals. Some of our scientific men admit that both are possible; but the Civil Engineers have debated the point as regards caloric, and come to an unfavourable conclusion.

The corporation of the city of London is at last to be inquired into; government has appointed a commission for the purpose, and the Conscript Fathers will now have to give an account of themselves. It will be something to their credit, that for some weeks past the city streets have been cleaned once a day for five days of the week, and twice on Saturdays. Country-folk, for some twenty miles round London, are wondering whether the coal-tax will be repealed. The Thames sewer-system of drainage has been approved by the Admiralty, it having been their duty to see that the projected works offered no impediments to navigation. Thus, again, we have visions of an unpolluted river

flowing through London, though still in the remote future.

A paper has been read before the Asiatic Society, which contains matter to interest geologists and traders to the East Indies. It is on recent changes in the bed of the Ganges; and it appears that these are much greater than would generally be believed. Owing to the quantity of mud carried down, the wearing away of banks, and the shifting of channels, the route to Calcutta by the Hooghly will become impassable in the course of a few years, if the present rate of deposit be continued.

An interesting discovery in the Valley of the Nile has brought to light another of the stupendous monuments of ancient Egypt: it is a huge statue, and is supposed to be the owner of the gigantic fist in the British Museum. *Ex pede Herculem!* the biggest of the Ninevite bulls would appear a kitten by the side of this monster. He was met with while boring the strata in pursuance of Mr Horner's inquiry into the growth and formation of the banks of the Nile.—The Americans, too, have made interesting discoveries in running the boundary-line between the States and Mexico, which comprise ruins of edifices built by the aborigines at some very early period, and which, it is expected, will reveal somewhat more than is as yet known of their history. New trees, flowers, and plants were also met with: among the latter was the *pitahaya*, a cactus, which grows from forty to fifty feet in height, and from one to three feet in diameter. What a spectacle this would make among the vegetable wonders of the new Crystal Palace! The Horticultural Society are holding their annual flower-shows, with ever new proofs that nature is prepared to meet all the intelligent demands made on her vegetative resources. In various ways, they are helping on their own branch of science: they have published additional researches on the respiration of plants, on style and expression in certain trees and shrubs, and on new cactuses and vegetables. A new method of making labels for plants has been introduced by Mr Bohm: at one end of a slip of paper, he prints the name of the plant or tree, and at the other, the colour of the flower or other description. These are then folded, and pasted back to back, and cast inside a flat tube of glass, and thus a perfectly legible and imperishable label is formed, at a cost of not more than 1½d. each—paper, print, and glass included. The chemistry of vegetation is attracting much attention, and it is expected that the results of some highly important experiments will shortly be made public.

The Zoological Society have extended their dominion to the ocean, and added to the attractions of their gardens by a vivarium, in which are exhibited living specimens of algae and other marine plants, together with crustacea, echinoderms, polyps, mollusks, cirripeds, and such-like creatures from the British seas. The cistern in which all these are exhibited has glass sides, so that they can be distinctly seen and studied by those who may wish to examine what have hitherto been secrets of the deep. It may be new to some persons to know, that it is almost as easy to establish a vivarium in a drawing-room as a glazed case of plants.*

The observatories at Greenwich and Cambridge have been interchanging electric-time signals as an experiment in determining longitudes: we shall soon know whether the difference between the two is the same by the new process as by the old; and then it may be repeated over greater distances. Mr Fox Talbot has succeeded in producing what may be called photographic engravings. He coats a steel-plate with a solution of bichromate of potash in gelatine, and when dry, lays upon it a sprig of grass, a frond of fern, a slip of muslin, or any other object which admits of

* See *The Parlour Aquarium* in No. 445.

being copied. It is then exposed to light in the usual way, and washed in water, which removes all the parts covered by the figure; and afterwards is passed through a solution of bichlorate of platinum, which effects the biting-in, and so produces the engraving. The plate is then ready to be printed from, the impressions come off with surprising truth and delicacy, and according to the pleasure of the operator, they can be made to appear hatched, or of a uniform tint.

There is talk of a new west-end club, the fees and regulations of which are to be such as will suit individuals of moderate income. There is room for such an establishment, if it can really be managed on common-sense principles, and without any admixture of snobbery or funkism. And last, the camp at Chobham, where 10,000 soldiers are to take lessons in camp-life, and familiarise themselves with campaigning in a peaceful way, will be a great attraction to sight-seers, and a stirring subject of talk for some weeks to come.

WESTMANN ISLANDS

The Westmann Islands—Icelandic, *Vestmannaeyjar*—were settled by a colony of Irish slaves in 875, one year after the first settlement of Iceland. A Norwegian pirate cruising in the Atlantic came upon the coast of Ireland, landed, and captured forty or fifty persons, men, women, and children, and carried them off as slaves. Before he got home, they rose on their captors, slew them, and went ashore at the first land they met. This was on the largest of the Westmann Islands, that name being given them by the Icelanders, as these people came from the West. Christianity went here with these people, and to this day crosses, crockers, and other articles of a like nature, are dug up on the islands, which were undoubtedly carried here by the first settlers. The islands are fourteen in number, but only four of them produce any vegetation or pasturage, and of these only one is inhabited. This is very appropriately called Heimaey or Home Island. It is fifteen miles from the coast and forty five from Hæli. On this island is a harbour partly enclosed by a high perpendicular rock. Here they land, and embark in boats. A precipitous path leads to the top of the island where the people, with their habitations, a few sheds, and their little church, remain 2000 feet above the ocean. The islands are basaltic, like Ingals Cave and the Giants' Causeway, but instead of being 100 or 200 feet in height, rise like immense columns, nearly half a mile above the sea. The inhabitants draw their entire subsistence from the ocean and the cliffs, catching codfish and killing sea birds, myriads of which hunt the rocks of their sea-girt shores. The sea fowls furnish them feathers—some sorts are used for food, and some for fuel. They split them open, dry them, and then burn them, feathers and all—*Haudering, in Iceland, in the American Courier.*

ISLAND OF PARIS

The largest gypsum field in the world lies about 100 miles west of Fort Smith, Arkansas, in the plains explored by Captain Marx last year, extending over an area of 300 miles north and south, east and west. The strata in some places are twenty feet thick, of the purest kind,

white, and in some instances transparent. There is sufficient quantity of it to supply the whole world, and would employ a railway in its transportation 100 years.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A SPIRIT PRESENT.

Is from that strange and unknown sphere
Where I believe thou art—
The world which girds round this our world,
So near, yet so apart—
Thy soul's soft call unto my soul
Electrical could reach,
And mortal with immortal blend
In one familiar speech—

What wouldst thou say to me? would ask
Of all that chanced between?
Or close this chain of cruel years
With spirit hand serene?
Wouldst love me—thy pure eyes seeing all
God only saw beside?
Oh, love me! 'Twas so hard to live,
So easy to have died!

If, while the dizzy whirl of life
A moment pausing stayed,
I face to face with thee could stand,
I would not be afraid
Not though from sphere to sphere thy feet
In glad ascent have trod,
While mine took through earth's murky ways
Their melancholy road
We could not lose each other. World
On world, piled ever higher,
Would put like banked clouds, lightning-cleft
By our two souls desire
I should never severd us—death tried—
But could not. Love's voice hush
Called living through the dark—then ceased,
And I am wholly thine

REPOSITORY OF TRACIS

Inquirers have been made by various persons whether the new publication lately commenced under the title of CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING FRAGMENTS is a new issue of the MISCELLANY OF TRACIS published a few years ago. It is therefore necessary to state that the REPOSITORY is an entirely new work, it resembles the MISCELLANY only in its name, the matter is new, and prepared on purpose. Number appears every week a part every month, and a Volume neatly done up for the pocket at the end of every two months. Four volumes of each have now appeared.

The Nineteenth Volume of CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY, priced at 1s. is now published. Of this we designed as a Literary Companion for the Railway, the Fireman, or the Bush—a volume appears every month, and may be had of all Booksellers.

The present number of the Journal completes the Nineteenth Volume (new series) for which a title page and index have been prepared and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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